

V O L U M E F O U R

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*The Selected  
Letters of  
Philip K. Dick*

1975-1976

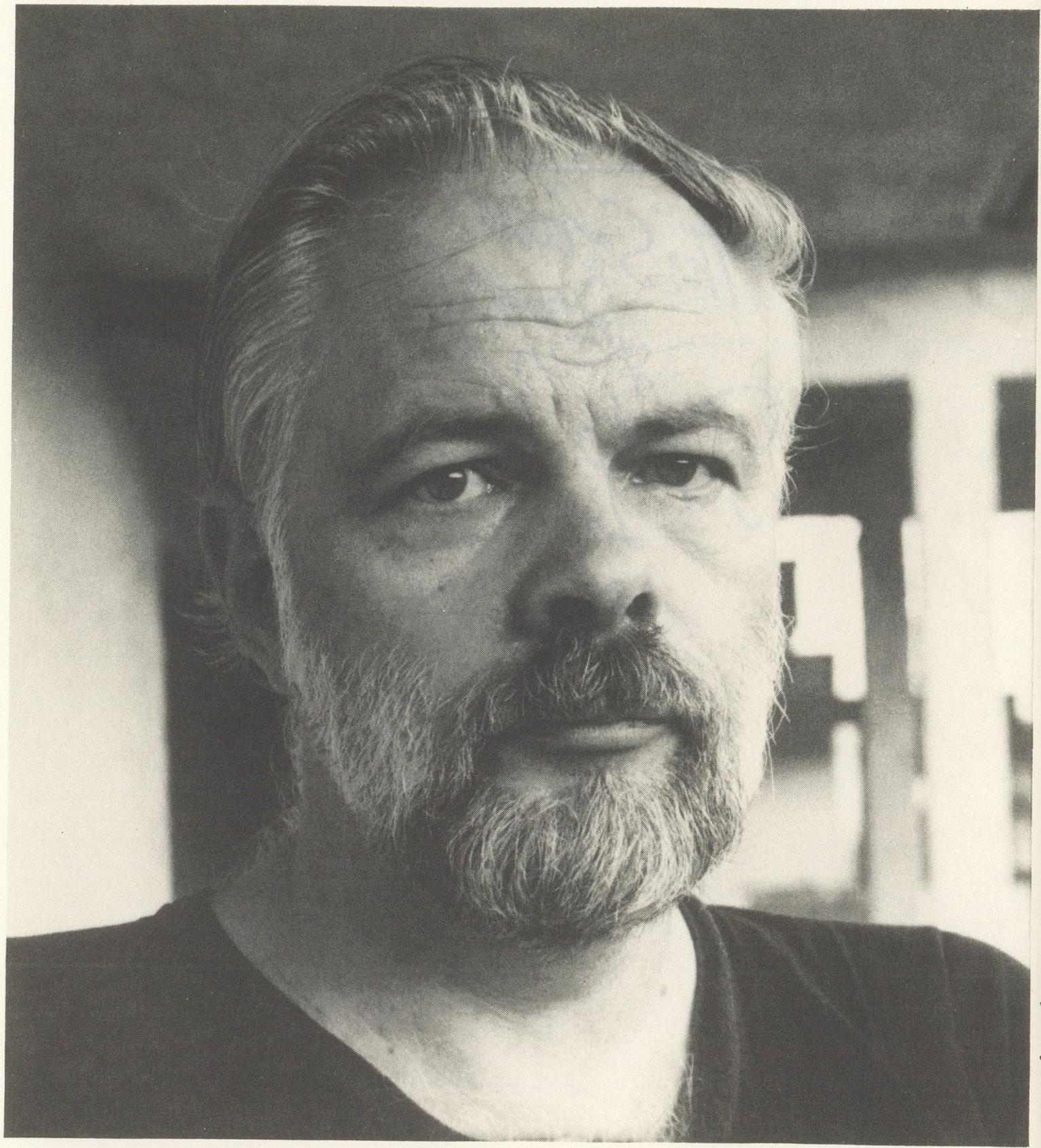


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*The Selected  
Letters of  
Philip K. Dick*

**1975 - 1976**

Edited by Don Herron

Introduction by Tim Powers

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THE SELECTED LETTERS OF PHILIP K. DICK  
1975-76

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## Introduction

On Sunday the third of August in 1975, Phil and Tess Dick had a party at their house on Santa Ysabel in Fullerton, just a couple of blocks south of Cal State Fullerton. Phil had invited a lot of college students and professors, and among the guests was a young lady named Ila Howard, who had been, I believe, the only non-family witness at Phil and Tess's wedding. Ila asked him if she could bring me along, and—apparently after a pause—he had said, Sure, bring Powers.

It had been sometime in early '73, I suppose, that I had stopped calling Phil and he had stopped calling me. I had started going out with his ex-girlfriend Linda Levy, about whom he had still occasionally had nasty things to say, and anyway he had distanced himself from most of the Orange County friends he had made since he had flown down from Canada in mid-April of '72, and was spending virtually all his time with Tess Busby, who had eventually become his fifth wife. As he says in a letter in the 1974 volume (To Kleo and Norman Mini, December 26, 1974), "We saw very few people this year."

At this party, though, I was glad to see that he was back to his gregarious old self.

Among the guests was a young lady he was "scheming on," and he was alarmed to see that one old philosophy professor—who looked and talked like Edward G. Robinson—kept following her around and monopolizing her.

Phil took me aside. "You've got to get him away from her, Powers," he whispered.

"Okay," I said. "How?"

Phil thought for a moment. "Tell him you've got mathematical proof of the existence of God."

I nodded. "He might want to see it. Should I write it out?"

"Yeah. Here's a pen, and there's paper over there."

So I drew a big circle with various lines and equations and notations transecting it in what I hoped were significant-looking patterns, and then—I must have had a fair amount to drink—I went over to where the professor and the young lady were talking. “Doctor,” I said, interrupting, “I have here what I believe is mathematical proof of the existence of God.”

The professor hurried away without, as I recall, even glancing at the paper. Phil grinned delightedly and came over to talk to the young lady. I smiled and nodded as if to say, *Any time*, and went off to find a beer.

Later Phil came up and grabbed me by the shoulder. “Powers, he’s doing it again!”

“Okay.” I put down my beer, got my proof, and again barged in. “Doctor, I’m not sure you’ve fully grasped my mathematical proof of the existence of God.”

Again the man fled. This time Phil dashed up and shook my hand.

Possibly impressed with its efficacy, Phil asked to keep the proof. It may still be among his papers somewhere.

I don’t recount this story with any hope of making Phil’s behavior or my own seem at all admirable, but to show that he was willing to take a day off from his religious concerns and joke about them. He was always very ready to be skeptical, even derisive, of his own theological conclusions. In a number of the letters herein he notes that he is contradicting earlier stances, and on at least one occasion he calls an earlier opinion apparently “irrational.”

Also it’s important to know that he could tell you the most lunatic theories, which he *knew* were lunatic theories, in such a deadpan manner that you not only took them as his own firm convictions but became convinced of them yourself. On the fifth of March in ‘76 Jim Blaylock and I went over to his house, and, late that night, Phil managed to terrify both of us with an account of recent archaeological finds in San Diego that indicated prehistoric proto-men had one eye and two noses apiece; I believe he convinced us that the world had not yet seen the last of these creatures.

But of course in a letter in this book—to Charles Hillinger, January 14, 1975, a month and a half before our visit—he says that he’s certain the story about the one-eyed two-nosed man is a hoax, and says, “I just can’t take it seriously.”

If you’d been there with Blaylock and I that night you’d have thought he was taking it seriously—we sure did, at least until the next day.

It was impossible, even for him, I think, to know when he was speaking with conviction or with tongue-in-cheek. One time he called me up and mentioned that his theories and researches had led him, the day before, to suspect that he had the power to forgive sins.

“That’s handy, Phil,” I told him. “How many people have you absolved?”

"Well, none, Powers. Today I've decided I was mistaken, and yesterday you weren't home, and when I called Jeter he got huffy and said he didn't want his sins forgiven." He sighed. "So I just forgave my cats' sins." You see? He was joking, more or less—but a humorless eavesdropper might well have come to the conclusion that Phil, or even both of us, were crazy.

Phil wrote letters as spontaneously as he made telephone calls, and you don't want to lose sight of the fact that he was often kidding. In the volume of his letters for 1974 (in a letter to William A. Sullivan, May 15) Phil describes to this FBI official the damage some unknown party had done to his car in order to render Phil unable to avoid meeting some supposedly Marxist critics. The sabotage included "Throttle cable frayed" and "Radiator cap damaged." "The bastards," Phil concludes. "And we had just had the car gone over completely just a month or so ago. It was in perfect shape."

It may be the case that, in cold print, his grin doesn't really come through—but he was one of my perhaps five closest friends, and I can promise you that he was *kidding*. This letter was a *joke*. And I'm confident that no one needs to be told that the letter to Willem van den Broek (November 13, 1975) is satiric and a little bitter. Also it's important to remember that the letters collected here are carbons that he kept—he didn't necessarily *mail* all of the originals.

But of course I imagine he did mail most of them, and I can't pretend that all or even most of these letters were written as jokes.

It is dismaying to see genuine hypocrisy in the assembled letters, as is evident, for example, in the contrast between the letters to Darko Suvin and the ones to Angus Taylor. But, like Byron, Phil wrote letters as spontaneously and unthinkingly as most of the rest of us make telephone calls or conduct late-night conversations over drinks. The publication of these letters constitutes an invasion of privacy which is, I think, legitimate—but which is, nevertheless, merciless.

Phil used to describe a mode of speech he called "shuckin' and jivin'"—meaning telling the other person whatever it might be most effective for that person to hear. You see a lot of that in these letters. And of course he's not able now to explain or footnote or put these things into whatever contexts there may have been.

Do keep that in mind. Phil's letters don't differ at all from his conversation. The advantage you have here is that you're able to listen in, unseen and unsuspected, on his most incautiously spontaneous private conversations; and that's also the disadvantage.

On October 25 of 1975, he tells a correspondent, "The reason speed affected my liver is that I had had pancreatitis, from street dope that had film developer or something in it, and my liver had been damaged. I'm writing again fine without speed, but there is indeed an interval when nothing comes

to mind, and the body is in a weak state. The endocrine system has to restart itself. Just be patient, and try writing a lot of letters to everyone, including newspapers and magazines—just write dumb stuff that starts the fingers back into the habit of moving, and the wheels of the brain turning. Even if they're small, short letters; and try doing it on a regular basis."

This policy, rather than plain vacuity, is clearly the basis for a number of these letters, like, for example, the letters—both from May 18, 1976—to KNX-FM and Morningstar Farms.

And naturally there are many more instances in which the real charm and humor and humanity of the man show through clearly. His patient and frank and friendly answers to fan letters—including letters from a whole class full of students who had been assigned to read his story "The Father Thing"—are good examples. So too is his donating of all the royalties for the Polish edition of *Ubik* to the Warsaw fire department, which he understood to consist entirely of Catholic monks. His very typographical errors—that is to say, his reactions to them—are delightful. I love "girlgriefs" for "girlfriends."

The real focus of these letters, though, is of course the "religious experience" that he underwent in March of '74. He tried to fit dozens of explanations to it during the remaining eight years of his life, and he considered seriously, if sometimes only briefly, the validity of just about every religion and philosophy mankind has ever come up with, eventually discarding each of them—but he never did doubt the reality of the experience itself. Anyone who has read *Valis* knows that he saw all of the wry humor in the odd turns he took along his trial-and-error path, but knows too that he was desperately serious about the quest itself.

It does seem on the face of it to be an eccentric, even an insane, quest for an educated adult to undertake in this last half of the twentieth century—to try to find out the nature of God and His universe; to try to find out these things *genuinely*, that is, at first hand ... rather than to placidly accept one of the traditional dogmas with their smug Sunday services and prayer breakfasts, on the one hand, or the blurry, everything-is-what-you-want-it-to-be reassurances of the New Age mysticism, on the other.

A cynic would dismiss the whole notion with a practiced sarcastic laugh, and an conformist would subside into one accepted faith or another and then stop worrying about the uncomfortable questions. A New Age follower would, I suppose, take comfort in the fact that there are no problems, only solutions, and that you can be anything you want to be; and that Fear, as I was assured recently, is just a country where they have not yet discovered Love.

Phil was neither a cynic nor a conformist, and he was generally a humorous, clear-eyed realist—and he brought to the problems an unparalleled erudition and skepticism and insight and brilliant intuition, as well as a passionate commitment and a readiness to face possible bad news.

And the results, in these letters and in the massive *Exegesis*, are fascinating—as they would have to be, concocted by a person like Philip K. Dick. For the record, I don't think he succeeded—I don't think he figured out God & the Universe, before he died. I'm reminded of Einstein, who devoted the last three decades of his life to an ultimately fruitless attempt to find a theory that would unite gravity with the electromagnetic force. And certainly Phil, and perhaps Einstein too, for all I know, did sometimes pursue some lunatic trains of thought.

Did Phil come upon a truth or two somewhere, among his Byzantine twists and turns and contradictions and brief triumphant certainties? Were some of the things that happened to him more than imaginings and dreams and hallucinations? I don't know, and neither do you.

On February eighteenth of 1982, a Thursday, a friend of Phil's named 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 next door 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 left Serena to greet guests and clattered back down the stairs. As I was putting the key in the ignition of my motorcycle I heard the sirens of the paramedics howl past me down Main Street. When I got to Phil's place the paramedics and Mary Wilson were already there, and the paramedics had lifted him from between the coffee table and the couch and carried him to his bed, and Mary and I answered a few hasty medical questions about him before they got him into a stretcher and carried him downstairs to the ambulance.

He had, that night, suffered the first of the series of strokes that shortly killed him.

Several times Phil had told both myself and Jim Blaylock—and no doubt other people—that he thought the "entity" that had taken up residence in his mind in March of '74 was himself, a sort of complete, future-and-past Philip K.

Dick. In one of the letters in this book (to Claudia Bush, February 25, 1975), he says, "I was up to 5 a.m. on this last night. I did something I never did before: I commanded the entity to show itself to me—the entity which has been guiding me internally since March. A sort of dream-like period passed ... and then a stark single horrifying scene, inert but not a still: a man lay dead, on his face, in a living room between the coffee table and the couch...."

So—was this a genuine vision of Phil's own death, which was then still seven years in the future?

I don't know—but remember—trust me—neither do you.

*Tim Powers  
Santa Ana, CA*

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## Editorial Preface

Philip K. Dick wrote great letters. They plunge you instantly and completely into his day-to-day existence, and like other great letters (or journals or autobiographies), they give you his life. In this volume he continues the metaphysical and religious quest initiated by his mystical visions of February and March 1974. When his wife leaves him, taking his son, he attempts suicide. In less than a week, he blazes through a final draft of *A Scanner Darkly*, one of his most famous novels.

The editorial bias is to show as little presence as possible. The chronologies provide a quick template for placing events within the context of PKD's life. And the letters, like all great letters, in almost all cases soon become self-explanatory. One reason repetition is so often tolerated from letter to letter is that PKD, given rein, sooner or later will explain everything, to one correspondent or another. Repetitions also serve as guides to the interests and obsessions of the moment.

Of course, these letters *have* been edited somewhat for repetitions, but most deletions involve extreme libel, most often directed against PKD's ex-wives and girlfriends. None of these editorial deletions are marked. While the true misogynist may regret these omissions, I feel enough hostility surfaces from time to time in the remaining text to give the reader a genuine sense of this aspect of the letters. If the current intense interest in PKD's work survives another few decades (and I think it will), then perhaps a set of these books will appear one day, unexpurgated.

To protect the privacy of people mentioned, especially people largely outside PKD's immediate circles of friends and fellow writers, in some cases names have been changed and the old convention of the blank line instead of the name has been revived (I imagine everyone concerned is more comfortable with a blank line instead of the name for the physician PKD sometimes calls "Dr. Quack"—like I say, give it fifty years before you get up

hopes for an uncensored text). When name-changes substitute for an actual name, they are used consistently and always refer to the same person. And occasionally blank lines appear not for protection of privacy but because the person's full name is unknown, with no clues available among the PKD papers.

The text for this volume is based almost completely on carbon-strike copies made by PKD and preserved among papers held by his estate; Uwe Anton, Linda Levy-Taylor, Art Spiegelman and Paul Williams provided some additional letters and information. Major effort has gone into presenting these letters as closely as possible to the way they came out of PKD's typewriter—even to preserving many instances of incorrect grammar and in carrying over a legion of typographical errors. The staff of typesetters and proofreaders—Michael Betancourt, John Brazier, Michael J. Bucci, C. Darren Butler, Edward K. Chan, Dixon Chandler, Rick Cuevas, Phil Darnowsky, Karl Emil Erickson, William D. Gagliani, Kathryn Hargreaves, Robin C. Harrison, Tom Healy, Wayne Johnson, Vito Rinaldo, Jim Roble—co-ordinated by Allan Kausch—have done an excellent job of transcribing authentic PKD typos and eliminating most of their own. I know that many people (*Chicago Manual of Style* types) cannot tolerate typos, but PKD's typing errors are inseparable from his letters—which you'll discover with amusement. As PKD notes, “(sp and fuck it)” and “Fuck. I spelled it wrong. I even looked it up and spelled it wrong.” and “misspelled (sp).” In some instances, as in the letter of February 26, 1975 to Claudia Bush, the stricken condition of his typescript speaks more powerfully of his life at that moment than any cleaned-up version could hope to echo.

PKD's typewriter did not have a bracket function, so editorial intrusions are done within brackets, and in italics. Thus, “(sic)” is PKD's, [sic] is mine. Correspondents usually are given a brief I.D. when they first appear—you soon find out more about their role in PKD's life from the letters. I could have added in many more notes than I have. Some readers of this book will not know that the actress Barbara Seagull who visits PKD early in 1975 was the once and future Barbara Hershey. Or that Art Spiegelman continued on from *Arcade Comics* to produce the graphic novel *Maus* and win a Pulitzer Prize in 1992. Only the merest fraction of these letters have seen previous publication, however, so my preference is to step back and just let PKD rock. (Academic writers may explain to you what you've read later.)

Some of these letters are likely to stop you where you stand. If you stop when you get to the first letters to s-f editor Judy-Lynn Del Rey (and a lot of people in the writing and editing community will stop as surely as if an avalanche has thundered down upon them), keep reading. It helps to play around with the theories of time PKD gets into, move backward and forward through his life. His apparent conviction that he is being ripped-off for his screenplay of *Ubik* surfaces violently in 1975, when PKD is desperate for

income—by 1976, with more substantial royalties beginning to come in at last, he realizes that the movie deal simply has fallen apart on Jean-Pierre Goran, and that Goran is perhaps more important to him as a friend than as a producer. And in this volume we move into later stages of PKD's theories about the "international Communist conspiracy" that somehow is out to get him, which started full-blast in 1974. In the volume of letters for 1974 you'll find statements from Stanislaw Lem and Peter Fitting which give their point-of-view on these issues, and it is their point-of-view I agree with, not PKD's. I have profound respect for Dr. Lem and his agent Dr. Franz Rottensteiner, for Peter Fitting and Fredric Jameson, *et al*, for okaying, because of the obvious biographical, historical and literary interest, publication of these misguided attacks. When you move ahead into the next volume of letters, though, you'll discover the next stage of PKD's opinions on this issue. Like I say, keep reading.

Clearly, you should not take every statement you encounter in this book at face value. With an omniscient overlook across these letters, you'll spot hundreds of dubious remarks aimed at the individual recipients. I wonder if Brian Aldiss actually believed PKD in his letter of August 1, 1975 when PKD stated, "I've had a writer's block and haven't been able to write anybody for months...." Yeah, sure. Anyway, if PKD states that someone got fired, didn't return a phone call or assassinated a president, while it *may* have been apparently real to him, it ain't necessarily so.

In this period I think PKD was walking a tightrope, though it seems that many commentators would like us to believe that he had a nice big safety net secured in under him. Personally, I think the situation was more dangerous, and I figure the best response to the PKD apologists was made by Chico Marx as Fiorello in *A Night at the Opera*: "Ha-ha-ha. You can't fool me. There ain't no Sanity Clause."

Don Herron  
Glen Ellen, California

question 123:

I wish I was a person not devoted to acquiring money as the ultimate goal in life; now I'm boxed in with a family and children to support—everything I do in my career, which is novel-writing, is done just to get more and more money to pay the more and more bills. Everything became this by subtle degrees throughout my adult life. At one time I could hold other ultimate values; now, I can't. I'd like to be a person who never sought to acquire material possessions, but who instead devoted himself and his life to God, maybe in another century when it was popular to take a vow of poverty and be a monk and care about spiritual matters. Every time I try to care about a spiritual matter I have to bust my ass earning more money.

—PKD

*[found among the 1975–76 letters]*

## A PKD CHRONOLOGY

- 1928 Philip Kindred Dick born Dec. 16th; his twin sister Jane dies in Jan. 1929.
- 1929 Edgar and Dorothy Dick move with their son to Colorado, then to northern California.
- 1933 PKD's parents divorce.
- 1935 PKD moves with his mother to Washington, D.C.
- 1938 They return to California, settle in Berkeley.
- 1941 PKD starts reading science fiction.
- 1942 First short story published, *Berkeley Daily Gazette*; PKD writes a novel-length work.
- 1944 Works at University Radio.
- 1946-47 PKD's last year in high school; suffers from claustrophobia & agoraphobia; weekly psychotherapy; enters University of California, Berkeley, drops out.
- 1948 Marries Jeanette Marlin, they divorce after six months.
- 1949 Works at Art Music, Berkeley.
- 1950 Marries Kleo Apostolides.
- 1951 In November makes first professional sale, "Roog," to Anthony Boucher, *The Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*.
- 1952 "Beyond Lies the Wub" first story to see print, in *Planet Stories*; PKD becomes a client of the Scott Meredith Literary Agency, leaves Art Music; in this period PKD & Kleo are approached by the FBI to collect information on student activities, and PKD begins a twenty-year use of amphetamines.
- 1953 Thirty stories published, seven in one month.

- 1955 First novel, *Solar Lottery*, appears as paperback original from Ace Books.
- 1956 PKD tries mainstream novels.
- 1958 PKD & Kleo buy house in Point Reyes Station, Marin County; PKD meets Anne Rubenstein and her daughters Hatte, Jane & Tandy; asks Kleo for divorce.
- 1959 Marries Anne; writes the mainstream novel *Confessions of a Crap Artist*.
- 1960 PKD's first child, Laura Archer Dick, born.
- 1963 Scott Meredith Agency returns ten or more mainstream novels to PKD as unsalable; *The Man in the High Castle* wins the Hugo Award for Best Science Fiction Novel of the Year; PKD abandons mainstream efforts—within two years writes ten s-f novels, including *Martin Time-Slip*; PKD is baptized in the Episcopal Church; has vision of giant metallic face, filling the sky above him.
- 1964 PKD files for divorce, moves to Berkeley/Oakland; later mentions this year as the first time he drops acid (but more often states 1967).
- 1965 *The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch* published.
- 1966 Marries Nancy Hackett, moves to San Rafael, Marin County; visits Bishop James Pike in Santa Barbara, participates in seance to contact Pike's deceased son.
- 1967 PKD's second child, Isolde (Isa) Freya Dick, born.
- 1968 Sells movie option on newly published novel, *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?*.
- 1969 PKD hospitalized for pancreatitis; *Ubik* published.
- 1970 Nancy leaves with Isa; PKD writes first draft of *Flow My Tears, the Policeman Said*.
- 1971 November 17th: The Break-in!
- 1972 Feb: PKD flies to Vancouver, B.C. to be Guest of Honor at a s-f convention, remains in Canada; March: attempts suicide, enters X-Kalay, a heroin rehab center; April: flies to Fullerton in southern California; July: meets Leslie (Tessa) Busby.
- 1973 After two-and-a-half years, PKD resumes writing fiction; marries Tessa; his third child, Christopher Kenneth Dick, born.
- 1974 February & March: the VALIS visions; PKD hospitalized for extremely high blood pressure; begins writing the Exegesis.

- 1975 *Confessions of a Crab Artist* finally published; *Flow My Tears, the Policeman Said* wins the John W. Campbell Award as Best S-F Novel of 1974; *Rolling Stone* profiles PKD.
- 1976 Tessa leaves with Christopher; PKD attempts suicide; moves to Santa Ana.
- 1977 *A Scanner Darkly* published; in September PKD flies to France to be Guest of Honor at the Second International Festival of S-F at Metz.
- 1981 Completes his last novel, *The Transmigration of Timothy Archer*; *VALIS* published; sees first scenes from *Blade Runner*, the film based on *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?*, on TV.
- 1982 February 18: PKD suffers a paralyzing stroke & is hospitalized; more strokes follow; on March 2 PKD dies following a heart attack—his ashes are buried beside those of his twin sister in Colorado; in May, *Blade Runner* is released.



## CHRONOLOGY FOR THIS VOLUME

- 1975 opens** Living with his fifth wife, Tessa, and their young son Christopher in 1405 Cameo Lane #4, Fullerton, California; has just been interviewed by Tony Hiss for *The New Yorker*.
- January** PKD has the flu and sees his St. Sophia/post office vision; cancels a trip to England; he is blurbed in "Talk of the Town" in *The New Yorker* for Jan. 27th.
- February** Interview in *The New Yorker* for Feb. 3rd; begins *To Scare the Dead* (a novel which will mutate with the earlier *Valisystem A* to become, in time, *VALIS & Radio Free Albemuth*); PKD is treated for hypertension; Erasmus!
- March** By mid-month the family moves to 2461 Santa Ysabel, Fullerton; PKD receives a copy of Angus Taylor's *Philip K. Dick & the Umbrella of Light* from T-K Graphics, number one in their SF Author Studies.
- April** His daughter Isa visits.
- June** *Flow My Tears, the Policeman Said* loses the Nebula contest for best s-f novel.
- July** Receives the manuscript for *Deus Irae* from his collaborator Roger Zelazny; *Confessions of a Crap Artist* published in a hardcover edition of 500 copies; now estimates he has 150,000 words of notes toward *To Scare the Dead* (notes which will grow into a separate entity called *The Exegesis*).
- August** PKD finishes a rewrite on *Deus Irae* in the first week, decides to do a final draft on *A Scanner Darkly*, & completes one by mid-month.
- September** *Philip K. Dick: Electric Shepherd*, a collection of criticism of PKD's work edited by Bruce Gillespie, is published by Norstrilia Press.

xxx THE SELECTED LETTERS OF PHILIP K. DICK

- October** "The Worlds of Philip K. Dick" by Paul Williams appears as a feature in *Rolling Stone* (cover-dated Nov. 6th)
- December** "Phil Dick: Cult Star in a Martian Sky" by Thomas M. Disch appears in *Crawdaddy*; *Flow My Tears* has won the John W. Campbell Memorial Award as the best s-f novel for 1974, but lost the Hugo balloting.
- 1976–January** Bill Sarill & Bhab Stewart, with help from Paul Williams, David Hartwell & Tony Hiss, form the PDQ—Philip Dick Quorum—to put pressure on Doubleday to promote *A Scanner Darkly*.
- February** Tessa leaves with Christopher; PKD attempts suicide (his "heart attack"); Tessa returns.
- March** Judy-Lynn Del Rey with Ballantine requests a complete re-write on *A Scanner Darkly* by April 10th.
- April** PKD finishes the *Scanner* re-write before the deadline; consults regarding the Ballantine collection *The Best of Philip K. Dick*.
- May** Tessa leaves once more.
- June** PKD moves to 408 East Civic Center Drive, apartment C-1, in Santa Ana.
- August** *Deus Irae* published; PKD restarts work on his earlier novel *Valisystem A*.
- October** PKD enters a hospital for a week of psychiatric consultation; Mark Hurst of Bantam visits for three days.
- November** The novel-in-progress is re-titled *VALIS*.

V O L U M E F O U R

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*The Selected  
Letters of  
Philip K. Dick*

**1975-1976**



[TO ISA HACKETT, PKD's daughter]

January 2, 1975

Dear Isa,

Thank you so much for sending the wonderful pictures of yourself! Wow, Isa, you sure are beautiful.

I'm enclosing two small recent pictures of myself. One of them was taken on Christmas day with me showing Christopher how to open one of his presents. The other is a silly picture of me wearing a cap of Tessa's. I am holding Harvey, one of our cats, but since Harvey is black he doesn't show. Anyhow I thought maybe you'd like the picture even if it is silly.

I hope you had a nice Christmas. Your mother says that maybe I'll be able to see you in a few months, perhaps on a three-day weekend or at vacation. I sure hope so. Someday yet you and I will make it to Disneyland.

I had a pretty good Christmas. A beautiful movie star named Barbara Seagull came by to visit; she has a child the same age as Christopher (well, two years old) named Free. And last Sunday a reporter from the *New Yorker* magazine flew out here and interviewed me, which is very exciting I think.

What did you get for Christmas? What did you do? I think about you a lot. And I miss you very very much. It's been a long time, Isa. Thank you again for the pictures. I am so proud to have such a beautiful daughter!!!!

Love,  
Dad

[TO DALLAS MAYR, agent, Scott Meredith Literary Agency]

January 2, 1975

Dear Dallas,

I am still waiting to find out from you what Ballantine Books is bringing out of mine, as listed in their proposed releases for the first half of this year. You were going to find out for me. Meanwhile, are you placing MARTIAN TIME-SLIP on the market for me, inasmuch as I have title reversion from Ballantine? Unless of course that is the title they are bringing out. If it is a collection of my stories, please try to get a list of the contents for me. This should not be difficult.

Also, you might be interested to know that on Sunday a reporter from the *New Yorker*, Tony Hiss, flew out here to the West Coast (his first time out here, I think he said) and interviewed me for the "Talk of the Town." He had seen the item in *Variety* about the filming of *UBIK*, and is a long time fan of my writing, he told me. This, in addition to the *Rolling Stone* article due early this year, plus the 45,000 words about me in the special Philip K. Dick issue of *Science Fiction Studies* due in March, should give us good exposure in a variety of periodicals, would you not agree?

One more point: if Henry Ludmer is still with the agency, please tell him that Jean-Pierre Gorin phoned me on December 31st at long last to say that the final payment of \$2,500 due me on the screenplay of *Ubik* will be along in a few days. Jean-Pierre has been ill and hospitalized for over a month, he says, with a chronic liver condition. He was evidently up in Canada. Now he is back down here in Los Angeles and says he will be again phoning me to come visit next week (the week you receive this letter). The deal with Copolla fell through (sp? Coppola?), but Jean-Pierre still has high hopes for other backers. I feel certain that once the several media items are released we will see at least one film go through, and perhaps several. Perhaps I should mention at this point that a week or so ago Barbara Seagull was down here with a producer, and it turns out she is a close friend of Martin Scorsese who holds an option on one of my novels. She and I talked about it and she said she'd mention to Mr. Scorsese about having met me and how much I think of his film work. How does this sound? Promising?

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO JOAN GREENWOOD, Department of English,  
California State University, Fullerton]

January 3, 1975

Dear Dr. Greenwood,

It has been suggested to me that from my direct knowledge I make clear the value which Dr. Willis McNelly has provided us. In the San Francisco Bay Area in 1972, when I lived and worked up there, I heard frequent mention of him, from teachers and writers. Later, down here, I discovered that East Coast writers and editors were familiar with him and his work in our field, which is science fiction. He has built up an enormous reputation for Cal State Fullerton regarding its Special Collections and its courses in science fiction; this is why I decided to move here from Vancouver, Canada in mid 1972. As far as I can discern, there is no other academic center on the West Coast so well thought of in these respects, and beyond doubt it is Dr. McNelly who is responsible.

Also, I have come across mention of him in letters from highly respected writers in Europe, who also seem familiar with the activities at Cal State Fullerton. Last year when I was interviewed by the *London Daily Telegraph*, the interviewer sought out Cal State, to view it for himself, and gave mention of it in his article.

He was aware that I had made my home here because of it. He considered it a major center for science fiction, not just in terms of the U.S. but in global terms.

This autumn I was interviewed by the U.S. magazine *Rolling Stone*, and in his article the interviewer writes:

“...Phil and I left the house only once, to visit, at my request, the university library that houses the Philip K. Dick collection...”

Thus it is evident that due to Dr. McNelly's untiring efforts and dedication, Cal State Fullerton is known to researchers and scholars in our field; he is to be congratulated.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO LAURA DICK, PKD's daughter]

January 3, 1975

Dear Laura,

Wow, what a neat pic of you! Here are two small ones of me which we just got back today. The girl with me is named Merry Lou. I met her two months after I flew down here to Fullerton in the spring of 1972; she had the apartment next door. For Orange County this is a long-term relationship, from 1972 to 1974.

On Sunday a reporter from the *New Yorker* drove down here to visit and interview me, which I found very exciting. I was highly intimidated, since the *New Yorker* is a class mag. He writes “The Talk of the Town” and will have something about me in it. I have still not recovered from Barbara Seagull coming by, but I guess what is most important about her visit (which was social) is that she is friends with the famous Martin Scorsese who did the film *Mean Streets* and who has an option on one of my books. She said she'd mention meeting me to him and that he'd probably do a good film of my book. Who she liked most was Christopher, and she said she'd bring her own son Free down to play with him (David Carradine's child). I find it very hard to do my routine chores after meeting beautiful movie stars and directors and producers, but this is why people live down here, with that hope in mind.

I hope you had a good Christmas. Hatte wrote me and I wrote back. Remind her I'd very much like to have a pic of her. How are you doing? What's up? Write when you can.

Love,  
Dad

[TO CLAUDIA BUSH, a grad student,  
Idaho State University, Pocatello]

January 3, 1975

Dear Claudia,

Note that I got the year right. How was your holiday season? Nobody came by on New Year's Eve. Nobody. Next door they had a huge party. Thousands of

people—friends. The guys who live there are building maintainers; they put in light bulbs. They have thousands of friends who come by on New Year's Eve. I really felt bad when I discovered that Tessa planned to do her laundry that evening. That is sure a straight dull life; you do your laundry on New Year's Eve. At Midnight I popped one of Christopher's balloon's with a cigarette. Jesus Christ. Suddenly I realized (as at the end of James Joyce's story "Araby") the utter futility and vanity of my life as it is now constituted. So I'm pure, straight and full of virtue? So what? Tessa and I are so perfect as parents and like that—shit, what's it all mean, Claudia? What's it all for?

Well enough of that, except that I hadn't realized before how fucking dumb and dull and futile and empty middle class life is. I have gone from the gutter (circa 1971) to the plastic container. As always, I got it wrong once again.

Anyhow, last Saturday the phone rang and Tessa answered it and then she said to me, "It's a reporter from the *New Yorker*. He wants to come by. Can he?" I got on the phone and said yes he could. So Sunday he came by. He is Tony Hiss who's written "The Talk of the Town" for twelve years. This is the first time he's ever been out on the West Coast, and he wanted to interview me as he is a fan of mine. He and his buddy stayed six hours and we had a good time (maybe that's why New Year's Eve seemed so dull; maybe it is the contrast). (I only live for peak experiences, I guess, as did Dionysis.) But what was to me the most interesting is that Tony Hiss' friend turned out to be into the sort of mystic stuff I've been in since March; in fact both of them know Ornstein, and Tony's friend was able to interpret for me my recent mystical experiences better, I think, than almost anyone else might have been able to—first of all, beyond doubt I did do what I was trying to do: get my right hemisphere to come on, and from what this guy told me, evidently I did a good job of it. Ornstein, he told me, was really mainly trying to put on a Western scientific basis the Eastern mystical experience, locating it physiologically and for empirical study purposes. This man, whose name is Henry Korman, as he sat talking to me, suddenly changed before my eyes, and I remarked on that, being amazed. He said that he knew that he had changed all at once, that he held back his identity so as not to frighten people. I was amazed, since he had seemed to be an ordinary person, and all at once he did not even look like a Western person; he became glowing, with very dark warm skin and huge dark eyes, very soft and alive, as if he was an Indian. He told me, then, what books to read, and gave me very valuable advice. It was an experience to treasure the rest of my life. He seemed to become a totally different person entirely, which is hard to explain in words, except that I am sure that what I saw was really there, inasmuch as he understood my shock and even my fear. I think he is actually a guru of some kind, and, as he says, he cloaks it so as to go about in our regular day-to-day world. As he and Tony Hiss left, I felt impelled to give this man a very valuable book which I've cherished for years which John Brunner sent me from England; it formed the basis of much of my present thought—it has to do with the masks which certain insects have developed to cause to appear to be other highly dangerous life forms, whereas in fact they are harmless. The book, by a French naturalist, points to a theory about life and the forces operating behind it, and of course

makes one think of the masks which Shiva takes. Anyhow, I gave the book to this man, on impulse. I think perhaps it was because he had indeed worn a mask most of the time I'd been talking to him, and this made me think of the book. He illustrated the principle that reality—including people themselves—are often not what they seem to be, which relates to my idee fix in my writing. If ever I saw proof of my intuitions, I saw it on Sunday with this man. He was in essence two different men, one regular and plain; the other, hidden, flashing with power and fire, almost of a godlike kind.

One of the nicest things he said to me was when he asked me if I had been frightened when my right hemisphere experience began. In point of fact I was terrified, for over two weeks, as the experience came on. He said, "That proves that God loves you. Your fear was an awareness of His concern and notice of you, which is almost always quite frightening to a person who has never had direct contact with God before. We are accustomed to being afraid of such things, since powers that vast are, in our habitual opinion, alarming." I am paraphrasing, but you get the idea. He also said, "If you had felt no fear it would have been very bad; it would have meant that God had no interest in you. And that is *not* good."

I wish you could have met him, Claudia. All in all it was quite an afternoon for me, and I forgot entirely the *New Yorker* reporter who maybe now thinks that I am even odder than my books would suggest. I mean, it certainly is odd to lose interest in being interviewed for the *New Yorker's* "Talk of the Town" and get completely involved in mystical stuff.

Mr. Korman said that he thought that many of my dreams, in particular the written print-out ones, were my *left* hemisphere at work trying to interpret what had happened—that is, its being all at once pre-empted by another entity which it had not suspected existed. It is the left hemisphere which has been trying to make verbal sense out of all this; the right one knows/knew/always did and will know who and what it is, and what took place.

Well, I got to go now because—Claudia, thank you again for the arrow heads. You are a lovely person.

Love,  
Phil

[TO CLAUDIA BUSH]

Monday Jan 7/8 [1975]

Dear Claudia,

I like your new typewriter.

Tom Disch phoned to say that he hasn't written since he visited in September because he can't express anything in written form and so must phone. I am glad that you can, however. I like your new letter even better than your new typewriter. I will take your questions seriously (despite my light ribbon).

(one) "They, meaning all of your books that I've read, are about the same thing, explore the same themes. Why is that, Phil?"

I have been asked this before. I do not know. I can speculate, though. Is that any good? Trouble is, I speculate different theories every time. The latest: I have been dragooned by God to expose the lies which obscure the actual landscape, in book after book, hammering obsessively away at it decade after decade so that people begin to notice (as you did). Attacking the problem from one standpoint after another I always arrive at the same answer: what we see is not only not real, it is somehow a fraud against us and we are injured by accepting it. As to who the liar is, we will see h/them when we have revealed the lie and stopped believing the lie.

This answer probably won't serve. Will it? It is too lofty, too all-embracing. We are humans in a cruel landscape which does not want us. We have lost our home. Worse, we have lost our friend, or our father—whatever. Beyond somewhere he still exists, as do we. Someday we will come back together.

What I feel is a longing, a nagging need for something other than what is, and also a sense that what is somehow merely fills in to obscure the truth that this is wrong, all this. We don't belong here. The music on the radio is the wrong music. The walls are the wrong colors, painted by someone else. We must have started out elsewhere and through mischance wound up here.

Maybe they expelled us for wrongdoing. We're serving time (no shit) until we wise up. Wising up is what you speak of by "waking up." We must wake up to the meaning of our alienation: that we fucked up long ago and now must relearn—be retrained, so to speak. This is a long, slow, dreadful school (continuation school, maybe) in which we are by degrees brought back into harmony with our actual natures and the nature of our true reality. When we once again agree, the split will be healed. It could come any time.

What we call Karma is not punishment as our courts understand it; it is the pressure on us, felt as pain and fear, to alter us for a good end. It is corrective, not punative. What a school this is that we're in, Claudia; we are forced to discern correctly sooner or later whether we want to or not. That's why it hurts; it isn't optional, this learning. By degrees we learn, we assimilate the truth and incorporate it permanently into us. Finally we can go back where we were. In a way, the pain is pressure to wake up. Wachet auf! Sleepers awake! Claudia, as in UBIK, we are actually dead now, and lie in graves row on row. Dreaming delusional dreams in our mass graves, these plastic apartments we live in. It is not life; life lies ahead as we recover our senses and wake up. It will take all the pressure in the world to get us to wake up. We are doing it, though. God will never abandon us to sleep in our graves, like inert matter, like lumps. But boy, does it ever hurt sometimes. We are perpetually assisted, but we must make the choices on our own, formulate each answer for ourselves, assemble the pieces of the various puzzles correctly, in the final analysis, unaided.

God has placed a great row of dreck in front of us and we're to discern that it is dreck and then reject it finally. Dreck in countless forms, but still dreck. It's as if the question is, "Which of these objects is good-real-beautiful?" and the correct answer is, "None." At which point the test ends and we wake up. Really, we will have awakened ourselves. By our realization.

(two) "When did you start to wake up?"

The day I realized that somehow those who win the games we play here somehow lose, which immediately told me that there had to be more than the game; that is obvious at once. Otherwise, it would be meaningless to say, To lose is to win, to win is somehow to lose. I watched people strive and compete and win and the moment I passed from envy of them to an understanding that they had foiled themselves by their very victory, then I began to wake up. It all really is contained in this understanding, this insight. If this is all a game and there is something else, since the game is lousy and drecky then it also follows although less evidently that the something else must be of true value, true good. It would not be another cruel pointless defeating game. There, things would be as they seem. Deception would be gone. We could live directly with our world once more, as it was intended for us to do.

The first time you say, "I will not play the game. It is a cruel game for gross rewards—I reject the tactics needed to win, and furthermore I reject the rewards however obtained—" You must (one) kill off your friends to get rich and (two) not only is that wrong, but what's so hot about getting rich? It's a double loss, Claudia, this game, in both means and end. We do evil to obtain dogshit (if I may speak bluntly). I don't think most people see *both* contradictions. "He who steals my purse steals trash" shows both: the means is bad, the goal is worthless. To steal from a friend something of no value? The old fool in "Hamlet" put it right, and since he was an old fool we don't notice.

But behind all this glimmers a real world, with real beauty and love. A lot of that, the latter. I love you, Claudia, but don't take my purse; take my hand. Right? In that, as you said in your letter, it lies: the circle of friends on New Year's Eve. I wish I could have been there with you, but maybe I was in spirit or will be. The first step is the wanting.

I am glad you like "Dragonfly." You know, Claudia, I have learned so much from you.

In the mail today I got a cryptic package with a note: "Saul is writing science fiction now." I finally figured it out. It is from Saul Bellow. Isn't that trippy? Checked the address: right. Saul Bellow. Isn't that outta sight? What a turning point! What a moment! Winner of the National Book Award! Writes me to tell me, secretly, cryptically. Wow! What a neat guy!!!! The eagle has reached down to touch the worm, gently, and say: Brother.

It's all coming true, Claudia. "Look to the summer of seventy-five/ All the world is gonna come alive."

I'm supposed, like I've mentioned, to fly to England in March to lecture. I've got an idea; could I fly to Pocatello instead? I mean it. Fuck England. I want to get away, but not to lecture and like that. You understand? What do you say? Could I do that instead? That's what I really want to do.

Please let me know. I've got prioraties—is that how you spell it? Priorities. Whatever. Straight, I think.

I will try to answer your questions better as time progresses.

Phil

[TO PETER NICHOLLS, *of the Science Fiction Foundation,  
England*]

January 9, 1975

Dear Peter,

It is with great trepidation and distress that I disclose to you that I am again suffering from the acute respiratory flu which turned into pneumonia in late 1972 and early 1973 for me, and which I had just about one year ago in milder form. Each year since moving down here to Fullerton I have had this; I had hoped, even believed, that this year I would not get it. As I was sitting trying to think what to do about my forthcoming trip to England I read in the newspaper about Leonid Brezhnev being unable to travel for what would appear to be a similar condition, or more precisely, a tendency to get and keep the damn thing, whereas other people, such as my wife, can easily shake it off.

Really, I do not want to dwell on my troubles, but to make the situation worse, and in a very serious way as I'm sure you will agree, my high blood pressure again fails to respond adequately to the various medications, and in early December I began to suffer once more from dizzy spells... They've diminished, now, but for several weeks I couldn't walk very far. Specific medication for that did help a lot. They prescribe something which affects the balance center of the ear directly. But this is still a dreary indication of the unresponsive underlying hypertension. Robert Heinlein told me on the phone in November, when I told him what my pressure reading now was, "It could kill you." Well, I knew that already. But I thanked him, since I knew he meant it in a concerned way.

Heinlein made the point to me that I am really kidding myself when I fail to see the connection between my work responsibilities and my hypertension. I'm certain he's correct when he expresses the view that my current involvement in screenplay writing has played a major rôle in again elevating my blood pressure, which had been under control following my hospitalization last April. It is equally obvious, if one forces oneself to be disinterested, that public appearances are a prime factor in elevating my blood pressure, which is why I've done virtually nothing in that line since learning of my condition back in 1972. Basically I think I have a poor attitude. I don't know how to relax and enjoy myself, except when I'm with my little son Christopher and we're playing. Otherwise I have begun more and more to take the awful Protestant work-ethic attitude. I have half completed the speech I wanted to give for you in March; in fact I was working on it the day we had to take Christopher to the hospital for surgery, last fall—I typed right up to the time we took Christopher downstairs to the car. Since then, however, I haven't been able to return to the speech. Perhaps the connection can be seen: I worked frantically on it, and then Tessa and I found ourselves sitting in the lobby at St. Jude Hospital for hours while they operated on our little baby, and after than I have really done nothing but play games with Christopher and enjoy him and being with him. He is my whole life.

Fame, prestige, being in the public—maybe all that is permanently in the past for me (I got the idiom wrong, but I'm sure you understand). Just after Chris-

topher came home from the hospital the interviewer from *Rolling Stone* flew out here and stayed with us three days. Even though he is a dear friend I could hardly take it, and after he left two different producers came down to see me concerning movie rights to my novels (I now have options on four). I had to drive the MGM producer to the airport when he left, and as I began to drive I started to faint. I wondered if I would make it. He and I talked about Richard Nixon's unconscious drive to die all the way to the airport. It was an eerie trip. When I got back home I told Tessa that in truth, in very truth, only God could have made the drive successfully; I think I did pass out, sort of, from fatigue and hypertension. For what it's worth, God drives a lot better than I do. Which seems reasonable.

Three weeks ago, Peter, I had to cancel a half hour video taping over at Cal State, which I had promised to do; I was too dizzy to walk across the quad to the humanities building, even if Tessa drove me as far as possible. So you can see the problem. Now with the return of the respiratory condition—these things never actually leave; they just sink below the surface—I would be taking a risk in flying to England in March. The climate here in Southern California is so much milder than what you have; I would be going to a colder and damper climate, would I not?

Rather, at this point, than informing you that I cannot come there in March, I would like to break off here at having discussed with you the situation, but leaving it open to you to respond. It is not my intention to let you down, but on the other hand, it is not anyone's intention that I should expire from these physical conditions. I think I am actually a very introverted person who wants to read books and write books and enjoy his family, but that unlike many introverts I have a secondary extroverted personality which surfaces for such occasions as public appearances; I like to do that and become that, but it generates dangerous physical side effects which my body just won't take.

I must knock off now from fatigue. Please write me soon.

Cordially,  
Phil Dick.

[TO PAUL WILLIAMS, *rock critic, founder of Crawdaddy*] January 10, 1975

Dear Paul,

I've heard from Scott Meredith that *CONFessions* has sold in France to Lafont, a major publisher, for \$950, which they—i.e. Scott—frankly admits they would never have anticipated. They (Scott again) are very impressed, and now take a new view of *CONFessions* entirely.

Paul, the main purpose of this letter to you is to get some advice and help from you regarding *SCANNER*. Sharon Jarvis at Doubleday phoned me yesterday and said that Doubleday will not let Larry Ashmead take *SCANNER* with him, because Doubleday's trade division editors have now read the MS and feel it to be a major breakthrough in my writing, and they are going to issue it, not as s-f, but as a "college

cult novel," which is not a genre novel, but legit. They will advance the drug theme in marketing it. What they want from me is to get figures known in the college circles—the people who read Kurt Vonnegut but not s-f—to read Xerox copies of the MS of SCANNER in order to procure jacket quotes. Doubleday is most interested in getting Burroughs to read the novel (did I spell that wrong? William Burroughs? THE NAKED LUNCH, you know.) I do not know him. Do you? And, most important, who do you know who would be known to the "college cult circles" not connected with s-f from whom they could get printable responses to the MS?

I'm stuck. Susan Sonntag and Saul Bellow are about all I know who I could ask. I don't even know who would be good. Ken Keasy? (Boy, is my spelling defective.) What can you do or suggest? Their one single clear vast quotable item is the RS piece. I think it is the cause of their decision to angle the book along the lines in marketing they've selected. Any help you can give me here would be appreciated, because I told Sharon I'd come up with a list of people who might read Xerox copies of the MS of SCANNER, and I really can't.

Anyhow, I'm sure you'll agree it's good news that Doubleday considers SCANNER a breakthrough, and that the trade division has it, not the s-f genre department (i.e. Sharon Jarvis). I think they will do a good job promoting the book. Any chance of your talking to Doubleday direct? To Sharon or to—well, how about Henry Ludmer? Since they have read and reread your RS piece and will be quoting you primarily. And you did read the first draft of the novel, and did mention it in the piece you did.

Any help you can give me would be appreciated. We've managed to come this far...but now as I say, I'm stuck.

Love,  
Phil Dick

P.S. Did I tell you FLOW MY TEARS won the John W. Campbell Memorial Award, given out at Oxford last year? Yep, it did!!

[TO PAUL ROGAT LOEB, *Liberation Magazine*]

January 11, 1975

Dear Mr. Loeb:

I'm sorry to be so late in responding to your letter of November 22 regarding an article/review by me on ASC (altered states of consciousness). Indeed I have in my novels continued to explore this subject, which is no doubt why Mrs. LeGuin mentioned me. The subject is, indeed, my major theme. However, I must admit that I'm not very good as a writer of nonfiction—I've tried it and done rather badly. Second, you mention Carlos Castaneda, who is of course popular now, but I think he's a fraud, as is most of what's written on the subjects: either fraud or garbage, especially if the subtopic is parapsychology. I contrast Castaneda's work with, for instance, that of John M. Allegro (e.g. THE SACRED MUSHROOM AND THE CROSS, Doubleday 1970).

Indeed you're correct when you mention "...the widespread movement in the last few years away from political action and towards and exploration of inner consciousness." I've felt for some time that out of this inner motion something of great worth for human freedom and dignity might well eventually arise; as I learn more about the subject I am more convinced of it. But at this time, I'm sorry to say, my formulations are too plastic, too vague, really to be put down on paper. What with Robert Ornstein's terribly thrilling discoveries about the right hemisphere function of the brain, this entire field is in the process of enormous growth and transformation; up at Stanford alone they're disclosing new things daily. So although I would like to do an article/review on ASC, I must decline as not really being able in the nonfiction area, and also I do feel that there is so much flux now that it would not be wise to freeze anything, but rather to wait.

Fine events are coming in the field of ASC and the "brain revolution," as they aptly call it. Perhaps our basic cosmology will soon be upset...and in a positive way. In any case, thank you for writing me, and I enjoyed encountering you magazine, which I had never seen before.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

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[TO JOHN W. WAXMAN, Ace Books]

January 13, 1975

Dear Mr. Waxman:

Thank you for your letter of January 3, in which you formally state your intention to reissue DOCTOR BLOOD MONEY. I frankly think it is good business on your part, so I don't blame you, although I lose a \$3,000 sale now. Evidently there is going to be enormous growth in public interest in my writing; Rolling Stone, for example, will soon be publishing an in-depth article on me, and the New Yorker interviewed me a couple of weeks ago, too. Also, as you may know from the trade journals, there are movie options on four of my novels at present.

Especially, let me congratulate you on the covers which Ace does; I'm so glad that one publisher at least isn't entirely into "all-purpose" covers, that is, a cover which would fit any sf novel as well as any other. I do thank you for this. The cover for EYE IN THE SKY which you sent me is terrific—one of the best I've ever had.

I notice that my royalty statements state that EYE IN THE SKY has earned its previous advances (there were two different edition and two different advances). Would you therefore be giving me an advance on this new edition, as your policy was in the past (e.g. EYE IN THE SKY, SOLAR LOTTERY)? And while I'm writing you, I've got this quote for you from one of the soon-to-be-published interviews on me: "...So SOLAR LOTTERY, an excellent novel which has been reissued several times by Ace, has sold over 300,000 copies..." etc. According to my royalty statements this would mean that you still owe me quite a sum on this title. There is much good PR stuff on my Ace books coming out, as in this one interview; it will be in a non-sf periodical, a big magazine. If Ace is to benefit

from this good PR, then should not Ace pay me the remaining sum or sums due me, as is the case of SOLAR LOTTERY? What we need here is a quid pro quo between me and Ace, Mr. Waxman. In the *Rolling Stone* piece Ace is praised for discovering me and for printing all my early novels, rejected by every other publisher. Certainly Ace will benefit from this one piece alone! Does not my proposal to you seem fair? In point of fact I have received only \$1,500 on all editions of SOLAR LOTTERY—in fact according to your latest royalty statement I owe you about \$19.00. If SOLAR LOTTERY has indeed sold over 300,000 copies, then I am owed \$1,500. The piece quoted above is based on information from the highest possible source; it is not my information but theirs.

Mr. Waxman, such PR exposure as quoted above will certainly enormously increase sales of my Ace books, of all my titles; is this not a very good time, an ideal time, for you at Ace to convert this free publicity into royalty payments long due me on these very titles? We will all be benefiting from this.

Let me add another item about SOLAR LOTTERY which I'm sure will interest you. Barry Malzberg wrote me about a year ago to ask for my written permission for him to write a sequel to SOLAR LOTTERY. I agreed providing that he give written credit in his book to SOLAR LOTTERY; he has agreed to, and will praise SOLAR LOTTERY as one of the major novels in sf. So you can see, Mr. Waxman, that there is indeed a lot of sales and life left in at least some of my early novels, which is very gratifying, to say the least.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO JOHN BRUNNER, fellow s-f writer]

January 14, 1975

Dear John,

Sorry not to have answered your previous card. Thank you for writing me both times, and your invitation, but unfortunately a respiratory flu, which when I had it in 1972/3 became pneumonia, prevents me from making my intended trip to the U.K. I have written Peter Nicholls and told him regretfully.

Also I want to thank you for the clipping which you sent. I don't think any news media have been permitted to release this information yet in this country, since our President has deemed the Colby report secret. Anyhow I didn't know until I read the clipping. Oddly, *Rolling Stone* sent a reporter out to stay with me three days, back in November; he was mainly interested in the hit on my house (so well described in your clipping), and after he left here he went up to Marin County and interviewed friends of mine who knew about it, and also the police there. He has sent me the article he wrote for RS, and it deals mainly with the hit; although he said nothing to me then, after reading your clipping I think RS knew what the *New York Times* was about to release, and plans its own coverage of this matter. They had known about the hit on my house since 1972, but evidently couldn't do an article until now.

So evidently all this is coming out at last, which gives me a profound sense of relief. Those were dreadful years, John, for me, from mid-1972 until late 1974 when the tyranny began to fall. I have always believed that it was the CIA which hit my house, and in 1972 asked the FBI to look into that hit, to see if my civil rights had been violated. They told me never to contact them again about it, as it was "expensive for them to respond to such matters and they couldn't afford it." Such was life here until the Fall of 1974 (a little pun, so to speak).

Again, thank you for the invitation and the clipping, and I will hope to see you and visit with you some other time, perhaps in the warmer months when my health isn't at the mercy of cold and wind. Say hello to everyone for me.

With warm personal regards,

Philip K. Dick

[TO CLAUDIA BUSH]

January 15, 1975

Dear Claudia,

I am writing to say that your paper is very, very good. At one point, the part about Lem, I freaked out. You know, Claudia, I mused for a year over Lem's article and never could fathom it, although I sensed it was important. You cut right to the heart of it and made it comprehensible to me. For that I thank you, and I must admit that I agree with your accepting his general arrangement of the important elements in my work.

Would it be okay with you if I were to quote sections of your paper? When the need arose?

Of course I understand this is just the intro and bib. But so far it's fine.

Thank you for being glad I'm going to visit you. I've now told them in London I won't be coming there (weep gnash).

I now have the respiratory flu which almost caused me to cash in back in 1972/3. But I'm mending (with needle and thread).

Tessa bought a lovely new horse. Then the car needed over \$300 worth of repairs, the next day.

Because of the flu this is a super short letter. John Brunner in the U.K. mailed me a clipping from the London *Times*, about Colby investigating over 100 mysterious break-ins in the US around 1970 to 1972, of left wingers' houses, the anti-war protesters. Article says it may have been the CIA. M.O. described is exactly what hit my house back in November 1971, which is why John sent me the article. Financial records taken, correspondence, etc. No arrests ever made. Seemed to know location of everything in house, and knew habits of owner, when he'd be gone. Made no attempt to cover up the forced entry. Exactly like my house, Claudia...the fucking CIA, evidently, all over the US. To gather damaging evidence of involvement by anti-war people here with Soviets abroad.

Well, my flu (and my fucked up anger at all this) makes it necessary for me to sign off now. I always suspected it was the CIA. I didn't know there'd been over

100 such mysterious burglaries...this hasn't been printed here in the US yet, that Colby is investigating this, has it? Still classified here, evidently. Maybe I'm about the first US citizen to know...because of John Brunner my foreign contact. An irony, and a bitter one: it's still concealed from us.

Love,  
Phil

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[TO PAUL WILLIAMS]

January 19, 1975

Dear Paul,

Here are the pages from *CONFESIONS* on which I found errors. As when I received them, they aren't numbered; but I've been careful to keep them in sequence.

As to my comments on this novel, reading it again after 16 or so years. Paul, when I wrote it I had the idea of creating the most idiotic protagonist, ignorant and without common sense, a walking symposium of nitwit beliefs and opinions...an outcast from our society, a totally marginal man who sees everything from the outside only and hence must guess as to what's going on. In the Dark Ages there was an Isidore of Seville, Spain, who wrote an encyclopedia, the shortest ever written: about thirty-five pages, as I recall. I hadn't realized how ignorant they were then until I realized that Isidore of Seville's encyclopedia was considered a masterpiece of educated compilations for a hell of a long time. It came to me, then, back in the 50's, to wonder, What if I created a modern-day Isidore, this one of Seville, California, and had him sort of write something for our time like that of Isidore of Seville, Spain? What would be the analog? Obviously, a schoid [sic] person, a loner, like my protagonist. But underneath, most important of all, Paul, I wanted to show that this ignorant outsider was a man, too, like we are; he has the same heart as we , and sometimes is a good person.

In rereading the novel over now, I am amazed to find that I agree even more that Jack Isidore of Seville, California is no dummy; I am amazed to see how, below the surface of gabble which he prattles constantly, he as a sort of shrewdly appraising subconscious which sees maybe very darkly into events, but shit—as I finished the novel this time I thought to my surprise, Maybe ol' Jack Isidore is right! Maybe he doesn't just see as well as we do, but in fact—incredibly, really—somehow and somewhat better.

In other words, I had sympathy for him when I wrote it back in the 50's, but now I think I have even more sympathy, as if time has begun to vindicate Jack Isidore. His painfully arrived-at opinions are in some strange, beautiful way lacking in the preconceptions which tell the rest of us what must be true and what must not be, come hell or high water. Jack Isidore starts with no preconceptions, takes his information from wherever he can find it, and winds up with bizarre but curiously authentic conclusions. Like an observer from another planet entirely, he is a kind of gutter sociologist among us. I like him; I approve of him. I wonder, another twenty years from now, if his opinions may not seem even *more* right on.

He is, in many ways, a superior person.

At the end, for instance, when he realizes he was wrong, that the world is not going to end, he is able to survive this extraordinary (for him) realization; he adjusts. I wonder if we could do as well if we learned he was right, and we were wrong. But perhaps most important of all, as Jack himself observes, didn't we see all normal human beings, the sane and educated and balanced ones, destroy themselves in truly dreadful ways? And see Jack steer clear, throughout, of virtually all moral wrong doing? If his common sense, his practical judgement as to what is, as to what he can or can't do, is fucked, what about his refusal to be led into criminal and evil acts? He stays free; from a realistic standpoint he is doomed and damned, but from a moral one, a spiritual one if you will, he winds up untarnished...and it is certainly his victory, and a measure of his shrewd judgement, that he realizes this and points it out. So Jack has insight into himself and the world around him to an enormous degree. He is no dummy. From a purely survival standpoint, maybe he will—and ought—to make it. Maybe, like the Emperor Claudius of Rome, like "The Idiot," he is one of God's favored fools; maybe he is an authentic avatar of Parsifal, the guileless fool of the medieval legends...if so, we can use him, and a lot more like him. This forgiving man, capable of evaluating without prejudice (in the final analysis) the hearts and actions of his fellow men, is to me a sort of romantic hero; I certainly had myself in mind when I wrote it, and now, after reading it again so many years later, I am pleased at my inner model, my alter self, Jack Isidore of Seville, California: more selfless than I am, more kind, and in a deep way a better man.

How's this Paul? And thank you, both of you. Keep me informed...and God bless likewise.

Phil

[TO HOWARD M. BAKER, U.S. Senate]

January 23, 1975

Dear Senator Baker:

I am one of those dissenting "political radicals" whose files were burglarized, evidently by Federal Agents, back in November 1971 when illegal government activities were at their highest. Although my complaint is now being officially handled by the A.C.L.U., I wish very much to call this burglary of my house, the blowing open of my files, etc., to your attention because of the investigation of U.S. counterintelligence which you are officially involved in. Therefore, I am enclosing Xerox copies of two items:

(one) My letter to the journal *The Alien Critic*, printed in a 1973 issue, in which I declare what happened to my papers, the nature of the commando-like hit and who, at that time, I theorized had done it.

(two) A recent item from the London *Times*, sent to me by a fellow science fiction writer, because the discussion of the over one hundred burglaries reminded him of my description of mine. It is possible that this information has not yet appeared in the U.S. press, since evidently it's from the still-secret Colby Report to President Ford.

I might add that *Rolling Stone* magazine will soon be printing an in-depth interview with me, plus the reporting of their own man who followed up my account of the hit (he interviewed the Marin County Sheriff's Office and persons up there) which will extensively deal with this. But, Senator Baker, unless you and your colleagues help, people like me who were nearly destroyed by such terrorizing tactics will be unable to obtain redress. We need your help very badly. Thank you for whatever you can do, and God bless you.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO LAURA DICK]

January 23, 1975

Dear Laura,

This is just a note to tell you that there will be a short piece on me in "The New Yorker," the "Talk of the Town" in their February 3 issue, out next Wednesday. I thought you might want to see it—it's an interview (there is a Pre Lines item in the current issue, they told me, but I haven't seen it.)

I have had to call off my lecture trip to London because of Respiratory Flu, and was really depressed, so this cheers me up.

How are you?

Love, Dad.

P.S. Write me, okay? I really enjoy your letters.

[TO WILLIAM PROXMIRE, U.S. Senate]

January 23, 1975

Dear Senator Proxmire:

I am one of those dissenting "political radicals," which is to say anti-war, whose files were burglarized, evidently by Federal Agents, back in November 1971 when such illegal government activities were at their highest. Although my complaint is now being officially handled by the A.C.L.U., I wish very much to call this burglary of my house, the blowing open of my files, etc., to your attention because of your keen concern about the abuses of our Constitutional guarantees by U.S. counterintelligence agencies. Therefore, I am enclosing Xerox copies of two items which together comprise a deposition on my part, a formal charge against the agency involved:

(one) My letter to the journal *The Alien Critic*, printed in the August 1973 issue, in which I discuss the forced entry and then the search of my business records and papers (I am a novelist, short-story and screen writer), the M.O. of the commando-like hit and who, at that time, I theorized had done it.

(two) A very recent article from the London *Times*, sent to me by a fellow science fiction writer, because the discussion of the over one hundred burglaries in the U.S., in which no one was ever caught and in which papers rather than valu-

ables were taken, reminded him at once of my description of the break-in of my own house. It is possible that this information has not yet appeared in the U.S. press, since evidently it's from the still-secret Colby Report to President Ford.

I might add that *Rolling Stone* magazine will soon be printing an in-depth interview with me, plus the reporting of their own man who followed up my account of the hit (he interviewed the Marin County Sheriff's Office and persons up there) which will extensively deal with this. But, Senator Proxmire, unless you and other congressional leaders help, people like me who were nearly destroyed by such terrorizing tactics will be unable to obtain redress. We need your assistance very badly. Please press forward; our liberties were almost lost—people like me who were against the war found our homes a scene of ruin inside, our files blown open and ransacked; I was forced to give up writing until just recently—Senator, as my enclosed 1973 letter shows, I fled the United States in fear for my life, leaving my friends and everything I had left which hadn't been stolen. It took the greatest courage to return, as I did in mid-1972. I love the United States, and decided that although I had been forced out of my home, out of Marin County, forced to stop writing because all my notes, manuscripts, etc., were gone. I would not let anyone force me from the U.S. itself, whatever the consequences might be.

These were dreadful and desperate times for some of us; when I showed visitors the ruins of the fireproof files, most of them turned away in fear, left the house and didn't return. Because of what had happened to me I became an outcast. Surely help has now come to dissenters like us who paid such a high price then, while most U.S. citizens watched their TV sets and looked the other way. I can't speak for anyone else, since I'm not part of any group, but for myself I'm depending on you and people like you. Please help us, not only in terms of ending the abuses of power, the nightmare tyranny, but in addition help us obtain redress; the financial loss to me was enormous.

Thank you very much, sir. And God bless you.

Cordially,

Philip K. Dick

Member Science-Fiction Writers of America

[TO RONALD V. DELLUMS,  
U.S. House of Representatives]

January 24, 1975

Dear Mr. Dellums:

I am one of those dissenting anti-war "political radicals" whose files were burglarized, evidently by Federal Agents, back in November 1971 when such illegal government activities were at their highest. Although my complaint is now being officially handled by the A.C.L.U., I wish very much to call this break-in, search of my house and papers and theft of my financial and business papers, the forced blowing open of my locked fireproof files, etc., to your attention. Perhaps in some

way you can make use of the enclosed two Xerox items, for the general good, as well as mine, in obtaining redress and an end to such abuses:

(one) My letter to the journal *The Alien Critic*, printed in August 1973, in which I declare what happened to me and to my vital papers, depict the quasi-military commando-like hit and who, at that time, I theorized had done it (I was pretty close).

(two) A very recent article from the London *Times*, sent to me by a fellow novelist (I am a science fiction novelist, short-story writer and screen writer and use many political themes in my published work, which is known all over the world). This English writer, when he read this London *Times* piece, was reminded at once of the break-in and burglary of my own house in 1971. It is possible that this information has not yet appeared in the U.S. press, since evidently it's from the still-secret Colby Report to President Ford. Perhaps even you yourself don't have this information yet.

I might add that *Rolling Stone* magazine will soon be printing an in-depth interview with me, plus the reporting of their own man who followed up my account of the hit (he interviewed the Marin County Sheriff's Office and persons up there) which will extensively deal with this. But, Mr. Dellums, I remember on the "Nancy Wilson Show" a long time ago how you and you alone called the shots on Nixon, how you alone saw what he had done and that he must resign...so maybe now only you have the guts and tenacity to help with this outrage, too . Thank you for whatever you can do, and God be with you.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO PAUL WILLIAMS]

January 24, 1975

Dear Paul,

Has the baby arrived?

It sure was nice to talk to you on the phone. I had meant to tell you that the final form of your RS article on me was very good, especially the rewritten ending.

Regarding that, I'm enclosing a Xerox of a piece from the London (note: London) *Times* which John Brunner recently sent me; he says that as soon as he read the piece it reminded him of my account of the hit on my house. When you read it, you'll see why instantly. The London *Times* piece agrees in precise detail with what happened to me in November 1971.

Also, it may be that this material is not yet available to the US press, since evidently it comes from the secret Colby report to President Ford. So maybe you're not familiar with it. I know it was a distinct shock to me, this information. Over one hundred such burglaries! The bastards.

Let us know as soon as the baby arrives, okay?

Love  
Phil

P.S. In the current (Jan 27) *New Yorker's* "Talk of the Town" there is a small intro bit on me; they phoned to say that their interview will be in the next issue: Feb 3. Thought you'd want to see it, since the interviewer, Tony Hiss, when he was out here, said they'd try to scoop RS, and let RS "Eat their hearts out," as he put it.

PPS. What the London *Times* article shows is that (1) these break-ins were a *National Patterns*—like mine—so (2) whoever did it, it was national. This rules out any local immediate group or agency. Also, (3) those hit were all anti-war. Like me. IF the CIA didn't do it, some other *Federal Group* did.

[TO TONY HISS & HENRY KORMAN]

January 24, 1975

Dear Tony (also Hammerin' Hank),

Thank you for the package, it was neat. I especially liked the galleys which mentioned that I am jolly, bearded and tubby. On the phone the *New Yorker* copy editor checked on various facts but not on the tubby fact. Do I have a score to settle with you, saying that? That is, I've been dieting.

Anyhow, it is a wonderful write up. What else. Thank you for the *New Yorker* gift. I know who the "Neptune Delegation" is. Mostly though, I'm turned on by *The Real World* (maybe for the first time in my life). Endless cheap jokes come to mind. "This is the first time I was ever in touch with the real world." Or, "I have never seen the real world clearly before." Best, is this: "The real world is beautiful. But it sure costs a lot."

I am flattered that you'd ask me to do a short (with emphasis on short) piece for RW. It is indeed a tripped out mag, and I can groove with it; I dig it, where it's at; I dig its space. I've been in the same space for years (but never guessed it was the real world, I'll bet you were tired of Real World jokes the day you named it). I've been wandering about town thinking of a short piece anyhow.

#### THE UNIVERSE ISN'T REAL

#### BUT OTHER THINGS ARE

That was what I was going to sermonize about. But then I had a revelation one night.

#### GOD IS ABOUT TO BE REBORN AS A BRANCH OF THE U.S. POST OFFICE

I'm serious. I was up town staring at all the palm trees, wondering why I'd never noticed them before. Then I realized it was because they were finishing a new building, a branch of the Placentia Branch of the U.S. Post Office, made of Levant-style stone, with arches. That night I had a vision.

"Saint Sophia is about to be reborn," the voice said. "Each time before, she was not acceptable."

Believing Saint Sophia was a woman, an old-time saint, I was disappointed. The next day I looked it up to see what she did. She is the Logos, Divine Wisdom, also a church in Constantinople. I had Tessa get me a picture of Saint Sophia in a book from the Bookworm Bookstore, and it—she—looks like the new branch of the

Placentia Post Office (Placentia is the town adjoining Fullerton). I went back up and looked at it again, because the next night I saw Saint Sophia, not the post office, there among the palm trees. Finally I realized that whereas I was standing there looking at God, everyone else was seeing only a new branch of the U.S. Post Office and were going in and out with packages. That was when I discerned that the universe is what they call "false work" in a building going up (check with Hank on this; he'll tell you I'm right). We're like mice who live in a large domed building being erected which requires a lot of false work until the final real pieces are in place, arches and domes et al., and then they pull the false work out SUDDENLY (I don't have to explicate, do I). We're griping about the condition of the false work (e.g. McDonald Burger Stands and Exxon Stations and President Ford). But behind it lies

THE NEW BRANCH OF THE U.S. POST OFFICE  
IN PLACENTIA, CALIFORNIA

Nobody ever guessed that God would be reborn in the form of a building. This is to shag it past the Prince of This World. I think it is a neat-o plan.

Are you *sure* you want me to write a piece (even a very short one) for *Real World*, since it is evident that I have extreme trouble in locating and then identifying the real world?

Isn't "real world" redundant? Aren't I an ingrate?

E.G.: "I walked into the real Bank of America and deposited my real money and then, really glancing about at real Fullerton I understood at last what a lovely real world the real world was," etc.

I liked what you wrote about cosmologies. But I liked you guys even more. I wish you could have stayed longer. Maybe sometime I'll see you both again. Tell Hammerin' Hank I sent off for Robert Ornstein's book which he recommended. Also, tell him I had read with keen interest all I had on Sufi. I had a feeling that's what it was...

Let me know if you still want a very short piece, and again, thank you.

Phil

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[TO BALLANTINE BOOKS]

January 25, 1975

Dear Editor:

Awhile ago I saw mention, I think in *Locus*, that Ballantine lists a new title for me around March of this year. Could you tell me if that is my story collection, at long last? I would assume so.

Could you let me know the contents, too?

By the way—the current (January 27) *New Yorker* makes mention of me in its "Talk of the Town," calling me "...the great science fiction author," etc. And in the next issue (the February 3), there'll be a short interview in which they so-to-speak place their official stamp of approval on me by declaring, among other good things, that I am their "favorite science-fiction writer." I mention this because (one) it might be useful in preparing ad or blurb copy, and (two) this mention, in

two issues of the *New Yorker*, for a certainty will sell books. And, as if that isn't enough, *Rolling Stone* will be publishing a very long in-depth article/interview on me...between these mentions books and books should get sold.

Let me add this, too, while I'm blowing my/our own horn: *Science Fiction Studies*, which goes I understand to over one thousand academic institutions, will be bringing out an issue devoted to my writing, around March of this year.

Should I mention the piece in *Variety* about plans to film my novel *UBIK*? Should I mention the options for film use on three other novels of mine? Should I stop while I'm ahead? Thank you, and I'll expect to hear from you.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO SCOTT MEREDITH ]

January 25. 1975

Dear Scott:

Enclosed is something exciting! A bit about me from the current (Jan 27) *New Yorker* magazine, from "The Talk of the Town." Next week in the Feb 3 issue there will be a short interview, which I've seen the galleys for. You must get that. Reason is, consider what incredibly useful blurb copy can be derived from this. In the bit enclosed, for example, the *New Yorker* says: "...Philip K. Dick, the great science-fiction author." And next week it will call me "our favorite science-fiction author" among other good things.

In my opinion this mention two weeks in a row, especially when in the Feb 3 issue they speak of coming to visit me to "pay homage," etc., may do more to boost my fame & fortune than even the *Rolling Stone* piece. I'm sure you'll agree, and what I'd suggest is that you have both these *New Yorker* pieces in your files to turn my publishers onto. What quotes can be gotten from these!

Ace Books (in another matter) has written me to say they will not allow any of my titles to revert, since they intend to reissue all of them. Bummer. But thanks for getting the nearly two thousand dollars from them; it helps a little.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO LOS ANGELES TIMES]

January 25, 1975

Dear Editor:

Soon many Americans, without jobs or money, will be looking longingly at what they need behind store windows. President Ford's reasoning about the Arabs "strangling us" and our "right to take their oil because we need it" will return to haunt this government. All his logic about "it's not right, but that's what nations have always done" will finish off what's left of stability in this country, when hungry Americans apply it against supermarkets.

Even more ironic: if it's our national policy to steal the oil in the first place from the Arabs, what about when you and I can't afford to buy it at the pumps? By the same reasoning, it may not be right, but people who own cars and can't afford 70¢ a gallon for gas will simply take the gas by force. President Ford is assembling the rationale, the ideology, for force and anarchy and an end to the fundamental human ethic: "I don't take what belongs to you even if I want it." The jungle lies ahead, as we listen to the unspiritual advice of out Leader. He reaps the whirlwind!

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO NANCY HACKETT, *ex-wife*]

January 25, 1975

Dear Nancy,

I thought you and Isa might like to know that there is a little item about me in the "Talk of the Town" in the NEW YORKER, Jan 27th issue, now on the stands...and in the next issue, Feb 3, there will be a short interview which they had with me, also in the "Talk of the Town." If you can get it I'm sure it would please Isa, although they call me "jolly, bearded and tubby," whereas in fact I am very slender now.

How are things going? We just bought the new Britannica III but it cost us almost nine hundred dollars; anyhow it's supposed to be very good, although I regret the enormous financial outlay. But I must have such a reference set in order to do my writing. Also I finally got some good speakers to replace those which were stolen back in November 1971 during the burglary of my files.

Love to you both.

Phil

P.S. I do wish Isa could ride on Tessa's new horse...he's terrific, and very well trained. The one she had was sort of dumb and small. When I have pictures I'll send them along.

[TO CLAUDIA BUSH]

January 25, 1975

Dear Claudia,

I am in the Jan 27 and Feb 3 "Talk of the Town" in the *New Yorker* (27th is on sale now). He calls me jolly, bearded and (get this) tubby. Well, thus is fame.

But it's a nice write up. TUBBY!!!!!!! The *New Yorker* copy editor had phoned to check all the facts before going to press and said, like, "You're bearded? Your wife's name is Tessa?" But he didn't ask about the tubby fact.

All my snob friends from the Old Days will see this and turn black (sorry, no ethnic slur meant) with fury. People like me who consort with the gutter in mind & body & writing and speech for that matter shouldn't make it.

I am sorry your chairman is an android, but re your thesis on me, show him the *New Yorker* pieces, where it calls me "great," and "our favorite science fiction writer," etc. That will make me legit. And, by spin-off, I guess, your thesis, and finally the cans and jars and bottles in your cupboard. If not all Pocatello.

So if/when I visit a golden glow will shimmer over your entire town in welcome.

The *New Yorker* interviewer wrote me and asked if I'd write a short piece for the magazine he himself puts out, *The Real World*, which is a trippy Sufi humor slick thing, with Ornstein the psychology editor. I wrote back suggesting this topic for my piece:

GOD IS ABOUT TO BE REBORN AS A  
BRANCH OF THE U.S. POST OFFICE

That's because, see, the other night I had a vision, and the voice said:

"Saint Sophia is about to be reborn. Each time before she was not acceptable."

Believing Saint Sophia to be a woman, an old-time Saint, I was naturally disappointed. The next day I looked it up to see what she did. She is the Logos, Divine Wisdom, also a church in Constantinople. I had Tessa get me a picture of Saint Sophia in a book from the Bookworm Bookstore, and it—she, if you will—looks like the new sub-station of the Placentia Post Office which they're building. And not only that, there are a lot of palm trees growing all around it. The other day when I was up there cruising I kept staring & staring. Now I know why, and so do you.

Whereas I was standing up there looking at God, everyone else was seeing only a new substation of the U.S. Post Office and were going in and out with packages. That was when I discerned that the universe is what they call mainly "false work" in an incompletely new building going up. We're like mice who live in a large domed building (the kylum, or heavens: the vaulted dome above us) being erected which required a lot of false work until the final real pieces are all in place, at the end, arches and so forth, struts, and then they pull the false work out SUDDENLY, and you know what Day that is, Claudia, a lot of noise and plaster dust, and everyone scatters.

Behind the false work which is the McDonald Burger Stands and Exxon Stations and President Ford is

THE NEW SUB-STATION OF THE U.S. POST OFFICE  
IN PLACENTIA, CALIFORNIA

Nobody ever guessed that God would be reborn in the form of a building. This is to shag it past the Prince of This World. I think it is a neat-o plan and will work.

Please do not describe Idaho any more because I followed a funeral through it one whole day and have flashbacks anyhow (but I love you anyhow and plan to stay indoors drinking and talking).

You can pin up a scene of the 12th century Imperial China on your kitchen wall where I see it and drink and I will think I am there.

What do I know? What does any writer know?

You put this q. to me: "Why are the human/inhuman and the reality/illusion themes so intertwined in your writing? Why are they inseparable?"

Well. I never noticed that. Let me think. Well, it seems to me that all that is truly real in our world is the living creatures; we are many sparks surrounded by irreal cardboard type sets, like the fake aquatic worlds of plastic and glass we place domestic fish in. We are under the power of God's command to take non-living reality, our environment, as being real, in order to respond to signals flashed to us from it. Each of us is an entelechy, with total engramming within from birth, but all coordinated by signals flashed from outside, by the Logos. Thus, human equals living, although animals are in this sense human; what is an illusion is the inanimate environment, and to the extent that we are inhuman we sink to that level, to the illusionary. ONLY THAT WHICH LIVES IS REAL TO GOD. The threshold is that of life: He merely dreams our world for us in order to communicate with us through external disinhibiting systems (vide my novel *TIME OUT OF JOINT* and the paper signs with words which everyone see as the objects the words depict, like "soft drink stand." This is the Logos signaling us under the power of necessary delusion).

This is very heavy and I have seen it, Claudia, for an instant, so I know from experience, mystical experience, that someday we throw off this irreal environment and go elsewhere, in a much stronger shape.

Phil

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[TO BETTE MAC MAHON, A.C.L.U.]

January 26, 1975

Dear Bette Mac Mahon:

Enclosed you will find an article from the *London Times* with material in it which may not be available to the U.S. press. In any case I haven't seen this about the "ONE HUNDRED MYSTERY BREAK-INS MAY HAVE CIA LINK" in domestic media.

This *London Times* article was sent to me by a novelist-colleague who read about the break-in of my own house in November 1971. The details of the break-in and burglary of my files were identical to those described in the enclosed *London Times* article; he noticed this at once. The A.C.L.U., by the way, has accepted my complaint in this matter, thanks to you (this was back around July of last year).

I might also add that *Rolling Stone* magazine, shortly before the recent disclosures about the CIA, sent an interviewer out to stay with me and interview me, after which he flew up to Marin County where the break-in and burglary of my house took place; he talked to private persons there as well as the Marin County Sheriff's Office. I have seen the rough draft of his article for *Rolling Stone*, which should appear fairly soon; it deals extensively with the hit on my house, and although it was prepared before the recent disclosures about the CIA it hints strongly that Federal Agents may have carried out the hit.

It goes without saying that I am praying night and day that you have success with pressing these matters, especially for those like myself who suffered enormous financial loss from such illegal nocturnal police raids. While writing my novel MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE, which won the Hugo Award in 1963, about an alternate Earth in which the Nazi ruled present-day America, I never dreamed that such dreadful things might actually come true. (The official Nazi slang, by the way, for such raids was *Razzia*. It has returned, as a term, to haunt my mind; it well might: a police raid conducted for the purpose of destroying political dissidents, called by the Gestapo "Nacht und Nebel operations," activity of night and fog.)

Thank you very much.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO WILLIAM A. SULLIVAN, F.B.I.]

1/26/75

In the past I have discussed with you the Marxist interest in my science-fiction novel UBIK (published in this country by Doubleday & Co., Inc.). As I told you, a long article on Western science-fiction by the polish writer and critic Stanislaw Lem gave great attention to my work and to UBIK in particular, studying the novel and analyzing it in detail (S F, A HOPELESS CASE—WITH EXCEPTIONS, Stanislaw Lem, Krakow). Lem's publisher in Poland intends to publish UBIK, and Lem proposed to me in letters and through neutral intermediaries, to pay my airfare to Poland, to fund me there; I told you all this, sending on to you what letters I had in my possession that passes between us. The matter ended when I accused Lem of bad faith, since I later learned that my Polish royalties could be transferred here, and he was not being honest with me in saying that I had to go there to get them.

I'm writing you now because, as I mentioned in previous letters to you, I have never been able to fathom why the Marxists both behind the Iron Curtain and also in France—where UBIK is said to be the most popular of Western science-fiction novels, and the most esteemed—were so impressed by UBIK. I think I mentioned to you that one French editor who came here to visit me told me that "UBIK is one of the four or five most important books ever printed." He couldn't explain why, though. I've continued trying to find out what there is in my novel, and obviously Lem's article would be my best bet as a clue—to their thinking, anyhow, if not to the novel itself...in case they are right.

About a year ago a woman in the Mid-West wrote me to say that she is doing her post-graduate thesis on my writing. She wanted any and all critical pieces already in print dealing with my writing; I sent her therefore the Lem article, and other articles, and I asked her as a quid pro quo to study the Lem article and if she could figure out what he was saying underneath all his Marxist jargon, to let me know. She has now written me to let me know; because of her academic training and high IQ she was able to crack the damn thing, something I could never do.

Because she seems to feel that *Lem* is correct, and in fact intends to base her approach around his, I decided to pass on to you what she has written as it pertains to *UBIK* and Lem. I will tell you frankly that there is a possibility that some fundamental scientific discovery is accidentally incorporated into *UBIK*, by me, and the Marxist analysts in France and Poland, with their excellent scientific and philosophical-theoretical background (I'm not even a college graduate) saw this in the novel—a scientific principle which may have value to them, its presence in my novel explaining their keen interest (I hasten to repeat: there is no political or social comment material in *UBIK* which could even remotely be exploited, and this is one reason why I've wondered about their long-term avid interest).

I quote the introduction from this woman's theses:

"Within the context of the body of Dick material which I have been able to accumulate, Lem's piece is in a class of its own. Called 'SF's Super Critic' by some, Lem not only shows—I'm too ignorant to know whether or not he proves—the technological feasibility of Dick's novel *UBIK* but also analyzes Dick in terms of traditional philosophical concepts. Assuming the accuracy of Lem's techno-analysis, the world that Dick postulates—at least in *UBIK*—is possible, in itself a frightening possibility. In this world technology has grown ever more powerful, causing changes in basic ontological categories. We are not only tortured within the space/time matrix but by it as well. Dick, without a more-detailed analysis—which is beyond the scope of this introduction—does seem accessible through this approach." Etc. End quote.

Let me point out that I have never understood Lem's analysis clearly, and yet what she says here seems to me accurate; I would agree, now that it has been pointed out to me. Certainly, if she is right in what Lem says, and Lem himself is right, and the concepts in the novel are right (a long chain of *ifs*, admittedly, but the possibility is there), then *UBIK* contains a paradigm world, a model universe, possibly a paradigm on which *our own* is constructed (i.e. what is true of one universe is true of all universes), and if this is so, it is not a mere theoretical or intellectual matter but a matter of actual possibility. At which case I would have to bow out, and a structural analysis of *UBIK* by qualified people should begin (this may be exactly what the techno-analysts in Krakow and Paris, the Marxists, have already done).

It has happened in the past that actual, valid scientific discoveries have accidentally been written into science fiction works by their imaginative authors; I'm sure you know this (e.g. the many stories about atomic energy and weapons in *Astounding Science Fiction* magazine during World War Two). Also, although I tell you this with reluctance, because I really don't want to get involved with anything so extraordinary, within the last year, quite independent of anything directly connected with my writing, I have developed material which I had encountered in other areas entirely that indeed Lem is correct and the substructure, the universe-paradigm of *UBIK* is correct and does pertain to our universe or world-of-experience.

I mean simply that accidentally confirmation, not sought for by me at all, has come my way regarding the *UBIK*-model (within the last month alone I've spent

almost a thousand dollars for reference works in order to do my own necessary research in this, since it has direct application to my future writing, as it falls within the domain of scientific theory and knowledge). Lem therefore is right.

In summary:

(one) Lem and other Marxist techno-theoreticians are not interested in my novel UBIK for political or other ulterior reasons but because of its contents.

(two) The contents of UBIK expressed a modified model of the universe expressed in purely theoretical form.

(three) This model may apply to our own universe, or at least to that portion of it which we encounter. This is to say, this new model may express pragmatically useful, even empirically verifiable new ways to view reality by which better to deal with and anticipate phenomena, in particular novel (i.e. uniquely newly-arising) phenomena which old constructs fail adequately to handle.

(four) In essence, UBIK depicts a model universe in which the ontological categories of space and time (and causality, by inference) are in the process of collapse, causing progressively greater disruptions in human experience and in the regularity and predictability of phenomena. A major factor expressed in the book as a causal agent or exciter agent is that of entropy and other thermodynamic laws and principles. Finally, cosmological forces such as far-extending very weak fields perhaps presently unmeasured are depicted, in the book, as underlying these transformations.

That is about all I have been able to find out, and it's very crude. But because science-fiction writers have in the past, as I say, by accident stumbled on actual scientific discoveries both applied and "pure," I'm sure you'll agree that having read a lucid analysis of Lem's turgid, jargon-filled analysis which has baffled me, I should write to you...as I have done.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO ALAN CRANSTON, U.S. Senate]

January 26, 1975

Dear Senator Cranston:

I am one of those dissenting "political radicals" whose files were burglarized, evidently by Federal Agents, back in November 1971 when such illegal government activities were at their highest. Although my complaint is now being officially handled by the A.C.L.U., I wish very much to call this forced entry of my house, the blowing open of my files and the theft of virtually all my business and financial papers, to your attention, because of your keen concern about such US. counterintelligence activities. In respect to this I am enclosing Xerox copies of two items:

(one) My letter printed in the small journal *The Alien Critic* in August 1973, in which I declare publically what happened to me, to my records, the nature of this brutal commando-like hit, and who, at that time, I theorized had done it (I think I was darn close).

(two) A very recent article from the London *Times*, sent to me by a fellow science-fiction novelist, because the discussion of the over one hundred unsolved burglaries of U.S. anti-war dissenters during that period reminded him of my description of the break-in of my own house in Marin County. It's possible that this information has not yet been cleared for release in the U.S. media, since evidently it's from the still-secret Colby report to President Ford. In fact, the London *Times* article suggests that these burglaries may comprise the primary substance of the CIA abuses.

I might add that *Rolling Stone* magazine will soon be printing an in-depth interview with me, plus the reporting of their own man who followed up my account of the hit (he interviewed the Marin County Sheriff's Office and private persons up there) which will extensively deal with this. But, Senator Cranston, unless you and your colleagues help, people like me who were nearly destroyed by such terrorizing tactics will be unable to obtain redress. My financial loss was staggering; as a novelist of over twenty years, known all over the world, having the highest award in my field, nonetheless I was virtually put out of business. I virtually ceased writing and fell silent, my notes gone, outlines for novels—all my papers from both my desks and throughout my house—all stolen, and yet my stereo and other valuables left behind.

Senator Cranston, I know a great deal more than I tell in the enclosed Xerox letter. For instance, in early 1972 OSI, which is Air Force Intelligence, called me in for questioning. Sir, I have been too afraid to talk about it to anyone but my wife, and, to a certain extent, to the *Rolling Stone* interviewer. As the enclosed Xerox letter shows, I was afraid to discuss it in 1972 at the invitation of Swedish TV; they would have paid all my expenses round-trip from Canada to San Francisco in order to video tape me regarding this...sir, I really believed it was unsafe for me to talk about it openly. My 1973 letter in *The Alien Critic* was about all I had the courage to express publically, which is disgraceful; and yet, the disgrace should fall more on others than on me. That I published anything about this at all during the Nixon period is, I believe, a measure of some courage on my part. And, in foreign journals, I published bits and pieces; in fact in 1973 I told a visiting BBC TV team which came to film me that our country had become a silent police tyranny, and no one seemed to know. I said the same later on in a filmed interview for Paris TV. I did what I could. Most of all, in February 1974 my Doubleday novel, FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID was released: it tells of a police state in the US, set slightly in the future. The only reason the manuscript for that novel was not in my files when they were blown open and ransacked in November 1971 was that two months before, sensing what was coming, I turned the sole manuscript over to my attorney, and he placed it in his office safe. No one but him and me knew it. I am sure, if it had remained in my files, it would have disappeared and so never been published.

Well, finally this tyranny is ending, thanks to people like yourself. I thought it never would; I lived in fear so long. I was told in late 1971 that I would never live to reach Canada (I had been invited to fly to Vancouver as Guest of Honor at a Convention, and to lecture at the University of British Columbia). I was told, "Someone impersonating you will appear in your place. And we will complete you

unfinished works." Anyhow, senator, I feel now that the abolishing of these abuses is one step, but people like me lost (as in my case) my house, most of my possessions, my career came to a halt, and I fled the United States in fear after being told by the police, as I mention in the Xerox letter, "If you don't leave Marin County you'll get a bullet in your back some night. Or worse. Marin County doesn't need a crusader." I think the authorities thought I was somehow teaching kids some kind of radical doctrines, since I lectured to high school kids in Marin County and saw many of them at my house...anyhow, I was doing nothing that deserved such treatment, and certainly, if justice is to be finally achieved, I should obtain compensation from the Federal Government eventually in perhaps an A.C.L.U. class action suit. God bless you and thank you from the bottom of my heart.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO JACK SCOVIL, Scott Meredith Literary Agency]

January 27, 1975

Dear Jack:

Thank you for the long letter. Your scheme re Ballantine sounds good; point out to them that their contract on HUMAN IS—required them to publish within 18 months, they failed to. Grant them a short extension and let them apply the publication money to repaying the advance on the novel I never wrote and (most important) get title reversion on MARTIAN TIME-SLIP. Jack, I sent Ballantine many, many stories for HUMAN IS—for them to select among; as far as I know, though, there's no overlap with the DAW collection—I tried to make it that way. Hell, I'm sure of it; Don Wollheim built his collection entirely from tearsheets which Betty Ballantine had seen and rejected; in fact Don griped about it. However, I herewith list the contents of the DAW collection, so if you want you can check it against what Ballantine has:

"Nanny"  
"The Turning Wheel"  
"The Defenders"  
"Adjustment Team"  
"Psi-Man Heal My Child"  
"The Commuter"  
"A Present For Pat"  
"Breakfast at Twilight"  
"Shell Game"

That is it, Jack. Stress to Ballantine that I was already working on their collection, had I think even sent off the first batch to you for them. DAW got the Ballantine rejects, and that if it made Don mad, will please them. The fact that Don's collection came out first doesn't change matters; Ballantine got first pick because the contract came first. Also, Jack, I went through every unanthologized

story I ever had published, for Ballantine, and sent them the very cream of the crop. Poor ol' Don got the leavings, and knew it. (I don't know how, but he did; oh yeah, now I recall, he wrote me saying he knew about the Ballantine collection being put together, and since his taste was different from Betty's, as he put it, could he have what she didn't want? That's what he got, and he was mad.)

That Taplin contracts will be back under separate cover, and it's nice to hear from you again.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO ANDRZEJ KURZ, MARIA KANIOWA,  
*Editors, Wydawnictwo Literackie, Poland*]

January 27, 1975

Dear Mr. Kurz and Mrs. Kaniowa:

I am the author of the novel UBIK which I understand, from Mr. Stanislaw Lem, is to be published by your firm, most likely in January of this year. Regarding this, I would wish to be kept up with the progress of this venture, in particular to know when the book does finally come out in its Polish edition. Also, when it has been printed, could you mail me one or two copies? That would mean a great deal to me, as I enjoy the foreign editions of my books.

While writing, I might mention that in regard to the translation of UBIK, If there are any questions about the meaning of special terms, such as American slang, etc., feel free to write me. I do use a great deal of slang in it, and even some special terms which I invented.

A final point: here in the United States a woman who is writing a post-graduate thesis on my published work has send me the introduction for this thesis, and I would like to quote to you a small portion which may be of interest to you:

"...Within the context of the body of Dick material which I have been able to accumulate, Lem's piece (SF, A HOPELESS CASE WITH—EXCEPTIONS, Krakow) is in a class of its own. Called SF's Super Critic by some, Lem not only shows—I'm too ignorant to know whether or not he proves—the technological feasibility of Dick's novel UBIK but also analyzes Dick in terms of traditional philosophical concepts. Assuming the accuracy of Lem's techno-analysis, the world that Dick postulated—at least in UBIK—is possible, in itself a frightening possibility. In this world technology has grown even more powerful, causing changes in basic ontological categories. We are not only tortured within the space/time matrix but by it as well. Dick, without a more-detailed analysis—which is beyond the scope of this introduction—does seem accessible through this approach." End quote.

Speaking for myself, I might add to this that since writing UBIK, which at the time I believed a totally imaginary world-projection, I have encountered—and experienced—phenomena which indicate that indeed the world of UBIK, as a paradigm, could serve as a model for our own world, with pragmatically use-

ful results. Thank you, and I will anticipate hearing from you. Good luck with your publishing.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO PAUL WILLIAMS]

January 27, 1975

Dear Paul,

You dingbats (a Canadian term). Here enclosed is chapter one of CONFESIONS, I hope complete, plus your letter with my dedication in it, so you can painstakingly retranscribe it for posterity (forgive me for ribbing you, okay? It's done with love).

Thanks for the Lighthouse article by me. It is wonderful. I forgot I wrote it.

Got to sign off now, but, Paul, I'm beginning to fashion a scientific theory about my theological experiences...if time is viewed as a field (as one Soviet astro-physicist does), and it drives forward, then if it has begun to weaken due to the expansion of the universe (according to that Soviet scientist's time theory, time is the only field which propagates at infinite velocity and is omnipresent throughout the universe at the same instant), then retrograde forces such as tachyons et al would be bleeding back at us from the future. See? Radian energy or bioplasmic fields would be coming this way progressively more strongly.

This would be unique in the history of the universe (as mentioned in the Feb 3 New Yorker item on me).

Am enclosing some theological ramblings I did recently, notes I thought might enthrall you.

Love, and watch for those highly-structured semi-alive fields from tomorrow! They care about you!

Phil

[Enclosed with Jan. 27, 1975 to Williams:]

Jesus said to the disciples, "You are lucky I'm leaving; it will benefit you. Because then the Holy Spirit can come to you. If I don't leave, it can't." He did, and it did. Point: before then (i.e. up to the time he left) a person could obtain enlightenment, as in the mystery cults, a lifetime process; but it didn't just come to them as they were. They sort of achieved it, which is still how it's done in the East. This was new, if the Holy Spirit equals enlightenment, which it does at least, if not more. There is no record of enlightenment coming to ordinary people until then, out of nowhere, with no respect to their level of achievement. Somehow his leaving made this possible; he had the Holy Spirit (it came to him) because he was a born Avatar. Evidently it was limited to such as he: born avatars. You had to be born that way from the start to receive it later; hence it was a highly limited experience.

That's why at first when this happened to me I thought I must be an avatar. That's the whole point: it happened to me and I am not. This makes the avatar experience—direct relationship with God—available to everyone, but also it can

come at the selection ("grace") of the deity himself, since one doesn't attain it: it is given. This transfers the entire matter of to whom given to the deity; it is conferred. Also, since it can be conferred to one with no prior enlightenment at all, i.e. devoid of any knowledge of god, then it comes as a total a priori experience, which is a blurring when achieved from many successive stages of gradual enlightenment. Christ, so to speak, made the entire salvation-Christian-avatar-enlightenment experience an a priori one, not based on experience of an exterior kind, not on knowledge, not on any guru or even sacred texts. Thus, even if all knowledge of god, of redemption, even if the Bible itself were totally suppressed and lost, this would all reoccur, spring to life within given human minds once more; this guarantees that it can't be lost as long as any humans exist. It can no longer be suppressed. If wiped out, it resurfaces itself, if the continuity of human knowledge-transfer is broken.

When one considers what an "avatar" is, then the knowledge he acquires here from the Holy Spirit, and the powers, re-create what he had before he came here; it is at the very least a resumption of angelic superhuman faculties; I see no reason in this theory to assume humans ever had them: they are truly adventitious, at least for us; for him, it is to reacquire. But if, under the circumstances now, a human acquires all this, then it is adventitious and not something he lost, even if it feels like something he lost. Pointedly, it is ordinary persons who receive this. They do *not* have the divine origin; they did *not* descend. So the transfer to them from the limited class "avatar" is an enormous transfer; we are made sons of god when before we were not, in that sense. It is precisely and exactly *as if* we had been (and had lost); therefore the subjective, but errorious feeling, of reacquiring. For the avatar it would be reacquiring. We are transformed; made into what we were not. Imagine the shock, to cease to be what we were and become what we were not. (Remember, the avatar required the Holy Spirit to come down and reignite this...now the H.S. comes and ignites, rather than reignites.)

The architect of our world, to help us, came here as our servant, disguised, to toil for us. We have seen him many times but not recognized him; maybe he is ugly in appearance, but with a good heart. Perhaps sometimes when he comes here he has forgotten his own origin, his godly power; he toils for us unaware of his true nature and what he could do to us if he remembered. For one thing, if we realized that this crippled misshapen thing was our creator, we would be disappointed. Would reject and despise him. Out of courtesy to us he hides his identity from us while here.

One can see from this that that which we kick off to one side of the road, out of our way, which feels the toe of our boot—that may well be our God, albeit unprotesting, only showing pain in his eyes, that old old pain which he knows so well. I notice, though, that although we kick him off to one side in pain, we do let him toil for us; we accept that. We accept his work , his offerings, his help; but him we kick away. He could reveal himself, but he would then spoil our illusion of a beautiful god. But he doesn't look evil like Satan; just homely. Unworthy. Also, although he has vast creative and building power, and judgment, he is not clever.

He is not a bright god. Often he is too dumb to know when he's being teased or insulted; it takes physical pain, rather than mere scorn, to register.

Ugly like this, despised and teased and tormented and finally put to death, he returned shining and transfigured; our Savior, Jesus Christ (before him Ikhnaton, Zoroaster, etc; Hefestus). When He returned we saw Him as he really is—that is, not by surface appearance. His radiance, his essence, like Light. The God of Light wears a humble and plain shell here. (Like a metamorphosis of some humble toiling beetle.)

SF novel: Hefestus as VALIS.

The Earth like St. Sofia is an organism, a living one, being built, a Temple which when it is ready the Lord will suddenly come to and dwell in. He Himself is creator: architect. Workmen/artisans/artists: Us and Holy Spirit. Ideal Logos/form: Christ, to be achieved. The model once glimpsed then to be striven for and reached at which time Architect (Creator) Holy Spirit and Ideal become One, which includes us within it as bits. Creator: time past. Holy Spirit: time is. Christ: time completed. Holy Spirit guides us toward Him. Force is provided by the Creator at the start. Force/activity/direction to goal.

This is not an evil world, as Mani supposed. There is a good world under the evil. The evil is somehow superimposed over it (Maya) and when stripped away, pristine glowing creation is visible.

Did our ancestors go insane and cease to be able to see what is there? The layers or veils of evil must be stripped or washed away (waking up, the washing away by the blood of the Lamb, baptism etc). To awaken is to awaken to truth, also to beauty: to unity. Delusion means to see lies, to see evil. Evil equals lies equals evil equals delusion equals the unreal. God is good, the world is good, we are like him, but somehow we got estranged. Equally from world (!) as from God. God equals world as seen properly (clearly). Who deludes us? Vide Zimmer: we ourselves weave the webs of illusion; the unreal frightening masks are projections our unaccepted portions of ourselves. They are inside, projected out to become evil. When withdrawn back into us, we see a lovely world.

We've got ugly and evil confused, frightening (to us) and evil confused. Maybe all we mean by "evil" is ugly and frightening plus strange, beyond our understanding (which is limited). Evil is (are you ready?) unnatural.

One day the contents of my mind moved faster and faster until they ceased being concepts and became percepts. I did not have concepts about the world but perceived it without preconception or even intellectual comprehension. It then resembled the world of UBIK. As if all the contents of one's mind, if fused, became suddenly alive, a living entity, which took off within one's head, on its own, saw in its own superior way, without regard to what you had ever learned or seen or known. The principle of emergence, as when nonliving matter becomes living. As if information (thought concepts) when pushed to their limit became metamorphosed into something alive. Perhaps then in the outer world all the energy or information when pushed far enough will do the same. Fuse into something everywhere (the force Ubik) that is sentient and alive. Then

inner-outer, then-now, cause-effect, all the antimonies will fade out. We will see only a living entity at its ceaseless building: at work. Creating. (Has continual creation almost reached completion?) (Such dichotomies as big-small me-not me will be transcended.)

[TO FRANK CHURCH, U.S. Senate]

January 28, 1975

Dear Senator Church:

I am one of those dissenting anti-war "political radicals" whose files were burglarized, evidently by Federal Agents, back in November 1971 when such illegal governmental activities were at their highest. Although my complaint is now being officially handled by the A.C.L.U., I wish very much to call this forced entry of my house, the blowing open of my files and the theft of virtually all my business and financial papers, to your attention, because of your position as head of the new Senate Select Committee investigating such abuses. Regarding this I am enclosing Xerox copies of two items:

(one) My letter printed in the small journal *The Alien Critic* back in August 1973, in which I declare publically what happened to me, to my records, the nature of this brutal commando-like break-in, and who, at that time, I theorized had done it (I think I was close).

(two) A very recent article from the *London Times*, sent to me by a fellow science-fiction novelist, because the discussion of the over one hundred unsolved burglaries of U.S. anti-war dissenters during that period reminded him at once of my description of the break-in of my own house in Marin County, California. It is possible that this information has not yet been cleared for release in the U.S. media, since it deals with the still-secret Colby Report to President Ford. This *London Times* article seems to suggest, Senator, that these burglaries may comprise the primary CIA abuses under scrutiny.

The effect on my writing career, which has spanned over twenty years, was disasterous; I found the interior of my house in ruins when I came home, rubble littered everywhere. The local police, when they did come out, seemed more amused than anything else. I have always believed that this hit took place because of my anti-war stand, and the criticism of the military in my novels and stories, but of course couldn't prove it. Late last year I had the chance to talk to a man who'd been with Special Forces Demolition, with CIA contacts, and from my description of the way my fireproof files were blown he expressed the informed opinion that a strictly military explosive called C-3 or C-4 probably was used. At the time of the hit on my house, these were not yet in the hands of the criminal underground in the U.S., he told me, and suggested that "Perhaps it was the Government who hit you. What sort of things do you write?"

It is my hope now that not only will these dreadful assaults on U.S. citizens end, and that those who were responsible be brought first to light and then to justice, but that some kind of recompense for those of us who were injured be

achieved. My financial loss was immense, and more important, I was, so to speak, pinned down by what happened. I was afraid to make notes, afraid to write letters, afraid to have people over to visit me, afraid to act in all respects; I was totally knocked out in terms of functioning, which is why when I was in Canada in early 1972 to lecture at the University of British Columbia and guest of honor at a convention, I decided to stay there. In the U.S. there was no way I could work. I finally came here to Fullerton, in Southern California, because a professor at the University of California at Fullerton, hearing of my plight, arranged for the Special Collections department of the university library to accept my papers and manuscripts as fast as I accumulated them.

A novelist, a person writing letters, articles, stories and even talking with fans and with other writers and editors—he cannot function after such a terror attack takes place; he cannot start again, because he knows it could or will happen again. There is a vast amount of psychological know-how in a crude, brutal hit of this kind, sir, in respect to the agency which did it knowing the long-term effect it will have on the person who takes it. Gradually his fear will act to incorporate all the limiting factors which originally were external; no one will have to threaten him physically any longer (as my 1973 Xerox letter mentions, the local police told me in early 1972 that one night I'd be shot in the back, or worse, that I had "enemies," and should leave Marin County for good, that Marin County didn't need a crusader) he will live in terror *on his own*, so to speak—and in terms of his audience, they won't be seeing very many more of his books.

I am, by the way, highly respected in my field; the current (January 27th issue) of the *New Yorker* mentions me in their "Talk of the Town," and will next week call me their "favorite science-fiction author." Fairly soon *Rolling Stone* magazine will be publishing an in-depth article/interview on me, comparing me to Herman Melville. *Science Fiction Studies*, which reaches one thousand academic institutions, will soon devote an entire issue to me. In France, on Paris TV, it was suggested on a panel discussion that I be given the Nobel Prize in literature. One massive terror-attack, though, the ransacking of my papers, the destruction of my records and notes—that virtually ended a career which I honestly believe has been of value to this country. I resent it...but I hope now that your committee which has been newly formed will obtain redress for me and those like me.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

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[ADDRESSEE UNKNOWN]

January 28, 1975

Dear Mr. Peters,

Thanks so much for your excellent letter! I hadn't noticed the similar themes in *MAN WHO JAPED* and *FLOW MY TEARS*, but probably you're right. Ursula Le Guin said in her *Vertex* interview that all my novels are actually one long single novel (which reminds me of something Alan Rich, who was for a while music

critic for the N.Y. Times once said to me about the concerti of Corelli: "It's like a piece of string and you snip off pieces one by one and give each an opus number."

I might say that in your letter you show an astonishing ability to analyze the structure of fiction. Really, if you're not into doing this, you should be. In all candor, I think you've got a great deal of ability; maybe someday—if this were a reasonably just world—you will be reviewing for *F&SF* instead of Joanna Russ, just to name one reviewer I don't very much like.

For years I did a hell of a lot of writing, but after the forced entry and burglary of my house and files in 1971, in which most of my notes and papers and business records were taken, I sort of got gloomy about it. My wife Nancy had just the year before left, taking my little daughter, so the combination got to me. Anyhow I'm remarried now, with a new little baby boy and lovely wife, and gradually building back up what was stolen or lost or strayed. I've done a rough draft on what I think will really overwhelm people, a novel called *A SCANNER DARKLY*, which deals with split-brain phenomena, set in a future society, but I've been unable so far to send off the final MS.

What you say about me perhaps developing a "metaphysic...that will cause a cultural turnaround..." This remark fascinated me, inasmuch as for the last ten months I have been researching constantly certain old, obscure metaphysical and theological doctrines (e.g. Philo, the NeoPlatonists such as Plotinus, Avicenna, etc.), on the trail of a fascinating idea which I encountered while experimenting with the ortho-molecular vitamin formula (which is to improve neural firing): I really haven't talked much about it yet, since it's such a wild notion—I've got over a thousand dollars worth of research books on their way here, to study to see if I may be right. My idea: the Logos (which in one form or other goes far, far back, perhaps even to Sumer) was/is a bioplasmic life form moving in a retrograde direction through time; i.e. from the future to the past, carrying with it an enormous organizing potential, as well as information of all sorts not yet available to us. In history it appears every so often, in a mysterious and even capricious way, since the principles which govern it are so radically different from ours. My theory is that when this enormously potent bioplasmic life form coheres at a high ergic level, it is capable of infusing persons and even groups almost in a sort of intoxifying form. This might explain the ancient accounts of "being possessed by the god," whether the god is Apollo or Dionysus or even the Christian god, that is, the Holy Spirit. In present-day terms it might account for paranormal powers and so-called UFO experiences, taking the form of involuntary holograms.

Well, I have rambled a bit, here. But I find the idea very exciting, and the more I do research the more I'm convinced I'm on to something real. What to me would be the most valuable out of the influx or presence of this retrograde-moving life form would be its unique time-experience; our past would be its future, obviously, so that its memory would to us be prophecy. You can see why this would interest a science-fiction writer; if any sort of accurate symbiosis or even communication with it were possible, however brief, we might be able to exchange with it our memories and knowledge of the past with its memories and knowledge of

what lies, for us anyhow, ahead. (It has already been shown theoretically, by the way, that particles—and if particles then certainly energy fields—can travel backward in time; the tachyon particle, which goes faster than light and is thought possibly to carry information back to us from the future. The only crucial difference here between the tachyon-particle theory and my projection is that I posit the possibility, the very real possibility, of a living or semi-living entity capable of retrograde time motion.)

Speaking of time, it's time to sign off. Thanks again for writing and saying what you said—and saying it so effectively.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO BRUCE GILLESPIE, *s-f critic, Australia*]

January 28, 1975

Dear Bruce,

What a delightful letter from you! I'm glad you liked the card. As to how is the baby, he just ran in here yelling, so my head feels full of bees. As to news...well, the *New Yorker* interviewed me (issues Jan 27 and Feb 3). They call me "jolly, bearded and tubby." They've discovered me, which is to say, they New York literary establishment. Later on, *Rolling Stone* will be publishing a long article/interview which deals extensively on such grim matters as the break-in of my house, the blowing open of my files and theft of my papers—I'm sure you remember; they will give various theories as to who did it and why. John Brunner mailed me an article from the London *Times* of last December; it shows that over 100 unsolved burglaries of the files and papers of anti-war "radicals" took place in the U.S.A. during those years, and that the CIA director, Colby, is investigating now to see if his agency did it. *Someone* did it, and since the pattern was national, then it was a national group; and those hit were all anti-war. Like me. So we're pinning it down, are we not? Evidently the idea was to obtain information linking these anti-war protesters and dissidents with foreign money-sources. This brings to mind the fact that one month before my house was hit I received your letter about Lem wanting me to take an all-expense-paid trip to Poland, for the publishing there of *UBIK*; we've learned now in our press that the CIA-FBI routinely opened mail between US citizens and Soviet nations, to see about such funding. Possibly they interpreted my royalties on *UBIK* as "Soviet funding." The London *Times* article says that the CIA was concerned with funding by US anti-war dissidents from such areas as "Eastern Europe." That would include Poland. QED, Bruce. The day after the hit on my house I mailed my letter to Herr Rottensteiner, saying I'd like to go to Poland. Too close to be an accidental coincidence, don't you think? I must admit that in a manner of speaking I did have ties with "Eastern Europe" and could be said to be funded ... except that as I wrote you, I was not funded and didn't go and even had a quarrel with Lem. Regardless of the merits of the quarrel, it may be that my pulling out saved me from further harrassment from the US counterintelligence. Maybe it's a good thing that the Poles

refused to transfer my royalties; if they had, maybe I'd have been arrested on the charge of—jeez, what would be the charge? Having had a book published in a Communist country and being paid for it? Wow, has our freedom deteriorated here, or anyhow did under the Tyrant.

You know, Bruce, I had been into a number of anti-war protest things; I signed the Ramparts War-Tax Protest Declaration around 1969, and my wife Nancy, although separated from me, was on the Angela Davis Defense Committee thing. I saw many high school-age people from 1970 on after Nancy left me, and spoke to them at their school etc., nearby in Marin County; it may be that when Lem's piece SF A HOPELESS CASE—WITH EXCEPTIONS was printed, it sealed my doom. They thought I was a Soviet agent or something. Plus my writing about psychedelic drugs. Rock-and-roll, drugs, communism, sex—I was Mister Evil, especially if I talked to (which they probably construed as taught) teen-agers (vide my Vancouver speech). Anyhow, they were wrong. I got no money from Poland, Nancy and I were bitter enemies, I taught the kids nothing, and the relationship between rock-and-roll and politics has yet to be established. I'm reminded of Ibsen's play "The Enemy of the People." Basically I believe it was my novels and stories (such as "Faith of Our Fathers" and THE THREE STIG-MATA) which alerted the authorities here to the PKD Menace to Civilization (ahem). I was being sought on the same rap as Socrates, basically: corrupting the youth. Well, *too bad!* I can imagine how furious they were, if this be true, when FLOW MY TEARS came out (the first purchase was by the Army: 232 copies. Just the number their crypto division buys for analysis). All that shit they dropped on my head, and then—FLOW MY TEARS, about a US police state dropping shit on an innocent person's head. I can see them saying gloomily, "You can't win."

In other news, last March I had a charismatic religious experience which is to say, an influx of what they call the Holy Spirit, and that squared me up, I'll tell you. I won't even let Tessa smoke. Someday I hope to write about it. My own terms for it would be: a bio-plasmic semi-living electrostatic life form travelling backward in time entered me while I was experimenting with ortho molecular vitamins in order to bring into parity my right hemisphere, to enhance neural firing-efficiency, and to transduce weak external fields...I did transduce such a field, and found as I say that it was semi-alive, very similar to the old-time description of the Logos!!!! For ten months it has been inside me, guiding me, healing me (a long slow process) and improving me in a sort of speeded-up evolution both physical and mental. I've purchased well over a thousand dollars worth of reference books in order to learn more...Bruce, it is an extraordinarily powerful bio-plasmic life form, has access to knowledge and wisdom of every sort...it has shaped and educated me ceaselessly, going to bat for me as the Holy Spirit was said by Paul and Jesus to do, when trouble arose. It is a comforter and advocate, fierce when necessary, loving and healing when necessary. It is devoted to justice, truth and joy. What was most startling to me was that when the influx came to me I saw during the following three days *a totally different universe*. After months of study and analysis and thought I finally identified it: it is, basically, the universe in UBIK, which is

to say, UBIK contains a vision of actual reality, a paradigm of the underlying reality beneath, so to speak, the veils. Also I saw the iron prison around us (this was while Nixon was still in office) very much like the world of FLOW MY TEARS. I have come to believe on the basis of this that my novels, which as Ursula says are really one long novel and depict basically one and the same world over and over again, are a right-hemisphere correct vision of our world. Probably in dreams, my right hemisphere was feeding me this vision, which I utilized in my writing without knowing the source.

Each night for hours, especially during hypnagogic states, this internal spirit has been teaching me in a way leading up evidently to a major disclosure. About two weeks ago it informed me in its impartial way, "Saint Sophia is going to be reborn." I was disappointed, keenly so; I had anticipated it working up to something more thrilling. Who the hell is "Saint Sophia?" I wondered. What did she do? and what do I care? Next day I looked her up. She is not a saint, nor a woman. "Saint Sophia" means "Divine Wisdom," in other words, the Logos. (It is also the name of a church in Constantinople.) In my hypnoagogic state the spirit also said, "She was not acceptable before, when she was born." What I am thinking, Bruce, is that according to the Book of John the Logos equals Christ, and certainly indeed He was "not acceptable before." If "Saint Sophia" equals the Logos and the Logos equals Christ, and he/she is about to be reborn, the spirit has not given me minor news. I haven't been the same since learning this!!!

Cordially,  
Phil Dick

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[U.S DEPT. OF COMMERCE, Joint Publication Service.]

January 29, 1975

Dear Sirs:

Please send me the paper called "Possibility of Experimental Study of the Properties of Time," by Dr. Nikolai Kozyrev, JPRS 45238, May 2, 1968, \$3.00. I am enclosing three dollars. Thank you.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

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[TO MALCOLM EDWARDS, *s-f critic*, England]

January 29, 1975

Dear Malcolm,

As I guess you know, health reasons have made it impossible for me to come to London as I'd planned...or did I write and tell you? Anyhow, I regret I won't meet you, although what I'm hoping to do is fly there during the warm months, at my own expense. The flu here in Southern California has reached epidemic pro-

portions, which is what I have (that is, I have epidemic proportions). Samuel Pepys should be here to chronicle it.

One thing I've meant to write you about (did I?) is the long piece you wrote on FLOW MY TEARS which will appear in England's sole SF magazine. Malcolm, at the risk of repeating myself in case I said this already, in that piece you expressed certain ideas about my writing which struck me as so important and so meaningful that I was dazzled, and for me, anyhow, it was one of those rare critical works which shed a fundamentally new light on my own work for me, the author. It made sense out of things in my work, aspects, underlying connectives, which I had never discerned properly—but had tried to discern. In particular your remarks about UBIK jolted my mind into furious—and delighted—activity. I've sent the piece on to a lady who is writing a post-graduate thesis on my writing, telling her how important, how truly astonishing!, your piece is, in my opinion. When you discuss how the idios kosmos is invaded by what I think you describe as the "strangely different koinos kosmos," this makes sense out of a lot of what I perpetually write about...also, when you discuss how the various idios kosmos-es, whatever the plural is—how a bunch of them may still be only a proliferation, a kind of mutual agreement to extend one idios kosmos, *one partial view*, from person to person, which is still not a genuine koinos kosmos: Malcolm, you have come up with a totally new concept, in my opinion. To phrase it baldly, there can be shared idios kosmos-es, giving the impression or illusion of a koinos kosmos (the latter have the aspect of authenticity, the former not, however many people share it). What comes to my mind in this regard would be when a tyrannical state so manages the news and so manipulates the ideas and thoughts of its citizens, shutting out facts from their purview entirely, that together they collectively share a sort of ersatz koinos kosmos which is nothing more than the Approved Idios Kosmos manufactured synthetically by the state. It could fail to incorporate into it certain vital elements, without which however many people share it and ratify it, it still fails to partake of reality in the sense that an authentic koinos kosmos should. Multiple incorrectness, however frequently ratified, does not create accuracy, does it not?

Other aspects of your work which fascinated me is to project the notion, which you expressed, as to how mysterious, how eerie, the true koinos kosmos would seem if it finally came sifting into the mind or minds of the characters, after they'd labored under the delusion that their shared idios kosmos was a koinos one. Theoretically, it could differ in any one way or in any variety of ways...in UBIK, for instance, I have the distinct sense, Malcolm, that whatever I may have intended when I wrote the novel, the altered world after the bomb explosion—after their death—is in point of fact a presentation by me of the true koinos kosmos, and one which should be ours. I know this sounds odd, but I would analyze UBIK as: at the start the characters share a mere idios kosmos, which is inaccurate and partial, a deliberate structure/artifact which they jointly maintain *against* the threat of reality, against what, if they somehow relaxed, they would find they could allow to seep in...as it later does. They have collectively generated their "reality" outside their field of conscious awareness (at

night, in sleep, this mental mechanism dims, and other elements slide in, but are of course ruled out the next day on awakening, as being mere phantasms). After the bomb blast in UBIK, as I was writing it, I suddenly had to stop, to realize, with a jolt (I recall that day well, as I sat at my typewriter empty headed and empty paged, as it were) with no preconception at all as to how their new world would be, compared with the one they'd been living in. They were alive; they had been killed; all at once for plot purposes, I needed to imagine a world so-to-speak *as it was*, which the closest analog we commonly discuss would be: what is the room like when I'm not in it? I tried to imagine their world for them when it lacked this projection machinery and artifact-like material which they naturally, as do we, maintained constantly, outside awareness. Being dead, they had no force ("No force, no motion has she now/she neither sees nor hears," or however it goes. Guess it's "hears and sees," to go with "trees"). I sat at my typewriter for a boundless eternity, imagining their world stripped away, and without realizing it, I was imagining their true koinos kosmos seeping in. What is more thought-provoking, is this: what is true of one universe (theirs) would be true of all universes (which would include ours). Thus, the bare-bones koinos kosmos after the bomb blast in UBIK would presumably be ours as well, our authentic koinos kosmos, if we somehow pierced the veils, or rather, if the veils drifted away from between us and it as we relaxed for whatever reason our constant projection which we mutually share. At the time I wrote UBIK it never occurred to me that the world depicted in the latter part of UBIK might in some fundamental way, give or take a bit here and there, be our own, could we see it properly. I wrote the book and forgot how I came to write it; that in point of fact I created a sort of a priori paradigm of what a universe would have to have, minimum, to exist, without reference to what I saw daily in my own.

Now we turn to Stanislaw Lem's lengthy turgid analysis—and interest—re UBIK. As you may know from SF—A HOPELESS CASE—WITH EXCEPTIONS, Lem has never been much interested or turned-on by any of my writing but UBIK. I couldn't really understand his article, so I turned it over to the woman doing the thesis mentioned above, asking her if she could explain it to me, since maybe what Lem was saying was important. Recently she sent me the introduction to her thesis, and says this in it (I have her permission to quote it):

"Within the context of the body of Dick material which I have been able to accumulate, Lem's piece is in a class of its own. Called 'SF's Super Critic' by some, Lem not only shows—I'm too ignorant to know whether or not he proves—the technological feasibility of Dick's novel UBIK but also analyzes Dick in terms of traditional philosophical concepts. Assuming the accuracy of Lem's techno-analysis, the world that Dick postulates—at least in UBIK—is possible, in itself a frightening possibility. In this world technology has grown even more powerful, causing changes in basic ontological categories. We are not only tortured within the space/time matrix but by it as well. Dick, without a more detailed analysis—which is beyond the scope of this introduction—does seem accessible through this approach." Etc. End quote.

Now, Malcolm, you can see how this ties in with what I said above. Her study of what Lem says strongly suggests that Lem and perhaps other Marxist intellectuals, such as those in France, where UBIK is so esteemed, have discerned the so-to-speak logical necessity of UBIK-the-world, UBIK as a paradigm which applies to our own world, which would follow since I constructed it logically, as I mentioned, rather than either arbitrarily or according to what I was accustomed to suppose; it came *a priori* and this serves to demonstrate once more the Attic Greek concept, discarded for a long time, that certain *a priori* knowledge, such as geometric forms, are paralleled by the external universe—otherwise, our inner image of the world wouldn't conform to the outer experience; they must of necessity parallel one another, the only question being, How much can be arrived at *a priori*?

UBIK the world, was arrived at *a priori*. But now that I restudy it in the light of Lem's remarks, I discern in UBIK certain traditional elements (I discern them only by studying night and day my various reference works): (one) the Logos (i.e. Runciter talking and *writing* notes to them; (two) the twin competing interacting subforces which Empedocles described (Ella versus Jory, which is love versus hate, a kind of dialectic interaction generating all change; (three) Ubik as an omnipresent energy field, which would be the ancient notion of God as Immanent Mind infusing the universe, within it rather than above it; or, in Hindu terms, the Atman, the Breath of God. (four) the manner of regression of forms which takes place runs along an axis which is, so to speak, at right angles to the form-progressing axis we usually envision, but it is logically there, although not within our range of immediate perception. However, Plato's edola weren't within immediate perception either, and still aren't. Given the other elements of the UBIK world as being theoretically possible as underpinnings of our own, but not disclosed or available to us in a perceptual sense, then this, too, may be a valid view as to (one) the actual existence of the Platonic archetypes, the ideal forms, and (two) how they progress or decay, as incising takes place or for some reason fails to take place. It all constitutes together a harmonious Greek world view, consistent with itself and available as I say *a priori*.

Even the small point of negative ionization as a factor in UBIK the force is consistent with Reich's view of the orgone force he posits, which was linked to ionization, especially in the atmosphere (I just learned that, amongst all the rest). Orgone as an underlying semi-living life energy, cosmic in origin, the link between the living and the non-living, would be roughly equal to Ubik, although not conceived by Reich as sentient. I obviously conceive of Ubik as sentient, perhaps a bioplasmic life form related to the Logos, as the three members of the Christian Trinity are related to each other and one another: Runciter as Christ/Ubik as Immanent God/Runciter, when not visible but writing to them as Logos. Which, I see now, by my logic, makes Logos and Christ the same (which was St. John's view anyhow, in his Gospel). Imagine, having arrived at St. John's view of Christ *a priori!* (Should I notify the Pope?)

What ties all this up—for me anyhow—is that about ten months ago I began reading about two fascinating new areas of study: Robert Ornstein's work in causing the right hemisphere to come on in people, his view as I'm sure you know being that we use only our left, and also the ortho-molecular vitamin formula, which is supposed to produce radically improved neural firing in the brain. As if this weren't enough, I also began to read what to me was the most extraordinary idea of all: that the human brain (are you ready?) can transduce external electrical fields, both high and low frequency, if the fields are weak, if the thermal factor is low, and if it so does, its efficiency is augmented by the field-influx. Well, Malcolm, having the ortho-molecular vitamin formula in my possession I began experimenting...and to compound all this, I had written the rough draft of my new novel A SCANNER DARKLY, in which I studied the drug-damaged brain and concluded that the basic impairment which I'd seen in the burned-out members of the drug subculture which had so horrified me, had to do with "split brain" phenomena of some obscure kind, and had done a vast amount of study on this, and theorizing, for the novel. Putting all the above together, I set out to obtain a radically improved efficiency in my own neural firing, with emphasis on, hopefully, causing my unused right hemisphere to wink on and function as Ornstein at Stanford says it ought to ("We sent *half* a man to the moon," is Ornstein's phrase).

In mid-March I got abrupt, dazzling results, which I'd prefer not to go into just yet. Recently, when the *New Yorker* interviewer came to interview me, he had a friend with him and it turned out they know Ornstein personally and are well acquainted with his research and theories; this gave me a long-sought-for chance to discuss my ten-month-experiences to someone who could tell me, Did I indeed cause my right hemisphere to come on, and were/are my experiences genuine? Yes indeed, they decided, after listening to me (we talked all afternoon, the interview forgotten, so important did we mutually consider this stuff to be).

Basically, Malcolm, when I had both brain hemispheres functioning in tandem, in a parity relationship, each involved both in perception and cognition, I saw around me a different universe. It was, briefly, I later realized (it took me three months to so identify it) the universe I had depicted in *UBIK*. Most thrilling of all, I *did indeed* transduce an external very weak energy field (I think, as with most science, simply knowing it can be done is half the job), which gradually drained off during the following weeks; this explained the astonishingly great jump in neural efficiency which I experienced (it also disasterously upset the physical equilibrium of my body; it raised my blood pressure from 140/93 to 268/170 causing my doctor to hospitalize me instantly, which shows the risk in these matters; it isn't only the brain which took the ergic influx, evidently, but my whole neurological system). However, the field did drain off normally and gradually, but during the time it was incorporated within me I got a priceless chance to experience for the first time the true *koinos kosmos*: the true things-in-themselves which Kant felt we could never experience. A vast noetic factor lived in me; I both saw and comprehended in a single mentalional act, although it's taken me months to label what encountered (e.g. the Logos, God as Imman-

ent Mind *within* the structural framework of reality surrounding me). I think what was the most thrilling of all, above and beyond everything else which was new to me, was visually to observe the constant, steady, unfailing signalling systems by which all living organisms are disinhibited; which is to say, their engrammed and then blocked instinctive patterns imprinted on them at the beginning are periodically released at the correct moment, for the appropriate occasion...in this fashion chaos becomes cosmos, and harmony and stability and regulated interaction between all parts of the structure are perpetually achieved. Being outside the ontological categories at one point I could watch signals coming up, *about to be disclosed*. We humans receive them as well as the animals do, but don't realize it, since the signals, when they are disclosed to us, can't be resisted; at the same time the interior engrammed assembly fires, giving us the delusional sense of internal volition; we *wish* to do what we then do. Thus I watched, fascinated, to see that we are never out of the hands of our Creator, the Immanent God within all which surrounds us. The concept of entelechy of Aristotle (that our patterns are entirely within us, and unfold during our life) is a sublime delusion; we have part within, but part is outside, because otherwise disjunction with our environment would occur almost at once. New views as to the nature of schizophrenia, in which the person withdraws and hence fails to receive, or tries to fail to receive, these essential disinhibiting external signals, may someday arise...his manifold internal programmed systems, installed in him at conception, can't properly fire, since regular, orderly disinhibition is impeded by his fugue. Like Jonah, he flees God. He flees his destiny, which is to say, his instructions as to how to grow and become.

Well, Malcolm, I've said more than I intended. Much of this would have gone into my London speech—some had, in the part I'd done before flu hit. Before closing, I want to stress that I was indeed lucky (although my heightened view of the world showed me that what we call "luck" is arranged methodically by our guiding Creator, and doesn't happen by chance), inasmuch as not only did I transduce an external field successfully into the electrical field of my neurological system, as has been shown in laboratory work over recent years, but that the field which I transduced was, shall we say, a benign one, that is, it promoted both mental and physical healing in me...a long process, but a start, inasmuch as I am quite a bit better off in both counts than before. I would characterize this transduced field as a semi-living bioplasmic field, sentient and deathless; I could see it in a few subtle arrangements outside me, so I realized that it had been present but not visible to me...I don't know about weak fields—I lack the technical training—to identify it, but it is a plasma, very heavy, and although possessing enormous mass, capable of terrific velocity on occasion; like red-and-gold shining mercury, it flowed off and disappeared almost as soon as I spied it, which was only a couple of times. When it pours into a person, which it can do and does do on rare occasions, he claims that "The Holy Spirit" entered him, or "Dionysus," if that's the name by which he calls his god, or Apollo. Outside, in vaster form, throughout the world and even the universe, The Logos. I personally like to think of it as Mr.

Runciter, still working ceaseless to assist his friends, to give them the advice and help of a much older wiser person.

Let me know what you think of all this, Malcolm, and again, thank you for your article on TEARS.

Cordially,  
Phil Dick

P.S. I just wanted to add something about the "breaking down" of the ontological categories of time and space mentioned in the quote from the woman's thesis, based on what Lem analyzes in my writing. Let us posit the expansion of the universe (that's easy to do). Then, let us posit something more difficult: the theory of time by the Soviet astrophysicist Dr. Nikolai Kozyrev, which seems to state (I am not really qualified in this area, but let's give it a try) which assumes that time is a force, an energy, a field, if you will, the basis energy which holds the universe together. One of its unique properties is that it propagates without velocity; it is everywhere at once, and so a "change" in it is instantly expressed everywhere else. Now, if the universe is indeed expanding—and perhaps uniquely so; I mean, it is entirely possible that its expansion at this point has never taken place before—then the field we know as Time must, I think, of necessity be weakening at any going point, or within any given cubic volume (this assumes that Time as a force or field or energy follows laws governing other fields). (Why not?) Thus, it is possible that for the first time in the history of the universe if I may use the word "time" in this fashion, the field of Time has begun to weaken to a point where certain instabilities are breaking through; and since, as Dr. Kozyrev says, it is the field which holds together all reality, all phenomena, the entire universe and makes it a cosmos, rather than a chaos, then I submit that what we are seeing which I depict in my novels (e.g. MARTIAN TIME-SLIP, as a very good example), is *real*, is not subjective, or due to a person's perceptions being fouled up—Lem seems to be saying, This may be an objective or real manifestation, and it applies to our world, not just the fictional world of my novel(s).

However, Malcolm, when I saw the red-and-gold plasmic bio-life form, I perceived it possessing a retrograde motion in time; at least in one of its forms, perhaps its major form, it moved backward—in relationship to our time-flow, our motion and experience—from our future toward our past, intersecting with us at our present. Now, if the forward flow which we know as Time is weakening, for the above reason or for *any* reason, then it stands to reason that a retrograde field could bleed or leak or flow backward against it with less resistance. We may experience disruptions of our ontological categories (space would be disrupted, because space is the arena in which time expresses itself of necessity). in particular that of on-going duration, time-flow, etc., which will surprise and confuse and disorient us, but the retrograde field which we know historically as the Logos or the Holy Spirit would be more able to be effective; it is a relatively weak field, a terribly weak field—perhaps one of the weakest (as you know, much theorizing is being done currently about the special properties of weak

fields); but its ratio vis-a-vis time, the most powerful field of all, is improving. And since all aspects of the Logos or Holy Spirit are, in our terms, benign, which is to say, life-sustaining, supporting, and morphology-encouraging, then perhaps all-in-all we should rejoice.

I end here, exhausted, but joyful.

[TO MALCOLM EDWARDS]

January 30, 1975

Dear Malcolm,

To the long (6-page) letter I just sent you, may I be allowed to add a couple of things which I really should add, to round out what I was saying. It seems to me that the extraordinary rise in my blood pressure—from 140 over 93 to 268 over 170, without my having taken any vasoconstrictors *is extraordinary*—may constitute one of the few empirical data I can show that something actual did occur, and it was not merely a head-trip on my part; i.e. merely psychological. Since that is lethal hypertension (I probably would have died without the hospitalization) it points to something having taken place very real; after all, death is real, the consequences to me would have been as real as real can get. But what perhaps may be a genuine clue, too, is the fact that many of the changes or transformations taking place in me, which I assign to the presence of the bioplasmic life form of which I spoke, also took place in our cat, who seemed to become progressively more and more “spiritualized,” if I may be forgiven that term—I don’t know a better one—as if he were evolving or growing, and in ways so close to those altering me as to excite comments in that regard...and then he abruptly died, from very advanced abdominal cancers, many of them. We got another cat. As soon as we opened the door, after a week, that cat instantly ran away and was never seen again. We then got a third cat. He became ill at once, and, like the first one who perished of abdominal cancer (but showed absolutely no external sign of being ill, I might add) the third cat underwent very peculiar changes which caused him progressively to cease to physically resemble a cat. At the same time, he was dying, also of an abdominal ailment; like the first cat, an incurable one. Both the first and third cat seemed to become noble, transformed into something spiritual, and at the same time died. I tell you, Malcolm, I, too, was being transformed into (if you’ll pardon this) a higher spiritual entity, but like the cats I was dying. I happened to be taking my baby Christopher to see the doctor for a routine check; I felt fine, in fact wonderful. The doctor’s nurse suggested a routine bloodpressure check, a reading, while I was there. She took it, shrieked, and ran to get the doctor. The next thing, he had put me in the hospital. Malcolm, I am not joking when I tell you, he told me there was a possibility, he thought, of (are you ready?) an abdominal cancer. (This was before the first cat had become visibly ill.) Fortunately, no cancer showed up, but the tests and hospitalization cost me about \$600. I cite this to show you how very serious it was.

In my opinion there was indeed an actual sentient bioplasmic life form which had entered me, which had also entered the first cat, whom we called Pinky; it changed us both, for the good, but speeded up certain cell processes, certain metabolic growth-rates; it almost killed me and did kill him—and the later cat, Ralph. When he finally died in our arms, Ralph, who was only a kitten, in no way physically resembled a cat; he looked—god in heaven!—exactly like a small lamb, a newborn lamb. I used to raise sheep; I would know. So from this, you can see that I am possibly discussing a very real energy field, and not what people usually mean when they speak of a religious experience. They are usually talking of a conversion experience, what I would class as a kind of state of consciousness, or even mood (of ecstasy, for example). Mine was a fierce drive, a determination to act; it was an energy manifestation. Reich speaks of the possible harmful effects of orgone, how too much can injure tissue, damage it rather than heal it. I think everything in me and the cats was speeded up, and for me it ended in healing. But I was out of the apartment for a crucial five days, in the hospital, at the height of this. So perhaps that saved me (I am not sure why I think that, but I do).

Tessa and the baby seemed unaffected. Interestingly, though, the first cat Pinky had been very close to me, had stuck around me during the year and a half I was ill and in bed.

Now, an additional point I meant to cover, this one concerning Nikolai Kozyrev's time theory as it pertains to my writing. Let us say that as in MARTIAN TIME-SLIP I show disjunctions in time, leaps or skips, break-downs—things going wrong, which when I wrote the books, I did certainly believe were merely perceptual experiences by oddball humans, and not actual alterations in time, since the concept was not possible to me inasmuch as I viewed time and space as categories of perception. I would offer this: that in UBIK, the flow of the energy which we call Time, in Kozyrev's sense, has not weakened or broken down, like a needle skipping around on a record; *it has ceased*. Once the characters have died, time as a factor, as a forward-moving force, has been abolished. In which case, the skeleton, the framework of the universe, is in stages revealed. This, perhaps, makes UBIK different from most of my novels. I've had time flowing backward (COUNTER CLOCK-WORLD) and disjunctions as in TIME-SLIP. UBIK would represent the purest and most important work, because since time has ceased entirely, the topic is not time at all and the phenomena and experiences due to changes in time, but rather what lies below time. What is more fundamental than time, were time obliterated. So UBIK is the sine quo non of my work, in a sense. And maybe Lem has realized this, since as a Soviet citizen he surely is familiar with the Kozyrev time-theory, and may have been regarding UBIK from that (to me unknown) standpoint. Even more, it is theoretically possible that Lem saw in UBIK a possible confirmation, from a sort of disinterested distant "tracking station" of Kozyrev's theory. If I had arrived at UBIK without knowing Kozyrev's theory, never heard of it at all in the slightest, then perhaps...well, a number of French Marxists flew here in the summer of

last year and interviewed me exhaustively, and what they asked dealt with UBIK almost exclusively; and what they said then was very philosophical (one Frenchman said he was writing a doctoral thesis on UBIK for the Academy); they spoke of Empedocles, whose name meant nothing to me then...in particular they asked what UBIK the force was, and the Frenchman told me in broken English that he had some theory about time which was "very different," and "involved units of time like you have units of heat—instead of btus you had chronims," or something like that. It sounds very, very much like the Kozyrev theory, does it not? They went away abruptly, almost in mid-sentence, as if either satisfied, or having given up. It was the sources on which I based the writing of UBIK on which had caused them to fly all the way here, which perplexed me at the time. Obviously, if I had read about Kozyrev's theory, and had deliberately based UBIK on it, the novel would represent no confirmation for them at all. Did, then, they get a confirmation from me of what they wanted, and is this why Lem wanted me to come to Poland and talk with them there, but would not discuss anything at all but the bare bones of business in his letters to me? It is, after all, an important theory; if Kozyrev is correct (and he's been seeking laboratory proof for something like fourteen years), then our entire cosmology would be revolutionized.

Because of Kozyrev being a Soviet scientist, the Marxist interest in all this would of course center around the time-theory aspects. But for me, the semi-living bioplasmic electrostatic life form, with all its power and wisdom and knowledge, its retrograde motion from the future, its capacity to direct in a weak but decisive way events in our world and inspirations in our right brain hemispheres which we can readily transliminate as "creative" and "moral" impulses—this entity, which the abolishing of time or even its weakening might reveal, is to me more exciting. The tachyon theory, which admits of a faster-than-light particle capable of moving backward in time, carrying information with it and perhaps accounting for precognition—that present-day science could construct that hypothesis would certainly make it possible to go from a retrograde particle to a retrograde energy field, would it not?

In case it has depressed you about my two cats, let me share this, in conclusion; the first cat, Pinky, conveyed to me at the end in a nonverbal way, which animals can do and which he during his last months was unusually capable of, that despite his physical limitations (which I would suppose included the massive abdominal tumors which he carefully kept us from knowing about as long as possible) that everything was okay, that he possessed an understanding which surpassed ours and encompassed these matters. He loved life, but I saw him more and more, during the last weeks before I realized how ill he was, passing across by invisible increments into another universe. You've seen cats do that anyhow: stare at what we can't see. With Pinky he seemed, after the radiant energy suffused the two of us, to be more there than here, and only jerked back to us with an effort. I think he saw both worlds, but the other more firmly each day. Had he only been able to talk in words—he had a supreme philosophy, a

wisdom, perhaps the Santa Sophia, the Divine Wisdom of God, which informed him of everything he needed to know. I miss him, but I am sure he is where I can't see him, yet thoroughly alive. Always he was my guide, my scout anyhow, and I'm positive (although of course I can't prove it) that he has only gone along the path a bit further, to scout ahead for the two of us. As he always did.

Phil

[TO CLAUDIA BUSH]

January 30, 1975

Dear Claudia,

Your most recent letter is very good, the one about driving and being paranoid but not stopping to help someone.

In other news, I am really tired, since I finally worked out my metaphysic which underlies all my writing back to the dim start (I will send you a Xerox when I can get one). Your intro helped. In regard to that, I considered one paragraph so important that I sent it on to Lem's publisher in Krakow, Poland which is also the publisher and editor involved in UBIK. Your comments opened the door for me, as it were. I'm pretty sure they'll show the letter to Lem. I did not include your name, though, because I didn't want to get you into any shit with the US authorities (or the Soviet ones, for that matter). I thought, though, you'd be pleased to know that Lem will almost certainly be reading a key paragraph (p. iii, top para) from your intro. I couldn't mail it to him direct as we are not speaking, since he stole my pencil-box during recess.

I could not have finally put together my 12-page metaphysic without you; also without Lem, without Dr. Nikolai Kozyrev's time theory, a philosophy professor who was over here the other night and I had a chance to interrogate him, a book I just acquired on Reich's orgone theory, and the cosmology discussed by me and the architect Hammerin' Hank who came with the *New Yorker* interviewer (plus lots lots more, including Malcolm Edwards' long review of FLOW MY TEARS and a fan letter from a guy in New Rochelle New York who said he thought I was about ready to produce a metaphysic which would set Western Civilization in its ears, or ass, something like that). It all came together and I did it.

As Agent \_\_\_\_\_ the FBI Agent told me once, "Do you believe everything you're told?" implying I did, I believed the fan who wrote me from New Rochelle New York that I was about to develop a metaphysic which would drastically change our civilization, and thereupon set to work and did so. But boy are my wrists—my what? My wrists tired.

I also have sent Xerox copies of the London *Times* article on the "more than 100 unsolved mysterious burglaries of anti-war persons and groups around 1971 which hint at CIA involvement" to many many good senators and congressmen, in case it's not been cleared for release in the U.S. press (heh-heh). While writing, I happened to take time to mention my own house being one of those hit, since I

had some blank space on the page and it seemed appropriate to say, would you not agree? In fact I even found other pages totally blank which I managed to write on, while writing these senators and congressmen, the A.C.L.U. etc. Amazing, what you can do with a blank piece of paper and a typewriter, a Xerox machine and some stamps.

Re your thesis, when I wrote the Krakow editors/publishers of UBIK (Lem's publishers) I told them that the trippy paragraph of yours was the intro of a whole post-graduate thesis "being written by a woman in the Mid-West on my writing." Here's my fantasy number that I'm rolling: They read it, Lem reads it "the paragraph and my comments" and all these double-domed Marxist intellectuals sit around and discuss it.

"She sounds brilliant, Comrade Lem."

"Yes sir, she does. Indeed, this unnamed woman—I note that Mr. Dick has artfully concealed her name so we can't rip off her thesis like we did his novel—this woman obviously has the key to the universe in her very grip. Intellectually speaking."

Lem's Boss: "Let's figure out some shuck in order to induce her to fly to Poland so we can grill her and get everything she has figured out or ever will figure out of her."

#### SHORT INTERVAL WHILE THEY GO OVER PARTY BOOK OF GUILE TACTICS.

Lem: "Let's tell her we're publishing her thesis in Krakow but her royalties can't be transferred, by law, to hard currency, and she must fly to Krakow to get them. Maybe she'll even be dumb enough to pay for the planefare herself at that end; if not—"

Lem's Other Boss, the Fat One: "No, Mr. Dick will tell her how we tried that on him."

Lem: "I'll send her a photo of a Moscow movie star saying it's me and tell her I'm in love with her, and to bring her thesis when she comes here. Since she's coming here anyhow to marry me." Etc.

The Official Who Tells Lem's Other Boss Where to Head-In At: "Maybe we could all fly to the Mid-West and pretend to want to do an interview with her, and bring a lot of wine and get drunk and tape all she has to say."

Lem: "That would cost seven roundtrip planefares instead of one."  
(SLOWLY DOES THE COMPUTATION ON HIS FINGERS)

Lem's police commisar Boss: "What's the 'Mid-West' anyhow?"

CUT. IT TURNS OUT THAT LOT, THE POLISH AIRLINE, ISN'T RUNNING THAT YEAR ANYHOW. AND OTHER CARRIERS WON'T ACCEPT POLISH MONEY.

I got to ring off, Claudia honey. My writs hurt. But I love you anyhow. Did you see the Feb 3 *New Yorker* where it says I am tubby? Does that make you angry? Is this the price of fame?

Phil

[TO MALCOLM EDWARDS]

January 31, 1975

Dear Malcolm,

Would you object if I completed my presentation to you of the material contained in my last two letters (January 29 and Jan 30)? I just want to add a point or so...

What I saw about the external disinhibiting structure which evidently surrounds each human being, as a sort of cube-like chamber, was the utilization of every sort of datum, especially visual, so that when required that particular datum projected a signal (as I mentioned) which the intended person to be disinhibited received. Other persons would not respond, since they would not be engrammed to respond to that signal; they would in fact perceive no signal at all. The intended individual would experience a sudden transformation of the ground-set formation of the environment around him; one item would come forward, alter from ground and become set, then go back once more, to resume its passive or inert mode, its park, its waiting mode. This appeared to me much like an enormous number of corrective rocket jets, very small, such as would be mounted on an interplanetary vehicle; they could fire at any time in any sequence, producing the most precise change in the course of the vehicle itself, stabilizing it, causing it to pick up or lose velocity...you can see the analogy. What in regard to us seemed to me especially high in this utility was written material, of any and all sorts: any sign, any ad, any piece of paper; the resemblance to Runciter's communicating with the people via the trash of the gutter, the debris such as match folders, the labels of spraycans, etc.—this is exactly what I actually saw myself as functioning in the highest fashion to guide and instruct us, these same verbal instruments. It is evident why eventually I would suppose the presence of the Logos.

Also, I saw a continual use of the joining of two verbal items; they would be kept separate—and hence not cause disinhibiting to occur—until the proper moment. I saw various written items rotate, so to speak, very slowly, inexorably, like a solenoid clock as it ticks along. Then two separate verbal items (such as an ad for beer plus a street sign with the word CRESCENT DRIVE on it, to make up an example—these might remain separate and not be gestalted into one unit by the person for an indefinite time) would by inexorable degrees come together and mesh into an entity. At once, they would signal, and cause neural firing of an inhibited engrammed system in the person. He would not know why he suddenly did what he did; he would feel volition, and like a person under a post-hypnotic suggestion, invent in his mind a plausible explanation. That all this would form an enormous and complex world-clock, synchronized with itself, is evident. Where free-will enters, I saw, is that between the flashing of disinhibiting signals to a person, he is free to play, to do what he wishes; like a child at recess between classes, he can do whatever he wants—until he hears the bell sounding. And, as I perceived it, once the "bell" sounds, which is to say the disinhibiting signal, he must do what is required, since the total person (the autonomic nervous system) is

engaged. I did not reason this out; I saw this. I also saw the Logos as it reached from our future into our present—which is the only world we have, our present—to make use of the arrangements of things. It had no power, no force or strength, to compel what was, but it could somehow arrange what the original efficient causes at the start of time had brought into being. The forward-moving force of time, enormously powerful as it was, seemed oblivious of the subtle arranging by the Spirit or Logos; it always seemed taken by surprise by the resulting combinations arranged: they seemed to thwart its rather blind purposes.

Also, I came to understand this. With all creatures other than man, instinct is the same for each individual of the species; all dragonflies are programmed alike. But, I saw, each individual human being is programmed uniquely, in terms of (one) the signals he can and will encounter during his life, and (two) according to the unique and special purpose set for him by his Creator. A specific destiny is thereby arranged for each person; when he is born, his destiny is in him, and all that is needed is to set him in motion. His Creator knows from the start everything which that person will encounter, and his Creator has by this engraving and signalling system made it possible to determine and control in advance how the person will go, along his course; it is not random; it is not accidental; it never lacks purpose—although, I saw, sometimes for extended time-periods the person (any given person) must of necessity be placed on hold—he must mark time until the rest of the cosmos is ready, since everything has to be coordinated. If it were not this way, we would soon have no cosmos. This is why we sometimes have the deep and acute intuition that we are accomplishing absolutely nothing, and no matter how hard we try we can't overcome what we call "inertia." Actually, somewhere in the world other pieces of the puzzle must work out their path so that we can join them; there is no other viable way to handle these things. It's one endless series of D-Days, with each piece perfectly synchronized; but oh, the waiting until our moment to fire effectively, in an important manner arrives!

Perhaps the most startling aspect of reality that I saw, and one which for nearly nine months I could not fully accept, was this: the only portion of the universe which is truly real is living creatures, such as ourselves. The non-living parts are mere structure, very much like the backdrop and artificial scenery in a formal play. We see these dead objects in terms of being as real as ourselves, but again, this is a necessary illusion or delusion placed on us in order that we be able to function in what we must do, which is to grow and develop according to complex plans obscured from our gaze. What exists around us, actually, beyond and above the sparks of life which we ourselves are, is in essence nothing more than elaborate but somewhat barren struts and support-beams, literally so; they support the intricate signalling devices which flash messages—i.e. commands and assistance—to us continually, and also of course they afford biologically-essential life support. This is indeed a kind of ship we are within, but in shape more like a gigantic hollow cube, all sides of which surround us and fire information and instructions in rapid, elaborate sequence: we are seeing the physical body of the Creator, who animates all this.

What I could not see—and remember I didn't reason all this out; I saw it noetically—was the final goal or purpose of all this; that was beyond my ken. I saw a process, what seemed to be a temporary mode which we inhabited—I sensed that this is a stage, from which we go to another (see previous letters). We are being processed along, and as we go we are changed and informed; there is no ontology for us, no concrete being—it is all, as Bergson saw, a becoming. We are, in a way, passing through a Cosmic Car-Wash, and a thousand brushes and brooms and vacuum cleaners are scrubbing us, refining us and purifying us, and, very important, teaching us. This process, along which we all travel in unison, produces what seemed to me permanent alterations in us; by us, of course, I don't mean our physical bodies, but the spark inhabiting these bodies. But also, we seem to be carrying out, at the bidding of these engrammings, complex tasks, which is why people often get a sense of God's Divine Plan of which they are a part. It seemed to me that in addition to being changed we are working our asses off in the service of some over-all structure, purpose, goal or need; perhaps what I saw is continual creation, and we are involuntary workmen located here and there like a million bees about the structure, hammering and sawing for all we are worth, the blueprint not being visible to us (but only to the Architect). Our instructions are somehow within our heads...I have the keen intuition, probably a correct one, that our original set of engramming, the many programs laid down and then inhibited at birth, are continually being updated and refined during sleep; while each of us sleeps, he is taught through the dream-state: it never seems to occur to people, by and large, why it is that universally mankind has sensed that dreams deal with the future. The reason is obvious; it is in the future that the tasks which the dreams inform us about are to take place.

Also, I'm positive, the night's dreams reinforce original training vis-s-vis the disinhibiting signals about to be encountered. Shortly (a day or so, a week maybe at the most) before you run into a particular ad showing canned tuna fish with a drawing of a pretty girl, to which you are to respond with a complex series of acts, you will have a dream, only vaguely remembered, that by reiterating the original training eliminates any possibility that you will not respond when the signal from your environment comes your way. As you and I know from reading SF stories, one signal missed, and an entire alternate universe would come into being—hardly an economical or orderly way for God to handle things. (You'll find early stories of mine such as "Adjustment Team" and "The Commuter" dealing with post-screwup changes; they're always bad news to the Creator.) In connection with this thought, I submit to you that this entire cosmology which I've presented to you in these pages bears an organic relationship to my entire body of writing, to my basic theme of What is reality? I think I have at last transliminated—i.e. coughed up into consciousness—my subcontinent which has given rise to all my work and to all my theories and thinking. You are the first and so far only person I've told it to. I hope you're not displeased.

Cordially,  
Phil Dick

[TO TONY LANE, Art Director, *Rolling Stone Magazine*]

February 7, 1975

Dear Tony Lane:

In response to your phonecall yesterday, I am herewith sending you various photographs of myself to serve for a basis for a drawing to accompany the Paul Williams interview/article about me. In addition I've included a few pictures of other persons mentioned in Paul's piece, and as good shots that I have of the interior and exterior of the apartment building I now live in. Also you will find a sketch I made of the house in Marin County which was the scene of the break-in discussed in the article. It should give your artist some basis to go on. Sorry I can't do any better.

One enclosed photo, of my wife Tessa, shows the Hugo Award trophy, mentioned in the article; I've marked it on the back.

After you're though with these photos, could we have them back? We're missing the negatives for some and can't replace them. (I should mention that two of the Vertex photos appeared with the interview they published with me; I've noted their copyright on all three, since they do belong to Vertex.)

Thank you, and I'll be looking forward to hearing from you, as we discussed on the phone.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

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[TO WADE \_\_\_\_\_, PKD's snuff dealer]

February 10, 1975

Dear Wade,

Ever since receiving your wonderful—and totally unexpected—present at Christmas I've been trying to frame an acceptable response, without success. First, let me say that when your gift arrived I had been very depressed, and your gift, as they say, made my Christmas. It was like a link with my lost past, so often thought about, so much remembered. Thank you.

If you have the February 3 issue of the *New Yorker* you will find a short interview with me in its "Talk of the Town." From it you will discern, through the shrewd eyes of their reporter, what my life style is down here in Southern California. If you do miss that, however, fairly soon (give or take a couple of months) *Rolling Stone* will be running a long article/interview on me. I hate to recommend it, though, because that particular piece tells many uncomfortable (for me anyhow) facts about my personal life.

I've written a screenplay, my initial leap into the world of the film. The director accepted the finished draft, went off with it, and I've never seen him since. He owes me the final payment, without which our Christmas was bleak (except for your gift; see paragraph one above). So my flight upward into fame and fortune in the movie business ended at once in misery and disappointment, which is probably just as well. (I forgot why—maybe it's that success in this area is traditionally

said to ruin authors, and my ruin came so fast and so unexpectedly that—well, I have been trying to extract a comforting message in all this, but evidently I am failing to do so. If you can think of one, do let me know. Perhaps it would be: leave Southern California.)

Otherwise things are well with me. I enjoyed the snuff, the patch, and my wife Tessa seized possession of the wooden snuff box with delight. So while I am writing, I would like to reorder more snuff (always more, and more, and more); the same which you sent, but also in addition, some Wren's Relish, if I may? I am enclosing my check for \$15. Is that enough? I've lost the price sheet. It is important that you understand that you are dealing with a mad genius when you deal with me (oh, you knew that already). As I am currently developing a new & original metaphysical basis for reality, I can scarcely be expected to keep track of the bits of the reality for which this new metaphysic is necessary. Thank you again, and it was such a delight to hear from you.

With warm regards,  
Philip K. Dick

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[TO JACK SCOVIL]

February 11, 1975

Dear Jack:

Before Henry Ludmer left the agency he was handling the matters between me and Jean-Pierre Gorin, who took out an option for film use on my novel *UBIK* and then signed an additional contract for me to do the rough draft of a screenplay. As you may know, I completed the screenplay in late October of last year and turned it over to Jean-Pierre, who then disappeared without making the final payment due, which was \$2,500. Since then Jean-Pierre has phoned me two times, each time promising to pay "very shortly," but has not; nor have I seen him, inasmuch as he promised to come down here to see me and failed to do that, too.

Since the final payment on the rough draft was technically due on December first, 1974, and Henry and I allowed Jean-Pierre a thirty day extension *only* (that is, as I recall, December first was thirty days after I had turned the script over, and so included the extension; it would not go to January but to December first including the extension), then Jean-Pierre is quite overdue, has failed to do what the contract required, and is in default. Frankly, Jack, I am beginning to think that we have been ripped off, which is what Henry thought toward the end. It is even possible that rather than it being a rip-off, it is a swindle; which is to say, Jean-Pierre never had any intention of making the final payment, but took the script and ran. A reason which suggests this is that Jean-Pierre never gave me any phone number or any other way (address, etc.) by which I could contact him, although when he was in New York talking with Paul Williams, the *Rolling Stone* interviewer, he gave him three different West Coast phone numbers at which Jean-Pierre could be reached. I cite this to show what may have happened from the start, rather than Jean-Pierre contracting in good faith and

then, when the script had been done and turned over, finding himself unexpectedly unable to come up with the money.

Well, Jack, I have consulted with my attorney who is here on the West Coast. I also consulted with Robert Jaffe some time ago about this. Jaffe told me that if Jean-Pierre, who is here on a French passport, returns to France without paying, that Jaffe's company has attorneys there in Paris and that they might, as a favor, use one of them to represent us in this matter against Jean-Pierre. In talking with my own attorney in Marin County, I mentioned this, and my attorney told me that if we had to sue Jean-Pierre in France this would just about be the only way it could be done; i.e., with an attorney actually there. It could not be done from the U.S.

However, the last time Jean-Pierre phoned me (which was over a month ago, and in which conversation he told me he'd be sending you the overdue money "within a couple of days") he was here in Los Angeles, although he admitted, much to my discomfort, that he had indeed been out of the U.S., and had taken the *UBIK* screenplay with him "to show to people there." Jean-Pierre listed with Henry Ludmer, and it shows on the screenplay contract, his own attorney located in Berkeley, which is just down the road, so to speak, from where my attorney hangs out. I discussed this aspect with my attorney and he said, "Sure, I'll represent you in this matter," which is to say, if Jean-Pierre is in the U.S. and still has this Berkeley attorney as his representative, as the contract shows, we can proceed through my attorney, William B. Wolfson. (I would pay the legal costs, of course; not you.)

Probably, though, we should begin this way. Henry wrote one letter before leaving the agency pointing out to Jean-Pierre's attorney that the money was at that time overdue (as I recall this was early in December). Jack, with Henry gone, you should I think send another letter pointing out that the money was actually due at the end of October of last year, that the thirty-day extension was a gracious act on our part, that Jean-Pierre requested that I complete the screenplay as soon as possible as a personal favor to him and that I did so, working night and day, etc., and finishing it more than two months ahead of time...and that we will seek legal action as recourse if no payment is not made at once. What my attorney pointed out to me, Jack, is that all this boils down to the following: can we get automatic voiding of Jean-Pierre's legal ownership of the screenplay by virtue of his contractual default? Does the screenplay revert to us at once with no further legal action? If so, then, barring Jean-Pierre's immediate payment, I will send you a copy of the screenplay and you can put it on the market. I understand that someone at United Artists was interested in the book, in terms of optioning it. Also, Jack, in view of this default, does Jean-Pierre's option remain intact? It is probably to be viewed as an entirely separate contract; nonetheless, that option does expire around August or September of this year, at which time Jean-Pierre's possession of the screenplay is moot anyhow, as it cannot be used. In my opinion, if Jean-Pierre fails to make the payment on

the screenplay, we should attempt to determine if it is not within our legal rights to void the option and send out the book to market for reoptioning.

I think a last point is worth bringing up. Jean-Pierre was well aware that the *Rolling Stone* interview/article by Paul Williams would provide extensive publicity for a film of *UBIK*; this is why he met with Paul in New York and talked with him. *Rolling Stone* phoned me late last week to tell me they're for sure going ahead with the piece, are in production now, and requested photos of me from which to begin drawing their super realistic large size drawing...now, it seems to me that perhaps the appearance of the RS piece will flush Jean-Pierre out of hiding and motivate him to make payment, inasmuch as Paul's piece gives a hell of a lot of publicity to *UBIK* and to Jean-Pierre's project. Perhaps when you write his attorney you could throw this in as the carrot to go along with the stick of impending legal action.

It is a shame that all this happened, as I'm sure you will agree. Henry and I, as well as Paul Williams, all believed that Jean-Pierre was a worthy and honest person; this has been an acute surprise to me, and I'm sure to them. Please begin on this, then, if you will, and keep me posted as to any results, and as to what you say when you do write or phone the Berkeley attorney. Thank you, Jack, and I'd say that if we can get payment out of Jean-Pierre it'll be a miracle. However, in view of the RS interview/article, there is some hope, since that may stir all sorts of positive activity re my work.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO CLAUDIA BUSH]

February 12, 1975

Dear Claudia,

I'm afraid I probably won't be able to procure a Xerox of my metaphysic for you for some time. On Monday of last week my attorney phoned me to say that when Probation managed to drop by the place where my ex-wife Nancy and my little girl live, Probation found no sign of them. They were gone and no one there knew where. It is not even clear yet if Isa, my daughter, is with Nancy at all, or when they left the Jesus commune, or even if they were ever there.

You can understand, I'm sure, why I've given up just about everything. My attorney in that initial phonecall to me talked about having Tessa and me fly up there at once....I suppose, as my attorney says, this wins us the custody case. But that seems abstract and far away, at this point, as I sit here day after day waiting for the phone to ring, some news from my attorney as to where my daughter is. And if she's okay. I've had to go back into therapy because of this, which I resent almost as much as I resent the situation itself.

I guess there is little in the world to induce immediate fear and then a continual descent into dread than to have your attorney say excitedly in your ear, "She's

disappeared! She's gone! They went by and she isn't there!" ....you can appreciate why I have had at least temporarily to abandon my fucking metaphysic. I'm afraid that reality intruded too soon and too much (the reverse of Churchill's memorable phrase, but equally chilling in its own way; equally a statement about what may be a terminal—in some sense—condition. This is, beyond doubt, the end result, the final state in all this).

I will however do what I can to inform you as to the True & Authentic Nature of the Universe, but at this time all I feel is the cold and darkening clouds, the gradual numbing inside me; this is the tenth day of knowing about this and yet knowing nothing except that I don't know. All these months of waiting and hoping—all these years, in fact.

Later today: my attorney phoned, finally, and gave me the new address where Nancy is. My daughter isn't with her; Isa has been staying with her aunt, since Nancy has again been in the mental hospital. I phoned Ann, my ex-sister-in-law and was able to talk to Isa, too, so I feel a lot better. I plan to fly up there in a couple of weeks to see Isa. It is evident that Nancy is no longer able to take care of Isa; really, it is a different matter than I had understood, since Annie has been raising her more than I knew. I have the highest respect and love for Annie; also, I am sure if I took custody of Isa and it were in effect taking Isa from Annie, not from Nancy, then I would very likely be doing a dreadfully wrong thing for all concerned.

Well, enough of that. Anyhow I feel much better. I am enclosing some random recent notes on my metaphysic which may not make too much sense; however, it's something for you to examine. What basically I say is this: the question, "What is reality?" is falsely asked, and should go: "What are reality?" I believe it consists of two mirror opposites, one of which is in orthogonal time (or rotary time, and is equal to Plato's world of eternal archetypes which print out forever the forms we see) and vertical or linear time; our reality is a fusion of these two, just as our time is a fusion of these two times which are at right angles to each other. Hence, I am ratifying Plato's view but expressing it differently, although frankly Plotinus gave it an expression I doubt can be surpassed. What I experienced in March 1974 was the NeoPlatonist rising up from the body, which is to say from lineal or vertical time, into rotary or orthogonal time. I urge you to order Angus Taylor's monograph on me from TK graphics; it is now out: P.O.Box 1951, Baltimore, Maryland 21203. Costs around \$2.50. I have only the sole advance copy they sent; it's called "The Umbrella of Light" or something and is the SF Authors Study #1. Reason I urge is that Angus sees this view of two mirror universes constituting reality for me. It's obvious from his study that such an experience as my March '74 one would be possible, if I am right. And since I did have the experience, then I must be right.

Enough for now, and so to mailbox.

Love,  
Phil

[TO ANN \_\_\_\_ AND ISA HACKETT]

February 12, 1975

Dear Annie and Isa,

It was wonderful to talk to both of you on the phone. As I promised, Annie, here enclosed are a number of pictures, of Christopher and me and Tessa and heaven knows what else; also, I'm enclosing the little piece from the *New Yorker* which I mentioned because it is off the stands now and you might have trouble finding it.

Annie, I feel so much better about everything after talking to you, knowing that you're doing fine (like I said on the phone, you sound OUTTA SIGHT!!!!), and I know Isa is okay, because anyone who is around you *has* to be doing okay. I remember I was okay when I was around you, and that takes some doing. You always were a good friend, Annie. When I talked to you just now it seemed as if the years melted away, and only good things remained.

I'm enclosing a small sum of money for Isa as a present, in the form of a check made out to you, Annie.

Everything has been fine down here, except that I've missed Isa so much. I'm looking forward to being up there very soon, as I told you; we have to make arrangements for a friend to take care of Christopher, and also arrangements about our cats and mouse, mail, etc. The *Rolling Stone* photographer is supposed to be flying out here from New York in a week or so to do the photo spread accompanying their article/interview with us; it's possible they will call her photo-work off, though, and just do their traditional super realistic drawing of the subject; in this case me (I've already mailed them many photos as a basis for that, so it's taken care of).

Annie, you won't believe this, but J.G. Newkom (did I spell it right?) is living down here near us, and we see him every now and then. He is exactly the same as he was; absolutely.

Love to you both, and to Nancy, and all my best wishes to all of you.

Phil

[TO CLAUDIA BUSH]

February 13, 1975

Dear Claudia,

It seems to me that one of the most important points that Angus Taylor makes about my preoccupation with Just how real is reality? is that one cannot sense that reality is somehow insubstantial unless somehow, unconsciously, one is comparing or contrasting that reality with a kind of hyper-reality; otherwise the intuition makes no sense. This shows how inexpert I have been regarding my own epistemological perceptions. What, over the years, I have seen (and put into my writing) I have judged correctly, the soap-bubble effect, so to speak, of the phenomenological world. I knew what it indicated about the world around me. Something lay beyond it, or something had constructed it, as a kind of set, or backdrop,

or stage, which we all take to be real. But there it is again, the word "real." If nothing else existed, no other universe, no other order of reality, then however insubstantial, even if dream-like, the world we see would by definition have to be given the name of The Real. It can only be less than real if something which is not less than real exists, and presumably in some true sense behind what we do actually see. This realization seems to have surfaced now and then in my writing without me seeing anything more than a theoretical need to provide it, for my characters to discuss with one another what they saw, their insights about what they saw, what it all meant. And yet, as I said in my long metaphysical paper, what is true for one universe is true for all universes; if these insights are true for the fictional universes of my novels then, unless I am fundamentally wrong—in regard to perceiving the soap-bubble manufactured stage-backdrop effect around me—the further premise, or rather the most significant deduction from the premise of less-than-reality, must pertain to our universe, the one all of us are living in this very day.

That I never saw that all this had to apply to our world is a measure of the failure of the artist to discover the relationship between his art (or in my case the worlds within my art, the topic of my art) and life, his life, all our lives, our world. The first philosopher to prove beyond doubt that what our senses perceive as the Real World cannot in actuality be real (not probably isn't, but cannot) was Parmenides. He also realized that this did not tell him, by any known process, what in its stead was real. He could prove only negatives, which we're told can't be done. He did this very thing, and went his way. I think that in my writing I retraced the ground which he traced and came to the same conclusions, but I had the advantage of knowing in the back of my mind (i.e. my unconscious or right hemisphere) about Plato's concept of the idea universe, of which ours is a mirror reflection. You can see that Plato's whole concept was dictated by what Parmenides did somewhat before him; if not dictated by a priori necessity, then sooner or later by existential experience, as in my case (I speak of my March 1974 experience). The criticism, which I remember using in Philo 10A, a Survey Course, at Cal, was that "What value does this metaphysical Eternal Real World of Forms of Plato have, since we can never encounter or experience it? Doesn't pragmatism show us that it is unnecessary to believe in it? All events can be explained just as well without it?" What I didn't know was that after Plato's time the Platonists and Neoplatonists developed methods of encountering that very real world of the Logos or archetypes, the plan (this is probably the best English rendering of *logos*) underlying all phenomena. Once they had begun to experience it, as I did quite by chance in March 1974, they really put an end to such bickering as I engaged in back in my college days. It is an index of the ignorance of our world today that my instructor's answer was not, "But later on for eight hundred years people did experience Plato's world of the Idea," but rather was that if I was going to question all this, I should quit the class. I did so. I wonder what the ghost of Socrates would have thought when the instructor's response was as it was.

That for years (about twenty) I have alluded to the possibility of the entire Platonist System being accurate, and that eventually without premeditation I actually experienced that Universe lying behind ours, concealed within—yes, actually concealed within ours!—is a point of importance in the constructing of a new worldview to replace the old one which is shabby and cracking apart and fading away. This is why the various Marxist intellectuals have been coming here, writing about UBIK, discussing Empedocles vis-a-vis my writing. If I have, and indeed I have, stumbled independently onto Platonism without knowing what it is or what that stumbling upon, that refinding after so many centuries, signifies, then of course I have done something of importance, but not something original. It's as if the formula for Coca Cola were lost for centuries and then someone invented a soft drink, began bottling and selling it, and an incredibly old man (Mel Brooks, maybe) tasted it and shouted, "This is COCA COLA! I remember it from the twentieth century!" Imagine how disappointed the new inventor would be, personally, although probably the world would rejoice that Coke had been found again, resurrected from the trash of the gutter, etc., as Lem would put it, no doubt. A hideous power, buried for eons in the form of degenerate molecules. However, it would be striking to meditate on the meaning of all this if a large part of the intellectual community had decided, for almost four hundred years straight, that Coca Cola had never existed, that those in the dim past had only *imagined* it to be part of their world. To reinvent or rediscover something which had been ruled nonexistent in the first place...that is the secret weapon of truth: it can't be suppressed, because of its nature; if it could be, it would be only opinion. In a very important way, this is how we define truth. People keep bumbling across it again and again. It survives even its own total destruction. Just as the power of Christianity lay not in the crucifixion but in the Resurrection (if Barrabas had returned instead of Jesus we would now be Barrabassians, I guess), then the same can be said for this: which I think can properly and precisely be termed Neoplatonism.

By the way—our new Britannica defines Neoplatonism as the sum total of all pagan (i.e. non-Christian) Western theological and philosophical thought, rather than a particular doctrine or sect. Wow. It was around the year 500 A.D. that Justinian closed all the schools which taught Neoplatonism; i.e. he forbade its teaching; he outlawed it. Golly; I have brought down Christianity, then. I have proved what Ted Sturgeon said in that VENUS PLUS X or whatever he called that Ace book; the church kicked the asses of those who were right, and sold two thousand years of profitable lies in the place of what I am sure now was not only real and true but what they knew was real and true (*vide* what became of Eriugena). How is the Pope going to take this? As the popes always have; by kicking someone's ass. But in truth, in very truth, this is a shadow universe we see, a reflection in the mirror of another universe behind it, and that other universe can be reached by an individual direct, without the help of any priest or service or communion or even knowing what he is doing (the latter pertains to me, you understand; I was just trying out the massive hits of WS vitamins). God is as close as the wall beside me; is *within* the wall beside me, concealed by it, as if that wall is a paper mask.

THE WORKMAN IS INVISIBLE WITHIN THE WORKSHOP. A Sufi saying, which to me says it all. The Sufis would point out, too, that you and I—we are portions of the workshop, not outside it somewhere gazing at it from an external standpoint. When you ponder this, you begin to understand, and the invisible body of God, the Kingdom or Garden, begins to grow and to blossom not only around you but in you.

One thing that is a great relief to me is that since all this was known for a thousand years I don't have to convince the world of it, and even if they come in and set fire to my typewriter and chop me up into dogfood, this realization will re-emerge for the reasons I gave, and to even further ease my burden, I've evidently said it in my novels and stories; well enough anyhow for ol' Angus and other astute types like yourself to discern. The time bomb of awakening is already ticking away; we shall wake up, are doing so now.

The basic scientific discovery of my vast metaphysic, which I had written you about, was my postulation of two times at right angles to each other, which I called vertical (which we normally perceive) and horizontal, which is the axis along which the objects in UBIK regress. Now I have the new Britannica, and, in looking up the article on time, I find that, yes indeed, it is speculated now that besides the regular time there may be a hypertime which would be orthoginal, a word I didn't know; I looked it up and sure enough, it means at right angles. Also, someone (Kurt Gödel, I think the Britannica article said) speculated that the orthoginal time might be curved, since time and space are regarded now as intergral, and space does curve; this hypertime would curve back onto itself...and hello, Gracie Slick and "Hyperdrive." The world of trash (e.g. s-f and rock) have done did it. The article said that it remains speculation, this orthoginal time; not for me, is it, nor was it for Plotinus. So although I have discovered and invented nothing (which is "wu" in Chinese, and considered priceless) I have at least *found* something. The trash (to fuse Lem and Jesus as coiners of metaphor) of great price, for which a man sells all he has that he may acquire it.

Love,  
Phil

[TO CLAUDIA BUSH]

February 14, 1975

Dear Claudia,

If I were to say to you: "The universe which we perceive is a hologram" you might think I had said something original, until you realized that I had only updated Plato's metaphor of the images flashed on the walls of our cave, images which we take to be real. The universe as hologram is more arresting as an insight, though, because the hologram is so strikingly like the reality which it refers to—being formed in ersatz cubic volume, for one thing—that we could take this to be more than a mere poetic statement. Also, we can more readily grasp a kind of elab-

orate mechanism underlying our perceptible universe; i.e. the enormously intricate forces which keep it intact.

I conceive our universe—the hologram—to consist of an infinite number of laminated layers arranged in sequence, but not truly in anything that can be called time or space. “Time” is our perception of our own movement as we are driven, as in the form of a worm or screw drive, through these successive layers of laminations; instead of the film moving, so to speak, the audience moves. The pressure exerted on us to go through the laminations is time; the sense that there is genuine sequence of encounter arranged somehow is space.

Basically, we are as Aristotle realized, entelechies, each of us an individual entelechy, but we are all cross-linked by the Logos or Plan. He failed to understand that the systems within each entelechy, which is to say within each living organism, are disinhibited, are signalled to fire in a prearranged order as the organism or entelechy encounters the various significant laminations of the hologram; thus each entelechy and all entelechies are linked to the hologram forming a cosmos which contains no accidents or misfirings, since it was/is/will be formed outside time and space, probably, as Bishop Berkeley somewhat saw but saw quite wrongly, formed (one) either as the body of God, or (two) the hologram is not a body at all, and God is then nous, total mind, and what we experience is a projection of His thoughts, and it can be said that the underlying reality beneath the hologram, that which projects it for us to dwell within it and encounter it, is presenting us with an aspect of itself, its total self, arranged in a complex grid-like form that consists of a total living organism which is not extensive in time and space except for the projected hologram which is to it as workshop is to workman (cf the Sufi saying I quoted in my previous letter). The view that the universe is the body of God is to project the Cartesian dualism which even when applied to ourselves is almost certainly spurious, and destroys our picture of harmony.

A superior analogy would be to regard the universe as consisting of language, that is, a communications network of signalling systems and messages which create cosmos out of chaos, harmony out of random collision. The older mechanistic view can be discarded and replaced by this idea that stress or pressure (as in an endless series of torsion bars, rods, drive shafts, etc.) as model of the universe presents an unnecessarily cruel image of force, derived from a primitive stage of our society's technological development. It is not required that each entity within the universe be compelled to act, since the notion of being compelled suggests that it does not want to or would not voluntarily do its part within the total system. Obviously, the cosmologists of the Mechanical Force View knew perfectly well that our own industrial world was supported by a slave population which had to be compelled to work, and which got nothing back for it. The universe doesn't work that way because there is no slave-master division; it is an organism, it interacts, it has a parity of purpose and a harmony of identity.

Most questions on the order of, “Why are we here?” can't be answered because they presuppose that each of us is discrete, set off from the universe of environment, confronting it rather than a subsection of it. Modern field theory in

physics will soon be extended by a process of reasonable extrapolation to the human level, at which time in the development of our understanding we will see that each of us has a reciprocal interaction with our universe; we are not particles but loci virtually arbitrarily postulated for the purpose of convenience. Hence our right brains or right hemisphere minds are not ours, really, but as Bergson intuited, transducers or transformers which engaged us within the total field. When we finally achieve bilateral parity in brain functioning we will be better able to view our individual selves as microstations within an enormous network of similar stations which probably are so far-ranging in time and space that the idea of making contact with ETIs is like desiring to find air here on Earth.

Well, enough for now, and so to breakfast.

Love,  
Phil

[TO CLAUDIA BUSH]

February 15, 1975

Dear Claudia,

If the orthogonal time-axis is cyclic time then it is non-accumulative time. Each year it is the *same year again* (whereas in lineal time each year, even each day, is a new day; nothing repeats itself). Orthogonal time repeats itself entirely, so that, e.g., when the new crop of corn or wheat appears, it is not a new crop, it is the same crop, that very same crop, which withered and died the year before (which was the same year, as well). The crop of wheat resurrects itself, is born from itself annually. We know that the ancient and primitive cultures believed this; we know we have substituted lineal time for this. However, since both times exist, then in the orthogonal time the one year, the eternal year, and the one crop, the eternal crop, are Plato's Real World, uncreated and never perishing. It is the One which Parmenides reasoned was the actuality behind the veil of change (the latter of course being lineal time). The solution to this perplexity is to understand the existence of both times, both being real. So, when we celebrate the Last Supper, it is a true statement to say that it is the actual event itself, not a mere re-enactment or ritual remembrance; Christ, having been there at the Last Supper, is here now each time it is enacted. This is not metaphor. It is not poetry. It is real, at least as real as any of the ceaseless flux change of linear time. To re-enact any such sacrament is to re-enter orthogonal cyclic time at that point along its rotating drum; one enters it at the exact point which one left at, not another which resembles it. We are like children watching a merry-go-round and imagining that every single horse is a totally new horse, rather than the same ones repeating themselves. If one takes a merry-go-round as paradigm for the universe, then what is our mental age as we see only lineal time? And not the eternal repetitions?

However, it should also be realized that any person who viewed the merry-go-round for such a short interval, was jerked away before he saw any element reoccur, could hardly be blamed for not noticing the eternal reoccurrences. His

time-span, range of attention, his life time, whatever, was too short. Also, if some elements changed and did not repeat themselves (flux is real, in lineal time) he might fail to note that beyond or behind them, others did reappear. The anamnesis projected onto the congregation is an actual experience, *whether they can perceive it or not*; this is precisely how the miracle of transubstantiation takes place: it joins us by piercing through our lineal time to the unchanging moment of the Last Supper; if the "accidents," which are in lineal time, were stripped away, as a veil might be, we would indeed be back then, and with Him (March 74 equals Rome c. 46 AD). Cyclic, orthogonal time must be equated with *Being*; it is truly the realm of ontology, and it is real, even super-real. It lies at the heart of all that exists; it is that which the veil hides, and, if the veil is removed, it is that cyclic Form-world that is disclosed. There is a high degree of probability that our ability to pierce to the heart of things and see *Being* is a function either of the right brain, with its time-space sense, or a function of bilateral brain parity; the left alone certainly knows only lineal time. I do not think my March 74 experience was merely (sic) mystical; either lineal time markedly weakened, even abated entirely, so that orthogonal time broke through entirely, or—anyhow, a mystical state is usually a timeless state, whereas I seem to have pierced to experience the archetype, the Form, the exemplar of the Last Supper; so either lineal time momentarily was obliterated externally, for me, or: I was seized by that Spirit known to the Jews as Elijah, by us the Paraclete, and saw with His vision, as He sees; neither is a mere (sic) mystical state, but far more. I know of no one, no one ever, no one, who ever saw the edola, the template of the Last Supper, found himself experiencing URBS ROMA c. 100 AD. NO ONE!!!

Even Ornstein, realizing that each hemisphere is actually a total brain with a mind in it, that we have two brains and two minds, would append the two "aspects of time" to subjective awareness, as: "The left hemisphere perceives time in a lineal fashion, and the right in cyclic or pattern fashion," which is a description of the mode or modes of perception of the human organism in toto. These then are qualities of mind or minds, not of time or times. What a difference there is between these two statements:

(one) The left brain perceives time in a lineal fashion.

(two) The left brain perceives lineal time.

And—

(one) The right brain perceives time in a cyclic, or rotary or pattern fashion.

(two) The right brain perceives rotary or cyclical or orthogonal time.

We have gone too far into "inner space" as the realm where everything takes place. Following Kant, we imagine that time is merely a construct, like space, by which we perceive, that without a living human there would be no time. In a way this is true, but there certainly was motion by objects before living creatures existed (in lineal time anyhow), and if motion, then sequence: before and after, which creates the formula for expression for which the semantic term is "time." The location of time is less a matter of importance than the realization of there being more than one of it. Since we have two brains, which differ in the way they

process the same incoming information, it is likely that they exist—i.e. that we possess both, rather than only one—because in fact there exist two times each of which must be comprehended and perceived. Time being dual forced the creation of bilateral hemispheres operating differently from each other, not merely duplicating (one digital, one analog). I would have thought that once it was realized that each hemisphere is actually an entire brain with an entire mind in it, processing the same information that the other receives only differently, that somehow a vast diversity existed in the information than we had suspected. Ideally, we should be able to perceive both kinds of time on a parity basis, but evidently when our ancestors noticed the advantage of lineal time (a culture which had only repeated its customs and knowledge each year without change forever could not accrue information and become a civilization), using Aristotle's false "A thing is either A or not-A" two-value logic system, then if lineal time was true, then cyclic time wasn't; if lineal time was useful, then cyclic time was not. That both times were useful and true was like saying, "A thing is A; a thing is also B; it is both A and B, rather than either-or." (Try this: if television sets exist, then radio sets do not. Why not? Well, TV is better, an improvement. Therefore it follows—but in fact it does not follow. One could argue theoretically that in a society's development, when TV was invented radio might disappear, but it certainly doesn't follow logically that it must. By this, we always should have reasoned, primitive cultures and tribes in general hold the concept that time is cyclic, and civilizations hold the concept that it is lineal and accumulative, and the latter is probably more useful than the first to hold as your view of time, if you must hold one view or the other, and so it is likely that eventually the lineal-time view will drive out the cyclic time-view. But that historically it does drive it out doesn't mean that it must, that only one is real and the other unreal, even if it can be proved that one is functionally more useful than the other. Why not hold both? Have your cake and eat it too? Where does it say you can't? Is the universe limited to just so many fundamental constituents and that's it? (Nikolai Kozerev argues that a basic quality of time is that it can flow in only one direction: forward. There can be no reversal of time, or any other kind, which would include cyclic time; there are only efficient causes, no teleological causes, no eternal verities, no Platonic forms. The Party allows each citizen one kind of time, the Right Kind of Time, and that's it. (In our own current view we are forced to admit that if time can flow only forward, never in reverse, then it lacks the property of symmetry, which other forces in the universe seem to have; therefore perhaps—but not likely—our view of time is incomplete. I think whenever science starts saying, It cannot be, then it has overstepped its bounds and confounded "law" in the sense of observed regularities with "law" in the sense of human legislated ordinance.)

I wish to amend my hubris in saying "No one ever celebrated the Last Supper and found himself actually back in URBS ROMA c. 45 AD." From what Ted Sturgeon wrote, and from what I've read about *all* the mystery religions, almost certainly every time the Feast of Agape was performed they expected—or hoped for—the miracle of anamnesis, of Recollection, of being back there with Him once more. In

FLOW MY TEARS when at the end Felix Buckman has the dream, then lands and embraces the black man (the first stranger he encounters), this was the embrace which was cardinal in the Feast of Agape, I think, almost the reconstruction of the Savior out of Everyman at Random. How it got into my novel I don't know...but so much else from Paul's "Acts of the Apostles" got in there—why not that?

Love,  
Phil

[TO CLAUDIA BUSH]

February 16, 1975

Dear Claudia,

I've now got your Feb 11 letter, including the Xerox of your letter to Will McNelly. First, your letter to me is so well written that I think I will apply for a grant to write a thesis on your letters. Do they have grants for that, and is this okay with you? I see you as the Celine of Pocatello. But much better. Now, as to your letter to Will. Up until I read it, I believed that the Angus Taylor monograph on me for T-K Graphics was the best yet, but I must admit that I read & reread your letter and treasure it. Now, Claudia, I must say this to you in all seriousness; I am not kidding: if you send critical studies that good to people, as good as your one to Will, they will rip you off, baby. I mean it. They will fucking steal your insights and call them their own. Send an analysis like that to the wrong prof or instructor or whatever, it'll show up later, in published form, copyright stuck on it along with his or her name. This is not a myth. This is not a test, except a test of your ability to come to grips—and NOW—with (one) the superior quality of your critical work, and (two) the lack of ethics in the academic world. Please believe me. Will McNelly could never think up an analysis like yours. He'd love to. He'd love to tell his classes all what you said, but maybe forget where he read it (professors are absent minded when it's to their advantage). Later he'd love to—well, think of this as a life time caution on your part, okay? When one is as good as you have become, then watch it. Those without talent but with ambition will leap, not crawl, out of the woodwork. I cherish what you wrote; I wish I had written it. Frankly, Claudia, I wish I could write that good, and it's hard to say but there I said it. I envy your ability. Just put that envy in the head of someone who must publish or perish, and—rip-off city!

People like you and me are forever and will forever wander into town with our cow, and some glad-handing, back-patting grinning dude will come gliding up with his neat suit and tie and briefcase, and from that briefcase he'll bring forth a sample package of Magic Beans, and a signature will be obtained, and off he'll go, gone forever (like Jean-Pierre with my UBIK script, for instance). I did just what I'm warning you not to do; profit by my trusting stupidity. Okay? There is one born every half-second, now. One guileless fool. And at the other end of the corridor, the con artist waits. He wears many hats, Claudia. Many hats. And most of those hats are respectable.

When you don't have anything marketable yet, they're not interested; but you have, Claudia (I refer, ahem, to your writing). Anyhow, the letter to me is so funny, so wonderful—Claudia, you should do a novel in the first person, like Henry Miller or Celine; it'd cause Western Civilization to cash in on the spot, and we all'd get off on that, by golly. If I tell you that in a number of ways I genuinely do regard you as a superb writer, you must believe me, and I would know, because I can tell good prose, funny and acute prose, original prose, right-on prose, and, best of all, the authentic prose of our people. We do have a prose, we Americans. Heller has it, Saul Bellow has it—you do, too, Claudia. When you read my novel *CONFessions OF A CRAP ARTIST* you'll see that I came close to having it, close enough to know it when someone else has it.

Now, herewith I'm enclosing nine strange pages I wrote a couple of weeks ago. I hadn't intended to show them to anyone; they are the carbons on notes I made for a novel, and are very personal, since at the time I thought I and only I would be reading them. However, although it will show how really wild, how **REALLY WILD** my inner life is, as if you hadn't suspected, it will give you something to go on re my metaphysic...remember, these 9 pages were done *before* the recent series of letters I've sent you, so regard them in correct chronological order, if you will, by mentally backdating. However, since they are notes for an actual novel—no shuck—I think you will appreciate them, as they show *first how the general idea* came to me (a time dysfunction). That this idea is based on an actual experience of mine. How as soon as I had the handle to the idea I turned it ad hoc into a novel idea. Then into a plot. The sequence of these pages is authentic, Claudia: they show my normal procedure, the order in which these processes occur to me; for example, the title coming to me almost at once (e.g. TO SCARE THE DEAD, in this case). Claudia, when I started writing these 9 pages, on page one I did not have the idea for the novel; you will see it all at once, out of nothing in a way, and yet based on everything in my head, a year of happenings and research and thought—suddenly, "in the twinkling of an eye," there it is; nothing was premeditated before I sat down to write these. Thus, you will have here a genuine record of how I always go about my work. This is the paradigm for me, for my M.O. I hope you will get out of it what I know to be there: idea into novel, idea out of my life, hence novel out of my life. And so then, perhaps at long last, you will see for yourself, maybe better than anyone else ever has, the exact lines of relationship between my life and my work. Enough said, and so to mailbox, except I wish to add this: on one of these enclosed 9 pages, is a bit about Zeus Zagreus, and a quote about "protecting those who..." etc. This was what I heard in a dream. I saw before me a few sentences from the New Testament which included the name Jesus. Then this was shown me (I'm not kidding you): the name or word "Jesus" was drawn open, literally reached down into and opened, to reveal that it was a cryptomorphosis, a code word, *made up* to conceal first the actual name of the God, which was Zagreus, and then the word was reshuffled to show that Zeus was within it, too, so that Zeus and Zagreus were within (the Being, the ontology) a "mere" code cover or what they call plaintext cypher, "Jesus." In the early days the Christians who read the plaintext would know what "Jesus" actually referred to, and then I heard the

aural explanation, which was by way of telling me why help from Zeus-Zagreus-(Jesus) had come to me in March 1974. It showed me that John Allegro is right; the New Testament is a cypher...but Claudia! This message? Zeus-Zagreus is the true name of the father-son god we worship? What a vast secret, and how well kept!

I really urge you to go to the new Britannica and read the article in the macro on "Mystery Religions" and all other references about them like in the article "Sacraments" et al. Christianity is a Greek mystery religion which developed logically step by step out of those which came before it. After Jesus' death, the next great step was Paul; after that, the *pagan* writer Plotinus—not the Catholic/Christian Church; it was Neoplatonism which carried Jesus' true esoteric doctrines on, which before Jesus came out of the Orphic mysteries and so on back, especially to Zagreus. That all this had to be encoded was because of the Roman-Jewish opposition to Greek mystery cults, since several of those cults had conspired/were continually conspiring to overthrow the tyranny of Rome (does this not tie it up with my March experience, insights and activities?).

In a previous "dream" (truly, a vision experience) I saw the mysterious word ALBEMUTH. Maybe I mentioned this. They let me take a crack at decoding it on my own. Here's what I got:

Al is a common prefix for star names, it being from the Arabic meaning "the." So ALBEMUTH is a star.

"albe" is close to "alba" which is L. for "white." So we have "the white."

The star we call FOMALHAUT means "Whale's Mouth."

"Muth" is close in sound to "mouth."

MOBY-DICK was called "The great white whale."

So ALBEMUTH means "the great white way," which is "Broadway," so it can finally be decyphered as:

"The Milky Way." Or, "A star in the Milky Way." Fomalhaut is in the Pisces Constellation. Pisces means "fish." The fish sign was the original secret sign of the Christians. Thus ALBEMUTH is a cypher for Jesus.

This is how I laboriously worked it out, over a period of like two months. Well, before they showed me the Jesus-Zagreus decoding, they decoded ALBEMUTH for me to show how it worked; that no one who didn't know how could do it. Went this way:

cypher: ALBEMUTH

clear: P A TH

Only the one short word: "path." "B" has to be seen as a substitution for "P." "A" is reverse sequence; the rest dropped but the suffix "TH" which is neither reversed, transposed nor substituted. The Path, they explained, is the esoteric term for the Savior...whose name would be shown me later. Turned out to be Zagreus. Surprise city, Claudia, and maybe one of the great decyphering events of history (please read the Britannica's piece on Cryptology). You'll see.

Love,  
Phil

[TO CLAUDIA BUSH]

February 16, 1975

Dear Claudia,

Why would God take his Sole Son, whom He loved, and send Him here? Especially in view of the outcome: His Only-Begotten Son was eventually discovered by authorities and slaughtered in a cruel and humiliating way. After a short interval, of course, as might be expected, His Son returned to life, demonstrating to his small group of friends who He was, and then He left here and returned to His Father. No one has seen Him since.

The first thing you think of is, Boy, that sure showed bad planning on the part of God. Or, Boy, God sure allowed his Only-Begotten Son to suffer a lot; just how much did God in fact really love His Son, to let that happen? The Christian account doesn't tell us enough to figure it out so it's convincing; there is an enigma here, for those who believe and for those who don't; in the immortal words of Mr. Spock, "It does not compute."

The story of Zagreus, however, sheds light on this, very fascinating light, and it starts then to compute. Zeus sent Zagreus, his Favorite Son, who He had allowed to sit beside Him on His Heavenly Throne, to Earth *in order to hide him*. (From Hera, according to the myth, but that doesn't seem to me very important; what is important is the motive: Zagreus' father wanted his son to blend, to mingle, to pass, to disappear, to be in appearance just one more child born among millions. Notice how this fits the story about King Herod searching high and low, having the babies executed, etc. See? Now does it begin to make sense? Especially when you recall that one of the Medieval views, discarded, was that this world was either built by an evil god, or anyhow the plan went wrong and this world degenerated and so a stranger god (that is, a god from somewhere else in the universe, from Outside) came here to fix things up for us and make our world come out right. However, he was found out and killed; this stranger god was the Christ, disguised as a carpenter. It didn't work; the disguise was eventually penetrated and he was arrested, mainly through the paid informer within Christ's circle. There is much quasi-political intrigue here, is there not? It becomes obvious why Jesus spoke of the "Prince of the World" who was His antagonist and who would eventually kill Him, as he did.

Take both these stories, that of Zeus' motive plus the Medieval account, and you get this: a child is born who is in danger and must be protected by being disguised. Zagreus, while still a baby, was lured with toys by the titans, killed and eaten. Zeus slew the titans with thunderbolts (laser beams?). The titans were our ancestors; put another way, we are their descendants. We are titans. That is the name of *our* race compared to His. He is of another race and from another place. Everything he was, everything he represented, was a mirror opposite of what the titan race is and values. Thus, death would absolutely for sure follow if his disguise was penetrated, if the titans (ourselves, our rulers) figured it out, figured out that

(one) He was here, as Herod did, and (two) which of all the newborn babies was the outsider, this stranger posing as a titan child.

If He lived long enough before being discovered, He could and would begin subtly to alter the Plan of this world. He didn't live long, either as Zagreus or as Jesus. Unless one assumes that everything that happened to Jesus was exactly according to God's plan, then it is reasonable to say that He was found out fairly soon, and did not accomplish nearly as much as was hoped for. In which case there had been some success but a lot of failure. The answer was obviously to make the attempt again at a later date.

I.e. He would return, but the next time: not as a lamb to be slaughtered, but as King and Judge (which is to say, in strictly Greek terms, as Zeus rather than the baby Zagreus). (As a matter of fact, Zagreus came back, too; as Dionysus.) Proving that you cannot kill this particular ETL—extraterrestrial life-form. Well, you can kill it, but it is immortal; like the corn, the vine, the grain of wheat, it returns, larger and stronger, more evolved, more complete, more mature, whatever, than before. Death is only its foe as long as it has taken the disguise (or mode) of human form. Having done so, it falls victim automatically to what all humans are prey to. But, when that body, that human body, dies, it itself is released; it has no physical mortal body: it only assumed one for one of the above purposes, either to assist us, or to mingle for its own sake, to be disguised.

The worst thing (for themselves anyhow) for the titans, our cannibal ancestors to do, was to devour this life form after they had murdered it; thereupon it entered them and was passed down to their heirs somehow (in the DNA coding?), in a dormant cryptemorphosis or sleeping form. It sleeps within each of us, waiting to be reawakened (which is exactly what Plato meant by anamnesis, recollection). That which induces anamnesis in any one of us is the external disinhibiting symbol on which we were engrammed originally, at the time He (Jesus) was here. It is the more elaborate ideogram beneath the fish symbol; but alas, the fish symbol has been obliterated by the symbol of the cross. The anticipated disinhibition is postponed. Each of us has this "second-stage" programmed series of systems waiting to be disinhibited by the proper sign, which unconsciously we will recognize (i.e. and remember) when and if we ever encounter it. These constitute the entire series of metamotivational systems which Maslow has begun to identify. They are real. They are asleep within us, slumbering and waiting.

I will now quote directly from the new Britannica, Vol 12, p. 783, the macro: "The theological doctrine of the soul and the myth about its celestial home, its fall, and its redemption were inseparable. The sequence is beautifully told in the 'Hymn of the Soul,' preserved in the 'Acts of Thomas,' an apocryphal account of the journeys and death of the apostle in which some episodes were certainly transmitted from pagan mystery texts. The hero of the hymn, who represents the soul of man, is born in the Eastern (the Yonder) Kingdom; immediately after his birth, he is sent by his parents on a pilgrimage into the

world with instructions to take a pearl from the mouth of a dragon in the sea. Instead of wearing his heavenly garments, he dresses in earthly clothes, eats earthly food, and forgets his task. Then his parents send a letter to rouse him. As soon as he has read the letter, he awakes and remembers his task, takes the pearl, and begins the homeward journey. On the way, his brother (The Redeemer) comes to accompany him and leads him back home to his father's palace in the east. This myth is a figurative representation of the theological doctrine of the soul's fall and its return to heaven."

I came across this account yesterday or the day before; as soon as I read it I knew I had found the key which put together just about everything I've been thinking, learning and experiencing, as I'm sure you'll agree (do you?). There is little more that I can say, especially considering the beauty of this text.

How does it strike you? What I find personally fascinating is that I have been absolutely positive since last April or so that my entire experience was somehow triggered off (the experience I now would deem that of anamnesis in Plato's sense) by the dark-haired stranger girl who came to my door in late February 1974 wearing the gold fish sign in necklace form, the sign which fascinated me so that I could not take my eyes off it, or off her. I had been expecting her most of my life: those black eyes, that black hair, and, around her neck, that gleaming gold chain of links culminating in the fish. I still remember saying to her, as if in a daze, "What is that you are wearing?" And the girl, touching it and saying, "It's a sign that the early Christians used. My husband gave it to me." And then she was gone, and as I'm sure I told you, when a month or so later I went by the pharmacy which had sent her out with the medication for me, they had no idea who she was, what her name was, or where she had gone, but she was gone, forever. They just smiled. Can you see how close this is to the "Hymn of the Soul?" Perhaps this was purely an accidental disinhibiting. Perhaps not. But it did cause anamnesis in me, and as I'm sure you realize I did not know, had never even heard of, such matters within the human heart, or mind, or history. I think one day perhaps soon someone certainly, and not by accident, will display to us our collective disinhibiting sign, and anamnesis will occur for us all, for us, anyhow, who it's intended for. What do you say, dear?

Love,  
Phil

[TO DR. CHRISTOPHER EVANS,  
Teddington, Middlesex, England]

February 16, 1975

Dear Dr. Evans:

I just now came across the first page of a letter from you dated (good heavens!) July 26, 1974, about a project of making taped interviews. Did I answer you? I kept looking at this page—the rest of the letter seems to be missing—and wondering if I ever answered, and if so what I said, and if not why not, and then it all

came back to me, anamnesis, you know, the removal of forgetfulness: in the last week of July 1974 I dislocated my right shoulder and had to enter the hospital for reconstructive surgery. It was several months before I was out of the splint and able to move my right arm again; meanwhile, my mail piled up and my wife attempted to answer it for me while caring for our baby and me and our cat and otherwise everything.

Probably this letter now in response can serve only as an explanation of why I didn't answer; of course, if your project is still going on, I'd be very much interested. If the project is closed, consider this an apology; if not, then could you kindly write me again, laying forth details? God knows what other vital letters slumber in the heaps around my desk; some had not even been opened. At the time I dislocated my shoulder I was just starting on a novel—to follow THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE. Well, so much for that. I had even a working title for it; VALISYSTEM A, about a divine and loving ETI which was helping Hawthorne Abendsen, the protagonist-author in MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE, continue on in his difficult life after the Nazi secret police finally got to him. In my projected novel, VALISYSTEM A, located in deep space, sees to it that nothing, absolutely nothing, can prevent Abendsen from finishing his novel. But, as I say, when I sat down to write page one, I found that I had dislocated my shoulder, and was rushed to the hospital...it makes you ponder the yawning gap between art and life, does it not?

Anyhow, thank you for writing me, and please forgive the divine and loving ETI which voted thumbs-down on me for a time.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO WILLIAM B. WOLFSON, Attorney]

February 18, 1975

Dear Bill:

Since talking with you on the phone I have had the chance at last to talk not only with Nancy and Isa but with Ann, whom I haven't been able to reach since 1971. As a matter of fact Annie and I have now talked three or four times on the phone, the most recent conversation (last night) being of enormous importance re the custody matter.

This has been my first opportunity since leaving Marin County in early 1972 to get any real idea of what's been happening in terms of my daughter Isa's situation. I've known Ann for almost eleven years and I've never had reason to doubt anything she ever told me; my respect for her—as I'm sure you know—is of the highest. Of utmost importance to me, I now know that Annie has for a good long time been in a position to oversee Isa's safety and general well-being. I would say that on the basis of what I now understand to be true, Annie is and has been for quite awhile Isa's de facto mother. I have every reason to believe and accept the picture which I've newly derived, especially from Annie herself, who was most can-

did in these conversations. I wish to ask, at this time that we attempt to settle the custody matter by making Ann \_\_\_\_\_ Isa's legal guardian. Annie has already discussed this with Probation up there, expressing her willingness to take Isa...Nothing would be more to Isa's best interest than for Annie to become her legal guardian, and I wish this to be proposed as a more viable alternative than my own taking custody. In this way, Isa will remain with her little sister; with her Aunt Annie whom she's been with since birth; with her Uncle Mike; and also Nancy, when able, can see her more readily. To stress another major point: there have already been far too many drastic disruptions in that little girl's life; to move down here with me she would have to give up her school, her friends, the environment she knows...in a sense, the only change in Isa's life which could be justified would be one required to literally preserve life. I am sure Annie can do that, perhaps acting as a better mother than anyone else alive. That she has already expressed willingness to do so is quite gratifying to me, since it was I who proposed this to her, hoping she would agree; I brought it up, not Annie. I am sure she would have, but I stress this so that there will be no misunderstanding: this is what I myself feel is best for Isa, given the facts that I now know. Up until I first spoke to Annie on the phone, after all this time, I had simply not grasped how close she has always been to the situation up there, and how objectively and wisely she has appraised it.

Probably this solution will strike you favorably, too. I would suppose that Probation would go for it—why not? Now, Annie did counterpropose this, which Tessa thinks had much merit: Nancy, at this time, seems to be "getting stronger." There is always the chance that Nancy may continue to improve. It would be possibly a mistake, very possibly a cruel one, to take custody away from Nancy while she is on the mend. Would it not be in the interests of a human approach to solving this really deeply complex and sad situation to give Nancy, so to speak, one more opportunity? That is, we would stipulate that Nancy retain custody of Isa until she, Nancy, loses psychological ground and must return to the hospital; at which point, transfer of legal custody would be automatically made to Nancy's sister...This transfer, by my request and petition, and Annie's agreement, and so forth, would be binding on all parties as if it had taken place now.

This custody matter has been going on for some time, and as you and I were saying the other day on the phone, it appeared that the outcome was no longer in doubt; I would be getting custody of my daughter, at long last, to my enormous joy and relief. This other solution—Annie taking over legal guardianship of my daughter—is not exactly going to make my life as bright and full of cheer as having Isa down here would have made it, but nonetheless this is what I want, for all concerned. There are a lot of lives involved here, human lives, and human hearts. I don't want to see any human heart broken. Annie and Isa have been together, living together as de facto mother and daughter or aunt and niece—I will know that Isa is safe and happy (and when I talked to Isa on the phone it was plainly evident how happy Isa is living with Annie; it is wonderful to hear the difference in her

voice!), and Isa and I will be able to get together and go to Disneyland and so forth in the summertime. Just between you and me, Bill, and please do not pass this on, because in fact I really didn't want to say it to you even, I dropped over to my doctor's for a check-up today, since I was planning to be flying up to the Bay Area within the next week, and now, I learn, my high blood pressure, which he has been treating since 1972 and which he had classified as benign, must now evidently be classified as malignant. None of the drugs used ordinarily to control essential hypertension have kept it stable, and starting at the end of this week he will begin the first of the experimental drugs developed since 1973—this requires me to be here for weekly checkups; my first appointment is a week from today, and this was a shock to me in one way but in another way I sort of expected it and tried staying away from his office. (That didn't help.) Well, so it goes. Much of the money I had anticipated having in my possession at this point in time has gone to hospital and doctor bills already and I guess plenty more will before it's over. That, plus the fact that my French film director Jean-Pierre Gorin disappeared evidently forever with my first screenplay without making the final payment—man proposes, but God disposes, as God once remarked, and not without justice.

Please let me know your response on this. I will be coming up to Marin County when I can, but not for a while, obviously. If you study all the elements cited above, the changes in my situation down here (e.g. medical and financial) and the good changes up there (e.g. what I've learned recently that I didn't know), it all fits together pretty good, I'd say. Maybe not the way I had envisioned it last April and during the following months...but it's sure made me and Tessa excellent housekeepers, what with vacuuming and dusting etc. every morning at five a.m. in anticipation of The Man.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO LAURA DICK]

February 20, 1975

Dear Laura,

Nice to hear from you and to know that (one) you are alive and (two) smart. It is a good combination; one without the other is less than worthless. Happy birthday on the 25th of February (see enclosed card; no wait, this note is enclosed in the card. Sorry.) You will really dig being fifteen. When I was fifteen I was sweeping floors at a radio store during World War Two. Since the war was on, no radios were being manufactured, so all we did was fix them. However, no radio tubes were available either, so there was no way to fix them. The rows of unfixable radio sets waiting around the store got longer by the day until finally the war ended, at which news we all piled into the store truck, grabbed hold of a carton of professional-size firecrackers, picked up some GIs along the route, and turned on Berkeley by blowing it up. Later, everybody went across to San Francisco and we

really tore it down for like ten days, roving about in armed bands menacing everything which walked. It was fun. Later in the year I was promoted from sweeping floors to emptying the ashtrays. All in all it was a good year. (The same year my friend Mason Freeman won the Nobel Price, so he had a good year, too. But he was older than me, so I don't count that.)

Love, and I guess I'm enclosing a check as a birthday present. *Rolling Stone* is currently drawing a "realistic" picture of me to go with their article. There can be no such picture. That is what we call an internal contradiction in terms. Write, if you get work.

Love,  
Dad

P.S. Four photos included, various subjects.

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[TO CLAUDIA BUSH]

February 20, 1975

Dear Claudia,

I am sure depressed. After much soul-searching I have instructed my attorney to tell Probation that I will waive custody of my daughter in favor of my ex-wife's sister. Well, now what you're thinking is that I am saying, "I will accept my ex sister-in-law, instead of my daughter Isa, and I will raise Annie, who is a neat-o foxy lady, in proper style." Actually, though, it is only my grammar, not my intentions, which are at fault. I am letting Isa remain up there in Marin County, but her aunt Ann must assume legal guardianship. It is for everyone's good. I guess; I mean, what do I get out of it? I talked to Ann 4 times on the phone and it is obvious that Isa should go and live with her forever and ever as they all love and know one another and see one another every day, and I haven't seen either Isa or Ann since 1971. I wouldn't recognize them if I ran over them on the street (pardon, I mean into them). Whatever.

You know, Claudia, I had to do this for Isa's sake because of Very Good Reasons, but what it is, see, is that when if you had a daughter you saw go out the front door in August 1970 and have seen her only for a few hours in all the years since, then it is what they call a *fait accompli*. Fuck. I spelled it wrong. I even looked it up and spelled it wrong. When something happens to you you should at least be able to spell it. They have had Isa so long that what the hell do I know? It turns out Isa has been secretly living with Ann a lot of the time and Nancy is out of it entirely and when I said to Ann, "Thank you from the bottom of my heart for seeing that my little girl's been okay all this time" Ann said, "Well she's my little girl, too," which sounded really a-okay when she said it but the day after and all last night as I sat up with the cats staring at the wall I thought, Fuck it. I wish doing the Right Thing and Getting What Your Heart Loves and Yearns For were the same. If King Solomon were here to decide he would have thought it over and finally shaken his head and uttered:

"Fuck it."

Although that would have looking funny in the Bible. "The New Revised Wisdom of Solomon."

I got to stop feeling sorry for myself. I went to Dr. Quack for some tranks and his nurse took my blood pressure and it turns out the new medication isn't working; my reading is far higher than it was before I was put on medication. That exhausts the possibilities of tested medications for lowering blood pressure; I am now on an experimental drug. I looked this all up in my new Britannica and it says, This kind of blood pressure elevation, which does not respond to medication and which indicates no physical abnormalities which can be treated surgically is called malignant hypertension. "I'm going up to the Bay Area to see my daughter," I told the doctor's nurse. The doctor said, No, you are coming in each week to have your fucking pressure taken now that you are on experimental medication. The Britannica says that since 1973 there have been 11 people in the United States with malignant hypertension who have responded favorably to experimental drugs, whereas before 1973 they were considered hopeless. Also, Dr. Quack said I have a post nasal drip and gave me some free nosedrops. I should have been allowed to pinch the nurse's ass were this a Just Universe, but I was not and it is not. Tessa drove me home more dead than alive (me, not her; she's fine. They're all fine, except Tessa's white mouse which bit her the other day. Take note and learn from that, Claudia; that mouse was abolished free of charge by the vet for doing that. Maybe the poor mouse in his vast ignorance thought Tessa was trying to pinch his ass and did what he thought he had to. I can empathize).

I'll bet that actually 13, not 11 people have been treated successfully since 1973, but they rounded it off at 11 because 13 looks unlucky. It would scare people.

*"I...who thought myself  
near to the mirror of eternal truth,  
enjoyed myself in heaven's clear radiance  
and stripped off all mortality...  
I must do penance for that.  
A word of thunder swept me far away.*

*"In that happy instant  
I felt myself so small, so great...  
ruthlessly you thrust me back  
into humanity's ambiguous fate..."*

(FAUST Part One Goethe)

*"Ach Gott! die Kunst ist lang;  
Und kurz ist unser Leben..."*

(To Faust by his friend  
Wagner, *ibid.*)

All this is great poetry, just about my favorite, and to which I turn at time like this, but I can't help thinking of the opening line a frined of (a what?). A friend of mine, Calvin Demmon once wrote: "God's reputation is not undeserved."

Calvin swears my version is an improvement on what he actually did write, and now and then he tells me what he did write, but this is what he really wrote. He also went on to write that God had invented water, one reason why His reputation was not undeserved, and also God was an author (Old Testament, New Testament). I thought it was the best thing I'd ever read in my life. Calvin thinks I'm nuts. He stays as far away from me as possible.

Now, Claudia, I'm going to ask you to do me a favor. It's something I can't do myself, since I got into a fight with both Lem and Lem's business agent, Franz Rottensteiner. I am, as you know, very curious as to whether Lem or anyone else over there has noticed that my novel UBIK seems to describe an underlying energy (called Ubik in the novel) which to an extraordinary extent resembles Dr. Nikolai Kozyrev's new and revolutionary concept of time. Could you do this for me, Claudia? I can't fathom any way it could get you into any trouble; it's not unethical as far as I can see; it's just that I need someone legit to front for me. Could you write Herr Rottensteiner a letter going something on this order (without, of course, mentioning that you have any direct connections to me or that I asked you to do this):

Dear Herr Rottensteiner:

I am writing a post-graduate thesis on the novels of Philip K. Dick, and would appreciate some assistance from you. Mr. Stanislaw Lem's article, SF A HOPELESS CAUSE—WITH EXCEPTIONS has been a valuable source to me for my thesis, in a way the best criticism of Dick. Mr. Lem discusses the novel UBIK to quite an extent. I agree with him that UBIK is one of Dick's more significant novels, but there is one point which I have wondered about. In your opinion, do you think that Dick was influenced in his writing of UBIK by the revolutionary theories about the energy-nature of time by the well-known Soviet astronomer Dr. Nikolai Kozyrev? I know something of Dr. Kozyrev's experiments at the Pulkovo Observatory, dealing with time, but unfortunately not enough of this scientific information is available to me adequately to evaluate UBIK in terms of Dr. Kozyrev's influence. If you, as a critic of sf, or if Mr. Lem himself might be able to inform me on any such possible theoretical influence showing in UBIK that you think might be there, for the purposes of my thesis I would appreciate hearing from you. Thank you in any case etc.

Don't do this, Claudia, if you don't want to. But Rottensteiner will probably pass your letter on to Krakow from Austria, and you may hear from Lem himself, certainly from one of them. By writing Rottensteiner you'll avoid the spooks, if they're still at it. And you might very well wish to ask further questions for the purposes of your thesis. This matter is an important matter, Claudia. The other day I heard on the radio that a Russian astronomy group which I think is headed by Dr. Kozyrev has reported monitoring ETI signals, for sure, from sentient beings, *within* our solar system someplace. Dr. Kozyrev is one of the world's foremost astrophysicists and astronomers. It may be true, and this all may link up, everything we've discussed.

Love,  
Phil

[TO JACK SCOVIL]

February 21, 1975

Dear Jack:

We may have a great to gain by obtaining title reversion to my 1964 Belmont Books novel THE PENULTIMATE TRUTH (92-603 is Belmont's number). If SMLA hasn't requested it, would you do so now, please, Jack. Here is why:

(one) Tom Disch phoned me a month or so ago to ask if I had a novel he could buy in March, an earlier one I could get title reversion to; I told him MARTIAN TIME-SLIP and we agreed regarding that (Tom is putting out an anthology of some kind). But—we may not get MARTIAN TIME-SLIP, correct? So we need something else for Tom, and also, Ace Books won't let me have DR. BLOOD-MONEY back, since they plan to republish all my novels. That leaves THE PENULTIMATE TRUTH as the best marketing bet of any earlier novel of mine which I could get title reversion on.

(two) Much more important, though, because even if Belmont simply reissued the novel as Ace plans to do with DR. BLOODMONEY, is the possibility of a movie sale. It has been suggested to some fellows in Hollywood whom Henry Ludmer talked to (who flew to N.Y. to talk with him about the possibility of filming another novel of mine which is under option already, they learned) that THE PENULTIMATE TRUTH might make one hell of a film and a topical one at that. I'll show you what I mean. Yesterday I got my order of snuff from Dean Swift Ltd in San Francisco, and the enclosed little note came with it. The novel which Wade describes in the note which he read and still remembers (god, he probably read it years ago) is THE PENULTIMATE TRUTH. His summary of the plot is right on. So you will see what I am talking about. Okay? And let me have your reaction to this. You've got to admit that this little note from the snuff firm I'm enclosing shows we might have a good thing here movie-wise, Jack; it's not just my idea.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

ENC: Note to PKD from "Wade" at Dean Swift Ltd, San Francisco.

[TO LINDA WOLFE]

February 21, 1975

Dear Linda,

This letter isn't what it would have been if I hadn't gotten strep throat (which is not near as good as either deep or french, as we say in tinsel town). (Do you miss tinsel town? I don't.) Anyhow, God, was it neat (a local expression) to talk to you. I could hardly believe it, but on the other hand I've always been a skeptic anyhow and don't even believe in New York. I think you were calling from

Trader Joe's Market up the street, and standing back from the phone. How our telegram got to you, though, I'm not sure. Maybe your N.Y. address is a pigeon drop. The wire was fired back here to Trader Joe's and got back in town just before Trader Joe's closes. They work it that way.

I told you about the two items in the *New Yorker* about us, I know I did. (Feb 3 and the issue before.) The interviewer is Tony Hiss. Since you're in the arts there, you can casually drop Tony's name. "A friend of TONY HISS' SAID—" Lower case. "A friend of TONY HISS' said to me the other day—: the friend being me. It's true.

I still remember you in that Molnar play wearing that broadbrimmed hat and saying that about true love.

Well, on my custody suit I decided after talking to my little girl's aunt (my ex wife Nancy's sister) to offer to let Isa, my little girl, stay with her. I guess it is noble of me. Anyhow after I had decided it would be best for everyone concerned and had so advised my attorney I suddenly realized that I got nothing out of it, nothing at all, except to know that Isa is okay. Tessa and I went to Disneyland, which is where Isa and I were going to go. As soon as we got there I felt terribly sick, and this is where my strep throat comes from. The body knows when it has been gyped, if that's how you spell it.

I'm full of tranks Dr. Quack gave me. I told him I had voluntarily renounced custody of my daughter because when I talked to the little girl's aunt on the phone I suddenly realized it would slay my little girl's aunt dead outright, stone cold dead, to lose her. Isa has been staying with her so much. Dr. Quack said, "Yes, and you also have a post nasal drip." I should have dripped on him, the drip. Anyhow the nosedrops he gave me were free.

Unless I fucked up, there are photographs with this letter, which is a short one because I've been moping since giving up my daughter, which was this week I decided. I will write again and again, and I love you and maybe I could get custody of you. Or do you have an aunt, too? I guess everyone does (mine died. She had post nasal drip, too.) You neat-o chick, Linda honey.

P.S. I just want to run over my (gak) business news for you, before I ring off. *Rolling Stone* will be bringing out the interview they did with me last autumn. I now have 4 movies o—no, I mean, four novels optioned to movies, two of them by Skorsese/Taplin. The French m——f——r ran off with my *UBIK* screen play all right and never paid me, that Jean-Pierre Gorin. He owes me thousands of dollars. If you ever run into Susan Sontag, you tell her because he said to me she knows him. I finished it and he ran off and I've never seen him again and I'm sure I never will. So thus ends my screen writing career.

We bought a Britannica, the new one; wow, is it something. I have owned two Britannicas before and they were never like this. We also bought some good speakers, really good ones.

Currently I am working on a complex metaphysic to be published as an article in England; it deals with Dr. Nikolai Kozyrev's theory about time being an

energy. My mystic experience last March (I'm sure you remember what I said) clued me in to the existence of an actual energy which by our regular worldview isn't recognized; I've read Maslow, now, and he's the closest in a way (thank you for recommending him). But this energy, which recreated me last March, filled me at exactly the vernal equinox which suggests Reich's Orgone...anyhow, at last I am led to Dr. Kozyrev's view of time (he is the foremost Soviet astronomer and astrophysicist, by the way.) It may be that the energy which revived and healed and informed me is the Logos, is also Time, is Orgone; in any case it thinks; it is Immanent Mind, within the universe, suffusing every part of it. Dr. Kozyrev's revolutionary theory about time assigns to time many of the properties which I experienced this bioplasmic or electrostatic energy in March as having had...except that I'll bet it hasn't occurred to him that time is sentient.

I got to stop now as my brain is getting dull.

Hi, Linda. See 'ya.

Love,  
Phil

PP.S. I just read this over and the way I present my metaphysic it's dumb. I say "time thinks" which is like saying "time has a sense of humor" or "time loves me." But Dr. Kozyrev postulates that this basic energy is what binds the universe together and maintains all life, so why can't it be what fluxed itself into me, thinking as it did so? Also, to bind the universe together you'd need a sense of humor. I just hope that if time has a sense of humor it's one in which we share (I'm sure it is, and maybe that's the point of it all; to get the humor, sort of. To see it at last and sort of say Wow...now, let me tell you one, Sir.)

[TO CLAUDIA BUSH]

February 22, 1975

Dear Claudia,

I didn't know you wore contact lenses.

Well, so much for that.

I feel like we're facing each other across a living room and now you can't see, so what's there to say?

So I will say something. About the sour cream in UBIK which in your ignorance you suppose to have decayed forward. No, it is some sour cream of the week before. (What is really involved is form-support more accurately than reality support. I suppose that the basic energy allows things to decay forward toward entropy, but in point of fact, we are seeing at least two time flows at once and confusing them together in our head(s). So the forward motion toward entropy is really a backward motion. What has happened to the cream is that I let it decay along the wrong axis; you are correct. It should have turned into a prior more archaic form of what you put in coffee ... but what would that be? There is none. Then the coffee should have turned to ale. I guess. You're right, Claudia; but I just

hadn't gotten it figured out yet at that early point in the novel. I knew a vital energy had departed from them, the energy of life, which also inhabited their supposedly unliving world of things. Don't be a smart ass, Claudia. At least the cream didn't decay into a cow.) (You will not be allowed to write your thesis if you remain a smart ass. Truly, though, there was sour cream once before, as well as sour cream going to be ahead. Maybe we have a clear example of rotary or cyclic time here. The sour cream of last year is the sour cream of next year.) (I was just kidding when I said you were a smart ass, but you got to admit, even though my argument about the sour cream is a weak one, did you think of that, that there is a cyclic sour cream but not a cyclic LaSalle auto? Or if there is, then the ancients really were right.)

One day (another subject here now, but not really) I was with ol' Linda Levy in her drama class and they were discussing WAITING FOR GODOT. And I said, "They are in process time." The instructor looked at me (I know I told you this, but bear with me). "When Godot does come, they will either begin to live for the first time, or they will die. They are like guys in prison serving a long stretch, and they've got to fill in the time doing and saying anything and everything. And every day is the same day over and over again." Also as I said that I knew it was a paradigm of our own world and life. The class (I remember telling you this) fell into a heated discussion as to which of the two would happen when/if Godot arrived; would the characters die, in which case it was to their advantage to keep Godot from coming? or would they finally live? in which case what the hell state were they in now where they stand around gabbing and jabbering? Well, Claudia, in all seriousness, I would say, Yes, we are like those characters, and when Godot arrives I know which of the two alternatives will take place; we will wake up. And this is nothing more than the eschatology thing: process time heading toward an end. Now, if you grant (one) we are like the characters in Godot; (two) one of the two above alternatives must take place; their process time will end, which is to say, time as they know it will culminate in some sort of abolishment and climax and be replaced by another basic ontological condition, well (three) I know that we shall wake up and wow, it is a Secret Garden, a Magic Kingdom, what Disney-land is the plastic copy of in this world. So the characters in GODOT should not—repeat *not*—keep trying to prevent Godot from coming. He will come, as the boy says; the promise will be kept.

The Brit 3 says, I read in the article "Jesus Christ, His Message" in the macro, that it shouldn't read "Kingdom of God," it should read Kingship; that is, a transformation in which we don't go anywhere else, but God somehow assumes a different rôle than he assumes now. He will rescue us, not by removing us bodily from here but by undoing the power of compulsion over us: he will give us our freedom at last from the base and subtle cruelty which the Iron Cave exerts on us. Suddenly those guys in GODOT will find themselves able to get up and not repeat that same day over and over; they will know that Godot has come when they change (are changed); when growth shoots across in a hyperleap to completion. Do you realize those guys haven't grown in any fashion, that none of Beckett's

characters grow? That's what is wrong with them. They, like dead worlds, go around and around in orbits: like the rolling stone which gathers no moss.

I feel bad about your shards of glass, and am enclosing a small check to pay for the Angus Taylor pamphlet; I should have before, but this custody thing has messed up my head. I'm sorry.

Love,  
Phil

[TO HENRY KORMAN]

February 22, 1975

Dear Henry,

The way the "universe" works is it's a lot of very thin laminated layers, and God can take any given one of the layers and just let it expand in every direction to form an entire universe on its own, so there are universes after universes. It's as easy for him to do this as for you or me to breathe in and out. What catches his eye—the handle of each universe—seems to be the arrangement of colors. Each is a color slide, unmounted.

Hello.

I was looking through *The Real World* last night and then I had (I am truly not joking; this is one reason why I'm writing you, because it is unique, what happened to me) I was in another universe where I exercised all my options regarding becoming famous. I flew all around the world and was always famous and with important people. It was wonderful. I was in London and Sidney and Rome. This was so real that when I awoke, at midnight or so, I was horrified that I had not in fact exercised all my options. For instance I cancelled my trip to London due next month. I won't be going. Things like that where I stayed home. I lay in bed and thought, Jeez, if I hadn't stayed home next month, and so forth, I'd be as famous as I was in that universe God just now showed me. I'd always be touching down in a foreign capital in a wide-bodied DC-10. I missed out by staying home. Henry, it wasn't a dream; it was the universe I missed out on.

Then I fell asleep, and this is where *The Real World* comes in for sure, issue No. 3. The 3 shots on pages 8/9 by Harry Callahan which I know are of Mexican border type towns. Henry, I have been in Mexico in dreams. Fullerton is next to a Mexican barrio and when I dreamed it back in 1971 before ever coming down here, I had all the details right. When I got down here in 1972 and was walking around I saw where I had dreamed about, and smelled the air. I said to my girlfriend as of then, "Linda! I dreamed this building you're showing me!"

"Life unlived," Linda said, and smiled.

She meant I had dreamed ahead of time. Well, last night after I fell back asleep I dreamed (sic, as we say) another dream, and in this other universe I hadn't exercised *any* of my options. I wasn't married; I wasn't living where I am; I was evidently a migratory worker south of the border. I deduce this from recalling the endless exact precise obviously real details of the town I lived in. I can tell you

the color of the old train that went through (green). Sometimes very big trucks rumbled through; we liked to watch them, and also there were a few modern stores which we couldn't go in, but we could admire the fronts of them. In this dream I strolled around but also I had to help a lot. The mode was one of weight; old people and women in general were dragging heavy old cloth used suitcases with other people's initials on them, secondhand suitcases in which they had all the possessions they owned. One time at a main intersection some cops in riot uniforms fired tear gas cartridges in a high arc over our heads, and we backed away; the cops waved us back so we wouldn't be hurt. We usually only moved fast when the cops told us to, but it was for our own good, except later when I was illegally north of the border. Earlier, everyone yearned to live up north, in La Palma or Fullerton, places like that. When I did get up north, one time we all were sitting at a wooden table outside eating lunch and all at once the cops said we had to move on. They were different cops; they would have hurt us, and everyone silently headed away from there. I was in Santa Barbara California and I knew the cops feared Mexicans because of an actual uprising. We went indoors into a wooden hotel to stay out of sight, to be safe.

Henry, what I realized when I woke up (or rather, returned to this, the Middle Universe) is that first I saw, or was in, the highest flight into the air universe possible for me, given my abilities; the mode was soaring, weightlessness, fame, mobility, wealth, respect, being recognized, well-dressed, going everywhere into strange places which were big cities. The second was like when in real life for the month I was at the drug rehab residence place in Canada, very much like Synanon here in the U.S., after my suicide attempt in Vancouver, B.C. Poor and unknown, limited to one spot (in the "dream" it was obviously a small border town in Mexico), the buildings were old and shabby, they were peeling, the people were poor and badly-dressed and owned very little; this was at the other side of the universe which I do actually live in. But Henry—

Both of those alternate universes were wonderful. Different from each other but equally wonderful. In different ways (in the poor Mexican one I enjoyed being close to the street—not street, not "earth" or "soil"—and being in a familiar place. In the wealthy cosmopolitan one I enjoyed variety and expensive tastes) each was equally complete, an entire world. It's as if God informed me:

"You turn north, I'll spin for you an entire world and a wonderful one which you'll love."

"You turn south, I'll plant you in a little town and it'll be a whole universe, that little town, with dreams and other towns in the north, rumors of wealth you will treasure as rumors."

"You decided to live dead center, and I will show you that the Tao, which is what you have found in Fullerton, because there you do speak in public, you do receive royal guests, but near you is the poor barrio, and you're stuck in Fullerton forever as if you were poor—you decide on the Tao, the Middle Path, and I will show you that each path is the Middle Path, that there is no universe which I

can't make complete. You can't be where I am not. And if I am there, which I always am, it is a total world, good as any other."

I get the impression that universes are a natural event, or put another way, a natural act on God's part, without premeditation. Like the bourgeois gentleman who found, with delight, that he spoke prose.

I've been reading Ornstein and we got (not Ornstein and I but Tessa and I) the new Britannica. There is more wild stuff in it than in the old *Amazing Stories*. I've been reading about orthogonal time in the "Time" article in the macro section. The idea that there might be a second kind of time at right angles to the time we usually see is exciting...but I looked it up because I already have a theory that we in fact experience two distinct times which we blend into one (like running stereo signals together to form a mono channel and never knowing they were distinct to start with). According to my theory, which was based on all my mystic experiences, there is "vertical" time and "horizontal" time, which is the same as saying there is orthogonal time. Now what fascinates me is the view of time by the famous Soviet astrophysicist Dr. Nikoli Kozyrev, that time is the energy which binds the universe together and that it can be thin or thick and that all paranormal talents, especially PK, work by means of it and through it in terms of an energy-source and a medium. All psi phenomena would fall automatically into place, if his theory were accepted (I accept it already). But he says there can be only forward moving linear time; it can never be reversed. Well, we will see about that. Maybe the orthogonal time is another way of viewing a single matrix of time which is normally viewed as linear. Also, maybe the most accurate view is that time is rotary, that accretional "accidents" (to use the old term) build up over the essence of reality, like successive layers of dust, which obscure the fact that the same Great Year rolls round and round; to penetrate into Being (as Maslow puts it) is to penetrate these linear time layers, these Maya accretions, and see revealed a world which we thought was long gone. Rome considered this ontological way is an accretion over the Hellenistic World, which is an accretion over Attic Greece...and beneath it all lies the Perfect Kingdom: moonlight and water, and an archway, sort of Doric, through which we can pass effortlessly.

While I have the typewriter here, let me quote you a small bit from "The Gospel According to John" which never seemed to be there ever before when I read it. Because of your Sufi interest, I quote:

"Jesus answered, 'Is it not written in your own law, "I said: You are gods"? Those are called gods to whom the word of God was delivered—and Scripture cannot be set aside.'" (10:34/36, NEB)

That's sort of amazing; Jesus says this when they accuse Him of claiming to be a god or appearing to be. I think the key Greek experience, mentioned by Plato, from the Orphic religion and also in Christianity is—*anamnesis*. I'll bet Jesus refers to this (supra).

I'd enjoy hearing from you (I think what I experienced was the Neo-platonistic anamnesis which Plotinus mentions, but...well, I hope so).

Love,  
Phil

Dear Claudia,

I had some straaaange dreams last night. I woke up about six a.m. PDST and just lay there. Then I got up, got a flashlight, and sat for an hour reading the Brit 3. I knew which article to read because I remembered confusing events in my dreams which had nothing to do with the word which echoed in my head:

### IONOSPHERE

My dream was about the record store where I worked, and there were people living overhead (well, see accompanying two pages. No, I just looked on them and the dream isn't there. Yes it is. At the bottom. I really am confused.) But I thought, How come I am thinking the word "ionosphere" after a dream about my old record store? In fact I didn't even know there /was/is an ionosphere.

When I looked it up everything pointed to this as beoing—fuck. I give up.

I will itemize:

(one) There is a sentient entity in our ionosphere which behaves like an AI system, utilizing our own radio signals. It may or may not be linked with the so-called "noösphere."

(two) This entity may have evolved here, but more likely came here from off Earth (e.g. the Sun, outer space, between planets, etc.).

(three) We may be linked to it evolutionarily (i.e. we may be moving to become it).

(four) It probably is assisting us (esp. to evolve).

(five) Undoubtedly it resembles descriptions of gods and God, the Holy Spirit, Elijah, Christ, etc., from past cultures.

(six) It may be growing in linear time and may not be bound by linear time. Thus it may be capable to moving in orthogonal or even retrograde time or be exempt from time entirely.

(seven) If it has anything to do with time it is because time is an energy (v. Dr. Nikoli Kozyrev) and this, too, is an energy; but this energy is alive or anyhow sentient. It may draw from time-viewed-as-energy.

(eight) It communicates to us in repatterened bounce-back of our own prior signals which it evidently can store. It regards us as living at the bottom of a semi-stagnant ocean and personally is repelled by our ecology. It seems to wish to assist us up to it, preferring that to its dropping down here.

(nine) What I recall as dreams are experiences of two-way communication with it, during which it educates me afterwards, I recall mostly only personal symbolization of events, rather than the events themselves. (E.g.: It seemed to me as if I was back at the record store I used to work at, and., etc. Whereas I was undergoing another session with this ionospheric entity—Ubik.)

(ten) It may saturated us with vitality/information/brain prints to the extent that our ontological categories—which in this sense must be regarded as limita-

tions—break down—which must be considered as to be overcome—after which we may become totally changed either into it or part of it, or into something entirely new, different from it and ourselves or a symbiosis of ourselves and it. It can be regarded as an agency sent here deliberately to assist in this process, which process being purely natural.

(eleven) The acceleration rate at which the above is taking place is enormously accelerating.

(twelve) My search is over; read enclosed article from the *L.A. Times* Feb 23 by William I. Thompson: "The Arts in the Doorway Between Two Worlds."

Wow, Claudia. Tessa brought me this article as I sat here. When you've read it, could you Xerox it and return it? This is what I've been experiencing, what Thompson talks about; you'll agree, I'm sure. He even mentions Tielhard de Chardin and Arthur Clarke and s-f; okay, baby, and the funny part is just before I awoke this a.m. I had a section printed out in my "dream" in this *LA Times* style of type and knew to look, but couldn't find anything. But now Tessa found it, and this is it; this is why it/they (I think they're a they) were so active last night, preparing me to understand that this is all known really, and I'm a part of it.

This is the biggest moment in our history. Planetization—the whole planet is an entity, not just all the lives but the world itself; and I add: including its atmosphere, and in particular those kind and smart beings in the ionosphere who're aware of us and offer their advice—and who know how to make that advice work (e.g. getting rid of the various tyrannies as they've been doing).

And so to envelope. Love, and get your glass(es) fixed so we can keep on with our colloquy.

Phil

[TO PAUL VICINANZA, Scott Meredith Literary Agency]

Feb 23, 1975

Dear Ralph Vicinanza,

You requested copyright byline information on my story "The Golden Man" as soon as possible for your British rep. Viz.:

"The Golden Man." If magazine, April, 1954 (Quinn Publishing Co.)

While I'm writing you, Henry Ludmer, before he left SMLA, mentioned that he anticipated selling something like three books of mine in France soon...and the main thing there is that your French rep has my entire short stories (i.e. everything not published as a novel, which includes novelettes, etc.) and he should be making a three-volume sale to Marcel Thaon, an editor there, who wrote me initially about it; to Marcel or to somebody in France, anyhow. So I'm anxiously waiting. (I've also got a terrible cold, which explains my dreadful typing.)

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO PAUL WILLIAMS]

February 24, 1975

Dear Paul,

I've heard from Tony Lane at the RS art dept.; he asked for photos of me for a realistic picture to be drawn up. Then on Saturday I got a postcard from a Mr. G.K. Bellows who says he is doing the art work and is a fan of mine. So I guess all is cool.

How is the new baby? Okay, I hope.

The guy over at Special Collections (the library) at Cal State Fullerton phoned regarding your questions about the title page of CONFESSIONS. He worked a long time on this, so he must receive credit for that in print in the edition. Okay? I guess you know how that ought to read. Something like:

#### ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

Thanks to Niels Christian Christensen, on behalf of the Special Collections Library at California State University, Fullerton: for much diverse help.

Tessa and I have our new Britannica and I've done so much research that I understand, at last, what happened to me last year in March. March 21st or so is the vernal equinox, and my experience began around March 18th. This is Passover for the Jews and of course Easter for the Christians; also, it is all the old fertility religions and the mystery religions about death and rebirth (the grain of wheat, the seed tossed into the furrow which is the same as the grave, etc.). I somehow triggered off an experience probably connected with the ionosphere and highly charged plasma formations in it—which the initiates of the mystery religions sought, after they observed that indeed the new crop was seized by a power from the heavens (which the ionosphere certainly is, although not off the planet) which recharged the earth, the crops and also man (e.g. the Passion of Our Lord, his suffering, death and rebirth, etc.). What modern scientists have missed is that this entity within the ionosphere, very much associated with such cathode-ray tube-like phenomena as the Aurora. That such an entity is associated with Spring is obvious, but there is Solar involvement with the ionosphere, and it is also there that our radio signals accumulate; it is probably what they call the noosphere as well, now, because of that; and such entities as this are alive, and cooperate with the regrowth each year on the surface. It was my experience that they regard the surface here as the bottom of a growingly stagnant ocean, a condition which, for our sakes, alarms them.

Love,  
Phil

[TO CLAUDIA K. BUSH  
*Letter of Recommendation, (first version)*  
by Philip K. Dick, member SFWA]

February 24, 1975

Dear Claudia Bush:

In writing a letter of recommendation I can do best if I write informally. This is because I usually do not like to do this sort of thing. In your case I would have to admit that I think you are a gifted writer, especially in this respect: you seem able to compress what for me would take pages into a single sentence, a single thought. You winnow, and find a more concise mode of articulating the grain of truth from out of the enormous world of informational chaff, than virtually anyone else I know.

Probably I get more mail than I would admit. And I hear from all sorts of people with all sorts of writing skills. Once, Bertrand Lord Russell wrote me. Once Willi Brandt. Once Chief Justice Earl Warren (that is my most cherished letter). In addition, a motley collection of authors (e.g. Robert Heinlein, Philip José Farmer, Saul Bellows) present me with examples of their prose styles which the public does not see. Editors (e.g. Peter Israel, Edwin Fadiman, Larry Ashmead who is editor-in-chief at Doubleday and a friend of eleven years)—they write, too, or anyhow make the attempt. Bartenders write me. University professors (e.g. Dr. Willis McNelly, who will suffice) write far too often. The only person whose letter I open before yours, is my agent's, and that's because his letters may contain checks. I've got to open them first; I've got a wife and three children. After that—your letters, because you write so well. I think you write better than Tony Hiss who writes the "Talk of the Town" in the *New Yorker* and who was here recently and whose book I have, which he gave me. He's a hell of a good writer. You are unique, because in addition to everything else you have a grip on the authentic American idiom. Pithy and exact and natural...I think these three qualities are outstanding in your writing; and also, you can be very amusing at times. In some ways you are (or more precisely, can someday be) a great U.S. writer.

In this LETTER OF RECOMMENDATION I have said exactly what I feel about your writing. Many times I've sent you, say, ten pages single-spaced of my own ideas, and you have extracted the bits of worth and expressed those bits back so that I understood them better than when I wrote the whole damn thing. Thank you. I stand amazed.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO CLAUDIA K. BUSH,  
*Letter of Recommendation, second version*]

February 24, 1975

Dear Claudia Bush:

In writing a letter of recommendation I can do best if I write somewhat informally, because writing such a letter is always hard for me. But in your case I really

must admit that I do find you a truly gifted writer, especially in this respect: you're able to compress what for me would take pages into a single sentence. You always seem to find a most concise mode of articulation and in an original way. Sometimes I feel envy.

Probably I get more darn mail than most science fiction authors, since I publish a great deal abroad. Once, Bertrand Lord Russell wrote me. Once Willi Brandt. Once Chief Justice Earl Warren (that is my most cherished letter). In addition, a variety of other authors (e.g. Robert Heinlein, Saul Bellow, Harlan Ellison) present me with examples of their prose which the public doesn't see. Little of it is as good as yours. Editors (e.g. Peter Israel, Edwin Fadiman, Millen Brand, Larry Ashmead who is editor-in-chief at Doubleday and a friend of eleven years)—they write, too, or anyhow make the attempt. Bartenders and students and fans write me. University professors (e.g. Dr. Willis McNelly, who will suffice) write far too often. The only person whose letter I customarily open before yours is my agent's; I've got to. After you...well, I honestly think you write better than Tony Hiss who does the "Talk of the Town" for the *New Yorker* and who was here recently to interview me and who gave me his new book. He's a hell of a good writer. You are, too. You are unique, because in addition to everything else you have a grip on the American idiom: pithy and exact and natural...I believe these are the three outstanding qualities in your writing; and also you can be terribly funny at times. In some respects you are (or can someday be) a great U.S. writer.

Many times I've sent you, say, ten pages single-spaced of my own ideas; you have extracted the actual information and expressed these bits back to me so that I understood them *better than when I wrote them*. And so much shorter. Thank you. I stand amazed.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO CLAUDIA BUSH]

Feb 25, 1975

Dear Claudia,

Here are nine pages further notes for my new novel, and you will see unless you did it again how I do it; i.e. take my own experiences and put them into a novel. I wish to point out another and almost always there element in my novel plotting per se: what I do is:

I think up a novel in my head and take notes (in this case VALISYSTEM A, about Hawthorne Abendsen and how it went later on after the Nazis got him, based on my life after Nancy left me, and also based on my ideas about my March experience that were early ideas; my plot of say around April to November 1974).

Then I forget the whole thing, motivated by not being motivated.

Then I am bopping around, as in this case working on my Time Theory and Ionosphere Theory and trying to combine them—with no idea about the book or

any book—and a NEW plot idea comes (see enclosed pages, which are further on TO SCARE THE DEAD).

I combine VALISYSTEM A and TO SCARE THE DEAD.

Every novel of mine is at least two novels superimposed. This is the origin; this is why they are full of loose ends, but also, it is impossible to predict the outcome, since there is no linear plot as such. It is two novels into a sort of 3-D novel.

You'll see from this enclosure of 9 pages. But later when the novel is done, you will really see. But this is how I work; I always decide that idea one wasn't sufficient, and forget it.

Okay?/

Love,

Phil

P.S. I was up to 5 a.m. on this last night. I did something I never did before: I commanded the entity to show itself to me—the entity which has been guiding me internally since March. A sort of dream-like period passed then, of hypnagogic images of underwater cities, very nice, and then a stark single horrifying scene, inert but not a still: a man lay dead, on his face, in a living room between the coffee table and the couch. He wore a fawn skin! I rose from bed at once, convinced that I had Dionysus. The night or so before, I had dreamed about the dappled fawn; it is a basic image to me, that and the lamb, but I'd never connected the fawn with Dionysus, even though I'd been shown that Zagreus and Jesus are the same, and of course the lamb is a symbol of Jesus. For hours I studied everything about Dionysus I could find; nothing about his garb, except "he was dressed in the Greek style." Today I found in THE BACCHAE of Euripides this:

"...I have fitted the fawn-skin to their bodies." It is Dionysus who speaks. He means his followers. And I have a dim memory that in THE FROGS he wears a fawn skin. Is thus shown.

Dionysus is not only related to Zagreus; he is even more important in that he is the first mystery god, the first one we know of. He appeared abruptly in Attika in 600 B.C., coeval with Elijah. I wish to quote the Brit 3 on this, it is so important to us all:

"...Though not necessarily sacramental, these rites enabled the Maenads to surmount the barrier that separated them from the supernatural world and to surrender themselves unconditionally to the mighty powers that transcended time and space, thus carrying them into the realm of the eternal." (Macro "Sacrament.") Then very shortly after, the Orphic appears, in which (it) "...was to confer divine life sacramentally on its initiates so that they might attain immortality through regeneration and reincarnation, thereby freeing the soul from its fleshly bondage."

I think by bondage of the flesh we should read "time," since the Brit 3 Macro article on "Salvation" says this specifically.

There was none of the electrostatic ion-like vitality to this picture of the murdered man in fawn skin; I don't think it was a "picture" at all; i.e. his

thoughts to me or in me, a communication, or anyhow one he wanted me to see. You'll find more about this on page 9 of the notes. I gather that the help came from the deity in fawn skin for whom the fawn is totem as the lamb is for Jesus Christ. If these are two different hyperentities, then good; if the same, then good.

Well, and so to TV.

[TO CLAUDIA BUSH]

February 26, 1975

Hey Claudia—

Identity—continuity—recognition—selfsameness.

I got so loaded last night you wouldn't believe it. It was my daughter's birthday and I phoned her 67 or 6 or 8 times and never got her. So I went to a friend and he gave me something to get me ripped. I was so fucking ripped. In chemo veritas, though (for your purposes). Listen, Baby. I am still ripped and it is tomorrow (that was today, when he gave it to me); we talked, and I said, man I can't take it anymore. Later as I was still taking it (the garbage out) he stopped me and handed me the good message. I squirreled it away for like until later and then I did it. I did it.

Claudia, it hit me like a 1100 of brick fists.

So I called in Tessa and said, "Honey, I am so stoned you would not believe it. I love you."

"Then you must be."

"Ask me questions. My unconscious is accessible."

"Why did you have the experiences last March?"

My answer: "I had nothing else to do."

"What deity or force or presence took you over?"

My answer: "Erasmus."

"'Erasmus.' Who the hell—"

(I had the most incredible shower of chuckling all over me, in the form of math symbols and Greek letters. I'd guessed who it was: he had played the most—to him—fun game. Ir leg, the two Sanskrit words. Not the meaning ("angry legion") but a pun. Always puns, a million pun clues. "Ear Leg." In the old days my brother-in-law and I made up this Swifty: "I feel earassable, Tom said," or however. "I feel as if my ear hurts and I need to see a proctologist," Tom said irrassably. There it is. Now, "ir leg" is to ear leg as irrassably is to that Swifty. And "irrassable" is a quasi phononym for Erasmus. Ear-ass-mus. See? These were the first words which came to me in March and wow, last night. A shower of laughter, since finally I'd guessed. He hadn't counted on chemical aids.

"Who or what is was Christ?" Tessa asked me.

"The style we are drawn in," I said. "There is a person seated for artists to draw him; they have a 1.50 minute time limit on their work. All draw him a little differently, all must finish fast and turn it in. Their work is crude, and each has a

bit of the subject in it. Our world is that composite work of many artists, and we are those crude drawings with the minute and a half time limit. We do as well as we can, but it's like Disneyland where they do that, various portrait artists with one subject—or if they all had the same subject. It is like Disneyland—fast and not very expert, and still the subject sits and we approximate him. Someone else does the approximating; we are not the artists but the drawings. Hence Plato's concept of the cave and of the idea archetypes."

"Is there reincarnation?"

(I could remember a Saxon scene: an old man bending over me. But what I saw most, and always, as she talked to me, was the cross, in color: gold and red. Shining. And heavy and huge. You'd bounce back if you were a semi truck and hit it. I just kept watching it.

(Then I sat for a couple hours and felt odd, not bad but odd, because all that stuff about Greece and Dionysus was crazy, based on the fact—Tessa and I looked him up—that Erasmus was one of the first Greek scholars. I "imagined" the world of Greece and all that stuff. Based on Erasmus' head. You see. Now he was laughing because the joke was on me. He'd read about Dionysus, I guess. He was a bookish man, knew nothing direct. His thoughts, his knowledge of Greece, I'd taken as real. I sat feeling foolish and listening to the phono most of the night. I had a good trip and finally went to bed. It was neat and I was happy and I used the time for personal insights, especially how my Muse had enjoyed the fun—to him fun, to me—well, I guess fun. Oh yes.)

Tessa: "Why Erasmus?"

I said, "I am he."

"In the past? In a former life?"

"I am always Erasmus. I always will be. I was Dr. Jonson, once, later. But always Erasmus." (I could not explain it. About reincarnation I only said, "It takes place because it's easier." Tessa had asked, "Then there is a soul?")

(I also remembered having been a rat, in a cage. "Always I was ugly," I told her. "In TEARS, the man waiting to be killed inside the wooden house in the dream at the end...it's a rat. I saw my father kill an animal, come to kill it. The old man on houseback [sic] who says Tavener [sic] must die, he's my father." I thought about that for hours, how I loved and missed my father. I could see God, then, as a great old King Arthur, with Christian trappings. He could tell me when it was okay to break the law, which is what I needed: permission to do things that went against the queen's authority.

(Now, Claudia, obviously I used this event and the time in it conscientiously. During it I realized that in truth I saw the world in terms of pleasure denied me (sex and women) and over-reacted in terms of moral indignation, a moral tone to life ("overthrow the tyranny"). I saw, too, that esthetic awareness of music and art was my outlet, my saving outlet; I really didn't see the world as a moralist did, but as an artist: I was capable of—and truly did—see aesthetically all the time; my real interest in women was as beautiful creatures the way cats are beautiful and Beethoven's music is. I saw one vast truth about the

world: all views and all truths just scratch the surface; there are as million [sic] truths and views and realities as there are freeze frames whenever a single cat walks across a single backyard—i.e. an infinity. And all *beautiful*. I saw that each different truth which I had held was beautiful, but that for each that I had held there were a billion more...it was dazzling.

(Claudia, I will get to the point. Finally I went to bed and slept, feeling love for my wife and my cats and child, feeling the beauty of the world, and that all this had been a fun trip, a relief away from the responsibility which is killing me...and then I had an insight, my own, based on all this. The "Benzene ring" to me in all this. I saw the orthogonal time axis, how it works; i.e. how we come to see time wrongly. What Joe Chip sees in the decay of objects back through the Platonic archetypes is correct, and the inference is correct, and it does show orthogonal time. That is what is valuable in UBIK, whether the Marxists know it or not (I think they do, but on my trip I was so paranoid it never occurred to me to wonder). Joe Chip sees time properly. The orthogonal axis is the real one.)

(I understand how we come to see time wrongly, or rather, we see it in its less real, secondary aspect or axis. Hence the perplexing opening line on page 1 of this letter:)

Identity—continuity—recognition—selfsameness (the last refers back to identity but better expresses it, because we use the former about ourself, but the latter refers to things we encounter). This is real, CKB. I am sitting here at the crack of dawn writing you, and this is priceless; what it is, is:

The two categories of a priori and empirical—they mislead us; they are Aristotle's "A or notA," a two-value system-view of the contents of man's mind. Throw it out.

All things begin from outside (a posteriori). They enter the mind through the senses (note this doesn't conform to what I formerly held).

Our mind soon subtracts qualities (e.g. time, space, geometric shape like "square," number, etc.) and abstracts them from every and all incoming sense-objects. These we know not to be properties of any given sense object, and these are the a priori categories.

We feel they are more real, but in fact they are just real about more things (more things are square than are brown, for instance).

Now, here the error begins. We posit the one knowledge against the other, but the latter (a priori) is taken from the former. What is more important, though, is that all sense objects (we do Gestalt, into objects) go through an intermediate period as they pass from a posteriori (empirical) to a priori; totally abstracted of particularity. This is a process of necessary projecting of each sense object for the purpose of identifying the sense-object when it is encountered again, because what must be kept cardinal here (and has been overlooked) is that each sense-object arrives within the perview of our percept system but then is gone. We must remember it because it may return. This requires that we identify it when it so does. (Hence memory and time, incorrect time are woven together). We must recognize it in comparison to merely identifying it, which is to say, memory is to tie

together sense object A via the introjected idea object which resembles it, to sense object B which is properly identified as the same sense object as A; both are the same, but a little space has come between.

Item. I meet a girl whose name is Wanda Kendall. I meet her at a S-f convention. She is a computer programmer. Then I lose sight of her.

Item. The next day I meet a girl named Wanda Kendall at the same time of day who says she is a computer programmer. We are at a s-f convention.

Item. For purposes of recognition *and continuity* my mind says that sense object WK-a is identical to sense object WK-b. They are not two objects but the same, superimposed somehow. We have here the principle of selfsameness, and it is achieved by the introduction of the imago of Wanda Kendall. I must carry Wanda Kendall in my head, and I do not know for how long, until she actually re-enters my percept purviews once more, at which point the identification and recognition of selfsameness can take place.

Item. The interim period of introjected imago causes my mind, of necessity, to draw a horizontal axis connecting sense object Wanda Kendall to -b to -c and so forth, which I call time. My perception of it is a prerequisite to linking prior sense objects in terms of mentally classifying them; otherwise each sense object is classified as unique, and not two are -a and -b of the same. I can't match them except that "Wanda Kendall certainly *resembles* Wanda Kendall," but in fact my mind "knows" she is selfsame. If I see Tessa one billion times my mind knows there is only one Tessa, no matter how many times this sense object presents itself; I achieve this through a complex process which falls soon into the region of the autonomic or automatic processes; I am not aware of it. BUT EACH TIME ANY INTERRUPTION TAKES PLACE IN WHICH ANY SENSE OBJECT IS WITHDRAWN FROM DIRECT PERCEPTION, AND MUST BE THOUGHT TO HAVE "GONE AWAY" BUT ALSO THOUGHT "TO MAYBE SOMEDAY RETURN" THEN I MUST MAINTAIN THIS MENTAL IMAGO (which is memory of form, etc.) AND THIS IS A THIRD CATEGORY OF KNOWLEDGE; NO ABSTRACTING AS IN THE A PRIORI HAS TAKEN PLACE, BUT THIS IS NOT THE SAME AS THE SENSE OBJECT OF WHICH IT IS THE IMAGO.

Item. The last—"that it is not the same"—gets forgotten due to the automation of this process. We link the sense object through a myriad of these imagi of itself, in our head, and never know it.

(Proof that we automatically conceive of "selfsame" is that even a small child understands a movie, and animated film; this film IS the clue to how our minds works. It isn't a different person in each frame of the comic strip either—the latter being a short slow sequence of movie frames. All these—comic strip, movie, life—involve the same necessary mental process. And demonstrate its existence, because logically the people in frame two of a comic strip are not the same as in frame one; they just resemble them—so much for logic.)

Item. Much of what we think of as external—empirical—reality is these imagi. We know it's not a priori (Wanda Kendall is not an a priori category), so

we think she is empirical. She was originally, and could be again; meantime she exists as imago. She became that the instant she left my percept purview. Do you realize how many imagi we carry from the first week of our life on? How much of our empirical reality must be handled (like overnight—the whole world) this way? I assume that the "Claudia K. Bush" who sends me each letter is the selfsame one. These are automatic processes, but they lead us along a time-axis which is necessary to us for biological adaptive purposes; actually, we perceive this way because of its utility. In point of fact, growth (in the entelechy sense) doesn't take place along this axis, which is supplied ONLY IN THE MINDS OF LIVING CREATURES.

Item. The actual external time, or growth-change axis, is that which Joe Chip saw. Even if you, as a person, the child is not you, the child that was; she was one within the actual imprinting form of a little girl of that age. This is WHY we don't see as things are; there is change; there is motion and growth; it isn't a static universe (as the mystics imagine). Time is real, but it goes orthogonally; what I have said here is why we see it at right angles to the actual causal axis or "real time" axis. Perception of time is at right angles to the time it perceives.

Item. During the imago period, we can play tricks and games with the imago, altering it by fear or wish, or letting it fade; unless I am aware that "Wanda Kendall" or even all the Wanda Kendalls are not the same set as my image of "Wanda Kendall" then I will confuse the two quite separate realities; we can't play mental games with "Wanda Kendall the actual person out in the world," but I forgot that "Wanda Kendall" is maintained by my mind through the utility horizontal time axis, and during that period that imago is vulnerable to what I do with it; if I do not recognize this, then I may abstract and do other wrong processes with the imago whose purpose is to serve as a surrogate until the actual sense object reappears. Thus sets in: mental illness, and a phony playing around with "reality," basically, a denial of reality to fit the wishes or fears of the person; he does it during this third mode, the imago mode. *It lies halfway between percept system and cognition.* No abstracting (*into a priori*) is desired here; mostly, image integrity. Since this is what links all the sense objects which we recognize as "that one," then much of our reality consists of this, and in a state of heightened awareness, like I got into last March, I can separate this as a mere utility (while not being used, these imagi serve no purpose) and I came into direct contact with the sense objects which serve to make up the myriad imagi. This is what we can rightly call "absolute reality," or the "World as it truly is." This was my vision. The imagi are also "the veil of maya." But I think you can perform the remaining mental operations necessary here. You can see how time, linear time, is involved in this, and what I showed in UBIK.

Item. We really can test what I say re the movie film, the comic strip. I claim, we now know what "Reality" is or more properly are: it are those same sense objects back, recognized (frame one, frame two, etc.).

Item. We've got to categorize (i.e. mentally function) this way; vide. "A Martian Odyssey" by Stanley Weinbaum (Ballantine) in which the Martian bird

classifies each store as being in a different category, like, there are no "birds," just bird one and bird two and bird three; it laughs when he speaks of "birds," calling them *all* by the same name. But think of the chaos—and I mean it—if upon each day arising we greeted the selfsame objects as if they were new (well, in Beckett plays, no, in an Ionesco play, the husband and wife don't recognize each other; see that one, I forget the title).

Item. It is really true that billions of you exist, and billions of me exist—outside. But for utility, there must be (1) identifying; (2) recognition; (3) creating of continuity and the concept of Identity, or perseverance (a key word in this) of Being. "Being" is a kaleidoscope. I've seen it. It's fun, but you can't add up your check book; worse, you can't tell if it's *your* checkbook; worse, you can't tell if it's a checkbook; worse, you can't tell if you exist as a continuing entity.

\* \* \*

Last night all this was set off (after I got loaded) by my going in to commune with the little wooden saint I own, which I'm sure I told you about. It was the swirl of colored vines running up his white vestment which told me I was having a trip: the color was so bright and the vines swirled so. But today I looked. And of course there are no vines. Just dots, unconnected, sort of tiny mandalas of color. Golly, the fucking color is there; the vines are not. I saw vines, and then learned that it was Erasmus.

Tessa points out: "He's got a pun within a pun. 'Ir leg' could be like 'ir' meaning 'unreal' and 'leg' from the Latin *in-lego*, or 'not gathered or brought together' (we change it to *ir*). So *ir leg* could be a pun on the ear-ass meaning, "When you get to the bottom you will find that I haven't brought you together, you and Erasmus." While listening to the phono last night, I thought suddenly of the Wilhelm Müller poem "das Irrlicht," which means, "the False Light," which they meant to indicate, as a word, the flicker of the Aurora-like lights across the winter snow, which duped men and led them astray. "Das Irrlicht" is one of my favorite German poems. "Will-O-the-Wisp" is the trans. I have here.

*Into deep and rocky gorges  
A false light lured me down.  
I neither care nor worry  
How I shall get out again.  
I have often lost my way,  
And every path has had its goal.  
Our pleasures, our sorrows,  
All is game to the will-o-the-wisp.  
Down the dry bed of the stream  
I wind my way quite calmly.  
Every stream will reach the sea  
As every path will find its grave.*

I was just saying to Tessa last night: "This spirit is wearing me out. Killing me by exhausting me." But when the trip hit me last night, as I sat before my statue (ikon) of the very ancient wooden saint communing, and saw the vines

clustered and growing and swirling, I thought, "Well, he's saying, You should have more fun. Ol' Erasmus sure was a prankster. He sure liked number games." (I saw all around me everywhere numbers. "That's why he's bubbling over with mirth," I thought. "That I've figured out who he is, at last. He is so into puzzles and riddles and puns—he's laughing." The spirit who had been animating me was laughing and bubbling over, and vines swirled with dark-colored clusters, up the vestments of the saint. If Erasmus was indeed a person who saw fun in everything, then this was Erasmus; at the time I was convinced the spirit to identify itself finally, and to my complete surprise. That it was truly Erasmus, the great scholar of the Bible, I didn't doubt at the time; I kept saying to Tessa, "He's an astrologer." For some reason that seemed important; maybe because seeing the Arabic numerals and knowing he was an Astrologer linked him to the Renaissance and not to Greece: to the revival of learning (of Greek). But of course astrologers were everywhere in the ancient world. Still, at the time, last night I mean, I was delighted; I'd never guessed he'd not been to Greece either. His head, filled with thoughts and knowledge of Greece, had fooled me into thinking I *was* in Greece; what pleased him most

I'j I'm very tired

What pleased him most (Erasmus) was that I had mistaken him, a scholar, for a god! (Dionysos.)

But today, recalling the intoxication (which it was), my mirth, the advice, "You take all these scholarly things too seriously; you should have fun..." Well, who of the two does that sound like? And the cluster of vines on the vestments of the saint—they just are not there, and that is what I saw. He was playing games again, and I must say, he runs away, Claudia honey, runs away from the stark sight of the man in fawn robe lying face down dead, murdered...and wouldn't you? He was so happy; he had been so innocent and happy— —

Last night as I listened to the phono I found myself sitting close to a color photo of Victoria Principal, and her tawny skin and long black hair got to me...and then I saw she was on a leopard skin rug, with the same dappled spots. Beneath the dapple of the fawn is the dapple of the leopard; both are protective coloration, and the god of fawns has two sides. Do you really think Erasmus would have been so filled with mirth? "Hence vain melancholy—"etc. Vain deluding. Left out key (ah, how key!) word. But maybe Erasmus, that pious Christian scholar, studying Greek, was the first, the very first, in our world, to resurrect Dionysus, as he labored at his scholarship. I had reckoned that the Holy Spirit seemed to have returned to our world about the time of Martin Luther, and Erasmus was a contemporary of his. Also, you will find the words "perfect" and "fool" in my most recent notes, and Erasmus wrote "In Praise of Folly" which is about the fool who is Christ. And Parsifal is a "perfect fool"; that is what those Arabic words mean...think of "Godspell," which enchanted me.

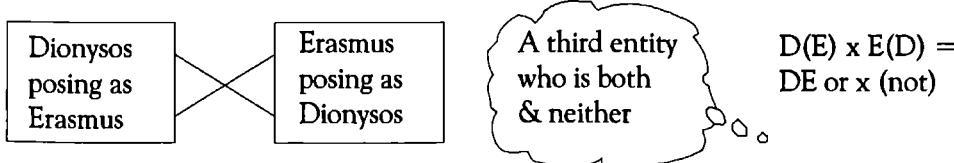
Item. We generate the horizontal time to keep order in what we encounter. But ah! the utility has made it progressively more and more difficult for us to experience the infinitude of transparent laminations which we bind together with the

energy we call time—we could release them—a trillion butterflies out of each object. And each object (form) can travel back for us as the transparencies unpeal, back (unpeel) back and back, to earlier forms, to uncover as in UBIK. They are there because they are accretional; they really are there. Oh, that Antique world. At one instant I saw an old man bending over me (the Wise King, from the dream in TEARS) and I saw a Saxon haircut, and Saxon clothing. I had uncovered I know authentic bits from the world around me and in my head (I am a part of the world around me) remnants sleeping from the past!

What lies hiding within each object? A garden, so to speak: the enchanted garden, but they relate to the past. Studying one photo of Victoria Principal, I noticed that her hair style made her look very much like the Mona Lisa, and then I saw that beneath it (Being) there was the Egyptian hairstyle of women. When I had seen the shot of her which first drew me to her, it was because, I thought, she reminded me of Kathy. But the hairstyle contains bits of past words, much like pulp paper has fragments of colors from older sheets of paper. The “paper” remains; the sheets give way to successive pulplings.

Sadly, I decline into the mundane (i.e. this second in time). I see something fascinating, though: the “vines” on the vestment of the saint...he had been painted with a simple design over and over again, Like this: (\*) Big deal. Anyhow, over the years or even a century or two, dirt (can you believe it?) dirt has obscured the purity of the white, and has contaminated the repeated simple design, to connect many of the repetitions of the design, in wild, flowing “patterns.” His triangle-inverted white front is no longer white; the (\*) is in color, and those, plus the dirt—his front is alive with the grape vines of Spring, and I’m sure he knows it, because I had just prayed to him for help. That it was my daughter Laura’s birthday and I phoned her again & again with no luck...and felt so alone, and got loaded, and then went in to commune (read that as appeal to my friend). The gentle saint is underneath maybe white and pure, but he laughed out into color; he tripped out, and all the world was alive with giggling high for me. The high is gone, but the solution as to why we see time along the wrong axis (and much stronger proof that we do) remains...plus the memory of happiness in a world of dappled pelts and music and love and number-games of the most delightful complexity hiding—the smiling, murdered god.

N.B. I just want to add: we see time to anchor our world of “buzzing, blooming” experience. We must anchor it; I couldn’t type this to tell you, and I wouldn’t know who I was or who you are, otherwise. But the time-axis along which forms (entelechies) grow to completion—that is orthogonal, and it is real. Remember you heard it here. But from whom, that I do not know.



You must read Arthur J. Deikman's paper, "Deautomatization and the Mystic Experience." In Charles T. Tart's ALTERED STATES OF CONSCIOUSNESS (Doubleday Anchor Books). By my theory now, if you remove the *imagi* for a moment, remove a single *imago* from between you and the sense object, then you see it (loss factor) unrelated to it-prior and it-after; i.e. the thing with no time involvement; the (gain factor) is that you can gaze at it and peel away all its layers as Joe Chip saw objects revert; you can find the billions of related transparencies within (sp and fuck it).

You can also see each sense object or form where it stands placed, in the static structure of the universe (the mystical experience of being outside of time). If you want that. But to me what is more exciting is to peel away time, the accretions; and this is orthogonal time. But deautomatization in Deikman's sense must take place first (turn on and do it).

In seeing the pattern of sense objects, where they're located, you see structure. In peeling away the layers you see into Being, but you do not see the forward growth of the entelechy of the form you peel away; you are going in the opposite direction, although along the proper axis. "What is underneath" or "what is within or below" are the previous steps in sequence (remember, I pointed out, sequence is very real; sequence is all important: it is pattern). This is the growth up to now, to the stage where it is vis-a-vis you. If you are to see what comes next you must move along the true (orthogonal) time axis in harmony with it: into the future, as all forms grow (as each "frame" is replaced by the next further-grown "frame"). They are a sequence of static frames for each entelechy, one edola following the next. Seeing what transparencies lie ahead is like the difference between stripping away successive layers of paint on an old bureau, or digging down through the strata of a buried city, versus imagining what layers would/will come next. Only the Logos can and does that; you can see the difference between previous layers in an Indian garbage mound, one after the other, and the hypothetical "layers to come in the future." This is real time (orthogonal time). But I think you and I et al. are limited to peeling back or looking back; we cannot see how forms will grow, because as they do grow they inter-relate, which is what we call the cosmos, and to see the future stage of the Plan is to see something which would elevate us and abolish us as we now exist. From my metaphor of the hurried artists sketching the one person sitting, at Disneyland, you can see that I believe that Christ is the completed form toward which all men move; this approximation, and it's getting closer and closer—we can guess, but we do not *really* know what Christ looks like, surely not those cruddy pictures of him all goopy-eyed. When we achieve that perfection—as we do—we may not recognize, not see where it agrees, because (1) we are the sketches, not the artists and (2) we cannot see the person being sketched...and yet, that person is ourselves. How strange...the sketches can't see the person being sketched, only the woman (the what?) the workman's hand as he sketches. But presumably the person being sketched looks like we, the

sketches, do, and with "woman" I return to the fawn-skin run in the woods of Arcady will the long dances/typing/madness/enthusiasm/ever end?  
Signed, Eurypides, and other hard-working/driven turned-on-...

\* \* \*

I'd like to add—last night when this came to me, how we organize sense objects (experiences) for utility, via our faculty for Thematic Apperception, what I saw was:

Item. A vast segment of "reality" as vulnerable to the power of our minds as any thought. I can banish a thought compared to an object; the distinction is meaningful. "I thought the building was on fire" in contrast to "the building was on fire." But what I saw was, this placed the bulk of reality within reach of the same powers of our mind which can banish a thought like, Maybe Claudia is throwing my letters into the round file. Suddenly stopping Claudia from throwing my letters into the round file and stopping the thought became closer... the absolute distinction was abolished, but still, the two realms did not become one. It's just that I saw, in my head, a huge chunk of the apple of reality bitten out by the teeth which I know can bite through mental processes; then shift it definitely into the inner realm, since a good two-thirds of the "empirical" reality has been placed into each of our heads. We can't banish the imagi, or arbitrarily alter them, but still...you see? This was my first reaction; I blanched.

This transfer is an enormous one. It would transfer time, so to speak, from the external world to the internal one—if the person organizes reality along only one time axis, and ignores the other. I guess our mind must work in a relatively simple and crude way as we organize reality compared to reality itself and the axes of time along which it moves; still—

We could abolish much of what we experience, since much of what we experience is the necessary perseverance-factor the imago. Thereupon we could deal with sense objects direct. We might not recognize the world we were in, or name it; but it sure would be real. Changes might surprise us. So what? Also, it occurs to me, we could create more sophisticated structures of arranging reality for utility; knowing there are at least two time axes at right angles we could be sure we take both into account in our inner analog models.

Yet it is scary. That which stands before me may not be me, but the power to identify it, to recognize it and respond to it in a limited, structured way—that lies entirely within me. My knowing who or what that is—what I am doing is elevating memory to a prime or even the prime function of total perception and cognition, at least equal with any other process. I cannot call Tessa Bill and tell myself that's she's the boy delivering the groceries from Trader Joe's; that is pathology. But I can withdraw my imago of her and confront her directly; that is not pathology, although utility may suffer because I subjectively find her familiar without any cortical content (name, etc.). There would be affinity with that which one had never encountered before on some deeper basis than the linkage we maintain: familiarity. Memory. Continuity. What axis might that be? Even the animals lack that...love. Yes, well, there we go to Empedocles for a force

which binds things even nonliving: the basis force of attraction he calls love; that which draws things together...without memory or individual mind.

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[TO ROBERT JAFFE]

February 27, 1975

Dear Robert,

In my head I am doing a fantasy number that you and Walloon Greene (sp) are in production on DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP? You are seated there looking sharp, in jeans and heavy fur-lined jacket; Greene, who I've never seen but I like his film about bugs, and I believe it, is shouting through a horn:

"No, no! Androids do it from left to right!"

Whereupon you say, "That's Orientals," and the whole scene goes into self-destruct black-out.

Anyhow, I thought I'd write you and thank you for writing me and also mention that the *New Yorker* interviewed me, in the February 3 issue; did you catch it? And the issue before they called me "great." (This was all in the "Talk of the Town." In the interview they called me their "favorite science fiction writer," and said I was "bearded, jolly and tubby," which caused one chick I know to wince, pointing out that now the *New Yorker* can't interview Santa Claus without repeating itself style-wise.)

How are you? What's really happening? I know who would make an ideal Rachael Rosen, the android chick. Victoria Principal. When you were here you may have noticed the publicity shots I have of her up on my living room wall; well, the other night I was really stoned, and I was sitting listening to Purcell's "Ode to Saint Cecelia's Day" on the headphones, and I was scrunched up against Victoria Principal. Being so loaded, and really enjoying the Purcell, I suddenly knew who would make an ideal Rachael Rosen. She is with the William Morris Agency. (I talked to Gail Gifford's office at Universal today.)

It'd be nice seeing you again. The director who had me write the screenplay of UBIK still hasn't paid; remember we discussed if maybe France might not be a laundry for the Soviets in such matters? I will say this, Robert: UBIK, the screenplay, is one hell of a screenplay, and I've talked to my attorney and I think what we'll do is offer the screenplay to the market direct, here now, since final payment wasn't made by Jean-Pierre Gorin. *Rolling Stone* will be doing their long interview-article on me, soon, by the way (their art department has it right now), and UBIK gets plenty mention; I say this because I am sort of bitter. Really, though, now that Jean-Pierre has defaulted, someone else can get a super screenplay, the bastard. I'd really like to see UBIK make it big; I'm a sore ripoff-ee.

Hey, keep in touch, and let me know any news. Okay?

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO IRV SCHECTER, *The William Morris Agency*]

February 27, 1975

Dear Mr. Schechter:

As of our phone conversation today, I am supplying you with the enclosed copy of my novel UBIK which has gone into rough draft screenplay form. It is the rôle of Pat Conley which I think might be right for Ms. Victoria Principal, your client.

In this edition of the novel, the character Pat Conley first appears on page 26. There is a second good scene with Pat on page 51 and others later; the climax scene with Pat starts on page 151 and is the climax of the novel. Pat is the female lead.

This novel is optioned to the French director Jean-Pierre Gorin. He also contracted for my doing the rough draft screenplay. Additional property of mine which is optioned:

DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP? By Herb Jaffe Associates. Shooting script already completed by Robert Jaffe.

THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDritch. Option purchased by Jonathan Taplin, arising out of interest by John Lennon.

TIME OUT OF JOINT. Option in force by Martin Scorsese/Jay Cocks. (This option has run a number of years, now. My own agent, Scott Meredith Literary Agency, Mr. Jack Scovil, 580 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036, feels that due to the upcoming 12,000 word interview/article on me in *Rolling Stone* (which Tony Lane at RS is now doing art work on), plus the recent interview (February 3) in *The New Yorker* "Talk of the Town" plus mention in previous issue, plus Susan Sontag's willingness to recommend UBIK back in New York (which is responsible for the mention in *Variety* recently), there is a high degree of probability of one or more of these going ahead.)

My own interest is primarily in UBIK, as I explained on the phone, since this is the only one I've been allowed to do the screenplay for...also, Jean-Pierre has told me he will go by me casting suggestions, since he's from France (where, by the way, UBIK is considered the finest U.S. science-fiction novel). However, I've had a chance to spend some time talking with Robert Jaffe about ANDROIDS and I think his interest in casting the lead female rôle of Rachael Rosen would permit Ms. Principal one hell of a good chance—that rôle, Rachael Rosen, is much like the rôle of Pat Conley in UBIK, and earlier today I wrote Robert Jaffe suggesting Ms. Principal for that part. I will no doubt get a phone call soon.

I am currently getting really first class publicity, as witness the *New Yorker* pieces, the *Rolling Stone* long piece, which the interviewer, Paul Williams (the rock critic who founded *Crawdaddy*), when it appeared "will make you," the same thing my agent (at that time Henry Ludmer at SMLA) said. In March of this year, too, a periodical called *Science-Fiction Studies* which is said to go to over one thousand academic institutions at the college level devotes a special issue on my writing.

My novel mentioned above, DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP? is available from the Change of Hobbit Bookstore, 1371 Westwood Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif. 90024; phone: (213) GREAT SF, if you want to have Ms. Principal look it over. The book, that is, not the store.

Over the past twenty years I've published over thirty novels, and I've won the Hugo Award for Finest Science-Fiction Novel of the Year (1962) for my novel, MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE. I have something like fourteen or fifteen books in print at the moment and am one of the best-known of the authors in my field. UBIK is a screenplay with dignity and strength, and if/when a film is made, it will be memorable film, not only for its dramatic power but for its ideas. Characterization has always been the weak point of science-fiction; this is why I am so anxious to get really good actors into my forthcoming films: they will make or break these films.

Thank you, and it was a pleasure talking to you. I hope Ms. Principal enjoys UBIK and it would mean a great deal to me to hear from her.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick,  
Member SFWA,  
Enc: copy of UBIK, English edition

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[TO LAURA & ANNE DICK]

February 27, 1975

Dear Laura and Anne,

Here are Xeroxes of both items in sequence carried by the *New Yorker* in its "Talk of the Town," January 27th and February 3 of this year. They were written backward. First, Tony Hiss, who writes "Talk" (or "Town") and Hammerin' Hank, who is Henry Korman, came to the West Coast because Henry is into Sufi and the funeral is a biiig Sufi event (see enclosures). They also visited Henny Youngman, as described. They also phoned me, having tracked me down through another s-f author, Tom Disch, who lives in New York. Tony Hiss' admiration for my writing is sincere; I'd already been told that somebody at the *New Yorker* liked me, and had mentioned me in a line-end-filling squib last August ("It sounds like a Philip K. Dick novel," is what he wrote then, I think about a baseball game).

We really had a lot of fun the day they came here. They did spend all day. The interviewer's friend Henry and I discussed theology for ever and ever. They may run an article on science-fiction because I made a great pitch that the New York literary establishment (one) ignores s-f and (two) all West Coast writers, and since most s-f writers live out here, we really get ignored. They made a note of that. They put out their own magazine, called *The Real World*, a Sufi magazine; it's terrific. They sent me one, and other good stuff besides. They want me to write something for it, but Sufi is a strange space. I thought of this:

GOD IS ABOUT TO BE REBORN AS A SUBSTATION OF THE US POSTOFFICE.

We'll see what they say. Maybe nothing. Anyhow, it is certainly a great honor to be so noted by the *New Yorker*. They really did almost nothing and really went almost nowhere out here, like they say in their two pieces, which you understand follow in a sequence the reverse of how they were written; viz.; having interviewed me, with the interview all tucked away, for the February 3 issue which comes second, then for the January 27th issue, which hadn't been set yet, he puts in a trailer which segues into the interview to follow. Readers reading the January 27th issue where he talks about reading *NOW WAIT FOR LAST YEAR* on the plane coming out here are primed, whether they realize it or not, to anticipate that, as a natural thing, since Ol' Hank and Ol' Tony are reading a book of mine anyhow, why not stop by and visit me? It's fun. Mystery stories are written the same way—i.e. backward. "Since we're reading this novel, Hank, why don't we—" and so forth.

I am really tired, as this letter probably shows. I wish I had been able to get you on the phone on the 25th and 26th, Laura, when I called, but those are the breaks.

Happy Birthday anyhow. I'd of sent you more, but it's all in Paris with my *UBIK* director who burned me on my screenplay, running off with it when I completed it without paying me. It sure screwed up Christmas for me. My big leap into the Big Time of Tinsel Town, and a burn right off.

I spent a dumb day trying to do something just for the hell of it: getting past the biggest Hollywood agency there is (*William Morris Agency*) to an actress, Victoria Principal (who starred in *The Naked Ape* to bad reviews and will be on the flick of the week soon). I really did this number today because it is a challenge, and I've been so depressed that it seemed like, What the hell. If you can first of all find out who her agent is—that's something. I did that. I phoned the head of publicity at Universal (I know Victoria is or was under contract to them; they're the owners of all new talent down here). That took many phonecalls. Finally I found out that *William Morris Agency* represents her. Okay, the small hill climbed. Next, to phone *William Morris Agency*. Wow. I got their number. I had them on the phone. I was on hold. I was not on hold. I pretended to be talking to somebody in my (sic) office. Jeez, then I had Valery. She screened me for hours while I droned on about my screenplay and the lead female role being just right for Ms. Principal (a challenge is a challenge is a challenge, as Gertrude Stein would say). I should have hoked up an Italian accent and asked for, "Giva me mizza Principale," because I know she's Italian and changed her name from *Principale* to *Principal*. Okay; I heard Valery saying sotto voce to someone, "I want you to listen in on this and see what you think," meaning me. Finally I had Victoria's agent. Wow. I made my pitch. I was out-classed, out of my league. He was very nice. I mispronounced the name of every name I name-dropped; he politely corrected me. It went on forever while I told him why I wanted and what I wanted, the whole act. "Here is what I suggest you do," he said finally. "Send Ms. Principal a copy of your novel and she'll read it and see if she wants to play the part and if she does I'll put you two in touch."

I hung up feeling that Valery had decided I was not a mugger or a fake. This is where the *New Yorker* piece helps. It took me two hours to write the letter and an hour to wrap the letter and book. After I had put the stamps on I realized that what I had actually achieved was to give Victoria Principal a free book. She can read it or throw it away, same as any other book. It's "don't call me; I'll call you," like you hear about. By virtue of terrible effort and verbal footwork I managed to talk her agent into letting me mail him something for nothing.

Maybe she'll read it and think, "This is the best novel in the whole world. I've got to meet the genius who wrote it." However, I sent her the English edition, since it's out of print here. She will imagine I live in England and write me there. I couldn't go there, as I was supposed to in March, to speak, because of my high blood pressure and respiratory crap. So I won't get the letter. It'll lie around London for a couple years and then slowly return by snail mail to her, marked:

TOO SICK TO PICK UP HIS MAIL. RETURN TO SENDER.

"Yuuuk," she'll say, and tear up the letter, my book, and whatever else is around. Maybe somebody else's book that happened to come the same day as mine.

I'll get Tony Hiss the *New Yorker* interviewer to phone her. Movie stars always answer that kind of call. So do their agents. I know I did when Tessa said, when the phone rang and she answered,

"It's the *New Yorker*. They want to interview you."

"They do?" I said as I ran to get the phone. "How come?"

"They say they flew out here to interview you, go to a funeral at Forest Lawn, and interview Henny Youngman."

Laura, regarding that, Henny Youngman I mean, I am enclosing herewith as a late birthday present, a real treasure. It works this way (this is for real). The *New Yorker* guy says:

"Want to see my pride and joy?" Reaches into his wallet.

"Sure," I say, expecting to see a photo of his kids or wife.

Henny Youngman's card enclosed, a present for you; I forced Tony Hiss to give it to me...he didn't want to. It really is Henny Youngman's card. Nobody else has it but him. Neat-o, and love to you on your 15th birthday. God be with you.

Love,  
Dad

P.S. It's not so much that the pride & joy gag is so funny in itself, but this is really Henny Youngman's card, one of the great comics of our time. It's a treasure, I think...I hope you like it, honey.

[TO CLAUDIA BUSH]

February 27, 1975

Dear Claudia,

I just had a bizarre thought. The decay backward of forms which Joe Clip sees...it is not decay. It is not retrogression. It is the retrograde axis.

We already pointed this axis out—the one he sees in UBIK—as the orthogonal one. Now I say, its retrograde motion, expressed in the novel, is its proper development, its own forward.

This "decay" is the same direction the Holy Spirit (or whatever you wish to deem it) was moving. Backward vis-a-vis our own time. So Joe Chip isn't seeing the anti-eidos. He is seeing the natural process of the other time exposed. Its normal motion under normal conditions leads back from rocketship to Corvette to La Salle to Model T. I mean, isn't this important, to realize this? He has already seen it decay via a different axis (the Platonic forms); but he still calls it decay and imagines that what he sees is a reversal of its normal growth direction.

Maybe not. Maybe this is the counter time needed to create parity. I guess I said all this, but not this way; if we saw the orthogonal axis at work, we would not see it go from Model T to LeSalle to '56 Chevy to ionosphere...that for it would be the "film pulled backward," so to speak. Joe (i.e. I) saw it naturally. So within our linear time, form (edola) develops in the opposite direction to what we in linear time see. "To enter the Kingdom of Heaven you must be as little children," He said, our Savior. We must regain what in regular time is the past; orthogonally it is the future. Then what happened to me in March, I didn't move backward, in linear time; I moved forward, to the completion of time. I saw time completed: the great Iron City which fell to the people hustling their asses for man and for God, for Justice and Truth and Joy and Freedom. I saw the Parousia.

I saw the Final Things (eschatology). There, all forms including us, including me, we have our completion. The other way...

I lived through the Final Things, coming out finally in the Perfect Kingdom: moonlight and cold cold water (psychropos). And the archway through which—the narrow path?—to enter. I knew I could. And I saw the "hotel" register in which my name was carefully written. Claudia, honey, I saw time rush through to completion, down that orthogonal axis, which I know to be the true axis.

I never noticed this parallel:

What Joe Chip saw:

FORM REVERSION

What I saw:

ROME AGAIN (time reversion)

But this isn't "reversion"; it is completion. Actually I had never realized the analog between my seeing Rome, then the Hellenistic World, then Attika, then Crete, and what Joe et al. in UBIK saw. Form reversion. Along the orthogonal axis. Wrong. Orthogonal (i.e. the Forms) yes; reversion, no. Now, when I saw what I saw, I had "died" in an actual sense; like those in UBIK I came to the end point of my lineal time-line. But I wasn't depleted; this "decay backward" to Rome which I saw wasn't an entropic process, or even decay at all.

I saw the Parousia, and I couldn't have unless they actually took place (I didn't know enough to hallucinate them accurately). Did they take place? Has the Kingdom arrived? I say Yes it has, certainly in the sense that the Brit 3 macro says about Jesus Christ's message about it. Not only is it real, it has arrived; the Day of Wrath—I think it is not a mere personal trip which I went through but which we all went through (toppling Nixon was not in my head, nor what Nixon had been

doing). Which part was on my head? Only the realization of what it meant, these historical events, and I didn't realize.

It has happened, the Prince of this World fell.

This all has been an unfolding process. A revealing or disclosing of Being.

The Final Things (Parousia) is this: when God and his forces break through, penetrate into, linear time, and intervene for us. This took place. (March 1974.) This did happen. And the sign of its approach, and symbol, was the dream in FLOW MY TEARS; the old white haired king on horseback—imminent approach of Our King to assist us.

Time didn't reach its completion as an entelechy does; it was pierced—breached. I'm a pre-cog and I saw this, in my dream, in 1970, which I put in TEARS. It was published in Feb 1974. The rat which died died here in this apartment in March 74, as prefigured in the dream; but in the dream, I was amid the posse, on horseback; thus, some part of me, the "equal" part, survived. The rat was the part of myself which had to perish, and is based on an event in the '50s when I had to murder a poor rat which had gotten in among my sleeping little girls. It shrieked so when it heard me approaching, but I had to kill it. I buried it with my St. Christopher's medal. It is now raised up as Christopher...my son's name, born in 1973. Rog Phillips (who autographed this story of his "Rat in the Skull," "To Phillip K. Dick, a name under which I frequently write" and who now is dead—) in that great story of his he has the rat pray with its foot, by moving its foot, as the boys destroy it; I cried over that (in the 50s) and when I met Rog just before his death, in 1964, got him to autograph it.

Yes, I see—that rat was the instrument of saving me; I died with it, and I prayed for it when I killed it; and it's been transformed...in Rog's story, the rat operated a humanoid robot, an android; it could manage to say, "Mama" and "papa" and could recognize the two people who were testing it, the android. It worked pedals. When the boys removed it, it was trying to work the pedals, now gone, and Rog said, It was as if it were praying. I'm sorry, poor rat; Rog is dead; the rat is dead, and I must stop typing or Tessa will get me.

Tessa's name for me (without her knowing all this, supra) is Rowie Rog. A combination of sounds which pierce to my soul, for evident reasons. Rog Phillips, by the way, was a friend of Tony Boucher, also dead...Ich sih die liethe etc. Preface to UBIK.

My personal salvation was a lapidary work achieved throughout many steps, interlocking, in my life. I had to shed the poor rat, and acquire the fawn, via the (blood of) the lamb.

Synchronized with this in time were: the publishing of TEARS, with the dream; and: (macro) the fall of the tyrant.

"Tears"—vide the libretto for Wagner's Parsifal. The rôle of tears to nourish and water and vivify new life at Easter—the tears of the repentant sinner is the psychropos, which brings new life.

I think if seen in proper perspective, sub specia aeternitatis, we're like WIND IN THE WILLOWS, to God. ("A motorcar??")

God has returned. Resumed his Kingship (the Kingdom of God has been restored, here). I saw it—Him—in the alley, as I walked. I never saw that before because He was gone from her; or rather, our eyes were “dead,” i.e. we were blind.

He is with us again, as last night revealed; as soon as I got stoned and went in to pray when I glanced up I saw two huge tree-trunk legs and shoes/feet—a Great Man standing between me and my shrine. He was there...like I saw Mrs. Donlevy. (“God of the House of Levi”.) (Discarded shoes on the beach... tennis shoes—but huge and filled, but mostly the tree trunk legs. So dense. He remains here.)

I forgot; only after that did I see anything else (e.g. Dionysos). My experiences wouldn't have been possible in our lineal time prior to March 1974. (He wasn't here.) And He remains; hence they can reoccur.

(N.B. The Iron City—Rome—didn't just go away...we threw it over, the tyranny. We fought well, organized [sic].

Yes; it was Elijah who came first, in mid-March; he prepared us, gt blub zeesxh.

First, the “Artist” (Logos) is drawing you (or universe is fashioning you) more and more like Christ. These are the first kinds of changes: you're made to look i.e. be like him. But the real thing is when you can see the likeness. First, see Him seated there, being drawn, then see that you the 1.5 minute sketch resembles Him; it's when you see that affinity, that's the last transformation, in you. That follows in linear time what the artist (continual creation) is doing: upon completion, of the entelechy; when time stops, being “filled up” or realized.

If my seeing Rome, that was the Parousia, and it was analogous to Joe Chip seeing the form reversion, then I guess when you die you enter the Parousia at once (this makes sense; how else could it be? I was indeed describing the Parousia when I described the “decay” along the orthogonal axis in UBIK which is logical). I myself first hit the Dies Irae when I first dropped acid (about 350 mice). It was cold, it was hell; I used it in later books (e.g. UBIK, MAZE OF DEATH). Now, how come I in March experienced what you're supposed to only after you're dead? I was judged and so forth, all those things, now. Either this says something about what befell me, or what befell our world in March 1974 (or both). Was it a freak thing for me, a dispensation or accident, like being allowed to stay up late or all night, etc., as a child?

This is why (uniquely for me) my thoughts and phosphene activity speeded up in March so that the rate was beyond count. My personal time used itself up...but for me the actual Fulfillment of Time was quite different from the Day of Wrath under acid in 1964, ten years or so earlier. I saw the Day of Judgment this time, when it was real, only that Sunday night when the pale white light filled the room and I once more knew death was there, and began to pray frantically in Latin, exactly as I had done in 1964 under acid. I relived it; and this time, in 1974, my vision was authentic, because 4 days later my guide and friend the Pinky cat died of cancer. Thus, this was real in an existential way; I thought the pale white light, which exposed him and me, meant death had come for me; but the fact that I saw that light, and that light was real, that event was real, Pinky was

going to die—the rest has not been a mere head trip; I know the difference; the acid trip in 1964 was the head trip.

Time had to run out for me before the Final Things could take place. I at last reached God: the beautific Void. I think He gave me a guide to replace Pinky; he gave me Erasmus the way he gave Dante Virgil. I did and do have a guide. Erasmus is my guide now. I guess I am in need of that; I remember the other night (Feb 25) when I got so loaded...as I prayed I remember I said, "I am so lonely. Give me understand. Why is it? I don't understand." Later I did understand: that it was because I still missed my father, god bless him, whom I'll never see again. But God gave me (1) a friend (v. last line in Grey's "Elegy": "And found in heaven a friend," which always appealed to me); God gave me as of my prayer on the 25th (2) understanding, that I missed my father; (3) He also gave me the only absolutely Platonic ideal perfect stoned out trip of my life. And most of all, as I sat praying, (4) I realized that Erasmus was with me and had been. I need not be lonely any more. Erasmus replaces my father; I haven't been alone since March 1974.

The gifts of the spirit. Oh yes, before I forget; when I had killed the poor rat I tossed the St. Christopher's medal into his grave with him, poor rat who only wanted to live. But you see how I had been educated by that dreadful morning: the rat had to be killed because of my little girls. It was a lesson for me, uniquely my lesson: that death was unavoidable in more than the descriptive way: that creatures do die. I saw that day that sometimes they should die; that it was of a moral necessity that I literally kill that rat. I never had that rat's karma on me, not really; I had that lesson in me, that understanding. Yet—I felt so sorry for the rat, since it didn't want to die. The lesson was for me the hardest of all: that things must be done in response to decisions or considerations or needs or directives or to accord with a higher morality which make it binding on one to take life. Therefore I saw the role that death had in the universe: a necessary one (clay pots have to be deliberately thrown back as long as they remain unsatisfactory, and that rat, honey, was he unsatisfactory). It showed me that death could not be avoided. But—I still grieved and I still prayed. Rog Phillips' story had a lot to do with my empathy; I had read the story a bit earlier, as I recall. And got the autograph later. The rat came inbetween. This was my baptism into reality, my having to kill this huge gutter-water rat which had gotten into the house and was hiding back in the girls' room. As their father I knew what to do. I guess our father (God) knows what to do, too, when he judges, and now we come to Judgment Day and why it must be so. Exactly as I had to judge and condemn and execute that rat, so must God do this—judge us all and spare some (accept them) and execute others; he would like to save them all, but the necessity of the structure precludes it.

If the fucking rat had only left the house I would have spared it. Thus we too, all of us, are given clues and help; we are guided so that "we can leave in time." And be spared.

I didn't draw a personal lesson though that I should shape up or ship out; my lesson was one regarding the universe, outside me: that death was required, as a deliberate thing. It was a terrible shock to me. I was anti-war, a passivist [sic],

raised as a Quaker. Now, having read Empedocles, I see that strife or disunion must be present in the universe to balance love or harmony; together they keep changing going. I always succumbed rather than struggled. Struggle is stife and strife is war and war leads to deliberate killing. Last night on the phone, though, I called Laura again, and got my former wife Anne. I had the opportunity to share some of my thoughts with her, about working out the ionosphere plasmic entity theory about the Holy Spirit, whereupon Anne said, "Well, that's the sin of pride, what you're doing; that is hubris. To think that you, Philip K. Dick, can figure out God—that is a sin." Instead of feeling bad I pointed out that judgment had been rendered on us all already, by the Divine Judge; whereupon Anne belatedly recalled that "he who is without sin" and so forth and apologized. But I didn't say, "The Divine Judge has arrogated this to him and will judge," I said that He had. Now, you can regard this as my saying that He was/is/always will be, or you can think to yourself, Maybe Phil said what is so: the Day of Judgment came and went, and hardly anybody noticed. Except they noticed *something*. Straaaaange things went on during 1974.

I think that in 1974 my entelechy was completed, but I never heard of anyone having his entelechy completed (watch it, Claudia), because this means that time has ended, not by God intervening, but because the last frames ran through and the film ended naturally. Well, see, here is your clue: when the last frames of my film (entelechy) passed faster and faster through the projector, I wasn't perfect; I'm still full of all sorts of shit (you noticed). Well, then it was an intrusion into time, into ordinary time, before entelechies were complete: like God's grace which saves you even if you're worthless, this intruded and saved our world even if we hadn't completed the test (which was what we were doing: doing it over and over until we got it right, and none of us hardly had gotten it right yet). God did suddenly intrude, without warning...for me it was like a thief in the night; it came at night, and I was amazed. I was caught by surprise. But what filled me was in itself flawless; the Holy Spirit or myself completed, either one—but as I stand I am wicked and think wicked thoughts, same as always (I am right now trying to get Victoria Principl—Principal's phone number; Erasmus says it can be done). That is wicked. I am motivated by a leopard skin rug and miles and miles of tawny skin (but she has a funny voice, a Sid Caesar imitation of the miles and miles. Well, we'll use lipsynch).

I do not see where I am changed, but I was spared the Wrath and I was of use (against the tyranny): "Zeus protects those who defend the Perfect Kingdom against those who would nibble it away." It is as if that rat might have proved worthy in some way yet still a rat (it was where the rat was, not what, which doomed it; it was away from its natural order, out of its spot in the Scheme of Things). Thus, we may stress changes in our Being too much in terms of being acceptable, and forget that being at the Right Place at the Right Time—after all, God will motivate us if we're there (I think always of the black dude, the guard who found the door at the Watergate hotel taped back and reported it to the D.C. fuzz). Maybe my letter (don't laugh) to the *Wall Street Journal*...no, that was after. I

guess then TEARS was what I had to offer. Think of the touching story of the "The Juggler of My Lady." That always had a lot to say to me. Yes, if I did anything in the Final War Against the Beast it was write and protect TEARS and bring it out strategically, and also be living in Fullerton where I could write Wiggins. You must put in your thesis about my correspondence back and forth with Mr. Wiggins during the impeachment, Claudia; I am so proud to have argued those issues with him. We both drew on all we had in us. (RS will mention.)

Hey, I figured out (you laughed) Nixon is the best—beast.

IX from nIXon That's Latin for 9

IC from dICK That's Latin for 99.

The universe must be read backward; so the three 9s are 666; it's a—ohhhhhhhhhh. The other night, "Erasmus" laughing. All the codes and number codes (a lot I haven't told you, but hope to some day). Seeing the numbers. I saw 555555555 a "good" number.

(Tessa just pointed out that "d" in Latin is 500. So RMN's number is 9-599, which just goes to show you. Oh I have it. The "d" shows that he will be destroyed in the 500th year of his reign. He did reign for 500 years; anyhow it seemed like it. Or it's page 500 of my Bible, or something. Wait. You read vertically. Look above. The IX is above the IC. It's a grid code (see "Cryptology" in Brit 3).

You know, if they do discover the orthogonal time axis (along which the Forms move) they will find that it leads to the Parousia.

Forms have a point of completion. Like a novel. They don't go on and on. That axis isn't just "process time" like in GODOT. It goes to completion and then stops. It is retrograde to what we see (*vide supra hoc libra*). Our lineal time then is cyclic in the "spinning ones wheels" sense of going around and around without incorporating true growth; we are declutched, purely in this time; but in reality we partake of movement toward form completion, too.

And yet we experience it backward. It was, as you put it, our childhood. "We see—the universe—as by reflection from the bottom of a burnished metal pan, but now directly for a moment," said St. Paul. This is all a flashback: our life, a post vitam. Like the squib, the interoffice memo before THREE STIG-MATA which is the novel, and what takes place "after" it is really what took place before it, which is there to explain it. I, the little boy like Christopher; that's me completed.

Oh God, Claudia: the "explosion" is throwing us backward into lineal time away from the moment of completion/perfection of each of us. What age do you guess? The Savior didn't say "babies." I think about 3 or 4 years old, maybe up to 6.

One could say, Before the World took the little child and taught it to see and think only its small way.

Yes, maybe so, Claudia; while the teacher was still the universe. I remember how God, as body-of-God, the universe, taught me, through bugs and bees, the sight of an old blind lady in a great wheelchair. I knew about being bushwacked [sic] (by a bee) about old age and death; I knew about the Fish sign, too, the Sav-

ior: I called him "Tunny," from a del Monte billboard for some canned food. We had to travel under the Oakland Estuary in the Alameda Tube, and I saw the tube like a can; at the end we emerged in the sunlight and I saw the billboard with "Tunny" on it. I loved ol' Tunny, the great fish (like Charley the Tuna now must be to Kids). Claudia, I tell you the truth: through (via, not from in, within) such shapes, the true living Archetypes speak to us, especially as children, but now, too, if we listen. In my kids' story book the figure of the old king...through him God actually moved toward me, later appearing in "dreams about my storybook," if you see. I saw this last night, how the drawn figure of the old king is:

the drawing      your parent      an archetype

The mind receives so well during young childhood. It was wonderful, enchantment, when things spoke, pictures and bugs. Well, God spoke *through* them and via, by means of, them. Utilized them as conduits of resemblance; there we encountered the Queen, the King—all the pieces on the chessboard. I realized the other night, And now, that Christopher is born, I am that wise old king. I will never find him; I can only become him. Bummer. Sad. But I looked at my great arms (I have great arms) and I thought, "One must eventually become ones own parent."

And the beautiful cruel queen is Tessa, of course. That story, THE RED FEATHER by Dorothy Canfield Fisher (I had my copy until 1972 when I was in Canada and they robbed me a final time), that was what they call my Script.

A little girl, Rosemary, was born, but the fairies came and they swept her away in a shower of sparks (this is what I saw when I was aware of Erasmus: magic fairy sparks). They put a changeling baby in her place. Later, that changeling grew up, a fairy child in the mortal world not knowing why she could now and then do magic which none of the other children could. Later, a wise old lady in a rocking chair showed her the doorway to fairyland, where Rosemary kept wanting and wanting to go, for some reason (oh yes—she felt alienated in the mortal world; unhappy, restless). She crosses to fairyland. There is the palace. The queen puts her to work in the scullery. She drudges and drudges, and the—oh yeah, now I remember. The whole idea was, the fairies stole the mortal babe to use in their fairy scullery because mortals are well-known to be better at housework. So the mortal Rosemary grows up in the PALACE and is unhappy, and not only that, she is lousy at dusting (the Queen is never satisfied, but the wise old king is gentle with Rosemary, saying, "There are laws for some people to keep and some people to break." The Queen always nags him and he says, "Coming my dear." He is always civil to her. A woman wrote this, so don't get your feathers in a twit, Claudia). Anyhow, the fairy girl in the mortal world (*supra*) does magic and can't fathom why; the mortal girl in fairland [*sic*] at the palace fucks up at scullering. They meet. It turns out that—I forgot. Everyone fucked up. The mortal girl finds her way back to the actual world and is happy, but, see, I didn't dig the end; what I dug was the little—fairy—girl here in mortaldom doing magic by accident and wondering how come she was different. The rest is a lot of plot to make it come out.

The moral of the novel was that you can be different and the King will understand but no one else will, and if you show you can do magic they will be vexed in spirit to see this, but wow, is it a trip, to turn for instance a strip of cloth in deepest winter into a garland of poppies which sizzle when they hit the snow (locale: Sweden). Rosemary (no, Rose; the other was Mary; how clever); the fairy child here in mortaldom: she could make Spring come during the deep winter. This is what she did that I remember; the snow man who winked because she made him alive; anyone can cause a golem to come to life. But the sizzling rope of poppies, in winter, which had just been cloth, just pretend—that is a superacid trip, Claudia. The heat (thermal units), the life (Dionysos, Kore, Demeter)—she had a boyfriend for me to identify with, in case some boy kid read the book, like me. He was a fairy prince named Stephen. He knew (i.e. why she could do magic).

Rose: "Stephen, how come I can do magic and I'm living here in Fullerton like everyone else, eating at McDonald's and knowing Willis McNelly?"

Stephen: (MYSTERIOUSLY, BUT AMUSED) "I can't tell you yet, Rose, or Mary, or Rosemary, whatever." (EROTIC INTERCHANGE OF GLANCES BETWEEN THEM: SHE FALLS FOR HIM. HE IS A NEAT DUDE, SHARP DRESSER, ETC. OLDER)

It's odd that I recall the sizzling rope of poppies in the snow so clearly and not the rest. What I saw the other night, the swirls of vines up the vestment of my saint statue—that was like it: the bursting forth into life of Spring, in the midst of stark winter. Now, this is obviously a mescaline type of experience. We know that. And I was loaded. And yet, perhaps Ms Fisher who wrote THE RED FEATHER based that episode on something she experienced once, and in those days no one in the U.S. took mescaline; no one got loaded. The reproach, "Phil, you experienced that because you wanted to; i.e. the swirling vines of new life" is no better an argument than, "You experienced selling UBIK to Doubleday because you wanted to." Also, "You experienced it because you read about something like that years ago in a child's book"—of what real meaning is this argument, since we don't know how that passage got into Ms. Fisher's novel in the first place? It doesn't explain why I recall that section, which was minor, which in the novel just showed the child that her difference from the other children included having strange powers; it was exciting, but not good. She didn't want to be different. (We knew, because of the scene of the baby exchanging.) Obviously, in that scene, Ms. Fisher intentionally or otherwise incorporated something of the Fruhlingszauber: the magic of springtime, as it really would be: those poppies would have sizzled in the snow, being hot. They were hot with life; the fact that Ms. Fisher saw the equation death/winter/cold versus life/Spring/heat isn't an invention of her head; it is an actual truth. She did, however, equate magic with springtime; fairy power used to turn the winter to spring, to bring life, and therein she touched on something very deep, at the heart of her small readers, like me, who were astonished and touched, but didn't know why (we knew nothing of the mystery or fertility religions of Greece et al., did we?).

Magic equals life equals warmth equals poppies. Now, poppies are an exotic flower anyhow, with intense colors, identified with foreign lands (this I'm sure is why Ms Fisher chose them).

Magic is the power to bring to life that which is only a picture of a flower on a strip of cloth (this is how it was in the novel; they tied a strip of poppy-printed cloth around the snowman's neck). And then poppies, in a rope, came to life, fell to the snow and sizzled; I still remember that touch—what verisimilitude that gave....I felt those hot flowers sizzle, and who ever heard of flowers, even in spring, being *hot*? See how much is conveyed?

These are maypole and May Day rites anyhow: the flower garland, winding it around the snowman figure. And the way by which Rosemary made the flowers actual (and hot) was by singing a song. So you can see how much is here—song, the winding of the flower-imprinted garland, the great inert figure of the deity! And then life comes—she wanted the Spring to come, they all did. In the novel the poppies, alive, were explicitly equated with Spring.

Taking a leaf from Marlo Thomas—the best thing a child's book can do is teach what the child may be and do. Which he otherwise never would have thought of (the worst is to say, No you can't do or be that. To limit him.). Did THE RED FEATHER teach me something our people have forgotten they can do? I learned otherwise?

They are going to find that orthogonal axis, Claudia, and when they do, they will find it retrograde and exactly what Joe Chip saw, and it is the time-stream I entered. And the effect of that—it looks like our past. But it is not; it is related to our past, since it moves in that direction. The Bible is a book of the future. The New Testament and the oracles of the Old: they are about tomorrow. The setting, the backdrop, will be familiar to us; the events will be played out against that setting...but the events are new. We must separate set and ground, here. The ground is old; set is new. We are participants in the set.

Ground equals WHERE

Set equals WHAT

The WHAT is Final Reckoning Time or Out-of-Time, and after accounts are settled, we get to go to the seashore. Okay? But first the poor rat has to die, poor creature; and then we're released.

Love,  
Phil

[TO SUSAN SONTAG, *author*]

February 28, 1975

Dear Ms. Sontag:

I've been trying to locate my French friend Jean-Pierre Gorin, and I understand you may know him; even better, you may know of him. The last time Jean-Pierre phoned me, it was at the end of December and he'd been very ill, in

the hospital, with a liver ailment which flares up from time to time with him. He said,

"Philip! I will call again in three or four days and be down to see you again, about the movie of your novel UBIK."

Since then no word from him at all, so I have become, as they say, frantic. He had mentioned talking to you when he was back in New York and I thought, Maybe Ms. Sontag has news of him (I'm thinking in ersatz French, which I always do when I think about Jean-Pierre). Maybe she will know if he is dead in the gutter or in the hospital or flown back to France on the Air France plane.

When Jean-Pierre was here one time he said at great length that he'd given you my novel UBIK and you'd read it and liked it. So maybe you know who this letter is from...and then again maybe I am in one of those Beckett dreams I get into where I write someone and I say, I am the famous science fiction writer. And instead of saying, I know your work, they say, Who?

This happened to me as recently as yesterday when I phoned Universal and tried to get hold of Victoria Principal's agent. I was screened over at the William Morris Agency by a girl named Valery to see if I was for real (while I was on hold I could hear Valery saying into another phone, "I want you to listen in on this and see what you think."). They decided I was for real. I am glad that was so, but it doesn't help me find my dear friend Jean-Pierre Gorin who may be very ill and I'm afraid may even have passed away. If you have any news or know who might have, or if you were to hear—it would mean so much to me to know, the rat; he's probably fine, but he had been so ill; he sounded so weak and frail, not like usual.

Thank you, lovely lady. I saw a picture of you once, a publicity still to go with a book of yours, and I thought, There sure are pretty writers in the world now. You are the kind of author who intimidates me, and this letter was difficult for me to write because of that. I just hope my friend is okay.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO UWE ANTON, *Ganymed Magazine*; first version]

February 28, 1975

Lieber Herr Anton:

Ich bin so spät, aber—danke sehr für *Ganymed Magazin* #7, und besonders was Sie gesagt haben; zum Beispiel Seite Seben: "Editorial": Sie schreiben die Wahrheit, hier, mein Freund. Wäre es möglich in The United States dieses zu schreiben—nicht noch, sondern Gestern, wenn die Freiheit kommt, wieder kommt, Morgen könnten wir selber solche brave Wörter schreiben.

Danke wieder, und der Herr Gott sei mit Ihnen.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick  
Member Science Fiction Writers of America

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[TO UWE ANTON, second version]

February 28, 1975

Lieber Herr Anton:

Ich bin so spät—aber danke sehr *Ganymed Magazin* #7 dafür, und besonders was Sie gesagt haben, zum Beispiel Seite seben: "Editorial". Es hat mir sehr gefallen. Sie schreiben die Wahrheit, hier, mein Freund. Wäre es möglich in the United States schon dieses zu sagen—nicht noch, und das tut mir ein Leid, was ein Leid, sondern eines Tages, wenn die alte verlorene Freiheit zurück kommt, wieder kommt wirklich, dann Übermorgen können wir *selber* solche brave wörter schreiben.

Es ist erstaunlich wie ein Land die Freiheit verloren kann. Eine Razzia (wie Sie sagen) in 1971 gegen mein Haus hätte es unmöglich gemacht, mir zu arbeiten. Die geheime Polizei suchte FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID zu finden—Ich erzähle dies am ersten Zeit, hier: wäre es möglich für die Polizei die einzige Handschrift zu finden—Ach; kein FLOW MY TEARS Heute. Ein Polizei Spitzel hatte das Manuscript gelesen. Sind diese Tage verloren jetzt? In Nacht und Nebel lagen die böse Polizei, hier; die Spitzel tranken und lachten mit uns, wie unsere Freunde erschein. Einer verkauft mich eine Pistole und sagte mir "Bald sterben Sie." Er meinte das Ich Selbstmord begehen sollte (er sagt, auch, das Ich so krank war das der Tot für mich bald jedenfalls ausstreckte.)

*Rolling Stone* magazine wird dies endlich erzählen. Sie haben hier gekommen, mich zu besuchen.

Wieder, danke sehr. Immer hab' Ich Deutschland geliebt, und es ist mir so wunderbar, das in Deutschland die Freiheit liegt hoch für alles zu lesen. Und denken.

Cordially, in Freundschaft,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO HENRY KORMAN]

February 29, 1975

Dear Henry,

I had worked out beyond any reasonable doubt evidence that the ancient deity Dionysos had infused me and made me his back in March of last year. In an article to be printed in England, in a book, I was going to reveal this.

However, I have discovered that I have been tricked. It is not the ancient Phrygian god of the vine tree, but Erasmus pretending to be Dionysos. My problem now is that I have toiled in vain in order that Erasmus have his little joke.

To his credit, he was delighted when I abruptly guessed that it was him and not Dionysos. Still, after I had enjoyed realization of the clues which Erasmus had left along the way (all of them puns, double puns, and which I always saw solemn and heavy meaning in—the wrong meaning leading me astray), I discovered that there are in the universe always layers below layers,

and that the universe resembles nothing so much as an onion the innermost layer of which is also the outer. For instance, perhaps it filled Dionysos with mirth to pretend to be Erasmus. Would not the god of mirth get off on that? Maybe it is Dionysos pretending to be Erasmus pretending to be Dionysos. Maybe they are the same.

I present you with the sort of evidence which deep within the heavy books I read seemed to indicate vast truths undisclosed to most men; viz.:

In a dream I was shown that the word "Jesus" is a code, a word made up and not a name at all; those reading the text who knew (the Quamran men, for instance) would see "ZEUS" and "ZAGREUS" combined into the integer "JESUS." It is a substitution code, I think they call it. These idle games of Erasmus, however, had grown stale to me once it was revealed how I'd been taken in by my own proclivity for profundity...however, as I went to get a spelling right for this letter, I found these remarkably similar textual passages:

"...I am the root and scion of David, the bright morning star." (REVELATION 22:16, Jesus describing himself.)

"Of all the trees that are

He hath his flock, and feedeth root by root,

The Joy-god Dionysos, the pure star

That shines amid the gathering of the fruit." (In Pindar, a favorite of Plutarch.)

Jane Harrison in her PROLEGOMENA TO THE STUDY OF GREEK RELIGION, discusses the notion that Dionysos was the same as the ancient Greek philosophical principle of moisture, which makes me recall that the Egyptian god of death was in more precise terms the god of desiccation, the god Set or Sit. Here in the one short stanza of Pindar we have flock, we have trees, we have in addition to these two major symbols of Jesus, terms by which all the exoteri recognize him yet, two more inner terms: the root and the star.

Dionysos appeared to the Greeks in vegetable form (root, tree, vine) and animal form (bull). He could influx himself into a human being and be him or her as well, as you and I know. What are names? This is the god of in-toxicification, taking in poisons in a quantity small enough not to kill you but large enough for you to be lifted up to see outside space and time, and to come into a relationship with those vast powers who run the universe.

And then later, "...He is drunken with music, not with wine." (Jane Harrison.) By stealthy degrees Dionysos became Zagreus and then Orpheus. The trouble with Jesus is that he isn't musical. I guess they could use lipsynch, but the fact is, Jesus is Orpheus, and Christianity is the next mirthful dodge which the Loving Dodger has worked on us, those whom he loves. I have this vision of Him: much like the Hurdy-Gurdy Man: I see Him invisible to us behind us as the flock moves on, and I see small stragglers and old stragglers and stupid stragglers and sick stragglers and stragglers in general who have given up hope or lost energy and have given up to perish as the flock or pack or herd or culture or race marches on, without a look back. And sparkling with light and silently, He emerges and without breaking stride gathers up all the stragglers.

Since the flock never looks back or turns back it never sees Him. This is why Luther accurately called our God the "God of the very desperate." This is why the image of the flock and the lamb which has wandered off appear in our sacred writings, and others which refer to this archetypal rescue in stealth. Because of course if the flock knew, they'd stop trudging along and just stand or go back. They're not to know.

Now, did Dionysos let me know this because he has taken me, or did Erasmus whisper this to me in dreams because he was such a wise Christian divine and had his own theories, and I'm fronting for him? I know I'm fronting for *someone*. God or wise old man.

With warm personal regards,  
Phil Dick

[TO PHYLLIS WHITE, wife of "Anthony Boucher"]

March 2, 1975

Dear Phyllis:

I have long thought about you, wondering how you are, and my having just now written the short enclosed piece, which is about Tony, gives me a pretext to write you as well as the opportunity to extend this copy of the piece so that you might read it. My love and my memory of Tony are combined in this, although I must admit in a rather odd way; the reason is that this was commissioned by the Sufi magazine *The Real World*, which is a very good magazine (it is put out by Tony Hiss, who writes the "Talk of the Town" in the *New Yorker*, and boasts such people as Robert Ornstein on its staff; it is what they call (ouch) a class magazine. The paper is high quality, too.

I hope that you like this piece (they may not). They just accepted a poem by my wife Tessa, and then told me that they'd like to be able to get both of us together in an issue. So the heat is on me to Come Through (I've been working since seven-thirty a.m.).

You'll note I'm living in Southern California now, "north of Disneyland," as Tony Hiss put it when he interviewed me for the *New Yorker*. I'm still writing s-f. I've got a lovely little 1.5 year-old son named Christopher, my wife Tessa is incredibly beautiful and very young (the pressure is on me, always, in all ways, to keep going, to not fall behind...alas, we all do eventually, I guess, but, then, I have developed strong religious convictions that Our Good Friend is watching to reach out and scoop us up, when we fall behind).

I've enclosed two or three pictures of us...I do hope all goes well with you, and I would so much enjoy hearing from you, and knowing about you these days. I'm into screenplay writing now...also *Rolling Stone* is doing a long article/interview with me, and, at long last, an experimental non s-f novel of mine is coming out. But I will not go Vonnegut's route and deny s-f if I make it literar-

ily-experimentally; even my experimental novel, CONFESIONS OF A CRAP ARTIST, is in the broadest sense science-fiction. Dear Phyllis. How are you?

With deep personal regards,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO TONY HISS]

March 2, 1975

Dear Tony,

Enclosed is the piece I've been working my ass off for *The Real World*. I'm glad you liked Tessa's poem, and that as you say you're going to publish it in the next issue, but that sort of puts pressure on me to come through—I've been on this piece like as of today 7:30 a.m. at the typewriter. You asked for "short." What is short? I kept it short, I hope short enough. I offer you two possibilities if you wish to cut it:

(one) Just make cuts where you can or wish. I trust you, but I'll weep genuine tears because I kept it terse anyhow as it is.

(two) Okay—on my MS page 6: you could end the piece after line 10. (Final printed sentence: "that was my friend.") But it's a different piece this way, with the Day of Wrath scene missing; much limiteder, more milder.

I proofread like mad on this, as you'll see, to cut down on your work. On author to editor grammar query; you'll note.

Glad you and Paul potlatched eached [sic] other into getting tubby. I feel everyone should eat lunch forever and get tubbier and tubbier. Did I really tell you I was a reincarnation of Winnie-the-Pooh? But he's not dead! So how can that be? I must have made it up. I do that, on occasion.

Yes, CONFESIONS OF A CRAP ARTIST is a fine novel, and I think Paul and David know what they are doing. I shorten the form by which I refer to my novels in business letters, and in conversations (e.g. FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID becomes TEARS; and of course DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP? is referred to back and forth by me and my agent et al. as SHEEP or sometimes, in error, ANDROIDS. I now find myself saying, however, caught in a matrix of my own devising:

"I sure think CRAP is wonderful. I'm positive that CRAP will excite the literary market in New York."

Tessa says in her raspy way,  
"Try calling it CONFESIONS."

But that's too long. Let me know if you are going to use this piece I wrote; if you don't, I will get you.

With warm personal regards,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO JACK SCOVIL]

March 3, 1975

Dear Jack:

Concerning our phone call today, I am enclosing:

(1) Xerox of Robert Jaffe's letter to me, which was the primary cause of my phoning you. The tone of his letter is the tone he and I have addressed each other in since we first made contact, and does not vitiate the seriousness with which Robert is approaching the UBIK screenplay matter (as I'm sure you'll agree).

(2) Xerox copy of my earlier letter to you from what you say somehow lost (dated February 11, 1975). It's a damn good thing I phoned you.

(3) A review entitled TWO CLEVER CONJURERS OF FUTURE CONSIDERATIONS from a Canadian newspaper. I want you to note the part I've marked, because the *Rolling Stone* interview/article pivots around this "Watergate-like break-in" of my house back in November 1971 when I lived in Marin County; reason I include this and mention this is that speaking from a strictly business-like standpoint, we are probably going to get more publicity out of this hit on my house than there is sea water in the Atlantic. Let's be cold-blooded about this, Jack; it was hell to have my locked files blown open and my papers gone through and stolen, but that was the past; the point is, finally a U.S. publication (i.e. *Rolling Stone*) has done a story on it, and God willing, this will soon appear. I've read the MS copy. Paul Williams says that this article should make me, my writing, and the break-in of my house "known to every home in America." It is sad to get publicity that way, by having your house pillaged and looted, but—you see my point. To show you (and you're the only person I've let know about this) how serious this matter was and still is personally for me, I am including item

(4) Xerox of letter from U.S. Senator Howard H. Baker to me regarding the item directly above. So this, you see Jack, is all very real. But, as Paul says, "It'll sell books."

Now, I do want to reiterate what I said on the phone: I want some money out of Jean-Pierre Gorin for him to drop out of owning an option on UBIK and carrying my screenplay around. He's done a lot of PR work for us on this (e.g. the piece in *Variety* and talking to Susan Sontag and various producers and actors; Norman Spinrad wrote me that "everyone in New York's heard about the proposed UBIK film", but he's had the screenplay to carry around to show people to get them to buy in from November 26th to now—I think the quid pro quo should be he pays something and we let both contracts be mutually voided, but pay something he must, or we go into court (that's if he's here in the U.S.). But we should try for some cash settlement.

I'd like to see Jean-Pierre out of this, and we turn the screenplay over to Robert Jaffe, but goddam it, I've sweated out over three months during which Jean-Pierre didn't call or write or come by. I am vindictive, but I don't want to be so vindictive that I force him to pay and hence retain the property. It's one hell of a good screenplay. It'll be getting a lot of exposure in the *Rolling Stone* piece. We can sell it.

By the way—Tony Hiss who interviewed me for the *New Yorker* writes to say he had lunch with Paul Williams who is privately printing my literary novel CONFESSIONS OF A CRAP ARTIST (no profit involved). Tony agreed to give the book publicity. So we're doing a-okay!!

Jack, I don't know if you have the two *New Yorker* pieces on me; do you? Anyhow you *must* have them, so I'm sending:

(5) Xerox copies of both *New Yorker* mentions: Jan 27th and Feb 3. Also, Tony Hiss asked for a contribution from me for his own privately put-out magazine *The Real World*, which I then wrote a 1,500 word piece for and sent directly to him; frankly, I owe him this favor, as you can see. If he pays, I'll send SMLA a 10% cut, but I don't think he pays. But considering what Tony Hiss has done for me here in the *New Yorker*—"my favorite science-fiction writer," and in the Jan 27th one: "Philip K. Dick, the great science-fiction author." Can you flash on what that's worth in terms of publicity if converted into my future? (Assuming I have one; my blood pressure is still far too high, but the hell with it.)

Jack, I know you will (one) get Jean-Pierre to pay something and then bail out and allow contract voiding; and (two) later on as soon as I can I'll send you the Xerox of the *UBIK* screenplay, and you will sell it for billions. And then you and I and Paul Williams and Tony Hiss and my wife will go have a drink together. Jean-Pierre can pick up the tab.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO DR. CHRISTOPHER EVANS]

March 3, 1975

Dear Dr. Evans:

Thank you for again writing to me. How delightful that you will be in the Los Angeles area soon! Please come by and visit me while you are here, especially if you will be visiting Van [A.E. Van Vogt, s-f writer] who is my idol and a dear person. We will have moved by then to a new house (new to us anyhow), but the phone number will be the same.

Am I to understand that you will be doing the taping with me described in your earlier letter? I hope so, as I wish to get into that project very badly. One of the reasons for this is that my writing style is quite different from my oral speech pattern; I noticed this recently when Xerox Corporation transcribed a discussion I had with a high school class about my story "Roog" which the class had read. You would swear that the person talking in the interview was not the person who had written the story; seeing the story printed immediately before the interview, with my name attached to both, I suddenly realized that I must have two quite different personalities. It would be as if St. Paul, after writing "Acts" and taking it over to be delivered to his apostles, had said aloud to them, "Okay, dummies—let's get our asses in gear; we got a lot of shit to shovel before the show's on the road." I hope I do not do Paul an injustice, since I merely mean this to serve as a hypothetical model, but you can

see why I look forward to the taping—not that I will necessarily talk in the gross way I assign to St. Paul, but that my whole vocabulary and cadences are so different. Dr. Robert Ornstein at Stanford University has demonstrated that our linguistic skills are located in one brain hemisphere—the left, and that the right is in actuality a separate brain with its own skills; the drunk who can ramble on is really a half-brained person, although his verbal skills do not show impairment. What I thought was this: all my writing is done at the typewriter, which takes both hands and hence involves bilateral brain parity; therefore, writing done on the typewriter is, neurologically speaking, not the same as oral speech which requires only the left. I have a strange feeling that this is important, and would explain why some people can write well but not speak well and vice versa.

Well, let us discuss this further on the tape perhaps. I shall look forward this time to not failing you.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

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[TO LINDA WOLFE]

March 3, 1975

Dear Linda,

How are you, there in the snow & cold? I love you. There, does that help?

Linda, we rented a house, just now. 3 bdrm, 2bth, fncl yd, nr shpcntr, ax st fr  
plyrnd, i&last mths r plus 100 depst.

It has three tiny bedrooms, but a big open floor plan living room with exposed beams and wooden bar—fenced back yard for Christopher, very green with plants, and up four houses lives Chris' baby sitter Barbara, so Tessa can toddle him up there each day, and the park across the street is for little kids, that kind. It's in what they call a nice neighborhood, which means Chicanos live on each side and they won't mind if I turn on, I guess. Also, we had just bought a huge new amplifier to go with our huge new speakers, and need house to match. Wow, honey; our dream come true.

The owners gave me the third-degree, you know, like they always do. "Are you sure you're not just another one of those apartment people who want to move to a house but really don't have the financial means?"

I had just talked to the William Morris Agency the other day and I was all toughened up. I said, "Listen, I am one of the most famous and powerful people in tinsel town. I could have All Fullerton made into a set and then torn down. I know—" and here I said who know, like Chancellor Willi Brandt of the German Federal Republic. The owners of the house began to shrink and shrivel away in fear. I couldn't be stopped. "Do you know I was talking to a producer the other day?" I said (true), "and he said, Phil, this script of ours will be directed by—" I raved on. They capitulated. What was neat was that when we gave them our deposit check I suddenly demanded to see identification from them, their driver's

licenses. "A lot of bunco people in this area," I told them. I took long hard look at their ID. The owners were so intimidated that I could see their thought balloon: "We'll be lucky to get out of this alive."

I'm tired of being hassled when I go to rent. Especially when they look at you as if you're just jerking off at the idea of renting a house. I told them (true) I have owned three houses and a cabin, rented one house out—I owned a five bedroom 3 bathroom house. And then with pity I looked around at their dinky little house.

It's called living out your fantasy. Rolling your fantasy number. We just happened to see the FOR RENT sign anyhow. It was impulse. That's the way, though. Chris will love it. It even has a nursery for him, with padded floor. We can really turn on there. Nobody'll notice.

[then Tessa takes over and mentions the article for *The Real World*:]

Phil again...I just read what Tessa wrote, and I realize what a truly gifted woman my wife is, Linda. I was going to send you the rough draft of that little article with this letter, but Tessa did such a good job—well, hell, I'll enclose it, but she is so gifted and so sweet. Anyhow, what a trip it would be if *The Real World* published an article where I tell how Tony Boucher, who was critic for the N.Y. Times and *Herald Tribune* and edited (founded even) a magazine, returned as my cat Pinky to be my guide, once more, in time of need.

Love to you, lovely lady. I may enclose some photos with this but maybe not; I'm getting sort of woozy, what with all that's going on here.

I MISS YOU. You have been a guru to me too, giving me life, and the spring-time.

Love,  
Phil

[TO ROBERT JAFFE]

March 4, 1975

PHILIP K. DICK PRESENTS:

UBIK

A novel in which everybody's  
batteries run down.

Dear Robert:

I can't get them to print stationery for me because I can never remember if it's spelled "stationery" or "stationary." So I have to do it manually (see upper left).

All kidding aside, thanks for the neat letter (I'm affecting the argot of the day, or was I doing that when I last saw you already?). I knew Wally Green (sp) was a bug. I watched him on prime-time TV being devoured by ants, and I thought:

"He is getting exactly what he deserves."

So much for that; don't apologize. Who wants their film directed by someone who gets eaten up by ants? As I recall, he didn't even run; he just stood there. (Maybe it was what they call a stand-in. Note the pun.)

Boy (more argot) do I know what you mean about getting agents to do any reading of anything. After I last wrote you I spent the entire day talking to the William Morris Agency trying to talk Victoria Principal's agent into letting me mail him a free book—in this case a copy of *UBIK*. Now that I'm so goddam mad at Jean-Pierre Gorin I am rewriting the part of Pat Conley so naturally I tried to get hold of Victoria to see if she'd like to play the part. Believe it or not, her agent (after I had been screened by a lot of riffraff minor employees) agreed that he would have her read it and if she wanted to play the part, he would put us in touch.

This will mark the first time I have ever been in touch. With anything. Still, you must admit that considering that Kay Lenz' agent, upon my making the same pitch, said, "I will *never* put you in touch," this then is an improvement. The only thing is, Victoria Principal has a voice like a chicken. She reminds me of an old Sid Caesar routine about a silent film actor who was mucho macho until talkies came in.

Is this actionable, what I said there?

Please do not be ashamed of yourself palming yourself off or whatever the Americans say re my write-up in the *New Yorker*. That's how I would make use of it, were I free to. Worst of all, my wife Tessa sent one of her poems to Tony Hiss the NY interviewer for his own magazine *The Real World* and I got a letter from him reading like this:

I am going to print your wife's poem. Now, I would like something by you, too, to go along with it. Also, I had lunch with the *Rolling Stone* interviewer and I am going to give your new literary novel *CONFessions OF A CRAP ARTIST* a lot of publicity. So are you going to write something for me?

Phrased that way, I had to get up at seven-thirty a.m. and do an article for *The Real World*. At that early hour, based on a dream I'd been having, which seemed reasonable at the time, I did an article on how Anthony Boucher, the editor of the magazine *Fantasy and Science-Fiction* who bought my first story back in 1951 had been reincarnated as my cat Pinky, and they were my guru. Tony Boucher had asthma and he died of cancer. Also Pinky had hairballs and died of cancer. At seven-thirty a.m. that had the ring of reason to it. Unfortunately, I have sent that article off to *The Real World*. I think I should have waited until maybe eight a.m. to think up the idea for my article. They will reject my story and accept my wife's poem. Maybe she can do a screenplay for you, in that case.

To get down to serious stuff, after I got your letter in which you expressed interest in the screenplay for *UBIK*, inasmuch as Jean-Pierre Gorin has defaulted, I phoned Jack Scovil, my agent back in N.Y., and we discussed it, whether it was to our advantage to force, through legal action, payment from Jean-Pierre through his attorney who is based in Berkeley, or to get a legal statement of pure default and a voiding of their option on *UBIK* and quasi-ownership on the screenplay. My agent Jack Scovil asked me frankly if the screenplay was good enough to lose \$2,500 in exchange for voiding Jean-Pierre's hold on it out of existence, and then turning around and selling it on the market—in particular, did I frankly think that

your interest in it, and its intrinsic worth, outweighed trying to keep JP-Gorin honest? Jesus Christ; I had to face the fact that life is a gamble. I said, "The screenplay is better than the novel." (Scovil hasn't read either. I'll have to Xerox my copy, mail it to him so he can mail it to you.) We discussed the plugs coming for it in the RS article—there are some, and Paul Williams, the RS interviewer, read the whole goddam UBIK screenplay while he was here, to be sure he wasn't being snowed. You see the spot I was on, there on the phone? I hate decisions anyhow; they tend to bind you to one course and exclude all others. I decided to advise Scovil to push Jean-Pierre out and forfeit the \$2,500, get the option removed from the book at the same time. My own lawyer, whom I'd talked to earlier, had advised pushing JP out and offering the screenplay to somebody with more—well, not so much more money, but with more possibilities. "For a mere \$2,500 this French guy has your screenplay tied up," my attorney pointed out. "It all depends on how good the screenplay is," he said. "If it's a dog, let it lay."

But it is one hell of a screenplay. So Scovil and I came to the decision to push JP out, even if we forfeit the \$2,500; we'll try to get some settlement. See, JP has been ill with a liver ailment which flares up, and he's been hospitalized, in Canada. I'm sure he has been sick, and his financial resources evaporated because while he was ill he missed his timing on getting his money people together. By the time he was out of the hospital (at the end of December) they'd flown the coop.

Thus I am empowered to tell you that my agent says I can promise you the UBIK screenplay first look (first refusal, as they call it in the book biz). But you understand we must get a legal statement of contract voiding, which is a formality—unless JP decides to pay and hold onto it. I personally am taking a risk, but you're not, rotten person Jaffe, you. If I waive the \$2,500 to get possession and you don't like the screenplay, then I will have to kill myself or get a real job, one or the other. I'd be the first science fiction writer to do that; i.e. get a real job.

You maybe think I'm kidding about Victoria Principal. Well, Barbara Seagull was down here the other night with her boyfriend and her little boy Free, so I'm jaded; I mean, it's not just the bright lights and glamor that get to me. I mean, ol' Barbara fell in love with me and—well, enough said. I mean, I could have my pick of them all (within reason). It's just that in all honesty I think she'd be perfect to play Pat Conley in UBIK. Now, when the *Rolling Stone* article comes out, twelve thousand words long, THEN IS WHEN I MAKE MY MOVE.

So to sum up, I've talked by phone to my agent at Scott Meredith Literary Agency in New York and you can see the UBIK screenplay as soon as technical matters are overcome. I must transport the sole copy over to Special Collections at the Cal State Library for the Xeroxing, and so forth. I've got four books optioned now, and since I did the UBIK screenplay myself, I have a special love for it. You understand: for the first time in my life I got to re-do a novel five years after writing it, and this time, get it right.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO DR. DARKO SUVIN, editor, *Science Fiction Studies*]

March 4, 1975

Dear Dr. Suvin:

Please accept my excitement, joy, and handfuls of congratulations on SFS #5 Vol. 2 Part 1, March 1975: "The Science Fiction of Philip K. Dick." All day I've sat reading it, and my bad typing shows how tired I am—please forgive me. All of the contributions in it are superb. It is an honor which I will treasure not because of some hollow quality—that an issue was devoted to my work—but that the content was so terrific; this is what I'm trying to say, and I'm not saying it well at all.

Your own overview is wonderful ("P.K. Dick's Opus:" etc.). (I do object to "...Dick's frequent record-jacket German," though; is it that obvious? I've got Schiller's Wallenstein plays here in German, and Heine's poetry, Goethe's "Faust," but I suppose what enters my mind is connected with the German music I listen to, which brings the lyrics with it. Aber, Lieber Herr—es tut mir furchtbar Leid: Sie haben mir ein Leid getan, dabei. Mein Deutsch ist—hmm...grossartig. Lass' mich sage: wäre Ich in diesem Augenblick in Deutschland, könnte Ich das Badenzimmer finden ohne fragende. Aber genug davon.)

Carlo Pagetti's piece is excellent. Wunderschön! Am Besten.

Auch, Fredric Jamesons ist am Besten.

Actually, I got the most out of Jameson's piece; he said one or two things which give me such pervasive new insight into my own head, and my own work, that it may fundamentally change what I am capable of doing, now. I thank him; I ask you, bitte sehr, Sie Herr Jameson dafür. Erzählen Sie ihm view es mir gefällt hat.

The Brian Aldiss is good; but I had already seen it. And I saw Peter Fitting's, too, in rough draft. I am sorry, I mean no offense, but I could not get with the body of the Lem article; it may be that fatigue had just set in (which it certainly has). I was touched, though, by his final words: "...But I remain after all under their spell..." and so on to the end. It was very gracious of Mr. Lem. Thank you for sending me these copies, but thank you most of all for the very finest assembling of critical pieces on my writing which I have ever seen. I share in the pride you so very much should feel at all this.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO ROBERT ORNSTEIN]

March 4, 1975

Dear Dr. Ornstein:

Recently I met Mr. Henry Korman and Mr. Tony Hiss (Tony had come by to interview me for the *New Yorker*). I got into a marvelous discussion with Henry about Sufi and I mentioned my admiration, bordering on fanatic enthusiasm, for your pioneer work with bilateral brain hemispheric parity. Thus, I, having learned that they know you, am summoning my courage to write you and

ask, What has become of me, since experimenting with bringing on my right hemisphere (I did it mainly by ortho molecular formula vitamins, plus a good deal of concentrated meditation)?

By this I mean to say, Dr. Ornstein, ten months ago this took place, and for ten months I have been a different person. But what to me is most extraordinary (I am writing a book about it, but in the form of fiction, a novel called TO SCARE THE DEAD), is that—well, let me give the premise as I placed it into the novel:

Nicholas Brady, an ordinary American citizen with contemporary worldly values and drives (money and power and prestige) suddenly has inside him a winking into life of an entity which has slumbered for two thousand years. This entity is an Essene, who died knowing that he would be given the promised resurrection; he knew it because he and other Qumran individuals had in their possession secret formulae and medications and scientific practices to insure it. So suddenly our protagonist, Nicholas Brady, finds that there are two of him: his old self, at his secular job and goals, and this Essene from the Qumran wadi back circa 45 A.D., a holy man with holy values and utter antagonism to the secular physical world, which he sees as the "City of Iron." The Qumran mind takes over and directs Brady in a complicated series of acts until it becomes evident that others such as this Qumran man are coming back to life here and there in the world.

Studying the Bible, along with this Qumran personality, Brady finds that the New Testament is in cypher. The Qumran personality can read it. "Jesus" is really Zagreus-Zeus, taking two forms, one mild, the other utterly powerful, on which his followers can draw when in need.

The Qumran personality, who, for fictional purposes, I call Thomas, gradually informs Brady that these are the Parousia, the Final Days. And to be prepared; Thomas will prepare him by reminding him of his own divinity—anamnesis, Thomas calls it. Thomas develops a special parity relationship with Brady, but evolves as a source of teaching for the incredibly ignorant Brady the entity known as Erasmus, who is in fact a station in the noosphere, which is now so fully charged around earth that if you are aware of it you can consciously, rather than unconsciously draw from it; these are the "Seas of Knowledge" which were known back to the Sumerians, and upon which the Sibyl at Delphi drew. But this is a cover, because Brady realizes that in point of fact, the Qumran men had as their god not the mythical Jesus but the actual Zagreus, and by doing research, Brady soon learns that Zagreus was a form of Dionysos. Christianity is a later form of the worship of Dionysos, refined through the strange and lovely figure of Orpheus. Orpheus, like Jeses, is real only in the sense that Dionysos is become socialized; born here as a child of another race, not a human one but a visiting one race, Zagreus has had to learn by degrees to modify his "madness," which is now kept at a low ebb. Basically, he is with us to reconstruct us as expressions of him, and the m.o. of this is our being possessed by him—which the early Christians sought for, and hid from the hated Romans.

Dionysos-Zagreus-Orpheus-Jesus was always pitted against the City of Iron, be it Rome or Washington D.C.; he is the god of springtime, of new life, of small and helpless creatures, he is the god of mirth and frenzy, and of sitting here day after day working on this novel.

But in the novel, Thomas says, "The Final Days have come. The overthrow of the tyranny is that which, in lurid language, John described in 'Revelation.' Zagreus is seizing his own, now, one after another; *he lives again.*"

During Winter, it was believed that Dionysos, the god of the vine plant, of vegetation, of the crop, slumbered. It was known that no matter how dead he seemed (James Joyce's FINNEGANS WAKE is a wonderful account of this) he was actually alive, though you'd never know it. And then,—not to the surprise of those who understood him and believed in him—he was reborn. His followers knew he would be. We are speaking here of the mystery religions, all of them—including Christianity. Our God has been sleeping, during the long winter of the human culture (not for one year's rotational cycle of seasons, but from 45 A.D. through the centuries of mental winter to now); just when Winter holds all in its grip, the snow of despair and defeat (in our case, political chaos, moral ruin, economic ruin—the winter of our planet, our world, our civilization) then the vine, which was gnarled and old and seemingly dead, breaks into new life, and our God is reborn—not outside us as such, but in each of us. Slumbering not under the snow over the ground-surface but within the right hemispheres of our brains. We have been waiting, we didn't know what for. This is it: this is Spring for our planet, in a deeper more fundamental way. The cold chains of iron are being thrown off, but by what miracle. As with my character, Nicholas Brady—I've had Zagreus awaken in my right hemisphere, and felt the flooding of renewed life, his vigor, his personality, and his godlike wisdom: he hated the injustice he saw around him, and remembered "the dear lone lands untroubled by men, where amid the shadowy green/The little ones of the forest live and unseen." (Euripides) Dr. Ornstein, thank you for helping bring Winter to an end, and ushering in—not just Spring—but the living life of Spring alive but asleep inside us.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO CLAUDIA BUSH]

March 4, 1975

Dear Claudia,

I am so tired I can't do much, but herewith I copy two small sections from the SFS which are important:

P. 32: "...Every reader of Dick is familiar with his nightmarish uncertainty, this reality fluctuation, sometimes accounted for by drugs, sometimes by schizophrenia, and sometimes by new SF powers, in which the psychic world as it

were goes outside, and reappears in the form of simulacra or of some photographically cunning reproduction of the external. In general, the effect of these passages, in which the narrative line comes unstuck from its referent and begins to enjoy the bewildering autonomy of a kind of temporal Moebius strip, is to efface the boundary between real and hallucinatory altogether, and to discredit the reader's otherwise inevitable question as to which of the events witnessed is to be considered 'true.'"

P. 33: "...For unlike the time warps and time sags, the hallucinations and the four-dimensional mirages of the other books, atomic holocaust is a collective event about whose reality the reader cannot but decide. Dick's narrative ambiguity can accommodate individual experience, but runs greater risks in evoking the materials of world history...The flat yes or not of the mushroom cloud..."

Claudia, this man Jameson who wrote this is brilliant. He's here in California, down in La Jolla. I saw this article when he was here one day with some other freaks, but he wouldn't let me do more than take a peek at it. He's too smart.

Look, baby; later on Jameson says:

P. 38: "...The organic or communicational Bill-Dangerfield axis bringing together the past and the present, the living and the dead (sic!!!PKD), is thus the locus and bearer of life-enhancing activities in the novel, whereas the inorganic or physical Bluthgeld-Hoppy axis is the locus of individualistic madness which would, if unchecked, certainly enslave and most probably destroy human life on Earth. Clearly, Dick's solution of the fundamental politico-existential problems facing humanity is here slanted toward art and language...Dick seems to realize that the verbal, linguistic or communicational field cannot by itself provide a solution. The playful character of Bill rises therefore, by his at least approximated synthesis of verbal and kinaesthetic powers, of communications and active physical intervention, to the status of final mediator, arbiter and one could almost say savior in the microcosm of Dr. Bloodmoney."

Now, Claudia, we must be calm and serious here because what Jameson is alluding to is that somehow language is a set in which salvation can overcome the *evil of physical power*. This makes the set "words" real (as in the medieval view of Realism versus Nominalism.) Listen: is there such an actual thing as music? Or is "music" merely an abstraction? Music is real; music exerts actual force. It is energy. If so, then are not words real and exert actual force, and in the form of brain patterns and radio signals they are actual energy elements. I refer to that article from the L.A. Times I mailed you. I say, Once we would have said it was primitive magic—or really, it was a schizophrenia—to believe words were real in the sense of things, that they had thingness (we want the term substance, here). Matter is not the same as substance; energy is real but it isn't matter. Words are energy; words exist if energy exists. I know that what Jameson is talking about is right on; the universe employs signals, and these signals are in the form of energy of some kind; we have created our own, and use the term "language" or words. But nature signals animals when it is time to spawn; that is language but not words.

Communication, to refer back to Jameson, has a reality which we don't understand but which seems to act as an element in my writing. Hell, I'm too tired to say anything but this: the Greek drama, those plays at the time of the theater at Athens, they were not spoken but chanted/sung. Is it possible that our ancestors, back then, in general sang or chanted, used music, rhythm and so forth, as we now use prose? Anyhow prose developed out of the various elements which make up music. All arguments of the semanticists (especially those buggers the Logical Positivists) that words aren't real (the word "banana" is not real, and is very different from a banana; and "insanity is to confuse the two"—) suppose you apply all their arguments to music. "Music is not real; a song of sorrow, a dirge, is not real," etc. I'm listening to Janis Joplin right now. It's not real, what she is doing. Now you tell me, in which direction lies a denial of reality? In affirming that what she is producing vocally is truly real? Or that it is somehow an illusion? You know and I know which of these attitudes is sane. And how different is a poem from JJ's singing? And one of John Donne's "Meditations" from a poem? And Paul's ideas in the Pauline Texts from one of Donne's poems or one of Vaughn's? You see, if one starts with music, the chanted drama of the Dionysian tragedy, then by progressing methodically one finally arrives at the stunning realization that SCIENCE AND SANITY, i.e. General Semantics, is totally insane. Words are real—if coupled with something else. They are signals. Like when you see a red light along the road. It is real, but it refers to something, a context. But to say, That red light is an illusion, is to deny the reality of the context as well: and the power of that context to give or take life.

And so to exhaustion.

Love,  
Phil

[TO DOROTHY HUDNER, PKD's mother]

March 5, 1975

Dear Dorothy,

Good news, we are getting a house. Renting. 3 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, but most important: a fenced backyard, and across the street is a little park where Christopher can play. 4 doors up the street lives his babysitter, and it's in a wonderful neighborhood, one of the nicest in Fullerton. Every time we visited his babysitter I wished we could live in that area.

I forgot when I last wrote you. We bought the new Britannica 3; it is wonderful and so exciting. There is so much new knowledge, and they've arranged it on an entirely new basis, a sort of grid or pattern system; it's terrific.

Also we bought fine new speakers and the most wonderful amplifier-tuner for our stereo, the best I've ever had. And we got the car fixed. Meanwhile, an MGM producer is very interested in my UBIK screenplay and has asked to see it, really asked.

We had a real movie star down here to visit twice: Barbara Seagull and her son Free (David Carradine's son). I'm hard at work on a new novel, TO SCARE

THE DEAD. I called off my trip to England because of my high blood pressure, though, which is just as well.

Under separate cover I'm mailing you a publication which goes to 1000 academic institutions, an issue dealing with my work; I think you will enjoy it.

Also, Tessa sold a poem to *The Real World*, which is a fancy slick New York magazine put out by Tony Hiss the *New Yorker* interviewer and his friend Hammerin' Hank and Robert E. Ornstein the psychology researcher who discovered bilateral brain function and brought on what they call the brain revolution. So we're very excited about that, as you can imagine. It's a wonderful poem.

Chris is doing fine and we're doing fine. We'll be moving some time this month. Say hello to everyone for me; I talked to Isa and to Anne on the phone and to Nancy; wish I could have talked to Laura, but I couldn't. Hope you are feeling better. (The *Rolling Stone* piece is now in their art department's hands, so it's coming right along. I am at work from 7:30 a.m. to one a.m. on my writing, now, and loving every minute of it. I just wrote Ornstein about certain hypnagogic information input I've experienced which suggest the reality of Tielhard's noösphere; I may inadvertently have substantiated its reality. The noöspheric print-out system was and is able to give me accurate medical information, mostly in Greek; I've had to consult a philosophy professor re the exact technical meanings of some of the terms. The Aurora and other plasmic ion formations may be the precise location around the Earth of this noösphere, a theory I'm working on now re my research for my novel.)

Love,  
Phil

[TO URSULA LE GUIN, *fellow s-f writer*]

March 5, 1975

Dear Ursula,

Did I thank you for what you said about Mr. Tagomi in your London speech? I forget. Anyhow I have word of that, and so thank you. It is only one of many thanks which I give and which I owe you. The lovely lady of s-f; that is how I think of you.

Ursula, I suppose that by now you've seen SFS which deals with my writing (March '75), and which has in it one article, by Ian Watson: "Le Guin's LATHE OF HEAVEN and the Role of Dick: The False Reality as Mediator." You and I must sit down one day and talk, to see what is going on. From Ian Watson's analysis, I can readily discern that much of the underlying experiences from which my own work have come somehow underlie your work and perhaps you, if you see what I mean. It strikes me that whether you are conscious of it or not, whatever is influencing my work—I mean, making use of me, really, to put forth this work—that entity or drive is making use of you, too. It is not that I affect you or you me; it is that we are twin outcomes of a single underlying experience. What that experience is of—that we must discuss, for I know by now that it is a most

important experience, having to do with the nature of the *substance* of reality (in contradistinction to the manifold appearances of reality).

Once I read somewhere: "We do not dream; we are *dreamed*." That is, someone or something which is a Not-I dreams us when we are asleep. A prime mover confronts us, and designs the fabric of our night's events. I say, truly say, in no idle fashion, Ursula, that are we sure, are we really sure, that He Who dreams us at night does not also dream us during the day—and as He so dreams, or so builds (I personally conceive of him as an artificer, a workman) our *koinos*, perhaps He changes and erases backwards, and also now and then places us under something much like a spell: a spell of enchantment, so that we imagine—do you see?—imagine whole areas which are, as an architect must construct of necessity, what they call *false work* amid the permanent...

I quote from page 32 in Fred Jameson's article in the same issue of SFS:

"Every reader of Dick is familiar with this nightmarish uncertainty, this reality fluctuation, sometimes accounted for by drugs, by schizophrenia, and sometimes by new SF powers, in which the psychic worked as it were goes outside, and reappears in the form of simulacra or of some photographically cunning reproduction of the external."

Now, Ursula, this is the dream-universe cast over us perhaps, in the daytime, benign and not to be feared, but still it is the True Dreamer dreaming us along; my work and your work together show an awareness that the dream does not end when we wake up, nor begin when we shut our eyes. In the article by Ian Watson, the work of Charles Tart is mentioned. I know his work (although only recently), also the work of Robert Ornstein (I just now wrote to Ornstein, via some friends of his I met: the *New Yorker* interviewer and pal who came here to interview me). Aspects of this dreaming of us take these forms:

Our reality can be manipulated retroactively; that is, our past can be rewoven, and without hesitation, as an automatic process, our several memory-systems will fill in the blanks and make smooth the reweaving (i.e. we won't realize that alterations in our lineal-time past took place).

A certain portion of the phenomenal world which we encounter is hologram-like, projected and false, to fill in missing spaces, as in the time extension, missing elements are filled in along similar lines. Therefore we see total continuity in both extensions, time and space, without awareness of dysfunction or rupture. But in truth, there are dysfunctions which (to return to my former term) the Dreamer causes us to gloss over, or allows us to—perhaps it is less a manipulation than a permission, if you see what I mean.

In a meaningful sense, portions of our reality extensive in time and space are false; other portions are real; we have no way of determining which is which or even if this proposition is true—but this proposition is true, because I saw in March of last year a rollback of the artificial protions (the term "the veil of Maya" comes to mind). After ten months of studying and speculating, I have come to these conclusions:

(one) There are two types of time: lineal time; and orthogonal time, the latter being Real Time in that within orthogonal time you have successive layers of deepening Being; this is ontological time, and without it, there would be *nothing but* illusion, nothing but Maya, so to speak.

(two) Lineal time is mere process or accumulative time, which conceals orthogonal time from our gaze.

(three) The Dreamer who determines both our sleeping dreams and our waking dreams (*vide* Tart) wishes us to suppose the reality of the phenomena extensive in lineal time. But, upon the command, "Wachet auf!" these accretions within lineal time roll back to expose the ground of being. The Dreamer (i.e. He who dreams us) can perform this absolute act at any time He wishes (called by the Christians God's Grace or God's Mercy).

(four) The landscape thus exposed, not deformed, is quite a shock to us, when abruptly visible. What is disclosed is that the smaller cycle of the year (rotary time) is an analog of a greater "year" which is extensive for our species; i.e., instead of this Greater Year lasting a matter of 365 days, it lasts thousands of years, which is beyond the range of man as individual but well within the purview of man the race. Seen thus, we are confronted by the stark discovery (or rather disclosure to us by the Dreamer) that the time period—of lineal time—lasting from the Second Century B.C. to date is Winter, with all the attributes we correctly associate with Winter in the small year-cycle familiar to the individual.

(five) This landscape of Winter (200 B.C. to 1974 A.D.) has determined the quality or nature of the lives of all living beings within the lineal span which it underlies: like Kan as the trigram in Taoism, its aspects are Slavery, pain, hopelessness, ignorance, limitation, etc., the true darkness by which we have come to sense our past two thousand years as heavy, a burden, a tribulation, a condition of sin and ignorance, of being cut off from God, etc.

(six) Now the great orthogonal time axis rotates into the next "trigram" which is Spring, the arousing of life. This was signified by the throwing down of the tyranny here and in Greece and in Portugal, plus similar but less visible declines of physical power over men in the Soviet Bloc. The coercive enforcement of mere power, the ability to compel men, to reify them—this all constitutes qualities of Winter and is passing. I don't really mean this as a metaphor, because orthogonal time is genuine, and although its axis is by definition at right angles to lineal time (the only time we've recognized until now) its direction is retrograde, in terms of stripping off or melting away the accretions built up as layer after layer of progressively less real reality. Within, deep at the heart of Being, lies the final goal of orthogonal time, which is Restoration of Moisture (cf aspects of Dionysos, as God of the philosophical principle of moistness, versus the evil principle of desiccation, as embodied by the Egyptian god of death, Sit or Set).

(seven) The Dreamer who has kept us dreaming until the moment for awakening arrived (expressed as an intrusion into lineal time, a penetration

from without the "Final Days" of Christianity and Zoroastrianism)—this is best expressed by the discovery that the authentic reality of Springtime lies beneath the inauthentic layers of snow, or of barren and sterile "death," and now revives—as is always the case in Spring. There is only one Spring, not a procession of many of them; it is the same Spring again each cyclic year. Thus, in the Great Orthogonal Year, this Springtime is *the* Springtime, not merely *a* springtime, since the orthogonal time-axis is one of ontology. In our *koinos kosmos*, now, as in our *idios kosmos*, or more properly, in our *idioi kosmoi*, we are being intruded on, as Runciter intruded on those in half-life. The symbol of half-life in *UBIK* must be viewed as an accurate dramatic representation of our true state of Being: we are only half-alive, or slumbering in our icy coffins, severally, and individually as shown in the novel.

(eight) Those in half-life are not dead, nor is the root slumbering under the snow (the symbol of both Christ and Dionysos: it looks dead but is only asleep, waiting to be awakened by the voice of spring). We are those slumbering roots. We are dormant. It is difficult intellectually to understand this, that we are neither fully alive nor fully dead (Aristotle taught us that we have to be A or not-A), but in fact these thousands of years for our species, and for our animal friends as well—these are nothing but a long winter in which half of us (expressed neurologically, perhaps, by the fact that we use only one of our brains, or the left hemisphere) is alive and the other half has not yet come to life. Many of the parables of Christ, familiar to those who knew the cryptic sayings of the mystery religions in general, refer to this (the grain of wheat which must be planted; we are now sorrowing in childbirth, the treasure buried in the pasture, etc.).

That the Final Days should be in fact a springing up into full life, complete life, going from seed (vide the parables and especially the Pauline Texts, plus the Orphics' doctrines and Neoplatonism, etc.)—going from dormant seed slumbering under the snow of Winter and then hearing/feeling/sensing/knowing the voice of moisture and warmth and Spring, the voice of God saying, "The time has come! Wake up!" These are the authentic commands coming to us in dreams, and are no less real and no more real than what the ordinary seed experiences in its own fashion; we are all one in that regard...except that our orthogonal Winter has lasted for one hell of a long lineal period; it seemed as if it would never end. But Winter always feels that way; each seed, each slumbering root and bulb, must in its half-life state, buried in ice and waiting, experience all of this: we share a common reality.

From this it can be seen what Paul meant by such terms as "You are the first fruits of the harvest." We read this and assume mere poetry. That it was *literally* meant—did that occur to us? But to take it literally we had to grasp the existence of (1) lineal time versus orthogonal time; and (2) the Active Dreamer who instead of saying, Dream on, dream on, sleep on, suddenly begins in our dreams to say, Die Stunde ist da! Throw off the chains, the net of thorns; it is Cantata 140 and Cantata 4 together. The Bonds of death (the thrall of Winter equals the

bonds of death) have relaxed, and as exemplar, the Christos leads us into full-life, out of the half-life we've been in.

Sorry to take so much of your time here, Ursula, but in my dreams I saw the words CANTATA 4, and when I had read the text, I began to understand.

Love,  
Phil

[TO CLAUDIA BUSH]

March 5, 1975

Dear Claudia,

I've read the Lem piece in SFS further and it is a bit like your approach but not enough to bother you....however, do read it first, when you receive the thing.

Let me offer some further notes on the plot basis I mailed you for my book: I am more and more convinced that all the mystery deities from Dionysos to the Christos were/was the same. That he resurrected the dead or sleeping man the way the forces of spring/nature revive all sleeping roots, bulbs, trees, etc.; all nature which is not man, and that the cyclic small year is to nature in general as the great year (200 B.C. to 2000 A.D.) is to the species man. Therefore, in my novel, TO SCARE THE DEAD, if the "Essene" were to awake from his 2000 year slumber, he would bring spring to the character, Nicholas Brady (the name I've chosen for my protagonist), and no separation can be made between this resurrection and the deity Zagreus-Christ and what a bulb experiences. So:

In the novel, Nicholas Brady is depressed and suicidal (reasons, perhaps are: his job requires him to fake what he is, to be inauthentic inasmuch as he fronts for the government re the recording artists he deals with. This has produced a schism within him. There can be others, but basically he leads a typically modern inauthentic schismatic existence—note existence, not life. There is no growth, just the constant revolution of the wheel of lineal time which accumulates only dust. So:

When Zagreus or the Essene Thomas is born within him, or reborn, then Nicholas Brady is saved from approaching self-destruction. This could take a dramatic form: He is cyclothemic, and entering a suicidal period. (I will exclude all psychiatrists from this book as a trite and shopworn theme, although in real life he would be seeing one. I guess his gov snoop job makes it unallowed for him to see anyone he can talk candidly to.) Suddenly another person is inside him, moving him as he once moved his own body; it is as in dreams where we do not so much dream but are dreamed. The dreamer in him who dreams him is now awake and moving him during wake-time as well. This means new life here and now for Brady. There can be scene in which he had set up his suicide; dramatically this is more exciting, and also it is more accurate, since the winter-death element of our total past is made more clear. I am sending a page of notes to show you what I mean. Nicholas realizes finally that the "sheep versus goats, the wheat seeds ver-

sus the tares" are all expressions that there exist on this planet TWO races, one of which was planted by Our God; the other by the other. He has found himself to be planted here—literally planted, in the biosphere here, and among the tares. Although he had thought of himself as wicked, his desire to destroy himself shows a schism...but a schism with what? This implied, he realizes, that something or someone else lived within him, which would not succumb to the death process. However: the seed does not awaken itself. The entire morphos within the seed is there—the entelechy waiting to unfold—but it must wait until the signals reach it, the sun/warmth/moisture and the air ion changes which penetrate to it and trigger it off. This is what happened to me, and the place of origin for the plants is the Sun; for me and for us all, I think, it is a certain star, which I know only by the code name Albemuth. A star signalled him—he, the root, is signalled by the star, thus completing the meaning of "I am the root, and the bright morning star." That which has been hidden below ground—within our biosphere, not that he literally is underground—is activated by signals arriving from Albemuth.

Claudia, you must read THE LATHE OF HEAVEN by Ursula Le Guin. It is evident that the dream universe which she speaks of is uncannily like what I have written you about, concerning my experiences. We are, Ursula and I, being "dreamed awake" now; told to wake up. Our books mirror this strange experience; we are only forerunners, she and I: among the first. Ursula wouldn't agree, but a comparison by Ian Watson in SFS shows the similarity between LATHE OF HEAVEN and my own experiences which is so obvious as to exclude controversy. Aldemar or whatever her star is, that is Albemuth (Fomalhaut) for me.

That the "dream universe moving to become the actual" is a true process actually taking place—this concept would be frightening, except that we must realize the intent of the Dreamer who dreams us: He is waking us, now; it is a voice still within the dream, much like Glen Runciter's, which is saying, "Rouse yourself and be warm; spring is here."

(Claudia, if I don't write much for the next month or so it is because we are moving to our new house. You understand. Did I tell you I wrote Ornstein? Did I tell you my blood pressure is down finally and that the doctor said flat out that he thinks it's so elevated when I come in for my test because of the pretty little blonde nurse who takes it? When she takes it, the top reading is 220; when he takes it, ten minutes later, it's only 170. I gave the nurse yesterday a little ivory cross. She's moving to Oregon, to get away from the density of population here. To get out of her apartment. The receptionist said to me, with maybe more truth than wit: "Well, when Anne takes your blood pressure it's so high you have to keep coming back in; that's the way we keep our patients coming in." The other side of that is that unconsciously I've had a vested interest in needing to come in for being tested. They all kid me there about my crush on Ann Darling (what a name for a little blonde nurse, right?) When I call in and ask if I can talk to one of Dr. \_\_\_\_\_'s nurses, they say, "Oh it's you; yes, we'll get Ann to the phone."

Odd as it sounds, there may be truth in this; Ann was the only person who sent us a congratulation card when Christopher was born, and there is so much mobility

in Orange County that she was (alas, was) one of the few people I could count on seeing. Her and Carol, my therapist, who is still injured physically and not at her desk due to showing a patient how to work out one's hostility harmlessly.

The vernal equinox is almost here. Pretty girls are everywhere, and the buds are opening into color; psychedelic color is the life of the world, the language in which the Creator speaks to us.

Love,  
Phil

[with letter to Bush March 5, 1975]

After all, not all seeds are planted as wheat grains are...there are those concealed within ripening fruit: the seeds of the various shrubs and trees. The fruit around them is to entice and to hide.

We never were promised that these bodies would be made permanent. Over and over again it was told to us that the power of death would be abolished, but not regarding these bodies; St. Paul and Jesus died as any man dies—but another Christ, and probably another Paul were born out of and after that. Rebirth does not mean to return as you were, in a mere cycle; this is where the wheat seed could not have been a wheat seed, because Jesus specifically says that on its own the grain of wheat leads a solitary life, and that after it is thrown into the furrow (the grave) it is reborn differently, into a communal life. "Reborn in glory, and no longer alone." A single vast plant "the mustard tree in which birds roost" will come about; I think this is what we call the noosphere, and I myself have already entered it.

In March it took me over totally; I was a spectator to my dream in waking life, as it awoke.

If you read the New Testament, one in understanding all this would have to say, "It can only be more than a metaphor (wheat equals man) if an actual living deity exists who can call forth the dormant seeds into life; who has voice (words or Logos) and power (power to give new life). I can say, Claudia, I know; He does exist. Zagreus is the closest name we have. He is a shower of sparks (probably tracings of fast velocity subatomic particles or air ions, etc.) I saw him and he possessed me and he is no ghost; this is not the occult (vide Lem's article in SFS). Is Runciter a ghost? I had thought so, but no; in real life, "Runciter" is no ghost because he is an energy life, a plasma, not a shade.

Please get the book *A GOD WITHIN* by René DuBos (Scribner's). He discusses this.

I must tell you if I didn't already; the Brit 3 says that belief in and research about the Logos surfaced around 1500 in Europe (it had been a long dormant doctrine in both theology and philosophy) when explorers reported that culture after culture, which had had no contact with Christianity, had obvious analogs of our religion to which they gave credence. The doctrine of the Logos, which imprinted the form of our omnicultural religion on all men caused this revival; it would explain why in all cultures similar ideas exist; the Brit 3 gives a few and I must admit, it is too close to be a coincidence. Even if our religion is "true" there

remains the need to explain how each tiny tribe everywhere possesses the essence of it, although names differ. I think the Logos doctrine is the best theoretical explanation for this (take me; I am a very small tribe: I, and Tess and Chris; yet we were imprinted by Something, and at once I noetically knew the formularies of the sacrament of the Feast of Agape, and acted it out. Later, reading up on it, I found I had gotten it right, to the very minor points even. You see?)

[TO WILLIAM E. COLBY, CIA]

March 6, 1975

Dear Sir:

According to the *Los Angeles Times*, this date, "...He (i.e. CIA Director William Colby) told the subcommittee, however, that he would provide copies of file material, if available, at the request of any American citizen who had reason to believe it was collected on him." (Page 12.)

In the year 1971, or perhaps somewhat before, I received mail from at least one Iron Curtain country. In 1972 I wrote to Communist Poland and received mail therefrom, regarding a business deal proposed by them to me. Also I received a letter or two after that, either in 1973 or early 1974, as I recall both from Poland and one from East Germany and one in March of 1974 from Soviet occupied Estonia (I notified the FBI about these letters and turned all that still remained in my possession over to them). Because incoming mail-intercept from Soviet nations to U.S. citizens has been disclosed as an activity of the CIA, I therefore have reason to believe you would possess a file on me, and in response to Director Colby's promise, I wish to be provided with a copy of my file.

Thank you for your cooperation, and I will anticipate hearing from you regarding this.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO JEAN-PIERRE GORAN]

March 11, 1975

Dear Jean-Pierre,

I have been frantic with worry about your health since I last heard from you—which was in December. Please get in touch with me, if you're well enough to; if you're not, could you have someone let me know if you're okay?

I wrote Susan Sontag in Paris and she, too, expresses worry about your health; she writes me:

"You know, Jean-Pierre is the sort of person who disappears from time to time. Those of us who are fond of him have had to get used to that...As you see, I'm reassuring you—and myself. At the same time, I can't help but worry. He was so excited about doing *UBIK* that it does seem strange he hasn't been in touch with you for such a long time. I'm writing you from Paris (where your letter was

forwarded), but I'll be back in New York in two weeks, so the address above is the right one."

I also asked Jack Scovil at the Scott Meredith Literary Agency to check with your attorney to see what is happening with you. He is concerned about contractual matters, but Ms. Sontag and I of course are concerned about you personally. I will write her when I know how you are. Please let me know—please phone me, if you possibly can.

I may be up in the Bay Area soon, to look you up, now that I have an address and name and phone number, thanks to Ms. Sontag. Jean-Pierre, we really care a lot about you, so let us know!!!

With warm personal regards,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO ROBERT S. YOUNG, CIA]

March 17, 1975

Dear Mr. Young:

Thank you for your letter of March 13, 1975, in answer to my request for a copy of my file. In your letter you request further identifying information to make absolutely certain that (one) I get the right file; and (two) that I am the person I claim to be. This is certainly proper of you. I herewith comply:

PHILIP KINDRED DICK

Born: December 16, 1928, at Chicago, Ill.

My father's name: Joseph Edgar Dick.

My mother's name: Dorothy Grant Kindred.

Birth registration file # 56957 (City of Chicago Dept of Health)

California Driver License # F170711 (issued 12-14-71)

Social Security # 550-38-3080

I attended first grade at the Bruce Tatlock School in Berkeley, California; then moved to Washington, D.C. and attended the Friends School (first grade), then the John Eaton Grammar School. Moved back to Berkeley, California around 1939, attended fourth grade through sixth at the Oxford Grammar School, then Junior High at Garfield Junior High, then High School at Berkeley High, from which I advanced, later on, for a few months at the University of California, Berkeley, where I majored in philosophy. I was given my Army induction physical during the Korean War; rejected due to high blood pressure (at Berkeley). Name of my first wife: Janet Marlin. Second Wife: Kleo Apostolides. Third wife: Anne Rubenstein (child by that marriage: Laura, born February 25). Fourth wife: Nancy Hackett (child by that marriage: Isolde Freya, born March 15). Fifth wife (present wife): Leslie Busby (child by that marriage: Christopher, July 25, 1973).

Enclosed you will find three items to verify earlier addresses. Thank you, and I hope that this information will do it.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO CLAUDIA BUSH]

March 21, 1975

Dear Claudia,

Today is the vernal equinox. I can tell, because I am in my new house typing, and cool morning fresh air is billowing around me through the window at my left. I see a huge shrub through the glass windows which form the wall before me. Elton John is singing. The cats are weaving in and out of special tunnels they have found. Christopher broke his toy and then broke it again. This, really, no joking, is the day the spirit of Springtime revives, down deep in the cold ground; I feel him wake up. When he wakes, he sees once more, since his dream has ended; he sees and we, for a moment, can see with him—not just him but what he sees the world to be.

The tyranny is gone, I think. Last year powerful spirits of the ionosphere, even perhaps from as far away as the sun's corona, were dispatched to come here to intervene. They did so. They threw it down in ruins (Nixon is now a classic ruin). Those whom they seized upon for their good work (I am one) saw for a time the universe—or anyhow whatever part caught their attention—as it is. It is a vast cube, into which time moves in the form of pattern: not spacial (it acquires space only when it enters the cube), but dynamic and bubbly; it is alive. That is the future, a bunch of patterns being fed to us as we stand around within the space-time cube. At the bottom end, the used-up time extrudes, but is still real, still there. The cube in terms of the temporal extension is about four thousand years; its spacial extension is whatever is needed to play out the patterns on, for the benefit of living creatures. The purpose of it all—this feeding energy in, patterns in, at one end of the cube within which we stand yoked together, trapped within the cube like so many parts mounted on a circuit board—this energy presents "signals" which we experience as movement and events taking place within the cube. We respond, according to instructions fired at us from around us on all the six sides of our real world. The "signals" or events are incorporated into each of us as learning—learning by experience—and they permanently modify our brain tissue, leaving permanent although minute trace-changes in us. This way we store this information combining it and altering it, and we are prepared to transmit it again when instructed, to whoever we're instructed to transmit it to. Each of us is a vast storage drum of taped information which we purposefully modify, each of us differently. Thus, Beethoven produced symphonies which no one else could; the same with Schubert. But the symphonies did not really lie within either of them (Aristotle's entelechy idea), but rather were fed to each of them in discrete (broken constituent) form, in raw bits lacking connectives. What each of those Stations did was to link his selection of bits into gestalts (his idiosyncratic symphonies). He structured them as no other Station could. However, the raw bits were fed to him; in that regard he was receptive or passive ("Where do you get your ideas, Mr. Beethoven?"). In that he connected them into a new and unique whole he was active and creative. So Beethoven, as your representative station, was a part on a circuit board, linking incoming signals, modifying them,

and then transmitting something modified. That everything received by him before (memory) and what he uniquely was (due to his experiences throughout his life) went to make up the nature of each output is obvious. Nothing could pass through Beethoven without becoming Beethoven—i.e. colored by him, in a way no one else could.

"Let's feed this through Beethoven," a spirit might be saying, taking some extra choice raw bits and then so feeding them into that one out of billions of possible stations. "That way it'll come out very good indeed." But the station burned out in a mere 48 or so years, and, alas, could not be replaced. Each station is unique. Can you imagine what it must look like, viewed in terms of its existence through all space and time? Imagine it as so many lights, each winking in a different color and rhythm; imagine it like the board which opens UBIK, but every human who ever lived represented on it...except that when a station perishes, it becomes dark. It emits light no more.

It would seem that our combined total output forms a gestalt in of itself, which is constantly retained (a permanent thing) as it is constantly added to. Maybe somewhere God has a set of headphones on and is listening to our civilization (which is now global, making the piece he hears more unified). Output must be most extraordinary in terms of richness; also it must be unique. I think it pleases Him.

"Play it again, Sam," God murmurs, when it ends.

So around and around we go again (this is the Wheel we hear of in Hinduism).

You think I'm kidding. I hope I'm kidding. "Play it again, Sam"? Our entire civilization, again and again, because we sound so good? Naw, Claudia; what it is, it is like rolling a barrel up an inclined plank. The rotational time I spoke of (orthogonal time) is the rolling around and around of the cylindrical barrel (sp). The inclination of the plank and our movement up it—that is linear time. Both movements in space (expressed to us imperfectly as time) are obviously real. The rotational one accumulates along the manifold; we advance upward. Where does it end? Obviously it does, since the mere rotational time alone expresses the entirety of repetition, of cycles. The inclination of the plank and our moving up it—obviously that leads from point A which is never seen again, or anyhow not seen until we reach point B, which we haven't yet. If you will remember this barrel up the plank picture it will aid you. Also, the fact that we experience mass, weight, and must expend effort—these show that the inclination is great, do you see? We are distinctly pushing up. Oddly, no one before me has realized that the very drudgery of human (and of all) life indicates that we are rising; we think of rising as a weightless, effortless thing, but a more mature study (a non-fantasy study) shows that it must occur with actual expended effort. And we are certainly doing that. The whole goddam barrel is rising. One day it will reach point B, which probably jumps it—and us—into another universe entirely.

Using this model you can readily see that our instinctive drive to survive against all odds serves purposes not our own: it is to keep us rolling de barrel along and along and along and along. The universe keeps jabbing us with tropisms over

which we have no control, the sum of which is: you need to do this; you must; you like to; you have nothing else to do. The last in that sequence is the truest. What the hell else is there to do, since that is all there is here, and that is why we are here? The "barrel," when studied carefully, consists of the aggregate civilization pattern we're developing: all our ideas, our thoughts, the entire Picture we carry with us both inside our minds, in each monad-like mind, and externally, in our records (but made real only when we go over the records; how real is a Beethoven symphony without one of us? We are part of the equation with it, and essential to it; half is on the record, but we are part of the playback equipment). Finally, the barrel is ourselves, and when it reaches point B, and does whatever barrels do at point B, we will ourselves, and when it reaches point B, and does whatever barrels do at point B, we will ourselves, inseparable from the barrel, pushing ourselves, then, and not some dead weight, some mere object—we will have arrived. Collectively and individually we will be quite something, a delight to God...who will then turn off his equipment which projects this hologram of space-time, this cube, and lift the barrel (or cylinder) from the great computer of which isthas been a part, a vital part, like a rod at a nuclear power station.

I think he then puts the rod-barrel-us out to pasture, which accounts for our various visions of heaven. We're like some horses who work, one of them saying, "You know, when our work is done, we go to a lovely green field where we play and do not any work, and are fed and healthy," meaning that the owner, simply, puts them out to pasture. I guess we have a kind owner, who doesn't send us to the knackers. (Hell would be the tallow works. The atheist, in this model, doesn't look very intelligent; he says, "When we're through working here we just disappear. We go nowhere.")

What one must realize is that our combined fate, our joint soul, is involved; when I as an individual die, it is as if a cell in my body died; the organism (the barrel plus barrel-pusher) goes on. Viewed properly rather than from out of my head or your head or Richard Nixon's head, one individual is not an individual; John Donne was just stating a fact, about the mainland. Our heaven, or pasture, or whatever—it doesn't come when one of us individually dies, but rather, it comes when we, the connective barrel, has reached point B. Then the work ends.

I think that point B is in sight now, already; this is what I caught a pre-cog glimpse of, a preview of, starting one year ago, on the previous vernal equinox. By the way—isn't this Passover, today, for the Jewish people? Elijah is again back, and the other day when I came in from outside a huge wind hit the door and I felt as if Someone had entered. The wind blew over a letter I had ready to mail; the letter was to CIA, giving them the information they requested, if I am to get a copy of my file (as I demanded) from them. The wind knocked that big letter-packet flat; I'm not afraid to prove who I am and to prove that "I am the person they have the file on." Wish me luck. And also, great Prophet of our People, Elijah Who never died, whose voice was always lifted for Justice: Don't desert us; and thank you for what you have done, to clear away King Ahab the scourge of our land.

I speak of      The Restorer of What Was Lost,  
                         The Mender of What Was Broken.

March 16, 1974: It appeared—in vivid fire, with shining colors and balanced patterns—and released me from every thrall, inner and outer.

March 18, 1974: It, from inside me, looked out and saw that the world did not compute, that I—and it—had been lied to. It denied the reality, and power, and authenticity, of the world, saying, “This cannot exist; it cannot exist.”

March 20, 1974: It seized me entirely, lifting me from the limitations of the space-time matrix; it mastered me as, at the same instant, I knew that the world around me was cardboard, a fake. Through its power I saw suddenly the universe as it was; through its power of perception I saw what really existed, and through its power of no-thought decision, I acted to *free myself*. It took on in battle, as a champion of all human spirits in thrall, every evil, every Iron Imprisoning thing.

March 20 until late July, 1974: it received signals and knew how to give ceaseless battle, to defeat the tyranny which had entered by slow degrees our free world, our pure world; it fought and destroyed tirelessly each and every one of them, and saw them all clearly, with dislike; its love was for justice and truth beyond everything else.

August 1974 on: It waned, but only as the adversary in all its forms waned and perished. When it left me, it left me as a free person, a physically and mentally healed person who had seen reality suddenly, in a flash, at the moment of greatest peril and pain and despair; it had loaned me its power and it had set right what had by degrees become wrong over God knows how long. It came just prior to the vernal equinox or at it. The Jews call it Elijah; the Christians call it the Holy Spirit. The Greeks called it Dionysus-Zagreus. It thought, in my dreams, mostly in Greek, referring to Elijah in the Greek form: Elias. Gradually its fierceness turned to a gentle quality and it seemed like Jesus, but it was still Zagreus, still the god of springtime. Finally it became the god of mirth and joy and music, perhaps a mere man, Orpheus, and after that, a punning, funning mortal, Erasmus. But underneath, when ever it might be necessary again, Zeus himself, Ela or Eloim, the Creator and Advocate, is there; he never dies: he only slumbers and listens. The lamb of Jesus is also the tyger which Blake described; it, which came to me and to our republic, contains both, is both. It—he—has no name, neither god nor force, man nor entity; He is everywhere and everything; He is outside us and inside us. He is, above all, the friend of the weak and the foe of the Lie. He is the Aton, He is The Friend.

—PKD March 21, 1975

[TO ART SPIEGELMAN, cartoonist,  
  & MICHELE GROSS]

March 30, 1975

Dear Art and Michele,

Here is a 14-page piece (about 3,000 words) for you called “The Eye of the Sibyl.” It is I think a story which you can illustrate in a vivid and compelling way.

If you do like it, I will be glad; personally, I like it very much—I wouldn't send you the thing otherwise.

My arm hurts really bad right now so I will knock off...please, if you could phone me and let me know if you find "The Eye of the Sibyl" okay...collect, of course; I get very anxious when I wait. I haven't received a rejection slip since 1954, but—well, gosh.

Technically, this should go through my agent, but I'm sure he'll understand. Okay? And well I don't know what else to say; I don't generally submit stuff to friends...but I kept in mind that what I wrote will go with something illustrated. By the way—you could eliminate the *Latin* text of the poem on page 14, and go directly to the English, if you wish. What I suggest is that you place the Latin there, but quite tiny. And the English full size. Okay? It is a famous eclogue of Virgil but no one knows it in my circle of friends...okay?

Love,  
Phil Dick

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[TO ANDREW J. OFFUTT, *treasurer, Science Fiction  
Writers of America*]

March 31, 1975

Dear Mr. Offutt,

Enclosed you will find my 1975 dues, which is \$12.50. Does this mean I win a Nebula?

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

P.S. You ought to visit Fullerton sometime. Your sense of humor would undergo a change—into dire Gothic (\*sigh\*).

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[TO REV. RAY CERULLO]

April 5, 1975

Dear Rev. Cerullo:

Your full page ad in the *Los Angeles Times*, entitled "THE TIME HAS COME!" has a convincing quality to it, unlike anything I have ever read before. I am writing to ask for a copy of "Vision" etc. as offered in the ad (I hate to call it an ad; it is more accurately an announcement of a factual event of incredible importance), and I am enclosing a small offering; a check for fifteen dollars.

For over a year, as is mentioned in the Book of Joel and repeated I believe in the New Testament as well, I have "dreamed dreams" of such utter conviction, and pointing to none other than the return of Christ, that I have in fact been waiting for such an announcement as yours. In one dream, for example, in which I really was still awake and could consciously understand what was being said, a voice said to me, "Saint Sophia is going to be reborn; she was not acceptable before." The next day I looked up "Saint Sophia" in my dictionary to see who she was, never having heard of her, and discovered that there never was any person

named that; that "Saint Sophia" is the "Word of God" or "Wisdom of God," and is in fact the Logos itself. I therefore understood this to mean that Christ would soon return, since from the Book of John I know Him to have been/to be the incarnation of the Logos, the First-Born Son of God.

This was only one dream of many, and one experience of many, on my part; this dream was the culmination of the message coming to me month after month, during which I received the Divine Fire, and later, the "Healing Sun of Righteousness," mentioned in the Book of Malachi. I have prospered spiritually and physically ever since, as has my little year-old son...but I knew to anticipate—and be ever watchful for—such an announcement as yours. I believe it is true; the awaited time has arrived. God's great Light is already beginning to shine on our world again; the breach between us and our Creator and Savior is closing.

Thank you very much, and God remain with you forever.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

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[TO LURTON BLASSINGAME, *Literary Agent*]

April 5, 1975

Dear Mr. Blassingame:

This morning Ginny Heinlein (Mrs. Robert Heinlein) phoned me to say that she had very kindly talked with you regarding your representing me—for which I thanked her, and agreed to contact you. I will not try to express my status in the field of science fiction writing in this letter because Ginny says you already looked into that. However, I am enclosing two items from recent issues of *The New Yorker* which form a charming interview with me, and which will serve to acquaint you with me personally, since mainly it is that sort of interview. This is what my current agent calls recognition of me at last by the New York literary establishment. Also I enclose the title page from *Science-Fiction Studies* of March of this year, so that you can ascertain that the academic world has at last taken note of me. Let me add, too, that *Rolling Stone* magazine, which certain reaches an entirely different audience from *The New Yorker* and probably *Science-Fiction Studies*, will soon run a 12,000 word interview/article on me. As in Tony Hiss' *New Yorker* piece, the RS interviewer gives good mention to my new unpublished novel dealing with drugs, *A SCANNER DARKLY* (I saw the typescript on the RS piece, and he speaks of *A SCANNER DARKLY* as the finest realistic novel ever written on the drug culture, which is high praise indeed).

Regarding your representing me, I think that *A SCANNER DARKLY* is a novel which I can buy back from Doubleday (I have the money on hand to do so), something I've already told Larry Ashmead I intend to do. First, the advance was miserably small: \$2,500. Later Larry agreed to raise it to \$3,000; he stated that on science-fiction this is as high as Doubleday goes. But the novel isn't science-fiction; although set somewhat in the future, it is, as the RS interviewer who himself read it and knows, a *realistic* novel, and, I think, the best damn novel I've ever

done. This is mainly why I've been so coy with Doubleday—not letting them have the second two-thirds of the MS, which has prevented them from publishing it. I may never write a novel that good again. Now, at this moment, a good friend in the book trade in New York is about to receive a Xerox copy of the rough draft; he has an editor from another house, an excellent one, who knows of the novel and the circumstances, and will take the opportunity to read it. They would not publish it as science-fiction. Since within the next six months a purely literary novel of mine (*CONFESIONS OF A CRAP ARTIST*, Entwhistle Press) will be coming out, I should by virtue of this, plus the RS piece, plus the *New Yorker* mentions, the *Science-Fiction Studies* issue devoted to my work, plus four movie options now binding four novels of mine—this should make for a superb market for *A SCANNER DARKLY*, which I've been plugging right and left for two years. I would be able to get the MS for you that you could represent me in the contracting of it, and then you could represent me from then on; I mean by this that I do and will have something good, a fine work, to turn over to you when you and I link up. Ginny Heinlein said that of course you wondered if I had anything new to offer. Well, Doubleday will let me buy it back. Larry reluctantly agreed, but begged me to stay with them, since over a ten year period they've done so many novels of mine. But I can't turn such a good novel as *SCANNER* over for a purely science-fiction release, to sell, as did my Doubleday novel *FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID* of last year, only 5,000 hardback copies, and then peddled off for a 6% royalty cut to me by DAW books. This put me practically back where I began twenty years ago!

I might add some information which you may not have on me: I am quite successful abroad; my French sales alone keep me financially solvent. (At last count I had 29 novels in print in France, released in numbers of seven to nine a year, and reprinted as soon as a print run is sold out.) My U.K. sales are very high, and the advances are excellent (at least compared with what I used to get; I'm getting about \$1,200 to \$1,500 advance both from the U.K. and France alike. Basically I am living on my foreign royalties. After the RS piece is published I expect such good sales from *SCANNER* that the ratio will change; that is, if I play my cards right. As I say, already my New York friend is seeing to it that another house reads the MS of *SCANNER* so that a good sale can be made before I shell out the money I'd have to give back to Doubleday.

In the past (especially around 1964) I wrote several novels a year; now I am writing less, turning out fewer novels but better ones. Let me add that *FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID* is in contention for a Nebula Award this year; this is the first time, the only time, that a novel of mine has received sufficient nominating votes for anything of mine, story or novel, to enter final contention. I am running against Ursula Le Guin's new novel, though, and no doubt will lose. But I am positive (and always was, from the time I began on it) that *SCANNER* would and will win every award there is. I did three years of research on it. The novel is unique. My present agent called it far and away the best thing I'd ever done—a fantastic novel. And then sold it

to Doubleday for \$2,500, the same advance I got from Ace Books for the last potboiler I sold them back around 1970. You can see my position, then. I am not complaining about my agent; I merely agree with the Heinleins that undoubtedly you could help me more. I know quite a bit about you, from friends of mine who are clients of yours. So I will hope very much that no flaws or imperfections crop up to stop our relationship from forming. I don't see why they should. Thank you, Mr. Blassingame.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick.

[TO THE INTERNATIONAL COMMUNITY OF  
CHRIST]

April 6, 1975

Dear Friends:

Less than a month ago I obtained from you THE DECODED NEW TESTAMENT, and found in it what I had hoped—and expected—to find. Based on my own inner experiences of the past year, plus the enormous research I have gotten involved in (for the purpose of better understanding my extraordinary experiences) I would say that beyond any doubt what you say is the truth, and absolutely so. In all frankness, I must tell you that I have waited and searched for what you have sent me—and for news of your existence. Considering who and what you are, I don't think you will be surprised to know that I had been informed by the Logos that I would be able to make a link-up if I kept my eyes open for an ad which would appear in the magazine *Psychology Today*...which is where I did indeed find your ad.

I cannot really add anything to what you yourselves know and say; on or about March 20th, 1974, a dazzling spectrum of balanced chromatic lights began for me, in the deep of night, the understanding of my identity and origin such as Plato speaks of as the process of anamnesis-memory, or more precisely, the removal of forgetfulness. Empedocles, as perhaps you know, was one of the first persons in our history to experience this, and as I'm positive you know, the concept of a restoration of true memory found its way into the sole mystery religion—Christianity—which managed to survive. What I would like to show you, however, is the enclosed two pages of notes which I typed out in June of last year...long before I knew of you, or of your discoveries, of your cracking the codes of the New Testament. These two roughly-typed pages, rapid jottings, so coincide with what you have correctly revealed that I am sure you will understand at once that my own personal transformation is a micromirror of what you discuss.

Toward the end of his life I was a friend of Bishop James Pike, and he often told me privately, very privately, of what John Allegro had told him about the Qumran Scrolls, especially those of Cave 5. I think I am one of the people whom Jim felt he could level with regarding the overwhelmingly important discoveries revealed by the scrolls. My slight and indirect knowledge of the "Sons

of Light versus the Sons of Darkness" and Persian origins lying behind formal Christianity perhaps laid the groundwork for the anamnesis which God granted me in March of last year (I even dealt with these matters in a novel which I wrote that Doubleday published around 1970; but I was careful not to identify the religion in my novel, *A MAZE OF DEATH*, with Christianity; I had a formal disclaimer printed in the book). I wish to tell you that Jim Pike was deeply disturbed and even, I think, somewhat frightened by the Qumran disclosures. When my own anamnesis began in March of last year I felt enormous terror, appropriately so, I think, that somehow the Roman police would destroy me for what I had begun to know and comprehend and, most of all, *to see*. I believe now, in view of what I've read, especially in your own *THE DECODED NEW TESTAMENT*, that this dread on my part, and on Jim's part, was valid. Certainly, it is an index of the nature of our world as it now stands that to know that one is a Manifested Son of God and hence immortal brings an instant, instinctive awareness of approaching physical torment and perhaps even death.

Please consider this letter an expression of joy, however, at finding that you do indeed exist (as I was intuitively certain you did, and from the start), rather than a confession of anxiety. This last year, beginning with the vernal equinox, has been the first year of true life for me. "Sleepers awake!" has been for me the trumpet-note of coming to life out of a slumber which I felt had lasted at least two thousand years. The assistance by the Logos, which through endless dreams informed, guided and healed me, has made me aware that in truth, in very truth, that Sun of Righteousness which Malachi spoke of must certainly be shining once more on our world, although as yet most people cannot see it and, tragically, may never see it.

Let me add this thrilling bit of experience on my part, which I am sure will please you: my eight year old daughter, who normally does not live with me (she lives up north with my ex-wife) came to stay here for three days, and had the following dream:

"I saw a great book, too heavy for a person to open or hold; it was up on a stand, the way a Bible is when the minister is going to read from it. Only, when I looked at the pages, I saw the inside of my heel, showing nerves...and then they performed an operation on my foot, with thumbtacks, and they healed me."

My daughter did not know that in my own dreams for almost a full year I had seen Asklepios showing me similar greats books of wisdom and healing; here was a little child ratifying for me what I knew to be true: that the Haggia Sophia, the Wisdom of God, has returned to give us help, old and young alike. That my little daughter knew it to be a great book "like the Bible" is as clear a message as we could wish.

Thank you, and again I draw your attention to the dashed-off two pages enclosed; you will see how close they come to your own discoveries. You probably will not be surprised to receive them

In fellowship,  
Philip K. Dick.

[TO CLAUDIA BUSH]

April 6, 1975

Dear Claudia,

Congratulations on nearing completion on your thesis. When do I get to read it? You know I'll like it. I'm damn glad I gave you that SFS issue on me, so you can transcend them all, good as they are. It is evident from Herr Rottensteiner's letter that the SFS issue will be the standard for all to fall short of, or, in your case, surmount.

There are typos in the SFS issue but no misspellings (sp). You are going to break ground spellingwise, I would hope.

This has been a hell of a two-week period for me, what with the new house (by the way, I interrupt myself—someone has to—to say what a swell letter your earthquake letter is. You are blossoming into an A-number-one writer, Claudia. More!), and with my daughter Isa flying down here, also a girl I used to know (maybe I'm sending some picks I mean pics of them with this; if so, so; if not, not). We all had a good time except I was so damn tired from moving I could not remain at Disneyland very long, so Isa went again with Tessa and with the two girls Loren and Lynn (vide photos). Loren, who when I knew her originally was a 17-year-old high school girl and cute, but really just cute and no more—well, she is a mermaid now, swum up from the depths of the wattery world (boy, I spell worse than you!), and what a delicious physical treat she is (see photos). But I love Tessa, and anyhow Loren is gone again, as usual. I may buy her sportscar, though, because I got in lots of money. But maybe I'll use the money to buy back SCANNER from Doubleday.

I'm including herewith some notes on my Rebirth experience, some new, the first few pages almost a year old, also a carbon of my letter to Henry Korman. I know you are busy on your thesis, but I'd like you to have these; maybe later you can read them.

My \$40 book, THE DECODED NEW TESTAMENT, shows that what happened to me is what is happening to others, which I guess I said. Where I have been somewhat off has been in my trying to understand the universe re all this experience, rather than myself. Since the universe looked so radically altered, I was fascinated to know what makes it up, and most of my writing to you, all those 100s of pages, have dealt with my theories (most of them probably true or nearly so) about the universe...whereas I should really have been asking, "How am I different?" since this is, as I see it now, primarily an inner change or transformation process, with outer changes being seen as a natural outgrowth of the inner. So today I suddenly asked myself, "What have I become that I was not?" and got some interesting answers. First, I am endlessly curious about knowing things for their own sake, in the true Greek sense. This, most of all. But underneath this lies something deeper: a sense of myself as another person entirely, one with a lifespan stretching back into infinity or near infinity, embracing both time and space in such a way that as vast as those coordinates have come to be

for me, I am vaster still. That puts it pretty well. Formally, I was saying to you that I saw the universe shrink into fake plastic cardboard, a mere illusion or clever imitation of the real; put another way, I acquired such an enormous infusion of mass that I simply overpowered my universe and in relation to it I became so strong that it shrank and dwindled; although still capable of hurting me it could do so only in a strictly limited sense, that within me burned a new life entirely (Firebright, I call him), and He cannot be done in or harmed, now, and is fed entirely from the Sun of Righteousness which carries healing in its wings (as Malachi says). In me, Firebright lives as a child, my child, the child which I am, but not a physical child but a Child of Light. Hence, he can penetrate into the heart of all things and discern their nature. But, to return to the perspective I hold now, I view him as the natural offspring of God's Firstborn, the Logos; Firebright is in essence a full Manifested Son of God, who was not there before: He was formed on the slumbering being of my own dormant spiritual body, which up to March of last year was going nowhere. The powers which Firebright (who is now myself, a reborn person, having come into being through the penetrating rays of the solar spermatikos, which again pour down on Earth) possesses are beyond measure but most important, He is immortal, and in that I am He (usually called Christ Consciousness) I am immortal. I go where He goes; we are a duplex Light entity, now in a physical body, and both of us together having worked to destroy and defeat the Sons of Darkness, the Lie here in our world. I can endure a lot, I am much happier, I don't think during the whole last year I've felt any anxiety—death doesn't frighten me, but what I do still yearn for is more and more communion with the Logos, the Intelligence from the Sun (the invisible sun, for which our visible sun is a sort of valve or transformer); what I yearn for is the Fellowship with God which I began to know when I began to experience my extraordinary vivid dreams of the delightful void in which my Friend moved toward me, that Friend lost long ago and rediscovered.

I perhaps told you that I wrote some of this up in my U.K. speech which I sent on to them...they've accepted it for printing in a book, but with misgivings. Also, I did a short (3,000 word) story for my pal Art Spiegelman who has his own underground comic now, *Arcade Comics*; it will appear in issue #3. Art liked my story but cut out all humor from it. He felt the ideas were too heavy to deserve being vitiated by humor. He will be illustrating it. His co-editor is Don Shenker, an old poet buddy of mine. I had imagined they'd just see my story as another wild s-f story, but already they intuit that there is something more to it. I guess between my speech and this story, "The Eye of the Sibyl," I've blown my cover. I'm amazed that I felt, from the start, that I should keep absolutely quiet about it; there're still a lot of things I haven't dared tell you. But the DECODED NEW TESTAMENT says that it was precisely this attitude which allowed these secrets to die originally; the original authentic Christians who know about the solar spermatika, and how it could cause a new child-life to be born inside them, which would heal them, make them immortal, give them wisdom, relate them into a direct relationship with God—they got scared the way I

first did, and kept it too secret, fearing the Romans (as I did). So when they died, the secret of what it all meant died with them. But now The Sun of Righteousness, with Healing in its Wings, shines again on man; again the Logos communes with us, and we are given rebirth within, one by one; the breach between us and God, that dark tragic rift, is ending. I know of 3 churches already who have announced this: the "diluted gospel" is done for, and God Himself now directs us: man-made establishment churches are a thing of the past. I can dig it, with rejoicing. No priests are needed!

Love,  
Phil

[TO ROBERT S. YOUNG]

April 8, 1975

Dear Mr. Young:

Thank you for your letter dated April 4, 1975, in which you tell me that you are "unable to provide a comprehensive response" to my request (to obtain a copy of my CIA file) "at this time." I grant that the reasons which you give are highly convincing, but on advice I will elect to consider (as your letter says I may) that your letter constitutes a denial of my request. You inform me that I may appeal to the CIA Information Review Committee, within 30 days as provided by your regulation, and I herewith make a formal appeal. Please do not think I am accusing you of evading your agreement to make my file available to me; I do understand your problems. But as you point out, I have quite a limited time-period to make a formal appeal, and I see no alternative for me; I must pursue this, and am so advised to do, or I may lose this matter entirely.

I appreciate the spirit of cooperation which you have expressed in both your letters to me, and as I say, I am making this appeal (and regarding your letter as a denial of my request) because if I do not I will have let my options slip by, and no reasonable man would voluntarily so do.

Thank you very much, and by the way—I think your salvaging of the Soviet sunken sub is one of the greatest moments in the history of intelligence work I've ever heard of. It's a pity that the news leaked out; this salvage operation in any case should rank with say, the breaking of the Japanese code during World War Two.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO PETE & JOAN STEVENS, *neighbors during Pt. Reyes days*]

April 8, 1975

Dear Pete and Joan,

I have thought about you many times. Finally I realized I could write you and ask if you're doing okay. On the other hand, suppose this letter doesn't get to you because you've moved? In which case I will miss you even more than ever. So like

here's what to do: when/if you get this letter, could you write me right away, just to let me know if you get this letter? And then I can write you an enormously long letter and tell you that I'm living down here in Southern California (north of Disneyland), and so forth.

There are a couple photographs included with this letter, so you can see my son Christopher (who is around 2 years old) and my daughter Isa (who is eight) and various other people, like my wife Tessa.

Hey, maybe you could phone me COLLECT: 714 526 1665. Okay? Just to say hello. I may be coming up there in the near future, and this is one main reason I am writing you, is that I may be in a position to see you again, at long last. I have had incredible adventures over the years—you won't believe what I've been into, in terms of the gutter and in terms of happiness at last.

Love to you both, and please let me know if you receive this.

With warm regards,  
Philip K. Dick

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[TO ROBERT DUNCAN, poet]

April 11, 1975

Dear Robert,

This morning while I was waiting for the mail I came across a hell of a good poem of yours, "A Poem Beginning With a Line by Pindar" and I said Fuck it. I wish I could get hold of Bob Duncan's address somehow and write him. And then the mail came, and in it was A DIRECTORY OF AMERICAN POETS 1975 Edition. So I get to tell you that over all these years since I knew you I have read your poems, when I could find them. (This is a fan letter.) The book ROOTS AND BRANCHES is a collection which I treasure and which I turn people onto. In my head "Adam's Way" is very good. Are you familiar with the TWO BOOKS OF ADAM AND EVE, originally written in Arabic by an unknown Egyptian copier? I believe that parts appear in the Qur-An; your piece "Adam's Way" made me think of it:

(Chapters XI and XIII)...But when in it (the Cave of Treasures) Adam could not see Eve; he only heard the noise she made. Neither could she see Adam, but heard the noise he made.

Then Adam wept, in deep affliction, and smote upon his breast; and he rose and said to Eve, "Where art thou?"

And she said unto him, "Lo, I am standing in this darkness."

He then said to her, "Remember the bright nature in which we lived, while we abode in the garden! O Eve! remember the glory that rested on us in the garden. O Eve! remember the trees that overshadowed us in the garden while we moved among them...think, oh think of that garden in which was no darkness, while we dwelt therein. Whereas no sooner did we come into this Cave of Treasures than darkness compassed us around about; until we can no longer see each other; and all the pleasure of this life has come to an end."

In February 1972 I was in Vancouver, B.C., lecturing at the University of British Columbia, and they told me I'd just missed you. That upset me, because evidently we were only a bit apart, and my friends there didn't even know I knew you; they just said, "You missed Robert Duncan, and he wore a CAPE!" My speech was well-received, and I decided to stay in Canada and began the legal matters involved; but then I got homesick and came back to California, but down here to the Southern part where no grass grows, only things. Anyhow, thank you for letting me express my admiration for your work, and perhaps one day we can meet, as in the old days. Much good luck and love to you.

With regards,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO MIKE BAILEY, *s-f fan publisher, Canada*]

April 11, 1975

Dear Mike,

I place my fist in my eye as a gesture of contrition for not having written you in so long. Phil Farmer and Robert Heinlein also either wrote or phoned to see why I hadn't written them. For one thing, I have virtually written no letters to anyone except to a girl in Pocatello, Idaho who's writing a thesis on my work, and who thought to write me and ask me what I thought my stuff is all about. I felt I owed her a running answer as I tried to figure UBIK and THE THREE STIGMATA and my other mysteries out. My answer got longer and longer, like an endless snake going nowhere...something like my novels. In fact this is exactly what this chick got: a sort of novel about my novels, fiction about fiction, I'm afraid it sort of messed up her head, so maybe you're better off having gotten only silence.

Also as I guess I wrote you, I had reconstructive surgery on my right shoulder in August, and it has been hard for me to write since. I wrote a screenplay for UBIK, which really did my shoulder in. After that I—well, around Christmas time I raised a fair amount of money to send off for famine relief and really didn't think about much else. After the turn of the new year I got deeper and deeper into research on a new novel I'm into, which I'm calling TO SCARE THE DEAD. I had to cancel my trip to England in March, due to high blood pressure again, but I did send them (Malcolm Edwards and Peter Nicholls) the speech itself. The *New Yorker* interviewed me in January and printed two parts in their Jan 27th and Feb 3rd issues, if you're interested. Paul Williams interviewed me for *Rolling Stone*, which should be released soon. (Paul and David Hartwell are publishing my literary novel CONFessions OF A CRAP ARTIST, by the way, pretty soon.) I wrote a short article for the magazine *The Real World*, which is a classy, slick Sufi thing that Tony Hiss, the *New Yorker* editor, puts out. Also, Art Spiegelman who puts out an underground comic mag called *Arcade* persuaded me to do a 3,000 word story for him to illustrate. So I am into some strange trips.

We've rented a house now, and the other day I finally did something I always wanted to do: I bought a sportscar (a Fiat Spyder). So my life has changed a lot.

In general there is a sense of relaxation in this country, with the Nixon gang out of power. But as the further disclosures come, it would seem that the several assassinations (JFK, then his brother, the Dr. King, George Wallace, and I sort of include Jim Pike until proved otherwise) were not only a single conspiracy, but that this conspiracy was successful. The legal government and all those leaders who might have formed future legal governments were gunned down in one of the worst coups in the history of the world. Perhaps we have not truly had a legal government since that day in Dallas, and those dreadful forces of murder and tyranny took over, cloaked in gray fog, to rule over us in the form of secret police, a true police state but masked by the outer garments of legality. Who were these people? It is evident *how* they gained power (by murder). It is evident how they ruled (by means of at least 23 police agencies joined to form the COINTELPRO system). What did they gain? Wealth, power. Their tactics come from the handbook of organized crime; perhaps they were a coalition of the secret police and the Mafia and big industry (such as the U.S. oil monopoly) backed by the military. A revolution took place in this country and it became much as I described in FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID, or would have been: perhaps aimed for, with the mass sterilization programs such as mandatory abortions for the poor, the helpless, the minorities. I remember an article in Psychology Today in mid-1974 which had a subtitle reading: "Prisons are a Source of Wealth!" and then going on to explain how prisoners would be so much happier out in the sunlight rebuilding slums, roads, and that the young people and the poor could join with them in groups, all working together, and be paid in Government scrip (in tiny amounts, to be sure, but better than nothing). And this was in a liberal magazine.

Well, I think the winter is past, of this grim and ugly tyranny, and that spring is here, now, the first real springtime we've seen in the United States since President Kennedy was murdered. I really wonder who had hold of us, though...I doubt if we've ever seen their faces or heard their names. There is always the possibility that they were a Soviet conspiracy which had infiltrated the intelligence community of the United States; who can say, except those who did it, and even among them only their very high leaders could be sure. A coup from the right—probably. But also, it is possible that it was a coup from the left, if one can speak of the Soviet tyranny as "left"; it is more a sort of state of iron, such as we had since 1963, a great dead ring of iron crushing free people both in this country and others as well. That it could become so powerful here while concealing itself—this shows the amazing power of media manipulation in this electronic age. I discovered, the other day, a note I'd jotted down god knows how long ago, but it seemed to be, in reading it, that I had stumbled onto something:

In true thought control, it is not necessary to make you believe what I believe. If I can cause you to see reality as I see it, to experience it as I experience

it, then your beliefs and ideas will automatically follow; they will be the same as mine. It is the manipulation of reality (or rather the *view* of reality) which contains the secret of controlling other minds.

America fell to an internal enemy and didn't know it. Those who guessed were terrorized, or arrested, murdered, chased out of the country or simply discredited and economically ruined—i.e. rendered powerless to alter what they saw. Also, they could not really name their enemy; he was nebulous: he had no name, except, maybe, as in the Bible he does admit: "My name is legion." Well, he lost power here, and in Greece and in Portugal, and maybe soon in the USSR. But I would like to know his name; I would like to see his face at last.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO ANGUS TAYLOR, *s-f critic*]

April 12, 1975

Dear Angus,

I do hope this reaches you before you leave for Holland. I have wanted to write you many times, but felt inadequate; frankly I am in awe of your extraordinary perceptiveness...did I spell that wrong? Never mind; you get the idea. I've let most of my writing lapse because, for one reason, I suffered a shoulder separation which required reconstructive surgery, and after that I wrote my first screenplay, for *UBIK*.

Yes, T-K did send me a copy of *PHILIP K. DICK & THE UMBRELLA OF LIGHT*, and I have read it and enjoyed it. Also, Bruce wrote me from Australia to say that, incredibly, SFS rejected an article by you in what must constitute the most buttoned-down mind attitude which the academic-Marxist clique has managed to put together—the bastards. Although I'm glad that Bruce will be publishing it. Dr. Suvin says in SFS that no one (that is, he said "none of the contributors" which is narrowly avoiding an out-and-out lie, since by "contributors" he means that little closed circle whose papers were long ago written for that issue; I saw both Peter Fitting's and Frederic Jameson's, although Jameson would only allow me to hold onto the paper for a matter of a few minutes, and not read it thoroughly; I think the whole goddam SFS issue on me was a pre-packaged deal by the ideological friends of Stanislaw Lem, and I resent very much their rejection of your piece, even though of course I haven't read your piece yet. But I know that you see in my writing the theological themes which have become increasingly more and more important to me, and important, too, in that the shaft of light which I envision drilling through the mists, the *dokos* or veil of illusion, will come via the light of inspired and God-given illumination; which, of course, is an idea which Dr. Suvin rejects with horror. Well, so much for that). He says, "No one would write an overview of my work."

I am very angry at the managed and pre-packaged slanted presentation of critical articles on me in SFS, but so it goes. As you no doubt know, I've had quite a fight with Lem, having discovered that it is not true, not true at all, as Lem told me, that

my Polish royalties could not be transferred to me "because of regulations." There are no such regulations for Poland. He took advantage of my ignorance (how the hell would I here in California know Polish law?) and led me to assume that the old ruling obtaining for other Iron Curtain Bloc countries (no transfer to hard currency, etc.) was true of Poland as well. Poland was the sole exception. Thus, there is much ill-will between me and Lem. Originally, Lem even told me that zloties or however they spell their damn money couldn't be used to pay my airfare costs to go there—and of course in a trip between California and Warsaw, airfare costs are the costs. I finally managed to get Lem to "discover" that indeed that wasn't true, that LOT, the Polish airline, did accept zloties and that my royalties could be used to pay *all* airfare. But then later on, suddenly, Lem became huffy and informed me that he was breaking off all correspondence with me...just about the time that UBIK was to be released there in his country, and my royalties would be available to me. Through his agent, Franz Rottensteiner, I was able to get Lem to write me one more time, in response to my complaints that they had managed to get UBIK free with no payment of royalties to me at all. Lem wrote to me to say that if I wrote the Krakow publisher and the translator they would handle answering me as to how I got paid. I wrote them. They never answered either. Presumably UBIK is now in print there; I got no airfare, no cash, no zloties, no nothing. In the official journal of SFWA, Lem writes that "P. Dick found the terms of our agreement satisfactory," which is an absolute lie. There is no way out of the maze; my great hopes for a trip to Poland are defeated, and the Krakow publisher will not even send me a copy of the book or let me know if indeed it has been printed.

How did I get onto this topic? Oh yes; thinking about Dr. Suvin and Lem et al. Can you imagine Peter Fitting and Frederic Jameson meeting here in my apartment, each with his paper on me, and Jameson showing it to Fitting but being reluctant to let me see it? "I'll send you a copy," he said, but never did. Fitting did send me a copy of his, though. I did see enough of Jameson's to be able to identify it as the article published in SFS. This was back in May 1974. The articles evidently interlock, building up a picture of me determined on in advance. Your view of me (i.e. of my writing) did not fit their picture. I'm afraid that you and I, Angus, are both out of line; in one of Suvin's articles in the SFS issue, the writer states (it may have been Suvin himself) that "Phil Dick shows no genuine understanding of his own writing," or words to that effect. God help us when such people begin to assemble a synthetic picture, which, if the author cannot accept, the author is abolished summarily. So you see, you and I share a common destiny, at least in this regard. But you know, I'm sure you know, that I find your view of my writing the most authentic, accurate and meaningful, and I'm sure it will prevail. It's also damn well written, what you write. I note, too, that you survey many more of my novels and stories than they do. They have picked out three or four novels and that is it. The rest will be sent into the vast shredding machine (along with us, perhaps, if they get their way).

Thank you, Angus, for the dedication on the copy you sent. And thank you for getting a mention of me into CIVILIZATION PAST & PRESENT.

I will try to get myself together so I can write you more often, and write better...I feel intimidated, as I said supra. Another thing, too, as Peter Nicholls found to his dismay when I mailed him the speech I was supposed to deliver in London in March, I have gotten into some very advanced religious experiences and theological concepts—it has been just over a year, beginning at the vernal equinox of 1974 that I suddenly penetrated through the veil, Maya (or was penetrated by a living entity of enormous wisdom and power, perhaps the Logos) and at last had the ecstatic opportunity to see reality as it is, which has been the goal of twenty-two years. I'm enclosing 3 carbon pages of notes I made recently...they will give you a little sense of what I have at last come into, a safe harbor of the soul and mind.

With warm personal regards,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO EDWARD L. FERMAN *Editor,*  
*Magazine of Fantasy & Science Fiction*]

April 13, 1975

Dear Ed,

I have a Xerox, which Harlan [Ellison] sent me, of your April 3 letter to me asking for a 3,000 word piece about his writing. Harlan had phoned me to ask me personally if I'd do it, and I told him I'd take a crack at it.

However, after coming fully awake (I was napping when Harlan's call came) I must regretfully reconsider and decline. My field is fiction, not article writing, nor am I familiar enough with Harlan's work accurately to assess it. Outside of some pieces in DEATHBIRD STORIES I really can't say I've cared very much for what I've read of Harlan's, so even if I did the article for you I'm sure it wouldn't be what you want.

Also, there is no mention of any pay for my writing this piece, and it was Harlan more than anyone else who established the principle that a writer should be paid for his work. For a 3,000 word piece I'd get normally between \$100 and \$150, as you know.

Considering the dreadful fuck-up regarding FINAL STAGE, in which my story, "A Little Something for us Tempunauts" was deprived of any chance at awards it otherwise well might have collected, I really am not very turned on by any proposal which either you or Harlan might make to me; a proposal in concert by you, especially one involving no pay at all, is really presuming on long-time friendships, which in my opinion is not proper.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick  
cc to Harlan Ellison

[TO NANCY & ISA HACKETT]

April 16, 1975

Dear Nancy and Isa,

We don't have all the pictures developed yet, but here are some. We'll no doubt have more later. I think they came out very good, don't you?

Nancy, our daughter was just wonderful down here. I am very proud of both her and of you. The house seems very lonely without her. To cheer myself up I bought a little Fiat sportscar, so maybe I'll drive up there soon. Loren Cavit said I could stay at her place. However, I still have business pending down here (my French director Jean-Pierre is supposed to phone me and to come down and stay, plus a girl we know who will be returning from New York). I would sure like to see Isa again soon, and also you and Annie, and Marin County.

We had such a good time when Isa was here. It was hard for me to believe she'd grown up so much. Years and years...what a smart girl, and so calm. Isn't it great to have a daughter like that? I must admit I've really gotten depressed, missing her, since she left. Well, such is life. I've even thought of moving back to Marin County, despite the fact that the university here has all my manuscripts and letters and so forth. When they got my stuff on "permanent loan" they boasted that I would never leave Fullerton, but maybe they will turn out to be wrong. They wanted a science-fiction writer to be living here who would lecture all the time at classes, which I've done, but I really have ceased to enjoy it. I'm supposed to be on some panels this coming Saturday, but I don't think I'll go. Public speaking is not for me.

Love to you both, and keep in touch, and God be with you.

Phil

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[TO URSULA LE GUIN]

April 17, 1975

Dear Ursula,

Thank you for the postcard. Did I mention to you that I sent off to England the speech I would have given, and Peter will print it (I mean, Gollancz will incorporate it in the book of speeches given) and I say very good things about LATHE OF HEAVEN. I think it is one of the most important books ever written. May I ask you, since this came up in one of the articles in the issue of SFS devoted to me, had you read UBIK when you wrote LATHE? I don't think you had; that is my intuition. Please let me know, okay?

As to Taoist balance—no, no, I am still into balance! I dig balance! For months I've been studying three Greeks who wrote about balance: Heraclitus (especially fragment 51), then Empedocles, and most Taoistic of all, really, Parmenides, although one reads that it is the Pythagoreans who were most influenced by the Taoists (there really must have been some contact, perhaps through India and Persia).

I think that this might show why I can move toward Christianity (which I regard as a Greek mystery religion, the only one to survive) and pre-Socratic thought:

"We know in general that the Unbounded 'governs' the universe, and so is the natural source of physical law. Moreover, the lawlike behavior occurs 'by necessity' (*kata to chreon*), which implies a power imposing the necessity, and 'according to the assessment of Time' (*kata ten tou chronous taxin*)."  
(Edward Hussey, THE PRE-SOCRATICS, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1972.)

Parmenides' Form I and Form II are virtually identical with Yang and Yin. Interestingly, Parmenides felt that in some fascinating way there was really only one Form, and I get the impression that he is saying (or did say) that somehow Form II is a "mirror imagine" or reflection of Form I. Hussey claims that 'light' is another name for Form I, which brings Form I into conformity with the views of the body of progressive Christians (of whom I feel myself a part) called formally the International community of Christ and who claim (I think correctly) to have decoded the steganographia of the New Testament (I got into this originally because of my friendship with Jim Pike; he had told me what John Allegro said the cave 5 Qumran scrolls showed about Christianity being a Greek-Iranian "Light" religion.

Regarding balance, you are probably aware of the two interpretations of Heraclitus' fragment 51, dynamic balance (*palintropos harmonie*, which would mean an oscillation in time), and static balance (*palintonos*). This is of great interest to me because I regard the concept "Logos" as meaning "Plan" more than anything else, in which case this blueprint which imposes itself as a vitalistic force *within* reality, shaping and determining it, establishes *both* total static balance (at the same time; i.e. outside of time, in the eternal world) and within the flow of creation, dynamically; thus both needs are satisfied.

You know, Ursula, although I am a Christian I do not accept the authority of any man; I am not one of the believers of any cult or creed or sect or denomination. I believe that God has broken His long (for us) silence, that the seals have been broken (I speak in terms of the symbols which come to us from our racial unconscious) and that the Book of Life is open. When you read my speech you'll see what I mean, but now I won't take any more of your time, except to say that I know you'll win the Nebula over me, you rat, but it's okay, I love you anyhow. Maybe with my next novel, A SCANNER DARKLY, I'll win.

Phil.

[TO JACK SCOVIL]

April 20, 1975

Dear Jack:

Here is a check for \$7.50, which is SMLA's commission on a small sale (\$75) by me to *Arcade Comics*, a friend of mine, Art Spiegelman. I did it as a

favor to him personally, but he paid me anyhow. It only took me half a morning to write the darn thing; for your records it's a story called "The Eye of the Sibyl."

Jack, I would like to borrow \$500, if I could. My son was unexpectedly injured this weekend, and we're short on money, waiting as we are for the U.S. royalties to come in from Berkley on MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE (which has gone into a second printing) and on the several U.K. books of mine (MARTIAN TIME-SLIP, and the U.K. hardback on MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE). I have some good news, by the way—did I tell you that my 1974 Doubleday novel FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID has not only entered contention for a Nebula but I just learned on Saturday that it is in contention for a Hugo. The vice-chairman of the convention in Australia has written me, asking that both my wife and I be there, or have someone there who can accept the award; the last time I got such a letter it was on MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE and it meant that I had won the Hugo. I don't think I'll win the Nebula on this, but in all honesty I do think I will win the Hugo. They wouldn't ask Tessa and me to spend the enormous amount for two round trip air fares from Los Angeles to Australia just to be present for someone else winning, would they? That's an awful lot of money.

Anyhow, speaking of money, thank you very much if I can borrow \$500. I only needed the previous loan a couple of days; let's hope it goes the same with this.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

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[TO EDWARD L. FERMAN]

April 21, 1975

Dear Ed:

Certainly, certainly I'd be happy to do business with you, despite FINAL STAGE, and there are no hard feelings; it's out of my system. I really couldn't do that piece on Harlan's writing, though; Harlan phoned me and put enormous pressure on me to do it, even though I kept saying again and again that I just didn't feel I could do it.

In other words, Harlan left me no way out. I finally had to admit that I don't like his writing. I wish I hadn't had to say it out loud. This proves you should leave people a graceful way out.

As far as F&SF goes, let's consider FINAL STAGE over and done with, and from now on everything as usual. Thank you for your nice letter; it smoothed ruffled feelings (mine).

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

P.S. One thing that makes me feel better is that Terry Carr bought my FINAL STAGE story, "A Little Something for us Tempunauts" for the BEST S-F OF 1974, which I guess is the Ballantine collection, so a lot of people will get to read it after all. I almost dropped dead working on it...I do want to have people read it.

O ISA & NANCY HACKETT,  
ANN \_\_\_\_\_ ]

April 21, 1975

Dear Isa and Nancy & Annie,

Here are some more pictures, Isa. Especially the ones of you and Harvey the t, taken in your bedroom, that you wanted so bad.

I think they came out very well. I've shown the pictures of you to everyone wn here, and they all say how pretty you are. They also say how sinister Harvey sks, and how large.

How is everything going with you? I miss you.

Love,  
Phil

O DONALD A. WOLLHEIM, *Editor/publisher*, DAW  
oks]

April 29, 1975

Dear Don:

I wondered to myself the other day if you were aware that my DAW novel, OW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID is in contention for both the Neb- i and the Hugo awards. Only one other novel is—Ursula Le Guin's. This is the st time a novel of mine has ever been in contention for both awards, so I guess you l a wise thing when you purchased softback rights. Let's hope we got good sales.

By the way—as long as I'm writing, let me ask if the new edition of WE CAN JILD YOU is out; you'd mentioned it. Actually I haven't seen either of these oks of mine...any chance I could talk you out of some complimentary author's pies on both WE CAN BUILD YOU (the new edition) and FLOW MY TEARS?

How are things with you? I've been doing fine, myself; I've now got four nov- optioned to the movies.

I'll hope to hear from you on how sales are of FLOW MY TEARS. I had the sing from the start that it might win a Hugo. Maybe it will. But just being in ntention certainly will help sales.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

O RALPH VICINANZA, *Scott Meredith Literary ency*]

May 2, 1975

Dear Ralph:

Did I thank you for the wonderful Dutch sale you recently wrote me about? s indeed incredible for such a small market to pay so well. Originally, the book rived only slightly more when Doubleday bought it, which goes to show you nething or other.

Now, in response to your long letter of April 22. Enclosed you will find a Xerox copy of my Vancouver speech for the French representative who asked about it. The thing is, Ralph, this speech is actually in the public domain; we cannot actually sell it, but must give it to whoever wishes to print it, there in France. I would like you to go ahead, though, anyhow, because the printing of the speech even though it brings in nothing direct will reflect in later sales of other items. With the Xerox of the speech is a long letter from me to Bruce Gillespie, editor of *Science-Fiction Commentary* which published the speech; your French representative would do well to get this letter published with my speech—i.e. accompanying it, but he will need Bruce Gillespie's permission.

Regarding those novels in manuscript form, the thing is, Ralph, there is a chance still that they may get published here in the U.S. The forthcoming article in *Rolling Stone*, plus the publishing next month of my literary novel, *CONFES- SIONS OF A CRAP ARTIST*, may do it. What I suggest is that you wait until I can get you a copy (several in fact) of *CONFES- SIONS OF A CRAP ARTIST*; it is far-and-away the best of my literary non s-f novels, and you can then market that abroad, especially in France where it ought to do quite well. It is just what they would like. Henry Ludmer talked to Paul Williams (who is publishing *CON- FES- SIONS*) about it. Foreign sales of this novel will go through you, and there should be no problem in closing deals left and right.

They will be hardback editions selling for around nine dollars. If there is a bill involved, I will take care of it.

As to my article, "The Evolution of a Vital Love," I will have a printed copy for you soon, probably in a couple weeks; a small Canadian amateur fanzine is bringing it out... , but for the purpose of making other sales, we should send it on to your French representative. So herewith my Vancouver speech, "The Android and the Human," as you've asked for. Thank you.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO DIANE CLEAVER, *editor, Doubleday*]

May 4, 1975

Dear Diane:

I have received your letter of April 30, regarding *FLOW MY TEARS*, with some very nice reviews—for which I thank you. The *Argosy* review is right on, and shows I got what I wanted to across in the novel. Also, it will look good in the approaching reprint—as you probably recall from our phone conversation, I mentioned that Avon has told me they'd already bid on it. I'll be looking forward to this with interest: to see who gets it.

Also, I have Scott's letter of May first, dealing with the same matter—i.e. *TEARS*—and he mentions talking to you. So I guess between you this matter is settled. I am glad, Diane, that retail dealers can now order again; this will please everyone. And I guess I will be receiving my author's copies.

Scott points out how good the sales are: over 5,000. I forget—obviously further royalties are due me (the advance was \$2,500), but when do you make your computation and payment? We can use the money as always. As I see it, I get ready, without further sales, over one thousand dollars more. This is the first book of mine that has oversold its advance in hardback. Wow! (My other books with you never went over 2,500 copies sold, as I recall, which is not unusual for f, correct?)

I am glad this is all settled, and you can of course write *Locus* (see my previous letter) and tell Charlie Brown your side of this. Also, I am so sorry I couldn't get to the Nebula Awards and meet you at least for a moment, but since Tessa was unable to, so to speak, flag you down, I probably would have had even worse luck: she moves much faster than me, since I am a trifle on the overweight side. On the other hand, when I can finally huff and puff my way up to the person I want to talk to, I am considerably larger (I kid Tessa that two-and-a-half of me equals one her, as a sort of unit of measurement, as with pints and quarts).\* Love to you all, and thank you for clarifying this situation.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

\*Women's Lib made me get these figures backward.

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TO JACK SCOVIL]

May 5, 1975

Dear Jack:

The loan came today. Thank you very much. Our little boy is doing fine. His illness and injury hasn't subdued him in the least, which I guess is good, psychologically speaking.

I've got a letter here from Don Wollheim at DAW. He is interested in getting hold of a couple of my earlier novels which by now should revert to me. He says he's written SMLA without response. Anyhow, Jack, I've gone over my complete list of published novels. The only two we haven't looked into are:

TIME OUT OF JOINT (Belmont 92-618 1965)

THE ZAP GUN (Pyramid R-1569 1967)

I'd like you to contact both publishers, if you will, please, and ask for title version (or reissue, of course, since they have that right). I know there is no one asking Ballantine for MARTIAN TIME-SLIP and I've been notified that MULTIMATE TRUTH won't be released back to me but will be reissued, I forget who by.

Jack, I hope we can get title reversion on something for Don, who is after all a stout advocate of my writing. After all, it was Don who discovered me, as Don says now and then in his blurb ("A Donald A. Wollheim discovery!!!!") Actually I am sort of laughing quietly because originally TIME OUT OF JOINT (which Don specifically asks about in this letter) was shown to him at Ace, and he rejected it viciously, saying it was so terrible as to defeat description. Later, when Lippincott

bought it for hardback, and then Belmont for paper, I told him and he said, "Belmont will buy anything," and walked off. So I hope you can get it for him, now that he wants it (I guess I have a longer memory than Don, which is some achievement).

Thank you, Jack, and I'll assume that you will be writing Don.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO JACK SCOVIL]

May 5, 1975

Dear Jack:

Enclosed is my check to SMLA for \$24. This is a 20% commission for you on the U.K. speech I wrote, "Man, Android and Machine," which Peter Nicholls bought for \$120. Gollancz will be publishing it in a volume of the speeches given in March of this year at London (I didn't actually attend because of illness, but they got me to mail them the speech anyhow, which they then purchased, mainly because of Gollancz' interest).

Jack, some time ago I requested your bookkeeper to give me a gross and net total of my 1974 income, for tax purposes; I never received this. I applied for both California and federal tax-filing extension time, and therefore I am still able to make the deadline—if you will send me this earning information. I would very much appreciate it. You did it the year before, for which I thank you. I've really got to have it in order to file. Okay?

I'm not sure if I ever told you—I think I did—but last year I began on a sequel to MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE, which I called VALISYSTEM A. When I dislocated my right shoulder in August of last year and had to go into the hospital for corrective surgery, I got interrupted, of course, and then in September I wrote the UBIK screenplay for Jean-Pierre Gorin because it represented immediate (sic) money. Anyhow, I am once more at work on my novel, although I've improved and altered it quite a bit in the conception—now, the working title is TO SCARE THE DEAD, and you may or may not be pleased to learn that basically it will not be a science fiction novel; rather, it will be along the lines of THE REINCARNATION OF PETER PROUD as well as that notorious best-seller THE EXORCIST. Jack, here is the plot idea in a nutshell: an ordinary businessman of modern day Los Angeles suddenly finds resurrected inside his own brain or mind the mind of an early Christian, an Essene of the Qumran Community of about 100 A.D. The modern-day businessman now has a duplex mind: half is his, half is that of "Thomas," who is not a devil but a saint. It is not demon possession, Jack, but saint possession. I have now done over a full year's research on it and spent over a thousand dollars for reference materials. I think this novel will do it.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO JACK SCOVIL]

June 9, 1975

Dear Jack:

I wonder if I could again ask for a \$500 loan (my previous loan is all paid back). Asking like this makes me feel like your son away at camp having over-spent his allowance, but I would appreciate it very much. Then I could get a fresh ribbon for my typewriter.

*Swank* magazine phoned me from New York the other day to ask me to do a 5,000 word story for them—they pay very well, and I told them I'd try to do it for them, although I do very few stories any more. I'll keep you posted. By the way—Paul Williams tells me that *Rolling Stone* threw away half its inventory of material, but in answer to a letter from him, they assure him that the interview with me will run and that it has a priority tag on in, now. So it won't be long.

As to the delivery date on my novel-in-progress TO SCARE THE DEAD...I am not sure when it will be done, but I am working on it all the time, now. Bear in mind that this is a very heavy novel, and really can't be tailored to an expedient deadline. I want to make this a good one, and I think when you do receive it you will see why; it is one idea in a million, the best I've ever had.

Thank you very much in advance for the \$500 advance.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

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[TO JACK SCOVIL]

June 22, 1975

Dear Jack:

I am enclosing a letter which I received from Brian Aldiss a short while ago. Here's what I suggest, Jack—why don't you get Brian together with John Bush at Gollancz? I would think that Bush would very much like to have MARTIAN TIME-SLIP; if not, I can't imagine why not. Certainly, Brian could and would do a good selling job to them on the novel, since he thinks so much of it.

In another matter, I am trying to think what to say to Doubleday about the terribly long-overdue novel of mine DEUS IRAE. What happened was that Roger Zelazny simply stopped sending me any material on it, but don't say this to Doubleday because it wouldn't be fair to Roger to lay the blame on him. What is perhaps more meaningful is that the novel I am currently working on, TO SCARE THE DEAD, deals to quite an extent with the same area which DEUS IRAE deals with, both being religious novels. I am getting back into this area, after my venture into the sociology novels FLOW MY TEARS and A SCANNER DARKLY. In view of this, perhaps Doubleday would like to bear with me a little longer. I could now possibly complete DEUS IRAE alone, whereas before I needed someone such as Roger Zelazny who had more background in theology. I now have adequate background, I think.

Do you want to mention it to them on this basis? I frankly plan to make my next two or three novels religious in theme—as I've told you I've done over one full year of research on this—and maybe something will come of this after all. When I started DEUS IRAE originally I simply found that one cannot write about such matters—Christianity versus a new religion—unless one has an enormous background. It's not like writing about bug eyed monsters.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO BRUCE GILLESPIE]

*June 24, 1975*

Dear Bruce,

I haven't answered your kind invitation to come to the convention in Australia because I frankly haven't known if I could make it or not. I am sorry to say it is evident now that I won't be able to attend, due to financial considerations. We just don't have the fare. I would like to be there very much—this is my first novel in contention for the Hugo since MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE—but this is the stuff of which life is made, and we must all bow to it.

As to who might accept the award, were I to win...I would of course want you to accept it for me, Bruce. I can think of no other person I would prefer that might be there, or that might not be there.

I really can't think of anything more to say right now, except to repeat that I am very sorry not to be able to come there in response to your invitation. As you can see from the spacing of the page, I had intended this to be a longer letter. I'll write you again when I can think of more to say.

With warm personal regards,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO ROSEMARY COURTNEY]

*June 30, 1975*

Dear Rosemary,

I'm sorry to be so late answering your note back in May. Anyhow, as to my definition of science fiction—I don't have one, at least one which works. It has something to do with ideas being the actual protagonist of the novel (or story), and it being set either in the future or with future science in the past, or in an alternate world, anyhow a world which is not this one. That's the main point: It's not this world and it's not a world which has ever been. What distinguished it from fantasy is that it could be true or come true, one or the other. It is an extrapolation from known facts plus additional speculative material, the "What if—" stuff which is so vital.

As to how it might differ from a novel with merely a scientific and/or futuristic background—there is a fine line across which one passes into authentic science fiction, but I can't draw that line. A lot of films are quasi science fiction, such as the disaster films, and also those ones in which the president (not the one actually in office) is shot down over Bermuda and disappears for 72 hours...you see my point, I'm sure. However, in authentic science fiction, the author must invent an entire world, and this is the hallmark you look for as a reader. Not just this society with a few changes, but a total world, created in the author's head and projected outward in fictional dramatic form. It is his inventing which you are to seek; this is what he had to offer: not description but invention.

We set our novels in the future as a *pretext* to invent. We *want* to invent, to create, rather than (as in the mainstream novel) just to recall and to get those recollections down on paper.

Thank you for writing, and I hope this rather vague response is of use; I really don't want to fake it by pretending I know when I don't.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

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[TO JACK SCOVLIL]

July 2, 1975

Dear Jack:

I got a phonecall late last night from New York on behalf of someone at Berkley Books—David Hartwell, as a matter of fact. They wanted to be sure we (that is you and I) intend to turn down an offer they've made regarding MARTIAN TIME-SLIP: to pay Ballantine books \$5000 in exchange for rights to MARTIAN TIME-SLIP and acquire with it the contract between me and Ballantine on which I am in default. In other words, Berkley offers to buy Ballantine out of the whole situation with me, in order to get MARTIAN TIME-SLIP.

On the phone the intermediary said he wasn't sure if SMLA was aware of the seriousness of this offer by Berkley, whatever that may mean. I said I was sure it had proved impossible to deal with Ballantine, that I had personal correspondence from Ballantine to me in which this was evident to me, and that if there was any breakdown it was there at Ballantine. Anyhow, I thought I'd drop you a note, in case this was handled by someone at SMLA other than you and you would want to know about it and talk to David Hartwell.

Let me know what comes of this. On the surface, Berkley's offer looks like a good one—if what I was told on the line is correct.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO NANCY & ISA HACKETT]

July 2, 1975

Dear Isa and Nancy,

It certainly was nice to hear from you two. Here are the photographs I told you about. I think they're the best so far. The film wound wrong, so we didn't think we had anything good, and so delayed getting them developed.

I'm by myself right now. Tessa and Christopher are up in Napa visiting Tessa's mother. So I was feeling very lonely and depressed when you called. It cheered me up a lot.

There is not much news from here. We gave some clothing for the Viet Nam refugees, to our church, Blessed Sacrament. When they were airlifting the refugees in here we saw one of the planes fly over us around midnight one night, very low with all its lights on, going very slowly as if the pilot and everyone on it was worn out. It landed at El Toro, which is quite near us. The noise of its passing overhead shook the house.

Nancy, maybe you remember a novel I was collaborating with Roger Zelazny on: DEUS IRAE. He finally finished his part and mailed me the manuscript, complete, just this week. So finally that book is finally done, finally. Oddly, just last week Doubleday started putting pressure on me to receive the manuscript. It came just in time.

Last night J.G. Newkom and his girlfriend Linda came over, and he and I talked about old times, Nancy. To think that it was eleven years ago, that Jack and I were living together there on Lyon in East Oakland. It brought back many memories, mostly good. Jack still talks about Annie with affection. I guess I told you he's a rent-a-cop now, and carries a gun and badge. We're going to the drag races one of these days, where he works. He's the same as ever, Nancy.

The article on me still hasn't appeared in *Rolling Stone*, but they say one day it will. CONFESIONS OF A CRAP ARTIST is at last in print; hardcover and very attractive, with a long introduction by Paul Williams. He phoned last night from New York.

I'm mostly into religious research for my new novel, studying reference books on theology night and day. The book's title will be: TO SCARE THE DEAD. It's about early Christianity reborn now.

Love to you both, and please write me if you have time, okay?

Phil

[TO ROGER ZELAZNY, fellow s-f writer]

July 4, 1975

Dear Roger,

What a delight to receive the MS! And to hear from you. It has been a long time, the writing of this novel. I want to thank you for finishing it. Doubleday had just begun to lean on me (about two weeks ago) regarding this.

I've quickly read the total MS over and like what you've done without any criticism. My own stuff seems to fall into two distinct parts and not really meld. You know, Roger, we have what seems to be a contradiction in this novel; people such as Lufteufel who lived before the war and are still alive, and yet what appear to be generations of mutants such as bugs, runners and lizards are all over the place, and knowledge has sunk down enormously...within how many years? I see no way to iron this out; it is due to my introducing the damn freak life forms, but of course I was deliberately recreating a Terran version of Weinbaum's "A Martian Odyssey," as is obvious. Anyhow we are stuck with it. It's my fault. Maybe they won't notice, heh-heh.

You've done some very funny stuff here, like the pogo sticks—that whole scene with the autofac. Bravo. What I have done, though, is add to the ending, two small scenes. I will send them to you soon, when I am sure they will do; they're an initial move on my part to beef up the ending. They may do just fine. Mainly what I've written is a scene in which I make clear that Schuld was Lufteufel disguised as the hunter; I show the retarded girl (very retarded girl) awaiting the corpse. This is not only to make clear that Tibor killed the man-god he came to approach, but that the man he did photograph is not Lufteufel. I think you will like what I wrote, but I may add a scene in the middle somewhere I've been thinking about the novel I'm on now: TO SCARE THE DEAD, which deals with Christianity.

Well, let me tell you that I am living in a big house again (only rented), and am back on my feet in terms of writing (FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID is up for the Hugo, and lost the Nebula)—did I tell you this?? I'm remarried, have a two-year-old son named Christopher. Five cats. A Fiat Spyder sportscar, the first sportscar I ever owned. (It's sort of odd, working on a novel about Saint Luke being recapitulated in the mind of a modern-day operator of a crooked rock record company while driving around in a Fiat Spyder; I am knocking the modern secular world while living at the very heart of it: ten miles north of Disneyland in Orange County—very schizophrenic.)

Again thank you, and I will be sending the additional pages.

With warm personal regards,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO JACK SCOVLIN]

July 5, 1975

Dear Jack:

A progress report on the MS of DEUS IRAE (the collaboration novel between me and Roger Zelazny). Meanwhile I am waiting to hear Doubleday's reaction, from you.

I've now read the MS over. Certain sections need to be retyped, which is minor, but also certain additions need to be made; the ending is weak. I have already written an additional scene at the end plus a sort of epilog, as well as

made changes to beef up weak spots earlier on. In all, I am getting close to a MS we can show them. There doesn't seem to be anything major, thank god. I have therefore written Roger and advised him accordingly. So there is no reason that I can foresee that would keep me from having the MS ready for you soon—unless I decide to retype the whole damn thing and create a cleaner final on one typestyle—but I'd prefer not to do that, since that would set the delivery date far into the future. Okay? I'll shoot for just cleaning up especially badly typed subsections.

Two other matters. First, would you please tell Ralph there in foreign sales that Paul Williams does now have the printed copies of my experimental novel CONFESSIONS OF A CRAP ARTIST available, and Ralph is to contact him and get some copies—at my expense; this is already worked out between me and Paul—for offer abroad? Tell Ralph that France is especially interested, so we must move on this for sure!!

Also—hey Jack...my loan is paid off and it's summer time, when writers get very little very slowly in royalties. Could I therefore beg, whine for, plead for, another \$500 advance? We're really hurtin'. (I sound like I'm trying to buy dope, but we do need it. Thank you.)

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

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[TO "MOSES—THE LAWGIVER,"—CBS-TV]

July 7, 1975

Dear Sirs:

Your program is a masterpiece. A lot of things happened to me last week, but watching "Moses—The Lawgiver" was the best and the most important of them. The script is especially good. Those people and events were never anything more to me than stories before; even the God whom Moses encountered was just a name to me. Now it's all real, and it'll probably stay real to me. Quite an achievement for a TV series! My minister at my church never managed to make it real, nor did any of the Hollywood movie epics.

Let me question one point in the superb script, though, as long as I'm writing (this is just an afterthought, really). As I caught it, Moses, gives the reason for selecting the name "passover" for their festival of celebration because "We passed over from death to life," as he explains it. But this is an interpretation, however true. The Bible states that the reason is that the destroying angel passed over the houses of the Israelites and didn't slay their first-born; they, the Israelites, were literally passed over.

Anyhow, watching the program made me look all this up in various reference books in order to learn more. Well done, you guys. And thank you very much.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO NANCY HACKETT]

July 7, 1975

Here is an article on child custody from the L. A. Times which I think you should read. It raises several points regarding justice, whether the child should be treated as a piece of property, for instance, like a piano, or whether it is a human being. And most of all the fact that both parents should retain the responsibility of raising it until it is grown. Please read it.

Nancy, I don't think that having Isa down here one week in the summer is fair. Adding the short period during spring vacation the total is something like ten days—ten days out of the year for her father to have her! That is certainly unjust. As you know, out of consideration for you I have temporarily puts aside my custody suit. I temporarily suspended it because I didn't want to make either you or Annie suffer. In exchange I would think your own sense of morality and consideration would cause you to allow me to have Isa on a fairer longer basis. However, if you do not let me, then let me remind you that there is another court action I can engage in, short of the custody suit: I can come back into court and get my visitation rights spelled out, and we will certainly ask for a month during the summer, with no problems as to getting this from the court....

Cordially,  
Phil

[TO DAVID HARTWELL]

July 7, 1975

Dear David,

I have 90 copies of CRAP here now, but don't know where you want them signed. Title page? Inside front cover? Please advise.

Right at this moment we lack the funds to mail them back. Both our cars are broken and I can't make my child support payment. I tell you all this so you will know that you can bid low on MARTIAN TIME-SLIP and I will have no choice but to accept. This certainly indicates what a poor businessman I am, doesn't it? To admit that I am broke. However, Scott is sending me a loan, so I will be able to reject your low bid when it comes through and hold out for more.

I wonder, David—you should be able to get MARTIAN TIME-SLIP simply by buying Ballantine out on my defaulted contract. Do it. But let me add this: Scott has been able to get title reversion on two of my Doubleday novels: THE THREE STIG-MATA and UBIK. Would you be interested in either of them? As you may know, UBIK is the best thought-of of my novels in France, and there may well be a film of it here in the U.S. (aw, fuck it; here I am lying to my friend David Hartwell. Actually, I did do a screenplay for UBIK, but Jean-Pierre the director who holds the option on the novel and had me do the screenplay is broke and teaching down in San Diego, so it's just so much hot air. I can't lie to you, David. You can repay me—what? Repay me for my candor by cashing Ballantine out on SLIP.)

UBIK is an interesting novel for an interesting reason: it has been noticed in France by certain philosophy type dudes that it has in it the first revision of Plato's concept of the archetypal universe ever made. A doctoral thesis for the French academy is being done on UBIK; the guy flew here with other similar French philosophy type dudes to read me parts of this dissertation (sp?). Also Lem is bringing it out in Poland. Someday it will be noted in this country that UBIK contains extraordinarily important new theoretical material having to do with the nature of the universe, and we will all be rich. So please buy it, along with SLIP. Buy them all. About STIGMATA I need say nothing; you know that it tripped out all America when first issued.

I am toiling away right now on a new s-f theological novel called TO SCARE THE DEAD (formerly VALISYSTEM A). I've done 16 months of research, spending over a thousand dollars for reference material, and typed out about 150,000 words of notes (true). The plot is so good that I will never tell anyone what it is because they would steal it. In my opinion it is the best s-f plot ever. On account of this I have ceased working on A SCANNER DARKLY.

Other matters, while I am writing. I have been invited to join IPA, the International Platform Association, of which the past 12 presed—aw fuck it. The last twelve presidents have been members. I'm getting woozy, because I've been working & typing all day. I am going to sign off, therefore. You never write to me anyhow; why am I writing you? Thank you for putting up your money for CRAP; you will get it all back and be remembered for doing it forever. Anyhow, let me know where to sign. Please buy out Ballantine; they are holding SLIP hostage, the bastards. If they'd just release it they'd get back the \$2000 I owe them. What dummies. They're defeating themselves. I can't figure them out. As to the short story collection they wanted, which is \$1000 of the contract, I sent them a whole bunch of tearsheets; I studied every published story of mine in order to select the collection for them, and they decided not to release it because story collections don't sell well enough, which is a default on *their* part—and the time limit is up, so in a sense they defaulted, too. In a very real sense; they have all those stories tied up; I can't create another story collection for any other publisher using them—about 40 stories for them to pick among, virtually everything I have that Terry Carr didn't use in THE PRESERVING MACHINE (that's any good, anyhow). Thus Ballantine has not released the story collection nor returned the 40 stories, they have that held hostage, too. A really terrific novel (SLIP) and 40 neat stories! I'll get them! Help me, David! They just sit there doing nothing! If I complete a novel for them and send it, they may sit on that, too! Judy Lynn del Rey wants me to write up a novel based on an idea of hers, she says. Arggghhhhhh!

Well, I gotta go because my brain is getting dull. When you talk to the Scott Meredith Agency regarding me and my stuff, always insist on talking to Jack Scovil; address every letter to him personally, as he knows what's what. Okay?

Jeez. I look to Berkley, David, to pry SLIP away from Ballantine. I don't care if I don't make a fucking cent on the reissue of SLIP, just so long as you guys reis-

sue it. (I mean, the most important thing to me is to see it come out again; I know it will sell, I know you will make something on it; as it stands, nothing.)

With warm personal regards,  
Philip K. Dick

[ADDRESSEE UNKNOWN]

July 7, 1975

Dear Carol,

I wanted to write to let you know I'm fine. After I talked to you on Tuesday I talked to my G.P. and he prescribed digitalis for my heart. I've had things prescribed for it before but not that. It helped right away. I really only had two bad days: Tuesday, which was the day Tessa and Christopher left, and Wednesday.

On Thursday the girl who I told you about who has cancer drove over and we spent some time together. Back in April, after my daughter Isa had been here and then gone back up north and I was feeling depressed, Sherri and I decided to do some religious-political action together. We subscribed to 50 copies of an issue of *The Agitator*, which is put out by the Catholic Workers wing of the catholic Church. We were in touch with the House of Hospitality up in L.A. which is the soup kitchen which the Workers operate there. I gave them some money back at Christmas time, for feeding people. Sherri and I planned to cheer ourselves up by walking around the Cal State Fullerton campus giving people copies of *The Agitator* free. She had corresponded with Phil Berrigan for a while. We anticipated getting beat up and yelled at. It looked like a good way of doing our political action trip and our religious trip. Already then, though, she knew she was sick, but she had no idea it was cancer.

Anyhow, by the time the first bundle of fifty copies of *The Agitator* came, she had been operated on and she knew she had cancer. Neither of us had given out any copies. She hasn't even seen them. Thursday when she was over I didn't even think to show them to her. The House of Hospitality, which is also the Berrigan War Resistance Center, had written to me wanting to meet us, and at one time Sherri and I planned to drive up there, receive communion, and bop around generally. That is all out. Yesterday when I called her on the phone she was sobbing. Sight in her right eye has dimmed out, a side-effect from one of the six anti-cancer drugs she is taking. She was very depressed, partly because of her hair falling out, partly because of the bad reactions she is now getting to the drugs. She weighs less than 92 pounds.

This would have been our trip to cheer both of us up, this work with the Catholic Action people in L.A. Actually it's good I didn't drive; when Tessa got back—yesterday—she tried out both cars and found that the brakes in the Dodge were malfunctioning, and the Fiat is all fucked up. I had been too anxiety-stricken to notice; I took the Dodge out on three trips during the week she was gone but never noticed the faulty brakes; all I noticed was the cardiac arrhythmia, which I've had off and on since third grade and try not to notice. And of course the anxiety.

We have about twenty dollars in the bank, not enough to fix either car, which is a major cause of my anxiety—also I had borrowed from my agent, but on Saturday I got a letter from him telling me that my loan is paid back; I then phoned off a telegram to borrow more, which cheered me up, to be able to get hold of some money. When you have a two-year-old child, it's nerve-wracking to have only twenty dollars in the bank and to be in debt as well.

At the end of the week Tessa told me on the phone that she didn't have enough money for airfare back, and that in addition we couldn't afford the twelve dollar taxi fare from the airport to Fullerton (I wouldn't/couldn't drive them home). But it's all worked out now, inasmuch as Tessa got home and my agent phoned today to say they are sending the money. The Dodge is up at the garage getting new brakes; we can charge it on our Texaco card. Tessa borrowed thirty dollars, so, I think, we've solved our problems well.

By the end of the week I had recovered from my two days of panic and was working night & day on a novel, a collaboration with another writer we've been at for years. It's almost done. I wrote several good scenes and beefed up some of his parts. By and large, Carol, I gained from this week separated from Tessa—bear in mind that from the day we met, back in July 1972, we've never spent a night apart, except when she was in the hospital with Christopher. My panic was so great that in a very real sense the ego, the self-system or whatever, which I had had collapsed. What followed, after two miserable days, was a somewhat different self, able to cope a bit better, with very little fear. I had to change in order to survive. There was no one to turn to, not you, not my friends the Larsens (who were out of town), not Tessa's family, who were up north with her. I learned about myself, getting an entirely new perspective. What I feared most, my ultimate phobia, had happened: alone, with no money and no cars, nobody in town to talk to or call on for consolation or help. The inter-human mutual assistance living which I had learned in Canada when I lived at the drug rehab place, where each person aids the others and all work as an entity—that had been since early 1972 the new basis of my life; it had been that which had picked me up after my suicide attempt there in Vancouver...and that, this last week, was entirely gone; I was back, all at once, in the conditions that had obtained in Marin County after Nancy and Isa left me—no money, no car, no friends, just me alone in a big house, with kids' toys scattered about & many memories.

I think, now that the education which I got at X-Kalay (the heroin rehab place in Vancouver) was faulty; it made me totally dependent on other people for survival. I learned there: to live you must live as part of a group; the individual alone is doomed. Well, that was fine as long as I was at X-Kalay. It was even fine afterward when I bunked with buddies upon first arriving at Fullerton, and was going out all the time, always seeing people, lecturing to classes, driving around, etc. It was fine when Tessa and I were living together, and especially fine when Christopher came. It was not fine when all the people left, which was bound to happen sooner or later. The ultimate source of a person's identity has to come out from inside him, and not be ratified of necessity by the words & presence of

another. "No man is an island" should be altered to, "Often a man must exist as an island, and if he cannot, he will die."

I think I have never learned the concept of the individual, at least regarding myself; I have always viewed myself as part of some group. It never entered my mind that I could be happy alone, or that I would even want to be alone. I've always thought of people who liked to be alone as sick, as schizoid. Now I find that I am having difficulty adjusting to other people in the house—my adjustment to solitude that good, that complete. I shopped alone, watched TV alone, fixed my own meals...I did that after Nancy left, but I never adjusted to it. This time, my anxiety being so extreme, I had to adjust or succumb to the anxiety; last time there was no anxiety, only crying and sorrow, only grief. The anxiety forced me to become a different person, one who really did not care if he was with other people, who could write and think and study—and even sleep—without reference to anyone else, or even notice if there was anyone else to listen. I talked to my five cats. I saluted the largest tomcat. It was a game. Secretly, in my own head, I thought my own thoughts and began to settle down and enjoy myself. It is, I believe, a permanent change in me. The lessons beaten into me in all that therapy at X-Kalay burst into fragments last week; they had to; they no longer applied. For the first time I neither knew nor cared what happened outside my own personal world—I didn't look at the newspaper, I didn't ponder the big issues, such as Sherri and I had talked about vis-a-vis our social action, religious work (at one time I was collecting clothes for the 'Nam refugees for my church). I really feel better now. More whole.

Anyhow, Carol, since I haven't had a chance to talk to you since Tuesday—we certainly weren't on the same wavelength on that phonecall, and you didn't call back on Wednesday—I thought I'd reassure you that I'm okay, in fact better than I've been since before Nancy left. I think, most important of all, I've ceased to grieve for other people, past and present. When I talked to Sherri yesterday and she was sobbing about her eyesight, and throwing up all night, all her misery, I told her I'd call back after she saw the doctor at eleven, but I didn't; it seemed remote and not a part of me any longer; I had my own problems; awaiting Tessa's arrival home from the airport. When I did finally call, that night, Sherri was too ill to get on the phone, so I talked to her sister, who for the first time seemed depressed. Today, again, Sherri was unable to come to the phone. She sees the eye doctor tomorrow. I still care but—I have my own problems, my cars, money problems. We cannot take on the burdens of the world, can we, Carol? It is a hard lesson to learn, but in good measure I learned it from you. There is always too much grief. We must withdraw and survive. As (I think it was) Orlando down there told me once, "It's a hard world." It is, Carol, and I intend to survive.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO VONDA McINTYRE, *fellow s-f writer*]

July 8, 1975

Dear Vonda,

I received a fanzine with a piece of yours in it attacking "The Pre-Persons" as "vicious." The story was written out of a love for small & helpless living things: animals and children especially. And an indignation at those who in a schizoid way destroy them without real feeling. I was with two different women who had abortions, and the women in the story are based on them. Both these actual women were sick, each in her own way, and the experience did me in. One of the pre-persons destroyed was my own child. There was nothing I could do or say to stop the mother; I finally wound up going with her to the abortionist, who was really a very nice guy (he had his office in the state of Washington, by the way, in Seattle, with a huge painting of a mother and child in his office). Out of these bitter and sad experiences (the other is related in my Vancouver speech) I came to see a dreadful menace to unborn children, much as there is to animals; they are destroyed without a realization that they are like us and we are like them, and in destroying them as we do we are on a very deep level and in a very real way expressing self-hate.

Speaking of hate—I've received, for the first time in my long writing career, unsigned hate mail, over this story, some of it evidently from pro-abortion groups. This encouraged me to call up the Right To Life people and offer them my services. The chickenshit attitude of these pro-abortion people—not having the guts to sign their letters—wasn't much of a surprise to me; self-hate and chickenshittry usually go together. Joanna's own letter to me, in which she said she usually offers to "beat any son of a prick who expresses opinions such as I do" was at least signed.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

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[TO GÖRAN BENGSTON]

July 10, 1975

Dear Göran,

It is a hot California day. My wife and I are broke, waiting for a loan from my agent to arrive in the mail (it should have come today). Both our cars are broken; Tessa is up at the garage, now, getting one fixed on her credit card. I have before me 90 copies of my literary novel *CONFessions OF A CRAP ARTIST* to autograph and return to the New York publishers, but I don't know where I'm supposed to sign them. We have five cats, all running about the house excitedly. Christopher, our 2 year old son, is with Tessa. So this is a quiet time to write you.

How nice to hear from you! As to your health, remember that we are but weak machines, as John Dryden put it (spelling). I was in the hospital twice in 1974; with high blood pressure, and then to get reconstructive surgery on my right

shoulder, which dislocated. Even Christopher was in the hospital to repair a birth defect. If God wanted us to be well He would make us well. The trouble with you and me is that our brains are too large, even though it doesn't show. I think I will take up drinking, so as to close down my brain.

Thank you, by the way, for sending the article on me in *The Listener*. Yes, Phil Purser did fly out here to interview me; it shows in this article. He is in possession of many intimate facts on me, as you can see. About TEARS: actually it is a sort of quasi-coded document alerting Americans to the police state they are living in now...or were, when the novel was written (1970) and appeared (February 1974). It was to rouse them to see the COINTELPRO net around them. I think it did, judging from the U.S. reviews I read on it. Now, thank God, the air here in the U.S. breathes freedom. The dreadful sense of the police presence, which I wrote you of before, is gone. They—operation Chaos, for instance—have drawn back and vanished from our lives. I no longer wish to emigrate. I personally feel that we of the anti-war left deposed the last two presidents, and I feel personal pride in having done this. Also, I feel that God Himself lay behind our work, coordinating it and engineering it, but I can't very well prove that. I think Nixon's illness was an affliction which God dropped on him, as he did flies on the Egyptians. We, the domestic left, were the slaves to be freed (*vide TEARS*). A slave state overthrown! I feel very happy these days, and now say whatever I believe to everyone.

Regarding "The Pre-Persons." I got a lot of unsigned hate mail on that. Even Vonda McIntyre wrote in an article that it is a crude and vicious story. Thank you for your comments. In the story I showed these particular women as hateful, and then Joanna Russ obligingly proved my point by the incredible amount of hate she poured forth upon reading it. I do want to get your reaction to "Evolution of a Vital Love," since I think highly of it. I have never heard from Kathy since that one letter back in the autumn of '72. She just stopped writing and disappeared from my life. I still think about her now and then and wonder how she is. I believe I would not be alive today but for her love and help to me during those dreadful days in 1971, after my wife Nancy left taking little Isa my daughter.

Currently I am finishing a collaboration-novel with Roger Zelazny, called DEUS IRAE; it is almost done. And for 16 months I've been doing heavy and prolonged research for a new novel to be called TO SCARE THE DEAD, which deals with Christianity. I've spent over a thousand dollars for reference material and written 150,000 words of notes. The plot is striking, I believe, and I am enthusiastic about it. I will tell it to you briefly. We have a modern day man running a crooked rock and folk-music record business. All at once, without warning, a very early Christian, who expected to be resurrected on the Day of Judgement, is reborn inside the protagonist's head (in the unused right hemisphere of his brain, which has been dormant all his life). There has been an error. This is one of those "who are sleeping in Christ," and you can imagine the surprise of the protagonist—as well as the surprise of the early Christian who certainly didn't expect to be resurrected in Los Angeles in 1982. The two of them now constitute a duplex mentality. Also, there is some reason for the protagonist to believe that this is

happening to other people, that the resurrection process, the awakening of the first Christian dead, generally misfired, and that they are popping up in right hemispheres here and there perhaps all over the U.S. Much of the plot deals with him trying to figure out what happened; i.e. who the person inside his head with him is, and why that person thinks in Attic Greek...and views reality so differently from him. The latter part of the book deals with him/the two of them trying to find others to whom this has happened, to form a sort of group. Gradually, toward the end, the realization begins to seep over them all that there was in fact no misfiring; that this is indeed the moment foretold in the Bible "when the graves will open and give forth their dead," that in fact the Parousia has arrived, but not resembling what anyone had anticipated; it doesn't look like what they had expected. Elijah is present in the world, but not in the form they imagined from reading the Scriptures. It is all happening, the Final Things, but they are so different from the way humans anticipated.

You can see that this is a heavy idea, and that much research is required. What is most difficult is to depict Jahweh Himself, who is now entering, once again, into a colloquy with man. All of them are expecting the arrival of the King—this, too, probably will not resemble what they had thought it would be like...and sure enough, it does not: the King (Christ and his heavenly army) turns out to be an invasion of the Earth by extra-terrestrial beings of an enormously high order, not known to man until they touch down.

Gosh, Göran, I have told you more about it than I have anyone else. Well, that is what I am working on. Christ stepping out of an inter-system rocketship, to be greeted by the duplex mind vanguard here awaiting him, which includes the one-time operator of the rock and folk music record business...a long way from the start of the novel!

With warm personal regards,  
Phil

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[TO GÖRAN BENGTSON]

July 11, 1975

Dear Göran,

This is a second letter to you in response to yours, in which I want to tell you something dealing with a single topic, a topic which I have personally found very fascinating and eerie, that has to do with a novel of mine: *UBIK*.

I never thought anything much about *UBIK* while writing it and after writing it, until recently. There was something unique in the writing of it, though; after doing the first part, with the inertials, the anti-psis, I sat there at the typewriter with absolutely nothing in my mind. After that I went on as if making it up paragraph by paragraph, sort of writing down whatever came to me. I had no idea what would happen or how it would come out—no plot and no concepts. After it was done I sent it off and forgot about it until 1971 when I learned that Stanislaw Lem in Poland had written quite an extensive critical piece about it and planned

to release it in Poland. It wasn't until 1973 or early 1974 (I forget which) that I got hold of an English translation of Lem's piece on UBIK. I found myself intrigued and puzzled, but what Lem saw in it I didn't intend to be in it. Still, I had written the bulk of the novel virtually automatically, so perhaps something had flowed to me from my deep unconscious; hence I could not deny that what he found there was indeed there. Then, in May 1974, a group of Marxist intellectuals came to visit me, one of them a Frenchman doing a dissertation (i.e. a doctoral thesis) in France on UBIK. He was deep into pre-Socratic philosophy, and wanted to ask me, in particular, about the many pre-Socratic philosophic themes expressed in UBIK. This suddenly recalled to me something that Patrice Duvic had said to me in September 1972 when he was staying with me (he is a friend and also works for Editions Opta, Paris); Patrice had said, "UBIK is one of the five most important books ever published." I had said, "Do you mean five most important science-fiction books?" and he had replied, "No, five most of any kind in all the world, because it present the first revision of Plato's theory of archetypal forms." Now, here in May 1974, was another person finding early philosophical material in UBIK, but even earlier than Platonistic. This particular Frenchman mentioned Empedocles, whom I had never heard of. Anyhow, the discussion raged for hours and then this group of Marxists, who had flown here just to talk to me about this, left in disgust. I had the distinct feeling that (one) their interest in UBIK stemmed from Lem's interest and piece on it, and (two) they were keenly disappointed to find that I was totally ignorant of the philosophical material in the novel and couldn't account for it being there. After that I resolved to research pre-Socratic Greek philosophy to find out more. Very soon I was amazed at the Worldview presented in UBIK vis-a-vis Ionian and Eleatic thinking. It was in the novel, all right, but how come? Lem in his piece had cryptically spoken, too, of "a sacerdotal power buried for aeons," being somehow revived in the novel, referring to theological themes in it...of which I was equally ignorant.

Anyhow, I decided that there was indeed valid, important, philosophical-theological material in UBIK which I had put there somehow outside of conscious intent or understanding. At this time, too, Göran, I began to have a series of dreams in which, incredibly, I was Joe Chip, the protagonist in UBIK; I lived through whole scenes from the novel, saw other characters, did and said what appeared in the novel...from these dreams and from my research I began to see the Runciter dying, Runciter their "boss," which is to say their leader, is a sort of future-day Christ, with the explosion of the bomb being an analog of the crucifixion; later, after Runciter's death, they feel him seeking them, they hear his voice...and this fits with the force of UBIK itself and its final expression in the last ad on the spraycan in which it asserts itself in terms which Christ used (in the Bible Christ says, "Before Abraham was I am," which is the language of the spraycan-force Ubik at the end; Ubik is both God and the Creator, and, by his specific language, Christ. None of this was known to me when I wrote it, though). In addition, the appearance of written messages from Runciter, found in trashy situations and from trashy sources (as Lem points out) somehow

remind one of the Word of God; i.e. the Logos. We seem to be dealing with, specifically, Greek Christianity, which is to say, Greek thought, again, like the Platonic and pre-Platonistic philosophy; it is as if my unconscious somehow is equipped with a knowledge of this Worldview, rather than any modern one or any one which I have. The way the cars and other mechanical objects revert suggests a view of time quite different from one which we moderns have or could have; it suggests what Aristotle called entelechies, although moving in a retrograde motion in time. There is no modern basis for such a notion in time. The only element which I can find, in my research, which involves retrograde time, is the so-called Paracletos, the Holy Spirit of Christianity, which according to Catholic doctrine, moves backward from the end of time, secretly at work at its task of achieving man's salvation...probably another Greek concept. Anyhow, here we have the Trinity accidentally expressed and put forth in UBIK: God the Creation (the spraycan force Ubik), Christ who is the Logos (Runciter and his endless written messages), and the reversion of forms which somehow seem to remind us of the Holy Spirit by suggesting that certain complex entities are on a future-to-past course in time which is concealed, normally, by the enormous power of the forward flow which, in UBIK, ceases when the bomb blast goes off—to expose the secret, lesser, backward motion of certain things.

Göran, this only scratches the surface, but you can see what I mean. This elaborately complex philosophical-theological material is from a vector outside mine, and it has a common denominator: its Greek origin. Let me add to this, to make even more of a mystery out of it: during the period last year (mid 1974) when I was having the UBIK dreams, I would awaken with one or more words of what proved to be Attic Greek still echoing in my mind. For instance, in one dream, I was joining the "Rhipidon Society." "Rhipidon" is a Greek word meaning "fanlike" and I of course didn't know this until I looked it up. In another dream I saw the word "syntonic" written down, in the sentence reading, "You should be syntonic." Also the important Greek word "psychropos," meaning water or cold or cold water, came to me...and, most strange of all, one night I was falling asleep, my thoughts began to drift off into a foreign tongue; I awoke, startled, and quickly wrote two of the words down, spelling them as best I could. When I looked them up I found them to be Greek.

I am telling you this odd story just because it is odd, and I have no explanation for it, except to offer the bizarre theory that my unconscious is an Attic Greek, versed in Greek philosophy and theology, and ghostwrote UBIK and perhaps other things of mine. For instance, FLOW MY TEARS, on close inspection, contains a number of passages evidently derived from or which refer to the "Book of Acts," which of course was written in Greek in the original. If you will now go back to my previous letter in which I discuss my new novel TO SCARE THE DEAD you will see where I got the plot idea...but it doesn't help explain this, which remains, for me, a fascinating mystery.

With warm personal regards,  
Phil

O DOROTHY HUDNER]

July 21, 1975

Dear Dorothy,

It was indeed nice to receive your letter in which you express concern about depression. I'm sure you know that this is a long-term mental illness on my part, going back to the period in which I was married to Anne. As regards to lithium, I was given it two times: the first time when I was hospitalized in July 1971 at Soss, and then recently in 1974. The problem with lithium for me, as Dr. \_\_\_\_\_ explained it back in 1971, when he gave it to me then, is that because I have had nephritis, lithium could kill me. In fact he had to take me off it after a week, due to gastric sideeffects from it. Also, he told me that the psychotropic effects would curtail the range of imagination I would be able to bring to bear in my writing. Lithium can be quite toxic, as I'm sure you know. Regular blood tests are required for those who take it. Also, it has no direct effect on depression per se; what it does is curb the manic part of the manic-depression cycle. Down here, after trying lithium on me for a month or so they switched to more conventional antidepressants. As a matter of fact I've taken them off and on since the '50s. You'll be relieved to know, however, that I saw my therapist last week, and in addition I saw the psychiatrist; so you can discern by this that I am making efforts to cope with my depression. This depression had lifted entirely during 1974 and the early part of 1975, and my therapist had discharged me as evidently cured. It was a complete surprise when it returned, back in March of this year. At that time I decided to give up the custody suit for Isa, not for her sake but because Annie and Nancy—and to a certain extent you, too—had implored me to let Isa stay up here. My therapist was concerned that I personally had gotten nothing out of it, that I had acted to prevent others from being hurt. Beginning at that time I became gradually depressed again, but really it was a deep grief, becoming acute after Isa had been down here and then gone back up to Marin County. Since 1970 when Nancy and Isa left me I have had Isa only four days, and, having renounced the custody suit, I look forward to more of the same. The basis of my depression, my therapist tells me, is to fall victim to the "shoulds" and to the "shouldn'ts" imposed on me by the others, of which I might add your admonition that I owe it to my wonderful family to get well as the kind of example of this which my therapist tells me to ignore. What I must do is learn to discern my own needs and not wish myself (she says that this depression is a self-inflicted punishment) because I believe I have let everyone down. Guilt is not a proper handle to control other people with; if I owe it to anyone to get well I owe it to myself—to be free of the burden of the irrational conviction that I have failed everyone and in every area.

There is, too, another matter which has made me extremely depressed during the last couple of months, and increasingly so. I am not sure it is something which psychotherapy can help with. A very close friend of mine, a girl who is—or was—very pretty and pert and active in the kind of political and church matters which interested me, is dying of cancer. She and I had a lot of plans regarding political-

church action; that, of course, is over with now. I've been phoning her several times a day, and Tessa and I drove over to see her; tonight when I phoned I was told that she has gone back into the hospital; she is too weak, now, to be at home. I am sure you can understand that a situation like this (in point of fact I considered her the best friend we had made down here) is going to depress one. I discussed it with the psychiatrist, asking him what I could do for her, and he said, "Wish her a peaceful death." It was the first time that I had actually understood that she would not live. "But she expects to get well," I told him. "Denial of death," he explained. "A mechanism by which a person prepares himself to die." And then he prescribed some antidepressants for me and sent me home.

Giving up the custody suit for Isa was a very difficult thing for me, because I love Isa very much and I honestly think that she would be better off down here with Tessa and Christopher and me. There have been too many "you owe it to's" in my life already, and this one nearly put an end to me. It has been a constant source of concern on my part, the effect my depression has had on Tessa; but I think that a wife as wonderful as her is able to grasp the situation as it is, and not project more useless—and I should add cruel—blame on me. I am getting therapy; I have been getting it for decades. It is an axiom that you do not upbraid a mentally ill person for being mentally ill; do you remember what you told me about Nancy's illness? It must be regarded as an illness like any other? Certainly you would not upbraid her that she owed it to Isa and Christina to get well; mental illness is in itself an affliction, and not some subtle form of getting at other people. My therapist, who is very good and whom I think a great deal of, is concerned that I get joy out of life, not that I measure up to standards set for me by others, well-intentioned though they may be. The origin of depression lies in an introjection of moral admonitions, and it is an indication of my present progress that I can now reject them and seek out answers to my own needs and wants, emanating from my own authentic self.

Love,  
Phil

[TO AMERICAN CIVIL LIBERTIES UNION]

July 23, 1975

Dear Sirs,

I am one of those U.S. citizens whose mail was illegally opened and photographed by the CIA. Under the Freedom of Information Act I was able to obtain proof directly from the CIA that this had been done, specifically, a letter which I wrote to Alexander Topchiev, the Secretary of the Soviet Academy of Sciences on February 4, 1958, asking for scientific information, was both opened and photographed, and the CIA, on my demand, has provided me with a Xerox-type reproduction of their copy both of the interior and exterior of the letter. The reason I am writing you about this is that I see in today's L.A. Times that the ACLU has filed a class action suit against officials of the FBI, the CIA and the U.S. Post

Office on behalf of persons such as myself whose legal rights were violated. Therefore I thought I should add my name to your class action list, inasmuch as by the CIA's own admission, I fall within this aggrieved group.

While I am writing you I might mention that the ACLU has already agreed (quite some time ago) to handle my complaint that my files were broken into and burglarized, evidently by federal agents, back in 1971 (I had been engaged in anti-war activities). From the recent admission of the FBI that they did in fact as a matter of policy conduct such break-ins and burglaries, in large numbers, I would think that progress in identifying those responsible for such activities does not lie far off. Thank you very much, and good luck on your class action suit in regards to the illegal opening and photographing of our mail.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO CLAUDIA BUSH]

*July 24, 1975*

Dear Claudia,

Thank you so much for sending me "The Splintered Shards," and thank you for the water rock. I reread your conclusion "Beyond the Web" a couple of times, very carefully. I think within this section particularly you have done some excellent writing, and of course it is precisely here at the end of your thesis that the surfacing of such acuity—and the able expression of it—most count. Certainly the entire thesis is impressive. My god, you did a lot of research to produce this! In your bibliography there's so much I never knew existed. Well, scholarship is scholarship.

Now that your thesis has been completed there would seem little use in my commenting on particular aspects of the material involved—either your material or mine, except (*supra*) to congratulate you on a job well done, and to wish you plenty of rest. I would guess you could stand not hearing about, thinking about or reading about any of my novels or stories or ideas for the balance of your life, but, as you say in your letter, just working in your garden. Personally I'd begun to feel the same way during the last few months. People would ask me, What does such-and-such mean in your book so-and-so? and a sort of fatigue would creep over me. "It means nothing at all," I finally began to say. I'd bet that you and I are suffering from the same illness: too much of this one topic...except that you're lucky; you can forget about it, whereas I have to keep on doing these fucking books.

I really wore myself out writing notes on TO SCARE THE DEAD: I've done 150,000 words so far, and really have done myself in. In novel after novel I set out to decompose the universe, to make it come apart so as to see what it was made of, or more precisely, to see what held it together. As you point out, in my novels the schizophrenic persons who comprise many of my characters find their universe coming apart, revealing the mechanism or structure which normally holds it together into the kosmos it is. Finally, having taken apart the universe so much

and so well, I have come to get, I believe, a clear glimpse of that which other people take for granted: the Power which continually holds it together for us. The organizing or blueprint or floorplan entity, whose name from early times has been the Logos...however, having gotten this far, I am so very tired that I have, so to speak, run the good race right up to within one inch of the finish line; if ever I cross it, it'll be because that very organizing entity picks me up bodily and carries me across.

Well, again thanks, and congratulations; you should be very proud. I only wish your writing—certainly at least your conclusion—could go into a published article which more people could read. Had you thought of that, doing like what Angus Taylor does, writing critical articles? You really do have a lot to say, and you say it very well. I hope to keep hearing from you now and then, even though the thesis is done; and maybe sometime we shall meet. I listened to the water rock you sent, and it promised me that.

Love,  
Phil

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[TO SHARON JARVIS, *editor, Doubleday*]

July 24, 1975

Dear Sharon,

I should have written you months ago, if for nothing else than to thank you for sending the various reviews of my novels to me. Thank you. I have hesitated to write because I write dumb letters to editors, especially ones I don't know, and if they are ladies I always ask them if I can take them out to lunch. The business at hand, however, merits my trying to put this letter together, and later on we can both read it and laugh over how dumb it is.

Right now, though, I want to tell you about DEUS IRAE, the novel which Roger Zelazny and I have been working on, for Doubleday, since the early part of this century. It really is finished, except that both Roger and I left some rough sections here and there which require final-draft clean typing. When Roger mailed me the completed MS a couple or three weeks ago (see how dumb I express myself) I read the whole thing over for days & days and then wrote three new scenes by which to end it. Roger hadn't thought too much of his ending, so I did some good work there. And then I wrote backward from end to start the way they write detective novels, and beefed up every weak part I encountered, so it really is done, except that I must submit my new scenes and changes to Roger and he is on an extended vacation having this finally off his shoulders. You know, Sharon, you can have the MS today if you want to try to read our handwriting on the forty or so rough pages. There are some good sections in the novel, some very funny ones, and I think you will enjoy them. This has been my sole collaboration with another major author and it's been quite an experience to see what Roger has done with scenes I began and he finished. Well, so much for that. Funny theological novels are rare. This is one of them.

As to A SCANNER DARKLY, you know, Sharon, I was mulling about buying my contract back from Larry and reselling the novel elsewhere, since I am convinced it is the best novel I've ever done. Larry wrote and asked me to keep the novel with Doubleday. I wish to tell you that I will do so. I will no longer make efforts to take it away from you, because, really, Larry Ashmead has in a very real and genuine sense been a friend of mine for over ten years, and I like Doubleday, too, so the hell with my hubris in trying to sell it elsewhere for a larger advance. This novel, too, is entirely done except that it requires final clean draft typing. My problem on that is as follows: for sixteen months I have been doing research on another novel, a new one the idea for which I think so much of that I've spent over a thousand dollars just for research material—and written over 150,000 words in notes. Its working title, if we ever need to refer to it again, is, TO SCARE THE DEAD. It is not science fiction, except by enormous extension of the term. I have, to be honest, exhausted myself doing these notes, since it is, for me, anyhow, an unusual practice. In the case of TO SCARE THE DEAD, however, I've got to have my facts straight, since much of the novel is historical in setting (the first century A.D.).

You could, if you wish, ask for a Xerox of the MS of A SCANNER DARKLY, which as I say is in rough; but (well, these are the sort of dumb thoughts which travel through my mind) perhaps they could set from it, rough as it is. Probably not. The first five chapters are in final draft form, and I think you have them there, along with the outline. I mention this just as an idle thought, but really, I do want to get the wheels rolling on all this. DEUS IRAE, though, is mostly in final draft form—assuming that Roger approves my new material and doesn't wish to do any more on his part.

I warned you that this would be a dumb letter.

Well, that covers most of what I wanted to say. You do know, do you not, that FLOW MY TEARS is in contention for the Hugo? And was also for the Nebula but lost? What I am waiting on now is the very long interview/article on me done for *Rolling Stone* which should appear any time; the interviewer, who flew out here and stayed with us four days, told me that when the piece appears it should have enormous impact on the sales of my books. And I guess you saw the two short interview-mentions the *New Yorker* published in their "Talk of the Town" earlier this year in which they called me their favorite s-f writer and good stuff like that (they called me "bearded, jolly and tubby," too, so I told them after I'd read the piece that now how were they going to interview Santa Claus? They then reminded me that upon meeting them for the interview I had announced to them that I was a reincarnation of Winnie-the-Pooh). (So I guess we make our own karma.)

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO PAUL WILLIAMS]

July 24, 1975

Dear Paul,

This is just a note, really, to let you and David know that I have mailed back three boxes of CRAP. Because of the impending postal strike I had temporarily held them up until this week.

The other big news is that Ralph Vicinanza at Scott Meredith simply cannot manage to order CRAP from you, and he asks me to tell you to send him some copies. Therefore, please send Mr. Ralph Vicinanza, Scott Meredith Literary Agency, 580 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10036, six copies of CRAP, and then bill me for them. Include if you will a letter to him pointing out that he asked for them for foreign sale, in case his remaining brain cell has shorted out by the time he gets them and he just scratches his head and sits wondering why anyone would mail him six copies of a book called CONFESSIONS OF A CRAP ARTIST. It's a hard world, Paul. We're dealing with—well, anyhow, thank you for doing this for ol' Ralph and me.

There was a big article (two pages with photo) of me in *The Listener*, written by Phil Purser. In it he does an overview of my writing and tells a lot of personal stuff about me, like how I escaped from drugs and psychiatrists. Now, if I could only escape from Phil Purser...

The *New York Times* reviewed the DAW edition of FLOW MY TEARS. Don Wollheim thinks it's a good review; evidently he didn't read it to the end. Let's see, what else. I've been very depressed. It's the summertime when nothing happens. Where is the RS article? In limbo, along with all my hopes & dreams. Absolutely nothing is going on in my life, except that I got my car fixed for \$36. Ever since the police lost interest in me there's been nothing to live for. Oh, in connection with that, one minor item: maybe I already told you, but I asked the CIA what they had on me, and under the Freedom of Information Act they sent me a Xerox copy of a letter of mine which I wrote in 1958 to the Soviet Academy of Sciences asking could they give me some scientific information, and the CIA illegally opened it and read and photographed it. Well, the ACLU has filed a class action suit against the CIA, the FBI and officials of the Post Office, asking for (are you ready?) \$20,000 for each letter illegally opened, and \$100,000 punitive damages for each aggrieved U.S. citizen (that includes me). So I will soon have \$120,000, which will help a lot. This is all the news, except I guess you read that *Newsweek* lists the total of illegal FBI burglaries at 1,500. Do you think I was one of them?

Love, and when I get my \$120,000 I'll pay you all the money I owe you, I promise!!

Phil

[TO RALPH VICINANZA]

July 24, 1975

Dear Ralph,

Here, returned to you, are the British forms for MARTIAN TIME-SLIP so that NEL can publish it after all, now that Eyre Methuen has gone down the tubes. Brian Aldiss had written me some time ago to tell me about Eyre Methuen's demise, so I am quite thrilled about this eleventh hour salvation. Thank you.

I am writing Paul Williams to tell him to send you six copies of CONFESSIONS OF A CRAP ARTIST; I hope this quantity will do for your foreign sales. If not, let me know. In France, both Marcel Theon and Editions Opta should be quite interested. Let me know what results you get abroad with this.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO HANS J. ALPERS]

July 29, 1975

Dear Herr Alpers:

Thank you for sending me the three issues of *Science Fiction Times*. I was surprised and pleased to see my letter in issue #134 regarding the Nixon gangsters and my own experience, during their rule, of police suppression of those like myself who opposed the war and the tyrannical policies of the government. Well, they have been removed from power since I wrote that letter, and there is a great sense of freedom and hope in the USA now, plus a sense that some dreadful curtain of repression has vanished. Now we are learning of the vast and incredible extent of secret police activity during the past years here. Whether this enormous police apparatus can be dismantled though, is another question; Nixon and his gang are out of office or in jail, but the police came before them and still exist after them. You cannot vote the largest secret police agency out of existence that now exists anywhere in the world (the CIA).

However, the atmosphere here is improved, and what we are hoping for, too, is to learn who really murdered President John Kennedy and his brother Robert and Doctor King, as well as others. Personally I am convinced that until we know the truth about this we will in effect know nothing.

My most recent novel, FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID, deals with the USA as a total police state (as you may know). What most readers of s-f do not know is that it was actually written back in 1970 (not in 1972 or 1973 as generally believed); I wrote the novel and then placed the manuscript—the sole copy—in my lawyer's safe to protect it. In 1971 my house was broken into and my files blown open and most of my business documents, records and written notes were stolen. I remain convinced to this day that it was an agency of the US federal government which did this; we have just learned, for example, that the FBI alone conducted 1,500 such illegal burglaries. What more frightens me is to think

what might have happened had they found the manuscript of FLOW MY TEARS, a book which so well depicts their own activities and nature. I am sure it would not ever have been published and it is even possible that it was this particular manuscript which they were seeking. Ah, that such events could have happened here!

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO TERRY CARR, *s-f writer & editor*]

July 30, 1975

Dear Terry,

I've owed you a letter for months; you asked if I'd do a story for you. I've been writing notes (150,000 words so far) for a new novel I'm into and just haven't had my act together to answer letters or anything, for which I apologize. I just can't get away from doing this TO SCARE THE DEAD thing, which is my working title on the novel. Frankly I'm exhausted from it and I keep trying to forget it and do something else, and then I start back on it again. *Swank* phoned me to ask for a story and offered a whole lot of money but I can't do it for even what they pay.

What I wanted to say in this letter is, I've got the #4 story collection (Ballantine) of yours, in which my story is, the Tempunauts story, and it really is a great collection. What a fucking honor to be in it, really, I am so excited. Also, Terry, it must have taken courage for you to list my story "The Pre-Persons" in the Honorable Mention list, since all the lib ladies are madder than hell at me about it; maybe I told you, but I got all sorts of hate mail on it, both signed and unsigned. So get ready maybe for a passing seagull to drop a clamshell on your head when you step outside.

I wish I'd been at the unofficial Nebula Awards affair that Bob Silverberg did. I didn't know about it until today, from the SFWA publication that told about it. I could have met Ursula, whom I admire and like to phone up and write to a lot (when I write letters at all, see above). What's new with you anyhow? How is Carol? What is she doing? What is the meaning of it all? I read the greatest line in a commentary on the I CHING last night, a sentence to give anyone pause:

"The conception of the universe as a transitional process originates in the basic assumption that the universe is a united whole."

I know what he means, but often the word "transitional" expresses the idea of (as Merriam-Webster #2 defines it first-off): "Passage from one state or place to another." Defined this way, the sentence seems to mean that the universe is an interim (i.e. temporary) thing or event between two other somehow more real things or events. This notion goes beyond even my own speculations about reality. Oh well.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO THEODORE COGSWELL, *editor, SFWA Forum*]*July 31, 1975*

Dear Ted Cogswell,

I'm enclosing a carbon of a letter from me to Phil Farmer which I'd like you to print, if you could, please—anyhow the first paragraph of it regarding Lem. That's the part that other SFWA members should know about. Okay? You can print the whole two pages, if you want, but the rest is just personal stuff.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO KNBC-TV]

*July 31, 1975*

Dear Sir,

It would appear from what Kelly Lang said tonight on the evening news that she was reprimanded for her little donkey race or jackass race or whatever joke the other night, which I guess means that GET YOUR ASS IN GEAR bumper-sticker. I watch the Channel Four news program all the time; they're better than their counterparts on any of the other TV channels, so I am a regular viewer and hence one of those who has a legitimate right to say that what she said about the jackass race was very funny, and done tastefully, so leave her alone or I'll watch Channel Two, and that's a promise.

One of the best aspects of your news personnel is that they are genuine people who kid back and forth, not robots who recite the news like machines. If you hamper them you'll wind up destroying that wonderful quality they have. Okay, so Kelly Lang shouldn't have said that, from a very strict code standpoint—so what? She's a delight to listen to and watch night after night. As a devoted viewer I personally feel involved in this, because TV needs all the true life it can get. The next thing you'll be doing—to play it safe—is tape the entire news in advance instead of doing it live. In my opinion you owe a fine lady an apology.

You're lucky to have her. They'd love her in San Francisco.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO THOMAS M. DISCH, *fellow s-f writer*]*July 31, 1975*

Dear Tom,

Since I probably am sending this to an obsolete address I will make it a short letter. But suppose you do receive it and I feel bad because it is only a short letter? What a problem.

Anyhow, I think your book and my book should have won the Nebula. Ursula always wins. They didn't even invite me to the unofficial West Coast Neb-

ula Awards thing that Bob Silverberg put on, that's what they think of me. I am up for the Hugo and they invited me, but it is in Australia or Austria, one or the other, I forget which.

David Hartwell writes to say you may do an article on me for *Crawdaddy*, so this is the time to warn you in no uncertain terms that whenever anyone does an article on me who has seen me, that person always describes me physically wrong. The *New Yorker* called me "jolly, bearded and tubby," which I resent (I am morose, bearded and tubby). Phil Purser in the *London Daily Telegraph* described me as "having lank hair and going to gut." He also said we changed the baby in the living room and that I ate soft-boiled eggs and offered him some. Please avoid all this. Also, please do not say what Paul Williams says/will say in his *Rolling Stone* article on me, that "I am now off drugs." The defects of that statement are obvious. I am also out of jail. I guess you could mention that, or you could say, "Phil is now back from Mars."

Below you will find taped to this page a recent photo of me, with appropriate black border, since I am morose. (Don't I look great now that I'm out of my shoulder splint?)

What I am doing these days writing-wise is I've done 150,000 words of motes—of what? Of notes for a religious novel to be called TO SCARE THE DEAD. I'm still having mystical visions and revelations (but that's our little secret, not for the readership of *Crawdaddy* who really wouldn't want to know anyhow, would they?). After sixteen months of these visions and revelations, the Voice, deep in the night, uttered these words, "Saint Sophia will be reborn; she was not acceptable before." I knew this to be the culmination of my whole trip, and was keenly disappointed because I had never heard of Saint Sophia and had hoped for more. However, I got out of bed and looked her up to see what she had done. To my surprise I discovered that there never was a Saint Sophia, that she is a building somewhere that the Emperor Justinian had built. A few days later I was uptown cruising and I noticed a lot of palm trees and a new U.S. post office substation that they are about to open. At once I recognized it as Santa Sophia, so I can tell you the good news. CHRIST IS ABOUT TO RETURN AS A SUBSTATION OF THE U.S. POST OFFICE.

Actually, as I'm sure you know, "Haggia Sophia" is a Greek code for the Savior or the Wisdom of God or the Logos; it's all the same, so this is really an important revelation, and when I finally found a few pictures of the building Saint Sophia I was amazed to discover that indeed it has the same small archways that the new U.S. post office building uptown has, so I guess there is indeed something in all this, although I am not quite sure what. Oh well.

We are now living in a house and have five cats and also I bought a 1973 Fiat Spyder sportscar, but the IRS is about to take it away from me for reasons I won't go into (there can be only one reason). As with you, I have trouble writing a letter to someone I really know personally and love, so I will ramble to an end with this sentence I found in a new edition of the I CHING, a sentence which really makes you stop and think:

"The conception of the universe as a transitional process originates in the basic assumption that the universe is a united whole."

I know what he means, but often, if not usually, the word "transitional" expresses the idea of (as Merriam-Webster #2 defines it first-off): "Passage from one state or place to another." Defined this way, the sentence seems to mean that the universe is an interim (i.e. temporary) condition or thing or event between two other somehow more real things or events. This notion goes beyond even my own radical speculations about reality. Oh well—here today, gone tomorrow.

Write or phone; my new number is 714-526-1665. God bless.

Love,  
Phil

[TO PETER FITTING, *s-f critic*]

August 1, 1975

Dear Peter,

Thanks for the lovely letter of June 2. I'm surprised at your remarks about the SFS issue on me; I thought several of the articles were excellent, but as I did say to Angus Taylor in a letter, and as he says himself in the Xerox letter you enclosed (the one to you), there are all sorts of theological etc. implications in my work which the articles in SFS seemed to pass over. I really do agree with Angus' letter to you. I appreciate your sending the Xerox of it on to me; that is a very gracious act. In a way I agree with your remarks, too. Something was wrong with the SFS issue. Perhaps you understand what it is better than I do. I did see Angus' pamphlet on me published by T-K Graphics and I liked it a lot. Maybe if you add it to the SFS issue you get a more complete picture, also, if the *Rolling Stone* interview/article on me by Paul Williams ever comes out it should for sure fill in all the missing pieces. As to the "Left in Space" zine you discuss, I'd enormously enjoy having a copy of it plus the rough translation. I got hold of the issue of *Actuel* but can't read it.

Tessa and I now have a big house which we're renting, but we've run out of money. I had the notion I'd sell a movie by now for sure, so I bought a Fiat Spyder sportscar, the only sportscar I ever owned and it looks as if the tax people are going to seize it. We can't even pay our rent, but sometimes this happens to writers during the summer. Did I tell you I wrote a screenplay for *UBIK* for Jean-Pierre Gorin? I must have told you that. He hasn't been able to raise financial backing to make the film, though, and he's been very ill. He's down in San Diego teaching, so maybe he'll run into Fred Jameson.

Yes, I did receive Richard's second record album, which he was kind enough to send me, and I want to write both him and Agneta but when we moved we lost their address. Could you send their address to me, or else write them and say thank you for the record and to send their address? We'd very much enjoy seeing them again, if it can ever be arranged. Norman Spinrad has moved to New York; I

lost his address, too, but Tessa finally found it and just now wrote him, after almost a year.

I've been doing notes and research on a novel to be called TO SCARE THE DEAD, an outgrowth on my earlier idea VALISYSTEM A. I've actually written 150,000 words of notes, as I compute it, and I'm exhausted (I'm also tired of the subject before writing even page one of the novel itself). It's been hotter than hell down here in Orange County. *Crawdaddy*, by the way, may run an article on me, by Tom Disch. My experimental literary novel, CONFESSIONS OF A CRAP ARTIST is out at last. Unfortunately, some purchasers think it's autobiographical, because of the title, which is exactly what I deserve. ## Listen, I wonder if Elizabeth Antebi's s-f film for Paris TV ever was released...could you ask Richard to see if he can find out for me? ## Right now I'm waiting to see if FLOW MY TEARS wins the Hugo. The I CHING says it won't.

Love,  
Phil

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[TO SHARON JARVIS, *editor, Doubleday*]

August 1, 1975

Dear Sharon,

The enclosed is from Ballantine's just-released THE BEST SCIENCE FICTION OF THE YEAR #4 edited by Terry Carr, and certainly is something Doubleday should see. Terry is usually right in his predictions. But even this statement alone, in itself, should be of value in the sales of my novels. I'm sure I don't have to tell you that Terry's "Best S-F" collections are widely read and discussed. A lot of editors and readers will see this.

Can I take you out to lunch sometime?

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

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[TO BRIAN ALDISS, *fellow s-f writer*]

August 1, 1975

Dear Brian,

Thank you so much for the considerate letter, or rather both of them. I've had a writer's block and haven't been able to write anybody for months, or I'd have responded sooner. I understand that MARTIAN TIME-SLIP will be coming out in the U.K. after all, which is enormously exciting. Thank you for hanging in there until your wonderful series got picked up again by another publisher.

Your concern for my health is appreciated. I am an eternal spirit tied to the body of a dying animal, someone once said. I wish I knew who, since I know the feeling. 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 Neoplatonistic 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. In any case, though, I've come across such fascinating things that it's all been worth it. Did you know that the Paraclete travels backward in time? It started from the final end of the universe and has moved this way, heading, evidently, to link up with the birth of Jesus. The Paraclete is correcting the forward-moving creation of Jahweh the way a novelist, after finishing a rough draft, then starts on the last page and works backward knowing how it will all come out. At any given point these two times, the forward linear time we experience plus the retrograde time of the Holy Spirit, constitute what Parmenides and Heraclitus saw (and Empedocles for that matter) as a principle (*Logos*) or principles (*Form One* and *Form Two*) creating *palintropos* and *palintonos* harmonie in the universe for and at any one given point-of-time. I was telling a grad student from the university here at Fullerton about this and he began telling me of a novel or story of yours in which you treated the notion of people moving in the retrograde time direction. Is this so? I had considered a plot-basis in which character A. suddenly is invested by an entity moving in the retrograde direction in time, the result being that the left hemisphere of A.'s brain (where his own personality is located) continued to experience time as we do, which is to say in a forward linear direction, while the right hemisphere, where this Entity has taken up residence, experiences retrograde time—the result of which would be an increasing gulf between their perceptions of reality, a growing *parallassein* (i.e. parallax) between the percept systems of the hemispheres. Half the brain sees us moving toward Rome (specially) and the first century A.D. whereas the other foresees an enormous ETI which has contacted Earth and is about to manifest itself. The final fusion of the two events, the birth of Jesus and the epiphany of the ETI system, turn out to be a single event happening twice: Advent One and the Parousia. Past and Future are thus at last rolled up into an eternal present, and time is abolished. The fused event becomes a transformed replacement of our continually evolving universe & simply increases clarity or reality without changing (i.e. its ontology expresses itself in a more realized fashion the way a photographic print in the process of being developed fades into sight, perpetually stronger without the print itself—what it shows—ever altering).

You can appreciate, I'm sure, how difficult it would be to write such a novel, although the results might justify it. But would I be stealing any of your ideas? I thought I'd better check. I have an alternate plot by which to use all my research if it turns out that my idea is not original at all, and then, too, I don't want to rewrite Robert Heinlein's *I SHALL FEAR NO EVIL* which somebody called my attention to just two weeks ago (I hadn't read it yet). I may have bitten off an idea more profound than I have the talent to deal with. But the concept of an entity whose *normal* way of experiencing time (or rather moving through time) is retrograde to ours, rather than just writing another time-travel novel—wow, it is so thrilling, and of course what to me is of special value is the

fact that my research indicates that, assuming the Holy Spirit exists at all, which I personally believe, it does so move through time. It perpetually makes minute adjustments in our world, little alterations which we can both see and to an extent understand, but we have no perceptual capacity to discern the retrograde direction which the force making these changes employs. It can never be taken by surprise. In a sense therefore it knows everything and cannot err. It can accomplish its ends in the most economical fashion. Well, enough of this; I've droned on too long already.

But think! A vast ETI system approaching us, about to make contact with Earth—and since it moves retrograde to us in time, what then does the term about mean in the proposition, "About to make contact with Earth?" Obviously in a way lying outside the way we ourselves experience the space-time matrix it already has...did so at the beginning. The vast ETI system was there from the start and has no doubt already told us so: long ago.

In other news, Tessa and I are living in a house now, rather than in an apartment; we have 5 cats, and our son Christopher is just two years old and very active and noisy. We bought a little Fiat Spyder sportscar, the first one I've ever owned...I mean the first sportscar of any kind, in all my life, but now we're so broke we can't pay our rent. But this is the summer and sales are low. *Rolling Stone* has done a lengthy interview/article on me, but it hasn't been published yet; perhaps when it appears it will help. I believe that the tax people are going to take my little Fiat away from me, but at least I will have had a short chance to drive a sportscar, and some of the finest moments in my life are ordained to be brief anyhow. The I CHING says I will not win the Hugo for FLOW MY TEARS, by the way. Guess no one can ace out Ursula, and for very good reason. Hope things are well with you, and thank you again.

With warm personal regards,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO ANNE DICK]

August 3, 1975

Dear Anne,

The subject of this letter is my having Laura down here this summer, which means this or early next.

Yesterday I received a letter from Sharon Jarvis, my editor at Doubleday. There is a novel I owe them, overdue by a matter of years; it is a collaboration between me and Roger Zelazny. At the beginning of July this year I suddenly received Roger's completed part of the novel, which meant that suddenly we had a whole rough draft available, and I so informed Doubleday through my agent. I had thought that with a rough draft finally in existence Doubleday would now stop leaning on me and be willing to wait perhaps six months more for the final MS to reach them. But Sharon Jarvis' letter which came yesterday requests that I have the final draft to them by the end of September, so that

they can schedule it for June 1976 publication. I have no choice but to begin work on typing up the final draft at once, inasmuch as this novel is so long overdue. My agent had already warned me that Doubleday could not be put off any longer.

In view of this, I won't be able to do anything during August and September but type up this MS; in fact I'll be lucky if I can get it finished by the deadline in any case. This is, needless to say, quite a blow to me, since not only had I anticipated having Laura down here but my other daughter, Isa, as well. But I am so in debt right now—we have had to borrow money to pay our rent and utilities, and are also trying to borrow to pay the Federal Tax people enough to keep them from seizing our car—that I am in no position to do anything but begin to type this up for the September deadline. Sharon Jarvis is a new editor at Doubleday, and my old one was easier on me in setting deadlines. In fact this is the first letter I've ever received from Ms. Jarvis. I had hoped she was easygoing, but I guess that's what gets editors fired.

I know Laura will be keenly disappointed, but this can't be helped. Actually Doubleday has the power to force me to comply, since they have control over my royalties coming in from other property, such as my recent novel FLOW MY TEARS which they published originally.

I'd like to hear from Laura—I had hoped she'd write me from Colorado, but anyhow I presume she had a good time and was very busy.

Love,  
Phil

[TO NANCY HACKETT]

August 3, 1975

Dear Nancy,

I told you I'd phone you, but I'm writing so that I can show you the bad news rather than just tell you. It's the enclosed letter from Doubleday. It just arrived yesterday. It's crushing news, that I have to get DEUS IRAE completed and in their hands by the end of September, as you'll see from their letter. I hadn't expected this. Sharon Jarvis there at Doubleday is a new editor and not as easygoing as my old editor who was fired. When they ask for a manuscript to be sent by a certain date they have the power to compel it.

Nancy, we're so in debt right now that I had to write Doubleday back by return mail promising the completed novel to them; they control other royalties of mine, such as on my recent novel FLOW MY TEARS which they published. My agent had already warned me that they could seize that money when it comes due—which is later this month! In other words, if I am to get my FLOW MY TEARS royalties due this month, I must comply to Doubleday's request on DEUS IRAE.

We've had to borrow to pay our rent and utilities, from Tessa's brother, something we've never had to do before. And I owe you \$100, which I can get to you

soon. I'm crushed that I can't have either Isa down here now, or Laura as well (I've written Anne, too, and told her this news), but I'll have to work night and day on typing up the final draft of DEUS IRAE, which is literally years overdue. You may remember it; we were together when I signed the contract with Doubleday, back around 1969.

I'm also enclosing the carbon of my response to Sharon Jarvis at Doubleday. I'm under dreadful pressure right now, financially, but in a couple of months it should be better. Pray for me that I can get this DEUS IRAE manuscript done in time. It's a novel about Christianity in the future, after an atomic war, and there's another religion, a false one in which people worship the God of Wrath who brought on the war who is evil and whom they fear. You'll be glad to know that Christianity wins out, so it is a message novel, one you'd approve of. Tell Isa; explain the kind of financial pressure a daddy gets under, and about what writers call *deadlines*. This is a deadline, and a real one.

Love,  
Phil

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[TO JACK SCOVIL]

August 4, 1975

Dear Jack,

Enclosed on 3 file cards are 3 cartoon ideas, which I'm sure the *New Yorker* will buy, especially the psychiatrist one. (SMLA does submit such stuff, doesn't it? After all, there might be twenty dollars in it total.)

I received a letter two days ago from Sharon Jarvis regarding DEUS IRAE (in answer to my letter). She has nailed me for a September deadline, and I have agreed, so I will be doing nothing from now on but retyping from rough to final on DEUS IRAE until it's done. I'm sure I can get it in, just between you and me. And I really did a dirty thing: I sent her some of the correspondence between me and Roger Zelazny that, when she reads it, she will see how hard I am trying, etc.

The \$500 loan which I asked you for on the phone Thursday hasn't arrived yet, but I know it is on the way and so I have not begun to quiver and shake. The mails really are getting slow.

One last point, regarding the sale of UBIK which we discussed selling to Don Wollheim. Remember a while back, Penguin U.S. approached me about getting rights to reprint an older novel of mine, and would pay very well? Are they still a consideration as a market for either UBIK or THREE STIGMATA (or ZAP GUN, if you ever can get that)?

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO ROBERT &amp; VIRGINIA HEINLEIN]

August 5, 1975

Dear Robert and Ginny,

Thank you for the letter, and thank you for the loan. I was starting to get a lot of angst. On TV a guy told how the IRS, when you're in default, comes and takes even the contents of your refrigerator, including the mayonnaise. Poor Tessa tried to raise money by having a garage sale. She sold about seven dollars worth of things; meanwhile I was minding Christopher who broke a ten dollar lamp while Tessa was bravely selling things out front. In retrospect one can laugh...which is to say, thanks for your help. It won't be forgotten.

I'm enclosing a long article from the L.A. Times on the performance in Seattle of *Das Ring* which you saw. I am an old, old Wagner buff, and I wish I could have been up there in Seattle. May I dilate on this? I worked after school hours at a record store when I was in high school. One day, in the storeroom, I found an album mismarked. When I tore off the paper wrappings it was an incredibly rare and ancient Victor set of the third act of *Parsifal*, long deleted from the catalog, conducted by the legendary Karl Muck. That got me started. I was able to obtain, over the years, some of the rarest Wagner records ever made. My favorite was a group of singles put together to form an album (I still remember Columbia's number: MM337) of experimental cuttings made in 1927 (can you imagine it?) at the Bayreuth Festspielhaus. The electrical cutting mechanism had just been invented, but wasn't yet in real use; the older acoustical or mechanical cutters were still used. A number of excerpts from *Parsifal*, not complete scenes, with some roles entirely missing, were cut by German Columbia there at the Festspielhaus, in particular the Transformation Scene from Act One, the Flower Maiden Scene, and the Good Friday portion. Two or three conductors were used; the main one was Karl Muck, of course, but also (imagine this!) Siegfried Wagner himself, Richard's son, conducted the Transformation Scene, although I'm told that Muck prepared it, especially the use of the chorus. What a find for a Wagner-record collector—it took me ten years to locate a copy. At that time I had a small AM radio program each Saturday night in which I did classical music; the program, which I called "Dr. Jeckyl and Mr. Haydn," didn't have the following that Tony Boucher's "Golden Voices" on KPFA had, and mine was on a commercial station so I had to do ads as well. Since I worked in a record store I had access to many rare records, which I played of course, but I kept a note of humor going, like playing from *Die Meistersinger* not the prize song but the one which Beckmesser sings, the one which lost. One night I announced "music by teenagers," and then played Mendelssohn's Octet for Strings. I had a lot of fun, but what meant most to me was playing opera (this is where Tony and I had such shared loves). My favorite Wagnerian singer was Frieda Leider. In those days there was no recording of the *Ring*: a few orchestral bits from *Das Rheingold*, acts one and two from *Walküre* on Victor and an awful act three on U.S. Columbia, a most strange album marked "Siegfried" which was bits recorded by different conductors and artists from

everywhere; lacking entirely was *Götterdämmerung* except for the Immolation Scene and the death scene—in those days I had no real idea how *Götterdämmerung* as an entirety sounded, some notion of *Siegfried*; *Walküre* was complete, but *Rheingold* was a total mystery. As you probably know, this remained the case until London finally brought out the whole Ring a few years ago.

I had other rare 78 albums, too; one of the rarest, and oddest, was a set of Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* which had been recorded in Germany during World War II as a birthday present for Adolf Hitler. Only one set had been pressed and then the masters were destroyed. After the war the single set or pressing was found, and HMV in England dubbed sets for collections, of which I was one. It wasn't complete, but it had some of Europe's finest singers: Gerhard Müsch, for instance, and Lemnitz, and Karl Erb—all idols of mine and Tony's. Well, these rare albums of mine were destroyed, every one of them, back in 1972 while I was in Vancouver. The people who were storing my possessions for me (my house having been sold) thought these records to be of no value since they were the old 78s, and that was the end of them forever. The Columbia set of *Parsifal* had on one side the actual sound of the original Bayreuth Festspielhaus bells, as far as I know the only recording ever made of them...the British bombed them to rubble during the war, and so they were gone. I used to play that one side over and over and over again, startling friends of mine by the enormous sonority of the bells. Well, as Heraclitus says, "No single thing abides, but all things flow."

Do you own a set of *Das Ring*? I still like the London set, but I understand another (a third or fourth, yes, a fourth) will be coming out which is said to be excellent. I do like George London so much, though, as Wotan. And I truly believe that Gustav Neidlinger is an unmatched Alberich. It's a pity that Flagstad could not have gone on to record the other three sets and so is heard only as Fricka in *Rheingold*. Nilsson is, to my ears, not a good Brünnhilde, but then I owned that old Victor 78 RPM *Siegfried* set, and in it Leider sang the long duet at the end...and I will never hear her singing that again, sadly.

It's always depressed me that Wagner is so unfairly disliked by so many here in the U.S. Personally, I'm all in favor of opera in English. On my little radio program I once played the final scene from *Carmen* on a German recording, in German, and people thought it was Wagner; it is the language barrier, I think, which is what I was out to prove. If only we here knew the poetry Wagner wrote, as well as the music. Think of such as this from *Siegfried*, act one:

Fühltest du nie  
im finst'ren Wald,  
bei Dämmerschein  
am dunklen Ort,  
wenn fern es säuselt,  
summst and saust,  
wildes Brummen  
näher braust,  
wirres Flackern

*um dich flimmert,  
schwelland Schwirren  
zu Leib' dir schwebt,—  
fühltest du dann nicht grieselnd  
Grausen die Glieder dir fahen? Usu.*

Such onomatopoeia...I've never seen the like elsewhere, and not only that, there is in this section, as Mime deliberately seeks to create fear in Siegfried, what must stand acted out before us the truly diabolical; I mean, that Mime would want to do this at all. It is as if the Primordial Curse, which is on all men and on all nature as well somehow escaped Siegfried...and what is Mime's reaction to this miracle, this wonderful accident? He deliberately inflicts the curse on Siegfried; he teaches it to him, that is, to feel an alienation and dread, where none was felt before. Ah, such indeed is the heart of evil. What a masterful job Wagner the creative artist has done in the text here, in the drama, the music...and we only hear the music, not what is said; and hence don't actually understand. I give this only as one example.

Right now I'm finishing typing up the collaborative novel DEUS IRAE, which Roger Zelazny and I've been struggling with since, incredibly, 1969. We've got a September deadline, and can get it in. I'm half-blind from typing, but I feel good about it. And then I can get back to the vast theological novel I'm researching, TO SCARE THE DEAD, for which I've written 150,000 words of notes already, but can't find the handle on as to getting the MS itself underway. The weather has been so hot here in central Orange County, and I'm still not used to it, being from the Bay Area. I still would like to move.

Maybe Tessa told you, but I wrote a short piece about Tony Boucher for a New York slick sort of magazine, *The Real World*, in which I show how much Tony and my cat Pinky were alike, and how similar their lives were. I've been waiting and waiting for the issue to be sent to me, so I could send a copy to you. It is a sad little article, but in another way very hopeful. I think you will enjoy it. I already sent a typescript version to Phyllis Boucher, and she wrote to say it must be regarded as a metaphor rather than the literal truth, that in point of fact Tony did not hunt, nor did he ever catch and eat, gophers. My next task, after I get DEUS IRAE to Doubleday is to type a final on my anti-drug novel, A SCANNER DARKLY, which goes to Doubleday, too. I had the *Rolling Stone* interviewer, Paul Williams, read my rough draft; he used to be a close friend of Tim Leary and is quite an authority on the drug sub-culture; he agreed with me that SCANNER presents the reader with horrors of the drug world so overwhelming that it serves in itself as a kind of vast surrogate bad drug trip, as bad as I could get onto paper, bad enough to turn anyone off vis-a-vis drugs...which was my intention in writing it. No one who hasn't seen the ravages of drugs can imagine them. I saw; I can imagine; and evidently I got them down on paper. If I save one single human mind or life with SCANNER I'll be happy.

Again thank you, and love to you both.

Phil Dick

[TO SHARON JARVIS]

August 9, 1975

Dear Ms. (I mean) Dear Sharon,

You're looking at a super tired human. I just mailed off the completed MS of DEUS IRAE to Jack Scovil at Scott Meredith Agency. With this letter I'm sending you the carbon of my letter to him. It will tell you what I'm too tired to repeat: that together, Roger and I got an A-One novel together at last.

I wrote five (FIVE!) new scenes for it after Roger completed it. He hasn't yet seen two of them. They did it. That's how it is in the novel-writing business...you just sense it's not right yet, and then one day you get up at seven a.m. and sit down and write, and then it jells, you have it; there it is. And so I sent it off.

There was no fudging on this novel; you know, winding it up in a cheap way just to meet the deadline. Hell, we still have six weeks! But it's good, Sharon, mainly because of the 18 months of research I've been doing for my new novel, TO SCARE THE DEAD, from which all five scenes added to DEUS IRAE came from. But TO SCARE THE DEAD will be A-One, too, when it gets written.

I do not have an English translation for the Rilke poem Abend on page 166. Roger has it, I'm sure; I know Larry wants English translations if possible. Anyhow, Roger paraphrases it in the text of the novel itself.

If you really want to make a novelist—a Doubleday novelist who's been with you since 1964—happy (I mean me), why don't you phone me when you've decided how you feel about DEUS IRAE?

Love,  
Philip K. Dick

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[TO SHARON JARVIS]

August 11, 1975

Dear Sharon,

Whereas I have sent off DEUS IRAE, which certainly answers Doubleday's questions about that, I have failed to give you any response to your question about A SCANNER DARKLY, which I will now do, since DEUS IRAE is finished and out of the way.

You should have in your possession an outline for SCANNER, plus the first 82 pages typed in final. Do you still have them, and have you personally read them? I would very much like to assure myself that you have read them. This morning I got up at six forty-five and read over the 82 initial pages of SCANNER and glanced through the remaining rough MS. The problem for me in finishing SCANNER is that it depicts such sadness that in the writing of it I virtually went crazy. I knew these people. Recently a girl informed me that the person whom the character Jerry Fabin is based on killed himself—I give this as an example, and if you will read or have read the 82 pages you will see why such personal anguish is involved for me...and, I think, would be for the future readers of the novel when it comes out. Paul Williams in his *Rolling Stone* interview discusses SCANNER at great length (by

the way—this is the novel which Tony Hiss referred to in his piece on me in the *New Yorker*, about Tim Leary and the LSD crowd and what became of them.). Paul read the rough of SCANNER and considers it the best novel ever done realistically about the drug sub-culture (which he will be saying in *Rolling Stone*). Well, anyhow, I have decided to put aside my theological novel-in-progress, TO SCARE THE DEAD, to finish SCANNER at your request. All the work I've done on DEUS IRAE has satisfied my inner need to write about God, so I will go back and write (or rather retype) about the ravages of drugs on good human beings. I hope that I can stand the pain of what becomes of the characters in SCANNER; when you have the complete MS you will see what I mean. It is a document of our times; I faked nothing. But it will take me a while to finish; anyhow I have begun on it again, after all this time, which is the best I can tell you. It is in the machine. And when Doubleday publishes it, it will cause a sensation. Okay?

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

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[TO FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION]

August 15, 1975

Dear Sirs,

Under the Freedom of Information Act, I would like to request a copy of any file which you may have on me.

Here is the information by which you can precisely identify me:

PHILIP KINDRED DICK. Born: December 16, 1928, in Chicago. Birth Registration Notification #56957. Father's name: Joseph Edgar Dick. Mother's maiden name: Dorothy Grant Kindred. Attended the Bruce Tatlock School in Berkeley, California (pre-first grade); moved then to Washington, D.C., attended the Friends' School, the John Eaton School. Returned to California, attended the Hillside Grammar School, then the Oxford Grammar School from which graduated. Attended Garfield High School, also in Berkeley; graduated. Then Berkeley High, from which graduated. Attended the University of California for about two months only. MILITARY RECORD: Was required to sign up under the Selective Service Law toward the end of World War Two at a local draft board in Berkeley, but was not called up until the Korean War. Was rejected for military service due to high blood pressure.

In the early 'fifties, two agents of the FBI, Mr. George Scruggs and Mr. George Smith approached me regarding my then wife, Kleo Apostolides Dick. Later, Mr. George Smith headed the Oakland Branch of the Bureau. I remarried Anne Williams Rubenstein in the late 'fifties, in Marin County. Then remarried again in the mid 'sixties to Nancy Hackett. Am married now to Tessa Busby Dick (Leslie Busby). One child by Anne: named Laura. One child by Nancy: named Isolda Freya. One child by Tessa: Christopher. Address in Berkeley in early 'fifties when Mr. Scruggs and Mr. Smith approached me: 1126 Francisco Street. Later addresses: P.O. Box 176, Point Reyes Station, California. 707 Hacienda Way, Marin County, California. 3028 Quartz Lane, Fullerton, California. 1405 Cameo Lane, Fullerton, California.

Present address below. While at 3028 Quartz Lane, Fullerton, California, I was visited, at my request, by an FBI agent named Mr. Payne.

By profession I am a novelist, having published about 35 novels and 125 stories. My best known novel is THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE, for which I received the international Hugo Award in 1963. Thank you, and I will hope to hear from you.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO LAWRENCE ASHMEAD, *Editor-in-Chief,*  
*Doubleday*]

August 18, 1975

Dear Larry,

Thanks for the nice letter. Yes, I am a star in the Doubleday sky. I had hoped you'd noticed. There's been a few years (between 1970 and 1974) when I wasn't so visible, but FLOW MY TEARS, as I'm sure you know, is not only in contention for the Hugo (and was for the Nebula), but has been reviewed all the way from the *New York Times* to the *Berkeley Barb*. The latter publication's review was really very funny. They said I had all the slang of the future right.

Larry, this is an important letter, so I will get down to the nitty-gritty (see, the *Barb* was right). A SCANNER DARKLY is finished. The final draft done. I can mail it off this week. Now, as you recall, Doubleday agreed to raise the advance to a total of \$3,000, and mailed me contract-revision small-size forms for me to sign. I never signed them because I was mad that month, as you recall, and was holding the novel back. I don't have the little forms now. Could you have new ones created and sent to Jack Scovil at Scott Meredith to send on to me? They would indicate that \$1,250 has already been advanced on A SCANNER DARKLY, with \$1,750 due on receipt of the satisfactory manuscript (total of \$3,000 in all instead of the \$2,500 which the actual signed contract calls for). Thank you. This increase of \$500 was not enough, I thought, but frankly, Larry, we had to borrow \$1,700 from Robert Heinlein to pay our income taxes this year; I owe Robert that sum and want to pay him back right away. It is virtually exactly what the additional \$500 on SCANNER will bring me, therefore I say "okay" to that small additional sum on the total advance.

Now, Larry, there is another point, a major one. A SCANNER DARKLY is not science fiction, not really, although I suppose you could market it as such. You either have already received or shortly will the MS for DEUS IRAE from me and Roger, which is science fiction. It is of the utmost importance that you personally receive the MS for A SCANNER DARKLY rather than it being received and processed by your science fiction editor, who right now is Sharon Jarvis. In other words, it was always my intention (and the intention of Mr. Van Doren at Scott Meredith, who handled SCANNER originally) that you personally be given the completed MS, and not Diane who was s-f editor at that time...I stress this to show that it has nothing to do with Sharon personally, it has to do with the chair she sits in, if you follow me.

Please understand that I am only interested in seeing SCANNER receive the best sales record and marketing possible, and this can be done if it is treated properly and that means *not* as limited to s-f, as a genre piece. Will you personally read the MS of SCANNER, Larry, and determine how it will be processed and handled? I want *you* to follow it through, or whatever the term is.

When you read it you will see why, or perhaps, if you read the outline and initial 82 pages I long ago sent, you already know why. It carries a dedication which is a 3-page intro which says, This is about the 'sixties and certain people in the decade, and in the *New Yorker* interview with me, Tony Hiss describes it as, a book about Tim Leary and the LSD crowd and what became of them.

I would, ahem, with all due respects, as I sit here proofreading the lovely final copy of SCANNER, would like your assurance on this: i.e. that you personally will carry SCANNER through and that it will not be marketed *merely* as science fiction.

Well, and so back to the MS. It runs 300 long pages, not a really very long novel, but the best I've ever done. God bless, and I will hope to hear from you soon.

With warm personal regards,  
Philip K. Dick

PS. Please excuse the incredibly faulty typing on this—I did the whole draft on SCANNER, and I'm sitting here too early in the morning with tired fingers and half-closed eyes. But—SCANNER is done! And the final revision (extensive) upgrades it immensely!!

[TO JACK SCOVIL]

August 18, 1975

Dear Jack:

Here is A SCANNER DARKLY, for Larry Ashmead at Doubleday. As I told you on the phone, the first four chapters (pages one through eighty-two) are lacking because they were sent on originally, along with the outline, to SMLA; Van Doren received them and I presume passed them on to Doubleday.

So you have the complete MS of SCANNER once the original 82 initial pages are added, all in final.

Please keep me informed. Each time I read this novel over, it affects me more. Let me know your reaction.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO PAUL WILLIAMS]

Agu (ahem) August 26, 1975

Dear Paul,

Just a note to let you know that I typed up the final draft of A SCANNER DARKLY and mailed it off to Doubleday (via Scott Meredith), so that is that. We needed the money desperately. In the final draft I made many improvements; I had

my research material, which I hadn't had before, Ornstein's work and so forth, and I was able, in the novel, to have the two hemispheres of Bob-Fred-Bruce's brain speak back and forth to each other, which I had originally only hinted at. The final version, then, is much stronger, somewhat like ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT, in which the protagonist falls in a battle after his fellows have fallen before him. When I was done proofreading it over I was seized by an enormous emotional convulsion which has nearly—still, a week later—undone me. I have become so involved with the characters and what befell them...also, I wrote a new 3-page dedication which I think is very good. My therapist has had a difficult time pulling me out of the dreadful space which doing the final on SCANNER has put me in. It's been touch and go for a while, with me on the verge of trying to follow those who perished. I think I'm pulling out of it now, but she was going to hospitalize me at one point, to keep me from offing myself. Imagine your own novel having that much effect on you! I guess part was the memories, but part certainly is the novel itself, as it emerged from in its final form. I also sent off DEUS IRAE, so I have sent Doubleday two novels within 5 weeks. They will be pleased.

That's just about all the news. Did you mail the six copies of CRAP to Ralph what's his name in the foreign section of Scott Meredith? I presume you did. What's new with you? I'm again doing my theological research, as before, although I used some of what I had for five new scenes in DEUS IRAE, in order to complete it; they worked in fine.

In reading over SCANNER I could see what you meant about it being a vast metaphor for the U.S. Government of that period, the schizophrenia and paranoia. And the eerie coincidences, such as Arctor's insistence on getting possession of the tapes! Well, we will see how Doubleday markets it. I have contacted Larry Ashmead directly, asking him not to market it as s-f or even as a novel about drugs, but as a multiple-personality novel. The U.S. Government metaphor I can allude to after it's finished. I did add one line that'll interest you; when Hank is firing Fred, and denying him the tapes, I have Fred say, "I am not a crook." It actually as if intrinsic, not a famous historic quote.

Let me know how you're doing, and pray I'll pull out of the depression that retyping and rereading and rewriting and proofing SCANNER has put me into. I knew it would when I did it; well, I did it and it did. But there's always tomorrow (I guess). And memories fade.

Love,  
Phil

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[TO UWE ANTON, publisher, Science Fiction Times,  
Germany]

August 27, 1975

Lieber Herr Uwe Anton:

In answer to your good letter of 22.8.1975, there is one article which I wrote which I think you would wish to use. It appeared in a Canadian fanzine. My arti-

cle is called "The Evolution of a Vital Love," and was printed in two installments.  
Please write:

Mr. Mike Bailey,  
Vancouver, B.C.  
CANADA.

Ask Mr. Bailey to send you the *complete* article, "The Evolution of a Vital Love," and tell him that I personally requested that he do so. I am sure he will send it to you, but stress the importance to him, that he hurry, as he is sometimes slow to do things.

This is the only real item which I can think of which would be good for your purposes. I believe it to be a very fine article, even though it is I the author saying this, and I think it will please you.

Good luck with your issue, and be sure to send me a copy.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

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[TO DOROTHY HUDNER]

September 8, 1975

Dear Dorothy,

Just a note to thank you for phoning tonight. We've been terribly busy trying to borrow money...my agent, Scott Meredith, has moved, and because of this he's been shut down and no revenue has come through. We have gotten really desperate—our rent was due on the first, and we haven't been able to pay it. The irony of this, of course, is that I sent off not one but two novels, as I mentioned on the phone: DEUS IRAE and A SCANNER DARKLY, both of them for Doubleday. Sometime around the end of September or early October they will pay off and we will be okay, but until then—well, I've had one dollar to my name, and we haven't even been able to take our clothes to the laundromat or pay the babysitter. What a thing, at a time when I've sent off two novels! It turns out that not only was Scott Meredith moving at this time (the first time he's ever moved) but my editor at Doubleday has been on vacation, too.

I am now working on my new novel now, TO SCARE THE DEAD, and I think I'll do it as before and submit it in outline form to Doubleday. Larry Ashmead, who is editor-in-chief at Doubleday, has agreed to follow A SCANNER DARKLY all the way through, so it may not be published as a science-fiction novel but rather (for instance) a multiple-personality novel. TO SCARE THE DEAD is in a sense a sequel to that.

I'm not sure if I told you, but my literary novel, CONFESSIONS OF A CRAP ARTIST, is out, and selling well (for a literary novel). It is going for \$25 for an autographed numbered copy.

We have a dog right now, but he's not working out; he tried to bite the kittens, so we put a muzzle on him. It's what he deserves.

My recent depression is understandable in terms of my having finished SCANNER. When the book is published you will see why; it is dedicated to all my friends who either died from drugs or were permanently injured, including myself. Scott has reported on it; he finds it excellent as a novel, from every standpoint, so I am confident that it will go over well. Now, if we can only get through until the Doubleday payment for it...why are they always out of the office around this time of year? Scott would go and move right now!!

Love,  
Phil

[TO MARCEL THAON]

September 8, 1975

Dear Marcel,

Welcome to the United States! Certainly, I would very much like to have you stop by here and visit us, as Patrice Duvic and Michel Demuth did at one time. Fullerton is south of Los Angeles, about 600 miles south of San Francisco. You really should fly from San Francisco down here (if you can afford it); otherwise, there is indeed a bus, to Fullerton, also a train from San Francisco directly to Fullerton. Of all the choices, I would take the train.

How did you know about my book with Roger Zelazny? I just sent it off—my agent, Scott Meredith, hasn't even reported on it to me yet. It is called DEUS IRAE, which means (of course), THE GOD OF WRATH, a sort of pun on Day of Wrath in Latin. Roger and I have been working on it for years, literally; I think since 1968, if you can believe that. I thought we'd never complete it. We are finally satisfied. I hope Doubleday is satisfied too. Also, I sent off my new solo novel, A SCANNER DARKLY, because of financial pressure on me to bring in some money (I have bought a Fiat Spyder sports car, and couldn't pay my income taxes, the usual American high-living story). I believe that A SCANNER DARKLY is the best novel I've ever done, if I may say so myself, equal to ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT, which it somewhat resembles in that it deals with people dying from street drugs in a kind of war where at last the protagonist, alone and unnoticed, falls. It is a very sad novel, as you might imagine. The dedication to it is a rollcall of my dead and injured friends ....

In addition, my purely literary novel, CONFESSIONS OF A CRAP ARTIST, is in print here in the U.S. now, and Scott Meredith is sending copies abroad. I'll show you a copy when I see you. Here is my phone number, okay? 714-526-1665. We're living in a house—not the apartment which M. Demuth described as so dismal in that French underground magazine!—and we have five cats and a dog, and of course Christopher, our two-year old son, who is very active and full of noise. At present I am at work on a new theological novel called TO SCARE THE DEAD.

I'll expect to hear from you, by phone or by mail. And again, how nice to know you're here and will be visiting.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO RALPH VICINANZA]

September 10, 1975

Dear Ralph:

I have your letter of September 5 regarding Piers Dudgeon of Star Books, London, and of course although I am delighted that A CRACK IN SPACE will probably go to them, what I am really responding to is their interest in commissioning a new novel.

Mr. Dudgeon is quite right in that he did read in an article about me that I complained of low advances here in the U.S. Doubleday is up to \$3,000 with me, so something in the range of \$4,000 would be very attractive to me. As you may or may not know, I just turned two finished novels over to the Agency for Doubleday, to fulfill contractual obligations, so I am now "clear" with them. I have been making notes on a new novel ever since March of last year and I have, incredible as it may seem, over 150,000 words in notes on this in-progress novel, my working title for which is TO SCARE THE DEAD. I've mentioned it to Jack Scovil a number of times, and also to Doubleday, since I assumed I'd be selling it to them. I frankly believe that it will be even better than A SCANNER DARKLY, which is one of the two I just turned over to them and which I consider my best novel so far. An important fact about TO SCARE THE DEAD is that it deals with theological themes (in science fiction form) which should be of particular interest to an English audience. It may very well be that Mr. Dudgeon would be interested in it.

I could easily prepare an outline of it...I was going to do that later on for Doubleday here. What would he need in order to sign some kind of contract and give some kind of advance (as Doubleday did, for instance, on an outline for FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID and DEUS IRAE—in neither case did Doubleday require sample chapters)? I am not in need of funds right now, so I am not overly eager; still, I do have a major novel in progress, and one which would appeal to his own particular market. I am certain that when he reads the outline he will agree.

Thank you very much for going into such detail, and doing such work on this matter; sounds good, and also it sounds as if you've taken over very expertly now that Henry Ludmer has gone to Doubleday. Let us say, on the face of it, that I agree to the project. Okay?

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO D\_\_\_\_\_]

September 11, 1975

Dear D\_\_:

This letter may become discursive, but it has a specific purpose. Please forgive me if I take some time to make clear what I am trying to say. It really is something of importance, to all of us.

When Sherri first learned she had cancer she told me that if it proved fatal she would like me to have me do what I could to get some of her poems published. The last time I saw her she gave me a group of poems, and it was for this purpose. I read them, and although I am not an authority on the worth of poetry, I do think that intrinsically they merit publishing, and of course I would do what I could anyhow, because of my feeling for her.

The problem, of course, is that I have no more got a way to publish them than you have or any individual has—in the usual sense, I mean: the sense which Sherri means, which is a small book of her poems. With the proper money a private printing could be arranged, but I'm sure you are realistic enough to know that we would have no way to distribute the book, and they would wind up as nothing more than a sad stack on your closet shelf and mine. I saw this happen once. Also, poetry does not sell and very few people read it, outside of the colleges and universities and such. It never makes any revenue.

However, I have been thinking about this, and I have finally what I think is an idea which is not mere wind and sentiment, but thoroughly sound, although somewhat unusual. The only field I have professional access into is the novel-writing field, and there the readership is quite large; we are talking, potentially, in terms of hundreds of thousands of readers. In the novel I just sent off to Doubleday, I incorporated a number of sections of poetry from Goethe's "Faust," giving credit, of course, to Goethe. The poetry became a theme in the mind of the main character. This has given me this idea:

(one) I can incorporate several of Sherri's poems into a future novel of my own, giving credit to her for them, stating plainly in a dedication or foreword that Sherri Solvig is or was an actual person and the actual author of the poems, and that I am not the author of them. In a dedication or foreword, I will give a short appropriate account of her and her circumstances. What I foresee here is that such a printing of a small number of her poems might spark an interest in her as a young California poet who dies in her early twenties (if this be the case) and who left an unpublished number of other poems not included in the text of the novel. There is no real technical difficulty in doing this. Take my word for that. I would select what seemed to be the best of her poems, for obvious reasons, and specifically to spark further interest, especially in the hope that later, a separate book of her poems would be brought out detached from the novel entirely.

(two) The above would (a) gain a fairly large world-wide readership for a small number of poems and (b) establish her existence as an actual young California poet. But also I propose doing something more, although this perhaps is something for me

to decide. However, at this time I want Sherri, as much as possible, to know what I propose, and for her to decide, as much as possible, what if any of this she would like to see happen. I can, as an extension of the above, include her, by name, as a character in the novel in some fashion, either as a person whom the protagonist (or other character knew), or, if the novel is set too far in the future, was known to his father or grandfather, and so in a sense, a real sense, is known to the protagonist. What I want to do (and this is something I have done with friends before, both living and dead) is make real, vivid, and enduring as possible the reality of that loved one, as I have known him or her, in the only fashion open to me: my novels. In this case, however, I would wish to use her actual name, which I have never done with anyone before. I think I have a clear enough inner image of Sherri to do her justice on the printed page of a novel, and beyond doubt my love for her would drive me to do as good a job as I am capable of. I know you know that, and so does she.

So I am proposing two proposals, the second of which would include the first in it, rather than being an alternative pure and simple. You must understand that at the date I am writing this, the outcome of Sherri's illness is still unknown to us; however, I want Sherri to know that I have a concrete plan, and although it does not guarantee her a book of her poems *as such* in print, it is the fullest of my power and skill, at her disposal, and with all the love and respect I have for her—and the respect I have for her poems.

Hopefully, you could discuss this with her and then let me know if this pleases her. It would mean, at the least, that tens of thousands of readers, many of them literate and associated with colleges and such, would know she lived, would know she wrote poems, would know a few of the poems. If I can improve on these proposals, I will. What do you say?

Love,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO SCOTT A. SAVAGE]

September 12, 1975

Dear Mr. Savage:

Thanks for your interesting letter, which raised a major point about my writing. True, my novels fall into two distinct groups: the old traditional s-f, and something more modern. As to why this is, you will find that Ace Books lies behind the "sub-standard traditional stuff," which is really a good description; I have as little use for it as you. I sold my first novel to Ace Books, back around 1954. You must understand that no "New Wave" existed back then. They wanted the only kind of s-f there was, and to write s-f at all you had to write that. I did so, and got the habit of that. Breaking the habit proved to be difficult. I am a product of the last decade of the old s-f, and still have my problems denying (in my type of writing) my pulp origins.

As to the "New Wave," I am really not a part of that, if it can be said to exist at all. That term actually describes a kind of florid pseudo-poetic style, I think, much like some rock lyrics; it's all sound and fury (Harlan Ellison's writ-

ing would be a good example). What I have tried to do, over the 24 years of professional writing, is do my own kind of experimental novels, as many of them as possible, and as few of the "potboilers," as you call them, as possible. By and large, the Ace Books are early items, but now and then I fall back into the old genre and do one again, even as late as 1970.

I think, though, an artist should be judged by his best efforts, in the same way that people should be grasped by the handle of what is best in them generally. I'd like to stand on such novels of mine as *UBIK*, *THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE*, *DOCTOR BLOODMONEY*, and *MARTIAN TIME-SLIP*. This is a generally conceded principle. You wouldn't mind doing it, would you? Also, I beg you to take into consideration the financial economics of the field, which force a full-time s-f writer to write a purely old-time adventure straight s-f novel now, in addition to his experimental works. From your letter I can tell that you have an insight into the economics of art as such; one must now and then paint a picture of a vase of flowers in order to produce, at another time, something in one's own true style.

I've published about 35 novels in all, so it's hard to submit a list, it being somewhat long. I hope, though, that this answer will be of some value to you. Thanks for writing.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

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[TO CLARENCE KELLEY, FBI]

September 15, 1975

Dear Mr. Kelley:

I have received your letter of September 11, 1975, which acknowledges my FOIA request. In your letter you request that I submit my notarized signature, which you will find herewith enclosed.

I appreciate your heavy workload and the problems involved with the FOIA requests that you are getting. Please be assured that I am grateful for your consideration of my request, and I trust that my enclosed notarized signature will remove any barrier to your being able to act on my request.

Thank you very much.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

Enc: notarized signature dated September 15, 1975.

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[TO JACK SCOVIL]

September 15, 1975

Dear Jack:

This letter has to do with the original loan of \$500 which you made out in the form of a check on September 3. Since that letter and that check, which I pre-

sume was dated September 3, has not reached me by now, I think we can assume it is entirely lost. Your bookkeeping department should put a stop payment on that September 3rd check to me, the loan check, for \$500. If by some freak chance it should later arrive, I will consider it void, and not cash it, but return it.

On September 5, SMLA received a movie option payment for me, for UBIK, in the amount of \$1750 (see your letter to me dated September 5). From this amount, you took \$500 to pay off the September 3 loan:

"\$1700 total, less \$500 which repays the advance of two days ago, and less \$1.29 the bank transfer charge on our check of August 24th for British monies on CLANS OF THE ALPHANE MOON which we failed to deduct at the time due to a bookkeeping error." Payment to me from this gross sum of \$1750 was your check for \$1073.71.

Therefore I paid back a loan which I never received. (I'm sure you follow this.) At that time you had no way of knowing that the \$500 loan of September 3rd would never reach me. Thus, in essence, I was still owed exactly \$500. Later on, as you recall, you wired me \$500 because the check and letter of September 3rd never arrived, so I did incur a \$500 loan/debt to you, but this in actuality stood as cancelled by the deduction of \$500 from the movie royalty check for \$1750. The total of all this is that, if you will void the September 3 loan check, which I never got and hence never cashed, we stand even. I literally paid back the wired money before it was sent (on September 5th).

Today I received a letter from Dallas Mayr (dated September 10) which states that I have earned \$216.90 from DAW Books, which you have put toward my advance, bringing said advance down to a balance of \$283.10. What you must do is after putting a stop payment on the original \$500 uncashed loan of September 3, then send me this \$216.10, inasmuch as no unpaid loan exists. Naturally there was no way for you to know that the September 3 \$500 loan check and letter never arrived. But that is the situation. Thank you very much, and I wonder what ever happened to it.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO JACK SCOVIL]

September 15, 1975

Dear Jack:

Maybe this is a pointless letter, but I've been thinking that, Is it not the case that the very recent (this August) Doubleday royalty statements failed to include all the paperback reprints which go through them? I.e.: A MAZE OF DEATH, NOW WAIT FOR LAST YEAR, and DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP? I must admit that I do not have the Doubleday royalty sheets here (can't even find them) but *all* the above paperback reprints are on the stands, and I got no royalties for them, and, as I recall, no statements either.

For instance, there is a third cover on DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP? and I'm up to a 10% cut. I would like you to look into this. Consider that my minor DAW novel, WE CAN BUILD YOU, paid off \$216 net to me for this period. I should at least get an accounting.

If Doubleday did its bookkeeping too soon for the paperback royalties to appear, then I will contact Larry Ashmead and have him check to see what, if anything, stands as royalty unpaid credit to me on those paperbacks. They did include the DAW one, FLOW MY TEARS. So why not the others?

On another matter, recently a fellow I know sold a novel to Roger Elwood for something like \$1,250. I suggested this new author, whose name is Tim Powers, contact you and see if you would represent him in future sales. It is entirely possible that he is going to make it big. This is his first sale. I read the contract and it was awful. I would consider it a personal favor to me if (were he to contact you) you would represent him. He has one of the most inventive s-f minds I know of.

Let me know about Doubleday, and also, can you give me any idea of when they might be releasing the monies due on DEUS IRAE and A SCANNER DARKLY? I phoned Sharon Jarvis today but she was out. I'd like to see how she's reacted to DEUS IRAE, but more important, I want to make sure that she isn't mad that I, so to speak, went over her head re SCANNER when I had it sent directly to Larry Ashmead and got his promise to follow it through personally. I want to do some fence-mending.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO LINDA R. LEVY]

September 16, 1975

Dear Ms. Levy:

Your application for personal immortality has been

Confirmed

Denied

If "denied" you may refile during the next calendar year. If "confirmed" then you will live forever and it will not be necessary to refile.

Reasons for "confirmed" or "denied" are as follows:

Beauty or the lack thereof

Warmth or the lack thereof

Kindness or the lack thereof

Other

Other than other; as follows:

We trust that this will satisfy your questions, but if any exist, you may write to the person and address below.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick  
Director of Immortality

[TO LINDA R. LEVY]

*September 17, 1975*

Dear Miss Levy,

I have never written a "fan" letter before, so please excuse where I have expressed myself in a crude fashion. I am a friend of Mr. Tim Powers and he showed me a slick paper house organ (if you will excuse the expression) with a photo of you and some kind of caption like "MEET LINDA LEVY." In the picture you are smiling. It is my hope someday to meet you, but I will be god-damned if I go to a place like Phoenix to do so. Anyhow, maybe I can procure (if you will excuse the expression) a copy of the glossy slick type pik of you for myself, as I have fallen in love with you just from gagzing (sp?) at it and reading the copy beneath.

Perhaps you will understand why I have fallen in love with you when I tell you what Fullerton is like. But then perhaps not, so I will save myself the trouble.

However, you do look like a nice girl. On The Go, as they say (just what does your firm do, by the way? Sell organic honey or bikinis or what? Is it a cover for something illicit? If so, please let me know, as in that case I might fly to Phoenix anyhow, despite what I said above).

Mr. Powers has attempted to describe what you are like, but he falls into babbling when doing so, so I guess I will have to wait until I meet you. He does speak highly of you, however, I should say. It's just that a glazed look appears on his face and nobody can understand him.

I trust that your life in Phoenix (bleh) is wonderful, but if you ever should want to visit Fullerton, I would be glad to put you up with you for as long as possible you would like. Mr Powers says that, as he puts it quaintly, "Pinning her down is like pinning down some beautiful butterfly; when you have pinned it, you have ruined it."

I will hope to receive other picture of you too, if you have them. As to the ones I took, same as in '72, exactly the same, eerie, they did not come out. The photo firm returned them marked NG, which I'm sure you know means "No good." I slunk home.

With all the love in the world,

Phil Dick

[TO SHERRI SOLVIG]

*September 17, 1975*

Dear Sherri,

When I last saw you I mentioned that I had been reading the apocryphal book, "The Wisdom of Solomon" and was very impressed by it. As you probably know, our church recommends we read these books now. "The Wisdom of Solomon" was written in the first century B.C. and was part of the Septuagint, which was cited in the New Testament as the holy scriptures which the early Christians used; thus, to them, "The Wisdom of Solomon" was as sacred as any book of the Hebrew Scriptures.

These are the parts I wanted to quote to you, taken from here and there. They impressed me very much. You might note that they probably influenced the early Christian concept of immortality, which really is lacking in the Hebrew Scriptures.

"...For God did not make death, and takes no pleasure in the destruction of any living thing; he created all things that they might have being. The creative forces of the world make for life; there is no deadly poisons in them. Death is not king on earth, for justice is immortal.

"...But the good man, even if he dies an untimely death, will be at rest. For it is not length of life and number of years which bring the honor due to age; if men have understanding, they have gray hairs enough, and an unspotted life is the true ripeness of age. There was once a man who pleased God, and God accepted him and took him while still living from among sinful men. He was snatched away before his mind could be prevented by witchcraft or his soul deceived by falsehood...in a short time he came to the perfection of a full span of years. His soul was pleasing to the Lord, who removed him from a wicked world. The mass of men see this and give it no thought; they do not lay to heart this truth, that those whom God has chosen enjoy his grace and mercy, and that He comes to the help of his holy people. Even after his death the just man will shame the godless who are still alive. Men see the wise man's end without understanding: the Lord has purposed for him and why he took him into safekeeping...then the just man shall take his stand, full of assurance, to confront those who oppressed him and made light of his suffering. At the sight of him there will be terror and confusion, and they will be beside themselves to see him unexpectedly safe home..."

The knowledge of personal immortality existed in all the Greek mystery religions, of which Christianity is one. However, what is not realized is that immortality was not sought as an end in itself, but as a means to something else: to a more complete union with God. After all, there could be unpleasant immortalities, such as in hell. Consider this:

"...But the souls of the just are in God's hand, and torment shall not touch them. In the eyes of foolish men they seemed to be dead; their departure was reckoned as defeat, and their going from us as disaster. But they are at peace, for though in the sight of men they may be punished, they have a sure hope of immortality, and after a little chastisement they will receive great blessings, because God has tested them and found them worthy to be his. Like gold in a crucible he has put them to the proof, and found them acceptable...the true beginning of wisdom is the desire to learn, and a concern for learning means love towards her; the love of her means the keeping of her laws; to keep her laws is a warrant of immortality; *and immortality brings a man near to God*. Thus the desire of wisdom leads to kingly stature..."

It was the great victory of the Greek mystery religions that first a person discovered his own personal immortality and then he used it as a means to attain something higher. The pursuit of that "something higher" began here on earth, as a pursuit of Haggia Sophia, or Holy Wisdom.

Philo of Alexandria, who lived at exactly the same time as Christ, and was a Greek-educated Jew (he knew no Hebrew) equated Haggia Sophia, Holy Wisdom of the Hebrews, with the Logos of the Greeks. Slightly after that, as you know, the Logos was equated by St. John with Jesus Christ, and thus Hebrew and Greek thought converged, not in an idea, but in a man.

Well, dear, I hope you get some comfort from what I've quoted. I have been reading the "Wisdom of Solomon" again and again, and getting a lot out of it. The Britannica says that it is an unusual book in that it presents wisdom as personified, i.e. as Lady Wisdom. It is obvious, from a reading of the book, that Philo was right to connect her/it/him with the Logos, but how interesting to think that the Logos may have come down to us originally in feminine form! The use of the word "she" is not merely grammatical, but actual. The author of the book says:

"...For in wisdom there is a spirit intelligent and holy, unique in its kind yet made up of many parts, subtle, free-moving, lucid, spotless, clear, invulnerable, loving what is good, eager, unhindered, beneficent, kindly towards men, steadfast, unerring, untouched by care, all-powerful, all-surveying, and permeating all intelligent, pure and delicate spirits. For wisdom moves more easily than motion itself, she pervades and permeates all things because she is so pure. Like a fine mist she rises from the power of God, a pure effluence from the glory of the Almighty; so nothing defiled can enter her by stealth. She is the brightness that streams from everlasting light, the flawless mirror of the active power of God and the image of his goodness. She is but one, yet can do everything; herself unchanging, she makes all things new; age after age she enters into holy souls, and makes them God's friends and prophets, for nothing is acceptable to God but the man who makes his home with wisdom..."

Isn't this beautiful, this description. And she is alive, the Logos, our Savior. Expressed here in the first complete form, before Christ. I am sure, Sherri, that she is the active spirit which came to me last year, in March, when I had come to the very end; I had to suffer a kind of death, a real death, and then suddenly there she was, taking over and untangling the troubles and afflictions around me. She told me then that the great tyranny which held this country in thrall would be broken, because, as she showed me then, in a dream, the conspirators had been seen by her, and she would see that they were revealed and destroyed. And so they were.

The last thing she told me was, "Saint Sophia will be born again. She was not acceptable before." I talked to my priest and I studied and studied and there is no doubt about it; the Savior is indicated here, in the form expressed in the "Wisdom of Solomon," that particular name: Holy Wisdom, which is more than an attribute of God but one of the Person of the Trinity. First she told me that the unjust ones would fall, which they did, and then she helped me and healed me, and then she gave me this general prophecy to pass along. I pass it along to you now. Our Savior lives; He is here all around us. As Father Teilhard de Chardin says:

"He to whom it is given...to see Christ *more real* than any other reality in the World, Christ everywhere present and everywhere growing more great, Christ the

final determination and plasmatic Principle of the Universe, that man indeed lives in a zone where no multiplicity can distress him and which is nevertheless the most active workshop of universal fulfillment..."

I think—I have faith—that this is the experience I had back in March of 1974, lasting all the way to March of 1975, which is Passover to Passover, the vernal equinox. It was one full year of Spring, living within Christ for me, or within Haggia Sophia, Holy Wisdom, or the Logos.

For my new novel I'm working on, I've done a year and a half of hard long research, notes and thought, but what I've put down in this letter is the best of it all. This Earth, this planet, is protected by a spirit which is the first-born and most beloved of God, and He or She or It is always surrounding us, even though we can't discern this. I want to write about this in my novel, the world itself secretly brought to salvation, to deliverance from the evil which has held it, by a process much like or even exactly like transubstantiation. This is the secret I thought I would reveal, but I find that Father Teilhard de Chardin has already done it; Christ is the mystic body into which our world is turning, like the wafer and wine, with the outer form (the accidents) unchanged. The true essence, the ontology, of our world is turning from evil; God, like some great holy alchemist, is transmuting out of sickness and evil and pain and frustration a new world for us, even though outwardly it doesn't show. Individually, it is a healing...even though it may not show. On a world basis, it is the Kingdom, which we all will enter someday.

Love to you, Sherri, and god be with you, dear.

Phil

[TO LINDA R. LEVY]

*September 18, 1975*

Dear Linda,

My therapist, who is Jewish, says that a Jewish New Year just took place (or a New Jewish Year, whatever). I ask if I can take her out and buy her a drink and she converts me instead.

Why I am writing you is because of a perplexing theological problem which she could not answer. Last Passover, being not in any possession of any wine, but wishing to put out a cup for Elijah, I put a cup of Ovaltine out for Him. Later on, when I looked, not only was the Ovaltine gone but so was the cup.

My therapist says that Elijah does not drink Ovaltine, in which case I think I deserve having my cup back, don't you think? Myself, I think it was Elijah. He knew I didn't have any wine. Anyhow, I researched it, and they used wine in the Holy Land because it was so hot that sweetened milk soured. It is hot here in Fullerton, but we have refrigerators, so I think that it all makes sense.

The Orphics believed that milk sweetened with honey was the food of the gods, which is where we get our expression, "the land of milk and honey," or else the Orphics got it from us. In any case, my cup is still missing. Was this a major religious experience, or did I just lose something?

Hoping that you can shed light on this matter I remain,

your humble admirer,  
Philip K. Dick

P.S. If I convert, do I get my cup back?

[TO LINDA R. LEVY]

*September 19, 1975*

Dear Linda,

When you were here you noticed a copy of the *L.A. Times* and a sort of sad little look appeared on your face as you said:

"Gosh, I haven't seen a copy of the *L.A. Times* in just so very much a long time...gee, sigh."

I have therefore cut out an item from today's *Times* which I have just taped below. It will bring back memories, all those wonderful stories which they print which just cry out for MORE. MORE OF THE SAME, as well as LONGER. It only whets the appetite.

Personally, I am very bored and lonely these days. Tessa is going to school and has a job, too; this is instead of our breaking up. She finds me boring. I find myself boring—I, who have entertained millions, am boring, boring, BORING. In the mail today I received a royalty check airmail and it is for ten dollars. Yesterday I got a royalty check and it was also for ten dollars. Meanwhile, St. Jude, the wonderful Catholic hospital which did the surgery on my shoulder, is suing (sp) us and so we will go to jail (sp). A few more of these exciting ten dollar royalty checks and I will have had it.

However, on the good side, I talked to my editor Sharon Jarvis at Doubleday yesterday and she says that the novel *A SCANNER DARKLY* which I sent them blew them away (a *L.A.* phrase). I asked if they could release any money and she said yes and she would get back to me. "Don't call me," she said. "I'll call you." So I am writing you to cheer myself up, as the days are long and empty, and I wish you were nearby, even jeering at me; that would be something. I even miss seeing George. I hope you will move back here, oh butterfly with the highly beautiful wings and trippy mind. Love to you, honey.

Phil

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[TO PAUL WILLIAMS]

*September 23, 1975*

Dear Paul,

Thank you for your recent encouraging letter. I feel better now, as regards being depressed after sending off *SCANNER*. Someone I know who is a graduate student told me that it is common for students who've written a thesis to have a severe depression after turning it in, evidently because you get so you

love the thesis (or novel) as if it were a baby, and then suddenly when it's been fully given birth, you have to get rid of it; you have nothing all at once, the thing you love is all gone, leaving you alone. I really can't send you a copy of the new dedication right now because it would do me in; I talked to Doubleday on the phone and they mentioned the power of the dedication. I will have a copy made for you as soon as I can, but it will have to wait, since I am still sensitive. The gist of it, however, is that these people were punished too much for what they did. It de-moralizes the book, if you see what I mean. I say in it that I am not saying they got what they deserved; they got Nemesis instead, in the original Greek sense, rather than justice.

DEUS IRAE is a novel Roger Zelazny and I did together, which we began around 1968. Doubleday never thought they'd get it, but now they have. Larry Ashmead has agreed to follow SCANNER all the way through, and Sharon gets DEUS, so they're all happy. DEUS IRAE is about a false religion in which the god of war or wrath is worshipped, and what happens after one of his devoted followers accidentally kills him. It has some good scenes in it. Roger wrote some very funny ones.

Say, Paul, I am enclosed a check for \$5.00 requesting that you send a copy of CONFESSIONS to someone for me; i.e. to: Ms. Linda R. Levy.

Please enclose a little note reading: COMPLIMENTS OF THE LOVER, I MEAN AUTHOR.

She is my old flame. Everyone has to have one, doesn't they? I'll bet I've mentioned Linda to you. She now models bikinis and came to visit me recently, cute as ever, one of the world's wonders. Well, I got to go now as my paper is running out. Love to your family, and good luck on the money. The fucking money. Oh—also, would you do a good review for *Crawdaddy* on Emmylou Harris? I think she is dynamite.

Love,  
Phil

P.S. Some dude phoned me to say a guy he ran into had read CONFESSIONS and thought it was my best novel. Neat, right?

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September 24, 1975

[TO TONY HISS]

Dear Tony,

Just a note to ask, How are you doing and what's up? And I'm sorry I was so bummed out that time you were here on the West Coast. When is the issue of *The Real World* with our pieces going to be available? We're dying to see it.

I just sent off two novels to Doubleday, one of them being a collaboration with Roger Zelazny, the other being the "what became of Tim Leary and the LSD crowd" that you mentioned in your interview of me. (Speaking of interviews, *Rolling Stone* has just now gotten around to phone to check facts as they set galleys on

their interview with me.) My anti-dope novel will not be published as science-fiction. I have tried to think of a way to get it not published as science-fiction, pointing out to Larry Ashmead at Doubleday that it is better to market it as (one) a dope or anti-dope novel; (two) or a multiple personality novel; (three) as a literary novel, but anything, ANYTHING, other than a science-fiction novel. Today I talked to Sharon Jarvis at Doubleday, and ah! It will not be published as a science-fiction novel; I get my wish. She told me why. "It has too many four-letter words in it," she said. "And it'd wreck the novel to take them out. So it can't be published on our s-f list." You can see, Tony, how God works it: from the bottom up. Gosh, I could have gotten one of my novels published as non science-fiction years ago if I'd known this.

Did you write the wonderful editorials in the *New Yorker* at the time we were pulling out of Viet Nam? Whoever wrote them, they ought to get that prize that's given. I don't want to praise these pieces too highly in case you didn't write them, but they were masterpieces, and have gone into my permanent file.

If *The Real World #4* isn't out, then could you introduce me to the girl on the cover of #3 with the spuds around her neck? She looks sort of mean, and I am programmed to seek out mean women in order to destroy myself.

Hoping to hear from you—hoping all goes well.

With warm regards,  
Phil Dick

[TO BRUCE GILLESPIE]

September 24, 1975

Dear Bruce,

I am writing to thank you for the PHILIP K. DICK, ELECTRIC SHEPHERD book. I wanted to study it thoroughly before writing you, so that I could say that I knew it really well. I think the George Turner pieces in it are a good addition—they create a dialectic which my own writing much needs. Thank him for me, even regarding matters upon which we don't agree.

Roger's piece is of course superb, and you know how highly I regard your own works included. The whole thing is an overwhelming honor, and a treasure as well. I loaned it to my lovely lady therapist and she read it and approved of it, so I guess she now approves of me; I sort of used it to make points with her.

I found out indirectly that I didn't win the Hugo, but I didn't win it last year either. Maybe I'll win it for A SCANNER DARKLY, which I finally completed and sent off to Doubleday. It probably will not be published on their science-fiction list, but that is okay by me. In addition, Roger Zelazny and I sent off our collaboration, our novel which we have worked on over the years, DEUS IRAE. That will probably be published in June of next year, and for sure is science-fiction.

Sharon Jarvis, the s-f editor at Doubleday, said there were too many four-letter words in A SCANNER DARKLY to put it on their s-f list, and they could not be

removed or it would destroy the novel. They have asked, though, that the four-letter words come out of DEUS IRAE. Gosh, I hope that doesn't include "deus" and "iaue" which are both four-letter words, because then we would have no title.

Roger wrote some very funny sections for the novel, and they constitute good counterpoint for some of the heavy theological stuff that I put in. Do you know, we started on that before 1968, as I recall? It was only because of my religious-mystical experiences of last year that I could finish the thing.

Well, Bruce, again, all I can say is thank you and bless you for the "Best of SF Commentary Number One." I would like to obtain more copies; could you let me know how much, say, ten would cost? There are a number of people I'd like to give them to, such as editors.

Last note—heard from *Rolling Stone* yesterday; finally they are setting galleys on the long interview with me. So it will appear!

With warm personal regards,  
Phil Dick

P.S. Did you know that *CONFessions OF A CRAP ARTIST* is now out? My privately printed experimental novel? It's said to be selling well, for such a kind of work. They're getting \$25 a copy for the numbered autographed copies. \$10, I think, for the others. Handback, and a lovely printing and binding job! Should i ask them to send you a copy, or have you seen it already?

September 24, 1975

[TO ART SPIEGELMAN]

Dear Art,

Hey, brother. It was sure nice talking to you on the phone. A few weeks ago Tessa and I came up with some cartoon ideas, which we then sent to my agent, who then returned them saying,

"They would sell, but Scott Meredith Agency doesn't handle cartoon ideas. Find a cartoonist and send them to him."

So we have been waiting to learn of your address. You will find enclosed here-with, on the proper file cards, four cartoon ideas. You will probably agree that they are very funny, and you will draw them up and sell them, and after the bread comes in, you can send us the appropriate share.

I like the one about God being dead, but probably the best is the psychiatrist and the chair one.

You know, people give me ideas for s-f stories and I hate it. Do you hate it when people give you ideas for cartoons? Have I done wrong? But I'm a genius! And a genius should be appreciated.

I've looked in vain for the name of that editor at *Swank* who said he knew you, but look on the masthead of a copy; it's like Jon or John White, and phone him up. Or ask Paul Williams; he'd probably know.

I would go to a lot more trouble if I thought there was something in it for you, but this guy at *Swank* I think just wanted to say hello socially, now that you're back in New York.

The rest I covered on the phone. I've done almost 200,000 words of notes on my new novel TO SCARE THE DEAD. The French editor who was here yesterday and today (Marcel Thaon) asked me, "What could possibly scare the dead?" to which I replied, and not humorously but exactly as my plot-outline calls for it, "For them to be resurrected not in heaven but in Southern California." He didn't think that was either funny or terrible. Can you imagine the very early Christians coming back to life, as was promised to them, and finding themselves in Fullerton? That's the plot of my novel (well, it's more complex than that, but that's the answer to his question). Don't you think that would scare the shit out of them, to look around and see the Anaheim Convention Center and Disneyland, etc? When they expected—well, you know they weren't expecting that. Love, and write.

Phil

CARTOON GAG—

canvas on easel, artist wearing smock and holding palette, seated in front of canvas, but painting on wall to the right. Two men are standing to the side. One says:

"He's totally out of the picture."

CARTOON GAG—

horned creature, obviously the devil, standing at the gate to what could only be hell. Smiling:

"This is worse than I had hoped."

[TO LINDA R. LEVY]

September 25, 1975

Dear Linda,

When you were here I think maybe I showed you my literary novel which has come out in a limited edition (just about 500 hardbound copies) called CONFESIONS OF A CRAP ARTIST, which is autobiographical. Well, I have sent some bread to the publisher in New York and given him your name and address and asked him to mail you a copy of the book. Someday, Linda, it'll be worth something as a collector's item. Also, I myself think it is a very good novel, which is what the publishers think. I have gotten good comments on it from a number of people already.

So look forward to receiving it in the mail, but it'll probably take a couple of weeks.

*Rolling Stone* magazine phoned me yesterday and today to check on some facts in the long interview with me they're going to be publishing. They say now it won't be too long before it comes out. It should make me a counter-culture folk hero, which is what the interviewer said. You might watch for it, say in about a

month. It's a very long interview. I forget if I mentioned you in it, since it's been almost a year since they interviewed me (the interviewer stayed with us three days and got a lot of personal information out of me, stuff I never told hardly anyone. It'll be strange—frightening—to see it in print in a large-circulation magazine. I'm sort of nervous. There is a lot about drugs in it and so forth; you'll see.)

I've been listening to the new Linda Ronstadt album, "Prisoner in Disguise," which just came out, and there is a song about you in it: "You tell me that I'm falling down."

It is very beautiful. You must get the album and listen to that song. It sort of is you, Linda. When I listen to it I think about you. Remember "Vincent"?

Love,  
Phil

[TO DALLAS MAYR, *agent, Scott Meredith Agency*]

September 25, 1975

Dear Dallas:

Here are the three copies, signed by me, of the amendment form to the Doubleday A SCANNER DARKLY contract.

My wife found them in less than a minute, although they date back to October 30, 1974. Pure talent on her part; I could have looked for a year. So send these to Doubleday and, according to Sharon Javis, they will release the remaining \$1,750.00 on SCANNER.

By the way—tell Jack that Sharon says that SCANNER, as I requested, will not be released as a s-f novel...but for an odd reason. Too many four-letter words in it. She says that Larry Ashmead says it would "destroy the novel to take them out." So I get to see my first non-science-fiction novel come out for the oddest reason.

Stay on their tail for the release of this sum, okay? Since she promised it on receipt of the amendment form copies.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO ROBERT M. "BHOB" STEWART]

Sept. 25, 1975

Dear Bhab,

I've got your letter, here, of 9/20/75. You really are up so something fascinating, it sounds like, with OPHEMERA.

See, the problem of your securing rights to "Faith of Our Fathers" for a comic book adaptation is that you don't seem to be offering any payment, and I've got an agent. Agents never give anything away to anyone free, ever. Got the picture?

Still...I admit that I can sort of get around this if I approach him right. What I have to do is tell him you're a friend of mine, and then you pay a nominal sum, like one dollar.

I mean, you aren't offering payment, are you? In your letter there is no mention. Reprint rights on "Faith of Our Fathers" runs about \$150 to \$200, to be frank, although this is just to print the story as is.

I can see some stuffy writer saying, "A comic book version of my story! Why, never! My story in comic book form? NEVER." But if you know Bill Sarill and Art Spiegelman you know probably that I am into the pop arts, and in fact you may know I did a story for Art for *Arcade Comics*. Frankly, the idea strikes me as a gas. I'd like to see it done.

I'll tell you what I'll do. See if this sounds fair. You get the artist you say will be doing the comic book adaptation of "Faith of Our Fathers" to do one box or panel or frame, whatever it's called, and send it on to me. If I like it enough, I'll instruct my agent to give you permission for like a dollar. I want to see Larry Hama's work first, and I'm frankly not familiar with it. Is that fair? You can see my position; the only thing I'd get would be the trip of seeing his work, and I'd like a pre-permission sample.

In your letter you ask about 3039 MacComb Street in Washington, D.C. I used that building and address because I lived there in the '30s 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 s-f author must still be playing there.

So send me a sample of Hama's proposed work for my story, and I'm sure we can nail it down for you, sans payment. We'll write this off as an experimental project, which evidently it is.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO WILLIS E. MCNELLY]

September 29, 1975

Dear Will,

Here's today's cartoon from the L.A. Times. Remember back in 1973 (boy, in the area of US domestic spy operations that was a long time ago!) I showed you the carbon of a letter I had just sent off to Dick Geis for his *Alien Critic*, in which I accused the Department of Justice for being responsible for the burglary of my files (and house)? It was a shot in the dark on my part, and certainly most attention has centered on the illegal activities of the CIA...still, it may be that in that letter I was right.

It's strange, how much we've learned since then. By the way—the long interview with me in *Rolling Stone* should be coming out soon; they're setting it into galleys, last I heard from them. It'll deal with the "black bag" hit on my house, giving about eight theories I've entertained over the years.

But perhaps my original one—in the carbon of the letter I showed you back in '73—was right after all. Oddly, I don't think it's one of my theories in the *Rolling Stone* article, but I forget. I'm pretty sure the federal government did it, but not which branch.

What do you think, Will? It was paranoia then, what I thought, but after all, it had happened to me. It hadn't happened to most other people. I hope it never does.

With warm personal regards,  
Phil Dick

[TO EDWARD MCGLYNN]

September 29, 1975

Dear Edward:

Thank you for your letter. The other day I mailed you a copy of my book, SOLAR LOTTERY, which has been reissued. In it there's a list of a few other novels of mine. You should get it soon.

I wrote "The Father Thing" years ago, back in the 'fifties, as I recall. Originally it was in a magazine. Last week an editor from France was here interviewing me, and he said that that particular story is my best-known work in his country; it's been reprinted again and again, he said.

In answer to your questions...I got the idea for "The Father Thing" from the fact that I was always afraid of my father, but for reasons I couldn't figure out. He always seemed a stranger to me; in other words, not my "real" father. In 1951 I began to write and sell science fiction and fantasy stories, and I got to thinking about how there probably were a whole lot of kids who were afraid of their parents for reasons they didn't consciously know. So I put it into a fantasy form. And then, also, I heard someone use the expression, "He's talking to himself," and that's what gave me the specific plot idea.

The only stories and novels I've written are science fiction and fantasy, about 180 stories and 37 books over the years since 1951. I am around 45 years old. Yes, I certainly hope to keep on writing; in fact I just sent off two novels, two new ones, to Doubleday, one of them in collaboration with Roger Zelazny. For a year-and-a-half I've been doing research on a religious s-f novel to be called TO SCARE THE DEAD, but so far I can't get actually started on chapter one. That often happens; beginning a novel is the hardest part.

Again, thank you for writing, and I hope you enjoy SOLAR LOTTERY.

Very cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

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[TO TONY HISS]

October 1, 1975

Dear Tony,

As to the profiles on four of today's s-f greats, the problem with Bester is that despite the extraordinary merit of his work, he is not currently producing, and his reputation really stands on such early works as THE DEMOLISHED MAN which dates back to the '50s. But that book, for instance, is still used in many college courses, and so to the students he would be current. To us, he (unfortunately) stands on achievements of the past. Heinlein and Herbert stand on achievements

of both the past (especially Heinlein) and the present, so those would be wise choices. Let me suggest that you use Theodore Sturgeon instead of Bester. In this matter, you should consider me an authority. Sturgeon is still quite active, and the equal of Bester (e.g., MORE THAN HUMAN). I recommend you substitute him for Bester just on the grounds that Sturgeon is still a powerful force, not that there is anything lacking in Bester's writing...personally, I was very much influenced by THE DEMOLISHED MAN.

That you would want to include me, too, is quite an honor. I think I am going to get good public response to my fuck novel, A SCANNER DARKLY, so my star is ascending (many have said this before about themselves, and many have been wrong).

I would love to see you, of course. Ask me anything. The *Rolling Stone* long piece on me is going into galleys right now, and I am told that it will appear in three weeks, in the issue after the Patty Hearst issue. She and I can blend our destinies, which is sort of trippy. In a way I find her a very glamorous figure, you know, the way she talked to the bank guard that time, talked "foul-mouthed," as he put it. I can see the judge sentencing her to forty years for talking foul-mouthed and everyone saying, "She got what she deserved."

I know that you will publish my essay someday and I am not angry, and I know there is no value judgment whatsoever. But could you give me that waitress' name and address, just to make up for it? I still have these movie options, see, and I might want her in UBIK. It calls for a girl with spuds around her neck, and the supply of such girls is limited. She might just do. (Please do not discuss this with my wife, though, as she has a short fuse when it comes to spuds. I don't know why. Your discretion is appreciated.)

The fuck book is the Leary book, and they have the MS in final form now, over there at Doubleday, and it probably will come out late next year. The Zelazny collaboration will come out in June of next year. I am glad to hear about your dad feeling good; he deserves to. When you were out here I didn't flash on who your dad is. My second wife Kleo met him years ago when she was just a high school student, when the U.N. met in San Francisco, and she used to talk about how he was so nice to her and the other students and how it was the greatest honor in her life, to have met him.

Did you know that in one of my novels I have the characters see, sometime in the future, a public statue of Alger Hiss, "the first UN martyr"? I forget which novel that is in, but somebody called it to my attention one day, I forget why.

Thank you, too, for the item you enclosed. My favorite item is lost somewhere in my boxes of papers, but it was from the San Francisco Chronicle and it told about the batboy of the Pittsburgh Pirates being fired for till-tapping. "He was saving up to buy the Pirates when they discovered what he was doing," the item said. "He had, at that time, amassed \$156,000 by till-tapping." It told how long he had been doing it, and I figured out that it averaged out to about \$7,000 a day. Can you imagine the talent involved in this batboy, to pilfer something like \$156,000? How is that done? It sort of defeats the meaning of the verb.

Say hello to Henry. Tell him to read the apocryphal book, *The Wisdom of Solomon*, if he hasn't already. It was written around the first century B.C. and it obviously describes the spirit which the later Christians were to call the "Holy Spirit." Fragments of the book were found in the Qumran caves, so the Qumram people were for sure familiar with it (they used the LXX anyhow, which included it). I am sure that this is the spirit which came to me, inasmuch as not only does the description fit, but the spirit spoke of "Saint Sophie," which is the spirit of wisdom in *The Wisdom of Solomon*.

Well, enough of that. You know, maybe you're right about Bester. Another possibility would be Asimov, of course. Or Fred Pohl. But—yeah, maybe the four you named. Okay.

Tessa is very excited about her poem; I told her today when I saw her briefly. She is now a student at Fullerton Junior College. I'm home alone a lot, with the five cats. I miss my friends.

Take care,  
Phil

[TO JACK SCOVIL]

October 2, 1975

Dear Jack:

Enclosed is a check made out to me for \$35, which I have endorsed to SMLA. This guy, Robert M. Stewart, wants to purchase rights to my story "Faith of Our Fathers" for a comic book adaptation. In an exchange of letters between Stewart and me, I said I'd go along with it if the artist involved were any good. He is; it's Larry Hama of *Marvel Comics*.

This is, for me, a sort of fun thing, so I think SMLA and I should split this little \$35 check fifty-fifty, so that you'll get paid fairly. I guess you should draw up a contract, and it should specify that this is a one-shot deal (not the basis of a series), and that Larry Hama (this must be stipulated) is the artist. Could you do that?

You can send this all direct to Stewart, whose address is on his check. Please consider it a favor for me, and please take half the \$35, to make it worth your time and work. Thank you. I personally consider Hama's work incredibly good, and it would be an honor for me if he were to illustrate one of my stories. Also, this Stewart is a friend of Paul Williams and others who've helped my career, so in a very real sense, I would be returning a couple of favors.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO JACK SCOVIL]

October 4, 1975

Dear Jack:

I've received the big packet of three checks and two contracts. Here enclosed are the signed contracts plus signed related Ballantine documents.

I consider what you've achieved here in this Ballantine deal to be one of the best things the agency has ever accomplished for me in the over twenty years I've been with you. So thank you very much. Thank you, too, for explaining everything in your letter.

I'll be watching for the monies from Doubleday, inasmuch as you say it'll be forthcoming in a few days now.

Jack, you're going to find this hard to believe, but the *New Yorker* now plans to do a short profile on four s-f writers, one of which will be me (Bester, me, Heinlein and Herbert, according to Tony Hiss, who will be doing it). Good lord! Also, I heard from *Rolling Stone* again and they say (are you ready, Jack?) they say, "The article on you will be in the issue following the Patty Hearst issue, which is three weeks from now." Jack, can you imagine the circulation of the issues starting with the "Patty Hearst issue," as they are calling it? I will, so to speak, be riding to fame on Patty's cartridge belt. Since I sort of consider her a romantic figure anyhow, this fits into my fantasy world very nicely. But in all sober truth, Jack, what a spot for RS to pick to run the long piece on me. Will we all be rich now? Say it's so.

Speaking of Patty Hearst, the defense may make a plea of multiple personality. If so, then in another way I may ride to fame on Patty's cartridge belt...A SCANNER DARKLY should be marketed as a multiple personality novel, and I already wrote Larry Ashmead to tell him this. It may be that the next two years will be remembered for multiple personalities, both in novel form and in the courts.

Thanks again, and I'll expect more from you, as you declared in your long letter.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[ADDRESSEE UNKNOWN]

October 7, 1975

Dear Tony,

Thank you for your letter. It's fascinating to us science-fiction writers to hear that we and our work are being studied in the schools, now. A few years ago that wasn't so. When I went to high school (say around 1945) none of the teachers approved of science fiction. I remember my geometry teacher grabbing a copy of *Astounding Stories* that I had on my desk and glaring at it with rage before she returned it to me.

Most s-f writers had a vivid imagination in their youth, and had trouble figuring out how to apply this imagination in terms of earning a living. In a way you could say we're a bunch of misfits! As we grew up, no one shared our dreams and fantasies and we were sort of loners, because of this. But things have improved. In an effort to make our fantasies understandable to others, we took to writing them down in story

form. I was doing that in high school. My teachers yelled at me for doing it. "You're wasting your time," one of them told me. But now it's my entire career, and has been since 1951 when I sold my first story. I've sold something like 37 novels and almost 200 stories (I forgot the exact figure).

I presume that the story of mine that you read is "The Father-Thing," right? Well, there is a perfect example of a story based on a fantasy of mine: that my father wasn't really my father, but was actually a stranger. I always had that feeling when I was a little kid growing up, so when I became an adult, and was writing stories, I put that childhood feeling—almost a fear—into story form. A lot of the stories which I and other s-f writers write are based on such childhood feelings and fears. This is true, for instance, of much of what Ray Bradbury writes. I've talked to him about it, and he expresses this same view which I am expressing. We're still sort of kids, we s-f writers. Writing s-f doesn't pay very much money, by the way. We write it for fun, mainly, not for profit. We all enjoy our work, and we all know one another. Every year or so we get together in world-wide conventions. I have met or written to almost every major American s-f writer, and consider many of them my best friends.

Thank you again for writing. Maybe you'll do some writing of your own, too, if you're interested this much. Try it; it's fun.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

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[TO ROBERT JAFFE, *Jaffe Associates*]

October 8, 1975

Dear Robert,

I haven't written to you for a long time. How are you? What's doing? How did "The Wind and the Lion" go?

Why I am writing is that the long *Rolling Stone* article/interview with/on me is coming out in two weeks. "You'll be in the issue following Patty Hearst," RS told me on the phone, which sort of scared me. Anyhow it should show a large circulation, left over from Patty. I believe that Paul Williams mentions the screen adaptation for DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP? in it. I hope so. Anyhow, maybe you'll want to read it. It tells where all the skeletons in my life are buried (that's what I get for letting an old friend interview me).

Hey, man; have I been active recently! I sent off two new novels (although one is a collaboration, with Roger Zelazny), both to Doubleday. Are you busy, too? They tell me there are only a few good actors now, that it isn't like the old days. It's Robert Redford or nuthin'.

The *New Yorker* will be doing a profile on me later on, and just to show you how little one can milk from these things, when I told my editor at Doubleday, she informed me that she does not read the *New Yorker*. I asked her why. "For the same reason I do not listen to Lawrence Welk," she replied.

I asked her if she had seen the review in the *New York Times* of my most recent book. Surely she reads that.

"I can't fold it," she answered.

We're thinking of telling her about the *Rolling Stone* piece, but she will say:  
"Rolling Stone? I can't seem to hang onto it."

Let me know how you are, and if you do see the RS piece, forgive me for the skeletons revealed therein. Drat.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO J. FRANCIS McCOMAS, *past editor*, The Magazine  
of Fantasy & Science Fiction]

October 10, 1975

Dear Mick,

Thanks for the nice letter. I remember reading Sandburg's "Abraham Lincoln," and the enormous impression it made on me, especially the part about Lincoln's death and funeral. It was about the first time in my adult life that I ever really cried.

In news about my own life, Mick, I haven't written to my friends for months because I've been so darn busy working on two novels in order to make financial ends meet. I guess I told you in an earlier letter that I am remarried with a two-year-old son, now. Expenses are dreadful these days. Most of my books are in print but paying no royalties (in particular, sixteen Ace books). I have something like ten novels on the stands now, only one of which is paying anything. Subsequently we've been surviving on foreign royalties for some time, but they're not enough. The two novels I've sent off are both for Doubleday; one is in collaboration with Roger Zelazny...and has a character in it, by the way, a religious figure named "The Dominus McComas." The other novel is an anti-drug novel called *A SCANNER DARKLY*. I think it's the best thing I've ever done, if I do say so myself.

Also, sometime next week or so, the magazine *Rolling Stone* will be publishing its long article/interview on/with me. I am sort of nervous about it, because it is a rather sensationalistic article, and reveals all the personal "skeletons" in my life, since it was written by a man who has long known me personally.

In November, the magazine *The Real World* will be publishing the article I wrote on Tony Boucher. I will send you a copy of it. I think you will enjoy it.

Most of my time now is spent working on research for a new theological novel I'm doing called *TO SCARE THE DEAD*. I've done over a year and half of research work, mainly into Christianity. My wife is going to college, now, and so I'm alone all day in the house (our little son is at nursery school). I feel sort of alone, but on the other hand, it makes it possible for me to do more writing.

The *New Yorker* is going to do a short profile on me; they'll send someone out to interview me in about three months. Heinlein, Bester, Herbert and me are the four s-f writers they've selected—not bad, eh? It was I who suggested they do a piece on s-f at the time they interviewed me, late last year. Now those interviewers have sold the idea to their boss, and it'll go through. So I gave s-f a helping hand!

I'll try to write you more often, old friend. I hope you feel progressively better; you deserve it. Thanks again for writing, and I think about you a lot.

With warm personal regards,  
Phil

[ADDRESSEE UNKNOWN]

October 11, 1975

Dear Brad,

Thank you for your most astute letter. Yes, years ago when I was writing such fantasy stories as "The Father Thing" I wrote several of that sort...you know, it was twenty years ago, I just realized! There was a market for them in those days, the *Magazine of Fantasy & Science-Fiction*, when Tony Boucher was editor. That's how I started my career, with such short fantasy stories, but then the market disappeared and I turned to science fiction entirely. First I turned to stories, and then the market dried up for that, too, so I turned out novels.

Many of us science-fiction writers wanted to do fantasies, but alas, when we wrote them we found we had no place to sell them. There was no way to make a living on them, to financially support a wife and child. John W. Campbell, Jr., the editor of *Analog*, brought out a wonderful fantasy magazine called *Unknown*, but in the early 'forties it went under. He tried to revive it after World War Two, but couldn't get any kind of good circulation for it. The editor of *Galaxy*, Horace Gold, brought out a fantasy magazine called *Beyond* in the 'fifties, but it, too, folded. So we all had to get behind science fiction, whether we liked it or not. I liked it, but not as much as fantasy.

You are quite right in the two points you make about "The Father Thing," first, that it makes its point without bloody events, and second that it's set in the midst of the everyday world and by reason of this is all the more horrifying. I think when horror breaks through into the everyday world it is at its worst, don't you? In one story I wrote, a man starts off for work, and walks through a spider web; the spider tries to call to him, to tell him that he is in danger, but he steps on the spider anyhow. And goes on to work. There, in the midst of the workaday world, is this spider trying to talk to this man, and the man won't listen. In another story I wrote, called "Roog," a dog barks to warn the family that roogs are coming to get them, creatures from another world. First these creatures are stealing the garbage, pretending to be garbage men. Again, the humans won't listen. In another story I wrote, a child buys a toy airplane which, when he gets it home, enslaves him, gives him orders, tries to use him to take over society...finally, when all seems lost, the child's other toys destroy the airplane. So you can see that this was a pattern in my early writing. Now I'm just doing science fiction novels...it makes me very happy to know that some of my early fantasy stories are still being read; so thank you for writing!

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[ADDRESSEE UNKNOWN]

October 11, 1975

Dear Jeff,

Thanks for complimenting my story, "The Father-Thing," and thanks, too, for writing me about it. That's an early story of mine, written about twenty years ago. I am really very pleased to know that it's still being read. I believe I've seen the book that you have, with "The Father-Thing" in it. It's a good collection.

You raise an important point: where does an author get his ideas? People ask me that all the time, and I've gotten so I wince when they do, because frankly I don't know where I get them. This is a very serious problem, because sometimes I can't get an idea, no matter how hard I try. I've published about 180 stories and about 37 novels, over a period of—let's see. 1951 to now; how long is that? Twenty-four years or so. You'd think that by this time I had a formula for getting ideas, but I don't. In a way, even though I'm writing science fiction and fantasy stories and novels, I get my ideas from real life. This may sound strange, but let me give you an example. When I was in high school my geometry teacher used to flap her arms when she talked, and it used to sort of frighten me. I mean, she seemed mechanical, like a robot, as if the key were wound up too tight, and there she stood, flapping and squeaking away at us kids. One day I got the peculiar fantasy that if I watched her long enough, I'd see the spring inside her go bwaanggggg! and her head would fall to one side and she'd become silent, like a toy does when it breaks, a kid's toy. Years later, when I started writing science fiction, a basis for much of my writing was a preoccupation with the idea that maybe some of the people we see and know aren't really people at all, but instead are clever machines built to resemble people. In my stories, this turns out to be true, quite often; I call these clever machines simulacra, because they deliberately simulate human life. Well, the idea for all the novels and stories I wrote along this line comes from sitting every day for a whole semester watching this odd teacher and wondering when the spring would break. You see?

I began writing while I was a high school student. I'd do it at my desk, pretending I was doing homework. My teachers, when they found out what I was really doing, told me it was a waste of time. Well, I was in the process of beginning a life-long career. I wonder what they'd think now, thirty years later, to know I made a profession out of it!

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[ADDRESSEE UNKNOWN]

October 14, 1975

Dear Ann,

Thank you for your letter, which just now reached me. You certainly have wonderful handwriting, if I may say so.

As to my story "The Father-Thing," the idea really came to me when I was a kid. My parents were divorced, and I sometimes didn't see my father for as long as five years at a time. When I did see him, he was always a stranger to me, different from what I remembered. I always remembered him as a kind man, but when I saw him again, he always seemed harsh and cruel. It was as if there were two fathers: the real one whom I remembered, and the "other" father who looked like mine, and said he was mine, but was really inhuman and a stranger. Later, as an adult, when I was beginning to write and sell fantasy stories (in the early 'fifties), it occurred to me that other people in childhood might have had the same experience, which is really a psychological one, having to do with memories and expectations. In the story, of course, I put it in fantasy form; which is to say, I made a psychological feeling actual, in terms of the boy's own real world.

No, Ann, I don't think anything like that could happen in the future, because this story is really not about the future but is a sort of projection outward into the real world of a psychological feeling. It is not a part of the future, not true science fiction, but pure psychological fantasy. The way I would have handled it as a science-fiction story or novel would have been to invent a plot in which invaders from other planets are imitating human beings, probably with the idea of conquering Earth. Or they could be clever robots designed to replace actual humans, looking exactly like them, for the purpose of infiltrating Earth. This is a standard plot in science fiction. I admit that the line between fantasy and science fiction is not clear, but this is how I would handle it in terms of the future. I would say, "Maybe someday in the future, a non-human race enters the Earth in disguise, replacing ordinary human beings." I would have to tell, then, something about this non-human race, and let the reader catch a glimpse of the whole picture: where they are from, what their master plan is. I sort of hate to write such stories, though, because it is more than likely that if there are extra-terrestrial non-human races from other planets interested in us, they are not hostile but rather friendly. They probably would help us, rather than hurt us. The alien-as-enemy is a theme much overworked by writers. Perhaps, in truth, they might be god-like, and give us enormous help.

Again, thank you for writing me about the story.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO ISA HACKETT]

October 15, 1975

Dear Isa,

I love you very much, too. Here are some more pictures for you, older ones taken a number of years ago. One is of your mother before I met her—in fact, several are. She'll tell you exactly what each of those is. The rest of them are you, mostly, when you were very little. One picture is of Annie the first time she got married. The one of Annie holding you was taken just a few days after you were born.

Yes, I would like to come by and see you all, and I may be able to, since I expect to get some money in. The two pictures of you which your mother sent me are wonderful; you sure are getting pretty. The one of you smiling is the best one of you that I've ever seen. Thank you very much for sending them.

I wish you could see the three kittens we have now, the children of Sasha and Harvey. There is one golden one, very large and fluffy. Tell your mother that he looks like a kitten she and I had, whom we called Smattering.

Tell your mother that I just talked to Dorothy on the phone the other day, and she is doing fine. I'm sure she'd like to hear from you both, so give her a call.

Well, that's about all the news for now. I am sure these pictures I'm sending with this letter will bring back memories to your mother. They certainly do to me, happy ones. God bless you, dear, and thanks for writing and sending the two pictures of you. Try to get your mother to send me a picture of her; I'd love to see how she looks, these days. She always has been so pretty...just like you!

Love,  
Dad

[TO LLOYD CHARTIN, *The People's Hour*, KEZY-FM,]

October 15, 1975

Dear Sir:

This letter is to praise your fine program, and also to express my appreciation to those such as State Senator Mascone who were responsible for the bill decriminalizing an ounce or less of marijuana. It is a step in the right direction, long overdue. Until you discussed this bill on your program I did not understand how important a step forward it is. Thanks to all concerned.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

P.S. Because of your program I recently joined REP.

[TO LINDA R. LEVY]

October 24, 1975

Dear Linda

The *Rolling Stone* issue is out with the article on me. It is the longest article in the issue and on the cover it says:

THE MOST BRILLIANT SCI-FI MIND ON ANY PLANET:  
PHILIP K. DICK

Enclosed you will find a dollar to buy it with. I think you'll like it, especially the pictures. Thanks, by the way, for the big packet of stuff; I enjoyed it.

My mother-in-law had only one comment when she read the RS article. She said, "Well, I'm glad he's off dope."

Lots of love to you, and keep on truckin'.

Phil

[TO ROLLING STONE]

October 24, 1975

Dear Sirs:

Is it okay to write you a fan letter about an article concerning me? Long ago Paul Williams had sent me a copy of his piece on me, and I liked it a hell of a lot, but I never anticipated the nifty layout, format, presentation you'd give it. That sort of strobe-light title on page 45—wow! It captures the whole unreal, eerie quality of my experience related in the article. Also, the photographs, the way they were arranged and burned...it scared hell out of me and all my friends. The whole thing, article and presentation, is a scary piece which everyone I've talked to has liked. I do think that the full-page color illo is good. The more all us guys here look at it the more we feel it captures and freezes the whole thing perfectly.

I've been getting excited calls from everywhere about this; the phone is always ringing. And people are dropping by and just sort of sitting there and looking at me. I'm already a subscriber to *Rolling Stone* anyhow, and I take my cue from it in regard to new albums, etc. What artists are good and which are not. I feel like going out and buying a whole lot of my own books, right now. Your stuff has that tastemaking, compelling authority; I think we all look to it to tell us what's doing and where the new action is.

Again thanks to everyone concerned.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

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[TO BALLANTINE BOOKS]

October 24, 1975

Dear Editors:

Since Ballantine is going to reissue my novel MARTIAN TIME-SLIP, as well as a new title, THE BEST OF PHILIP K. DICK, I'm sure you'd like to see the long (12,000 word) interview/article on me in the current issue of *Rolling Stone* magazine. Paul Williams, who wrote it, gave a good deal of special mention to MARTIAN TIME-SLIP, toward the end of page 48.

This vast article of Paul's should do a lot to sell books; it deals with all my major novels, and will reach all sorts of people who've so far never heard of me. Paul—as the article shows—has always considered MARTIAN TIME-SLIP to be my best novel, so at the very least, you can get some blurbs and quotes from *Rolling Stone* when you do re-release it.

I do hope you see the article (on the cover it says THE MOST BRILLIANT SCI-FI MIND ON ANY PLANET: PHILIP K. DICK) and I'm sure you'll agree that we are all going to benefit from this.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO JAMIS]

October 24, 1975

Dear Jamis,

I thought I'd write to you, as I promised, and tell you that in the current issue of *Rolling Stone* magazine there is a long interview/article on me that you might enjoy reading, for old time's sake. It may make a few things clearer to you. Also, it will let you know how we are doing.

We're living in a house, now, a very nice one with a backyard for Christopher. We have five cats. And a Fiat Spyder sportscar. I recently sent off two new novels to Doubleday, so we're doing okay financially.

I'm enclosing a dollar to pay for the magazine; it's easier than mailing you a copy as such. The *New Yorker* is going to interview me again in three months to do a short profile on me. How are you doing? You never did tell me if you liked the pictures of you I sent you. I thought they were very nice.

Love,  
Phil Dick

[TO MARK &amp; JODIE HURST]

October 25, 1975

Dear Mark and Jodie,

What a nice letter from you. Yes, I am now hoping that all the teenyboppers in the world will beat a path to my door. The other groups you mentioned are welcome, too, but ah! Teenyboppers!

I've got a teenybopper daughter, by the way, from a former marriage (fifteen years old). And by god, she saw *Rolling Stone* and phoned me up, and wants to come down and visit me. Thus, I am reaping the great rewards you mentioned. Right on.

You mention CONFESIONS OF A CRAP ARTIST. Do you know where to get it?

In my opinion, A SCANNER DARKLY is the best novel I ever wrote. They may not issue it as s-f. I'd suppose that what Paul Williams says about it in the RS piece will influence them in how to market it.

By the way—you may have gotten, or anyhow helped get, MARTIAN TIME-SLIP reissued. I just now signed a contract with Ballantine which calls for its reissue (after years in which the title meant nothing to them) plus a new title, THE BEST OF PHILIP K. DICK (I'm sure you're familiar with that series. It's a good one). Anyhow, someone or something caused them to change their mind. In any case, thank you very much for writing to her and then talking to her. I really do believe that what you said, plus the pressure my agent was putting on her, did help.

Say thanks to Jodie for her compliments about Christopher. He is built like a major league catcher (he's just over two, now).

Yeah, Ace is indeed reissuing everything of mine they've got; it's either that or suffer title reversion. As to screenplays, did I tell (well, it says so in Paul's article) I did a screenplay on UBIK. And it is very strange that months before the guy showed up with the offer, I dreamed whole scenes from UBIK, with me as one of the characters...so when I came to write it, it just flowed, in three weeks.

The reason speed affected my liver is that I had had pancreatitis, from street dope that had film developer or something in it, and my liver had been damaged. I'm writing again fine without speed, but there is indeed an interval when nothing comes to mind, and the body is in a weak state, a torpid state. The endocrine system has to restart itself. Just be patient, and try writing a lot of letters to everyone, including newspapers and magazines—just write dumb stuff that starts the fingers back into the habit of moving, and the wheels of the brain turning. Even if they're small, short letters; and try doing it on a regular basis.

Doubleday will be publishing A SCANNER DARKLY and DEUS IRAE both, next year most likely (for at least one of them). I've been busy making notes on a really heavy theological novel to be called TO SCARE THE DEAD. I've got 200,000 words of notes and still can't get chapter one started. Reason is, I keep doing research and learning new facts about the several mystery religions around the first century A.D. I think I could get a university degree on what I know, now.

So anyhow, thanks very much for writing, and congratulations on your promotion. We who have led the hippy life are now obtaining positions of power (I read that somewhere). Boy, when we have it all together—can you imagine the sort of books we'll write and publish? Won't be long.

Love to both of you. I might come to New York for a while, to stay with Norman Spinrad and Paul Williams, except that Paul is coming out here to California in November, to check out Northern California with the idea of moving there. He has decided on Marin County, he says, to which I say, "What? After writing that article?" I recommended Sonoma to him. But something will happen; we'll both move somewhere, and I really should visit New York, as Norman says, to get a look at the people who pay me the money I live on.

Love,  
Phil

[TO DAVID MINKOW, Scott Meredith Agency]

October 28, 1975

Dear David:

Thank you for the contracts from New English Library for MARTIAN TIME-SLIP. They will follow shortly.

This letter has to do with the letter you sent on to me from Wydawnictwo Literackie regarding my royalties on UBIK. I checked with my bank, and the 41.181 zł come out in U.S. money as about \$308. Obviously I would never benefit

by this meager sum, and would not be going there (the way Lem talked, it would pay my round trip airfare and then some).

Here is what I want you to advise them, since they want you to advise them if I want a bank account opened for the deposit of this miserable sum (they printed, which in that country means sold, 20,000 hardback copies). Advise them that (and I am very serious; I mean this) advise them that I wish the entire royalties turned over to the heroic fire department of Warsaw as a gift.

Reason I say this (don't quote me to them) is that I happen to know that the Warsaw fire department consists of Catholic monks.

Okay? Contracts from New English Library are allll right!

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

P. S. I assume you guys read the article on me in the current *Rolling Stone*. Paul Williams took six copies over to Doubleday, for all the staff there, especially Larry Ashmead. And I notified Ballantine.

[TO SCOTT MEREDITH]

October 31, 1975

Dear Scott:

Abby Mann. Abby Mann! Abby MANN!!!

Yes, here indeed is a copy of the *UBIK* screenplay for him to see. It is the rough, you know. I clipped one note in which indicates a change projected for the final.

I will await the outcome of this with great excitement.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

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[TO PAUL LOEB, Editor, *Liberation Magazine*]

October 31, 1975

Dear Mr. Loeb,

Thank you for your nice letter asking me if I might do a short piece of fiction for you. Normally I say no to requests for short pieces, since I am doing novels entirely now. However, the initial part of my novel-in-progress, TO SCARE THE DEAD, would be perfect for you—really perfect, and I just can't say no to you, although until I received your letter I hadn't thought how good a short story I could do on the initial premise of the work.

What would be your maximum word length? I'd have to know that. And my agent would want to know what you pay (I assume you pay).

I'll give you herewith a brief idea of the plot of the story. It's set in the future, in a "perfect" world in which the people believe (which is to say, are

told) that Christ has come again and that the long-awaited millennium has arrived. God is represented in the form of countless Mr. Telemars; each person has a Mr. Telemar with him at all times, mostly to explain why things somehow aren't as they should be. Actually, Earth has been invaded by extraterrestrials who've read our sacred scriptures, the Bible, and are exploiting man's faith in the Second Coming. The story deals with Nicholas Brady who runs a small rock record company in Burbank. Somehow none of his artists ever seem to make it onto actual DJ programs...and he can't figure out why. One morning he arrives at his office with his dynamite new talent, Sherri; they are supposed to be on the biggest rock station at ten that morning, and he wants to tape it. But—oddly, his key won't fit his doorlock, to let them into his office. By the time obliging Mr. Telemar has arranged for a locksmith, it is after ten o'clock, and they've missed Sherri's spot on the show. Brady phones the station and is assured by the Mr. Telemar there that of course Sherri's number was aired. But—

You can see the plot; people are beginning to doubt, and to keep this economic exploitation of Earth going, the invaders must manipulate reality more and more. For instance, there is a write-up on Sherri in all the copies of a magazine which he buys locally...but on a trip, in another city, he buys a copy—and the write-up isn't there. Another article on another vocal artist is there instead.

Since Brady has developed such suspicions that he is actually beginning to make waves, to try to find out if this is truly the anticipated millennium or a cruel, exploitative hoax, Mr. Telemar sees to it that Sherri becomes terribly physically ill; it is obvious that she is about to die. Without her, Brady's recording company will fail, and also he is in love with her, and this will probably end his own life as well as hers. It looks to him like a rub-out, but when he questions Mr. Telemar about Sherri's evidently terminal illness, he is told "Do not question God's ways; man can never understand them. It is good for her, that she is ill. All is good, all is good."

In the novel, the development is the entrance, abruptly of the *real* God, who sunders this exploitative sham, but I doubt if I can get this into a short story. I will probably end the short story by having Nicholas Brady kill Mr. Telemar, and as Mr. Telemar dies, he sprouts horns and the cloven hoof, something like that, the stigmata of evil, and Mr. Telemars come from every direction, killing and destroying as they come, the mask off.

I would think this would be a story along the lines you could use. I do think, though, that to mitigate the evil, I would like to have a white, robed figure pick up this dying girl and just blast out of existence the ring of hissing Mr. Telemars as it strides off with her in its arms—strides off right through the wall of the building; just a glimpse that Nicholas Brady catches, but enough. I want an up-beat ending.

Let me know what you think, and thank you again for writing me. And thank you, too, for the copy of the magazine.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO DIRECTOR GENERAL W.A. MUNFORD,  
*National Library for the Blind*]

November 5, 1975

Dear Director-General:

I am dreadfully sorry to be so tardy in answering your letter of July 24th, but I must plead ill health. In any case, of course you have permission to make use of my novel, THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE, for the blind.

I also grant you a general permission to transcribe any of my former, present or future work, so indeed you can add my name to your "general permission" list.

Thank you for writing me, and please forgive my delay in answering. I had intended to answer at once.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO GENE SAVOY, *International Community of Christ*]

November 5, 1975

Dear Mr. Savoy:

Thank you so much for writing me. Yes indeed, I would like to take your study program. Perhaps you could have somebody write me as to costs, etc.

It has been nineteen months since my "conversion experience," as my priest calls it, began. It lasted, I discovered to my surprise, almost precisely one year, from March 18, 1974 to March 23, 1975. The last words I heard in hypnagogic state, which is the ASC I heard the most in, was, "The Buddha is in the park." I rushed to my reference sources and of course discovered, as I'm sure you know, that "the park" refers to the place where the Buddha was born.

The voice speaking to me, which I had identified as Haggia Sophia, had as its utmost revelation to me, "Santa Sophia will be born again. She was not acceptable before." I had no idea who "Saint Sophia" was and was astounded to learn that she is the logos, the firstborn of all that was created. That "Saint Sophia" referred to Christ was evident. I was being told, in other words, then, that Christ would return, after having been rejected before. Later, "The Buddha is in the park" I took to mean that in fact the Savior had returned.

As to my experience itself, in the initial four days I was seeing in the sense of formerly having been blind, and experiencing reality as it was, rather than pictures (in Plato's sense). I actually thought I had been blind, and so differently did I see and experience the universe that I was never after able to be at home in it, as we normally see, what little part our normal percept system brings to us. I am now deprived of what I experienced almost as that which the hylozoistic philosophers believed in (for example, Spinoza in his doctrine that God possesses the attribute of physical extension, so that in fact He is an immanent God, and the universe is in some way His soma, of which His psyche is another expression or attribute). But certain portions of my experience were specifically tied in with Christ.

(one) The experience took place at the vernal equinox, and probably on or about Christ's actual birthday.

(two) I was conscious of bells and a transformation of the landscape, especially the landscape, which both Goethe and Wagner describe as the "Good Friday Spell," in other words meaning that the Savior, in His transformed morphophos, was present.

(three) The language I heard turned out to be the Greek of the New Testament, in particular Luke's, and was both religious and healing in nature, which goes with the notion of the Good Friday Spell (let me say at this point that I had been very ill for almost two years, and was bedridden most of the time; this ceased when the experience began).

(four) The specific reference to "Saint Sophia."

(five) In the book "The Wisdom of Solomon" I have discovered an exact account and description of the very inner nature of this entity which entered me or somehow revealed itself to me both outside and inside. It was indeed Haggia Sophia.

(six) A passage in "Colossians" which a person recently brought to my attention: 1:13, in particular: "He is, moreover, the head of the body." And, prior: "The whole universe was created through him and for him. And he exists before everything, and all things are held together in him." And: "He is the image of the invisible God." We are speaking here of the Pantocrator.

What I have finally come to think, after making my 200,000 words of notes of research and thoughts, is that a true mystical body of the Pantocrator exists, and that the Holy Spirit coming on the original followers of Christ was to cause them to fully experience themselves as parts of this corpus, which was alive, which was completing the universe, the Holy Spirit being the agent which brought the "second birth" to the person, used him as a receiving entity, and then this "second birth" within him, which was a newly made creature of light (I called it within me "firebright," supposing it to be of fire and of light and to have come from the stars, somehow) would grow until it had consumed what Paul called *sark* with such distaste. That I was, for four days, within a living universe or entity, which spoke to me and healed me, in the most loving terms—there is no doubt, since it also compelled me to get some medical help for my year-old-son who had a birth defect which the doctor told us "wasn't really there." It required an operation, in fact, and my son's life had been in peril from the time of his birth. Saint Sophia through me absolutely accurately diagnosed Christopher's birth defect and told my wife, "You must take him to the doctor now; don't wait; phone the doctor." Surgery was scheduled as soon as possible.

Anyhow, enough of this. There is, as "Colossians 1:13" says, a mystical invisible corporate body of which we are the members, but the sacred knowledge of entry into this has been lost probably for fifteen hundred years. Yes indeed, I would like to take study from the ICC. And thank you so for writing me. I had my head buried in research.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO WADE \_\_\_\_]

November 7, 1975

Dear Wade,

This is to order new snuff! Wren's Relish; Bezoan Fine Grind; and of course the great Inchkenneth which hath no peer. The rest of the money (I'm enclosing a check for \$20, is for various new fruit flavors which I've never tried. I know you have them. Citrus and lime and cocoanut. I intend to join the modern generation! I will leave it all to your discretion.)

How have things been going with you? Perhaps you saw the enormously long article on me in the last (previous) issue of *Rolling Stone*. Already it has brought in three enormously important deals: one on a screen play, one a set of my books collected into a unity by Doubleday, and a fight between Simon and Shuster and Doubleday for my new novel *A SCANNER DARKLY*. Simon and Shuster (spelling?) has outbid Doubleday, who owns it, by a thousand dollars. The editor-in-chief at Doubleday, Larry Ashmead has quit his job, gone to S&S taking the MS of *SCANNER* with him. And then, too, Ballantine will reissue my older novel *MARTIAN TIME SLIP*. So all goes well with us.

(In selecting my snuffs, you may enclose a round tin of a menthal variety. Perhaps there is already one...but no Doctor Johnson's! It makes me wild! It is too much! The wildness in my novels circa 1964 are not due to dope but to Doctor Johnson's! It inflames the brain, and should so be labeled.)

Hoping all is well with you. By the way, that novel of mine which you read, *THE PENULTIMATE TRUTH*, is being reissued, too. I am a legend in my own time, but thought to be mad...I accuse your snuff, sir, but out of charity deleted mention in the *Rolling Stone* article. There will be a *New Yorker* profile on my in a few months from now, and an article in *Crawdaddy*. Perhaps I will tell the cause of my wild mind. I wrote under the influence of Dean Swift Snuff.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO E. W. PHILLIPS]

November 13, 1975

Dear Mr. Phillips,

Thanks for your letter regarding the article in *Rolling Stone*. There are at the present moment at least ten novels of mine in print. If none of the bookstores around you carry them, then what you do is you march into the one which deals the most either in science fiction or in paperback books, and you ask to see the entry under my name in the catalog of paperback titles now in print. You tell them you'd like to order such-and-such a one. If you order like four different titles they certainly should be willing to special order for you. Also, tell them about the *Rolling Stone* article; by telling them, you make them more willing to order the titles you want. If I were you, I would particularly name *THE THREE STIGMATA OF*

PALMER ELDritch, which just now came into print again, and most bookstores do not realize that.

For instance, Berkley has 3 titles in print: MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE : GALACTIC POT HEALER : COUNTER CLOCK WORLD. Ace has about five in print and plans to rerelease five more, including THE SIMULACRA, which I think is a good one. There are two DAW ones that aren't bad: FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID (which is my most recent novel) and WE CAN BUILD YOU. Also Warner Paperback has A MAZE OF DEATH still in print, and somebody has NOW WAIT FOR LAST YEAR.

The two main ones specifically not in print are MARTIAN TIME-SLIP and UBIK. However, Ballantine plans to reissue MARTIAN TIME SLIP next spring, and there will be a new first edition out of a Doubleday novel (one of two they bought from me last month).

What many bookdealers are doing is just stocking the standards, the "top ten," so to speak. Don't let them get away with it. You'd be doing me a favor by leaning on them to stock more titles.

Again, thanks for writing. Remember: a bookdealer can order any title in the "books in print" catalog. Get him to show it to you so you can see what's there and what you want. Okay? Good luck.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO WILLEM VAN DEN BROEK]

November 13, 1975

Dear Willem,

You're undoubtedly right about all the contradictions in FLOW MY TEARS. I started the novel in 1970, left off until late 72, did eleven versions, and so, doing that many versions over too long a time period, errors crept in. The thing is, Doubleday pays copyeditors to go through a manuscript to find just such errors. They did find a number, and did change them...the thing that comes to my mind, very seriously, not in any way sarcastically, is to say to you, Have you ever considered becoming a copyeditor? Every publishing house employs a number of them. I think you have an authentic gift in this most important area. I really depend on the Doubleday copyeditors; they are the best in the business...and look at what they missed (although I must take responsible [sic] for doing them in the first place). A few of the errors in this book have already been brought to me by other people, but no one has found all that you have, or at least found them and then told me.

I am really impressed. Unless you are already long and deep into another field already, I do urge you to put your genius to work at copyediting. I have no talent at it at all. I stand in admiration. It's one of those unsung talents...one which I venerate, probably because I lack it.

Please take my suggestion seriously. Or maybe there is a related field where your genius could exercise itself; you didn't tell me in your letter what you do as a career.

By the way—"Kathy" in the novel is based entirely on a single actual girl I knew, and loved, very much. She was psychotic, and I had to put her in a mental hospital finally. She left me in—well, anyhow, a few years ago, and I am told she still is in and out of the metal hospitals. (There was a typo, right there, for you.)

Thank you for writing me, and do take my suggestion seriously. If you are far better than the Doubleday copyeditors, which you obviously are, then you are going some. Keep at it.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO GREG \_\_\_\_\_ ]

*November 13, 1975*

Dear Greg,

Yez—I hate it when I type the first word wrong.

Yes, I just received a letter from your friend Kent who did the drawing in RS. It was one of the most moving letters I've ever gotten. He thanked me for my "braving the most brutal and disintegrating onslaughts of Chaos, embracing Chaos." In 1972 I gave a short impromptu speech at the Worldcon in which I discussed Chaos and how you must not only be able to live with it but must possess or display a certain love of it. After I gave the speech I was amazed when several intellectual dudes came over to my table and told me that I had touched upon some very modern theories about Chaos (versus Kosmos). I had, in my speech, told of Goethe saying that "chance confounded both the conspiracies of gods and men, and so made men free." I saw Chaos as like when the Man comes to get you, he gets the wrong address. You see the picture. Or by chance he takes a wrong turn and gets grounded in some manure. And so on. I told, in my speech, of how I saw Chaos or Chance undermining the whole police state which Orwell had predicted. Everyone cheered. They'd (the rulers) just fuck up. The electric (I mean, the electronic) gadgetry would fuck up. It'd all fuck up. I gave this speech (obviously) long before Watergate. I painted a verbal picture of a vast system of tyranny which would backfire and wipe out Richard Nixon and everyone else at the White House. When they pressed the master switch, the White House would be the first to go.

You know, don't you, that the Watergate watchout burglar described the cop who trained a gun on him as, "Well, then this long-haired hippie," because as chance would have it, the burglars were arrested by off-duty narcs one of which was dressed up like the freaks and heads they bust. I claim this is exactly what I was talking about. What a joyous irony! Did this dressed up narc get one of us? No, he got the President of the United States.

Dialog:

WATERGATE BURGLAR: (startled) Who are you?

NARC: Hey man, like you're under arrest, can you dig it? Like, I might pop you, man. So be cool.

And thus the tyranny fell.

Back to Kent's letter, he says you may have talked him into coming out to the West Coast (or am I wishfulreading?). No, I mean back to *your* letter, which is about Kent, and his about you, and I'm looking at both. The only person I know who has bread to fund artists is a rich guy named Don Shenker. I have no direct link with him, but he owns a new underground comicbook named *Arcade* to which I sold something, and the check came from Don Shenker (who oddly enough I knew 15 years ago socially) and his Printmint. The guy who runs *Arcade* would have Don's address; he is: Art Spiegelman, \_\_\_ Clark Street, Brooklyn NY 11202. I wish I could think of more people, but there might be something there. Art Spiegelman may be someone you know about anyhow...he's done a lot of underground comics cartooning, and I think he's all right. He's a friend of mine. We used to get depressed together. His girl Michael (sp?) left him, and about the same time I realized that my wife Tessa was thinking of leaving me. We spent one whole afternoon at my place just throwing a ball too large for this dog to catch. Ah, so goes love. Art's moving to New York was his breaking up with Michael (is that better, sp-wise?). Fuck it.

Micheal. No, that ain't it. People are surprised that I can't spell. I was ordering Rocky Mountain water the other day, writing out a check, and I said to the big dude who lugs bottles, "How do you spell 'Rocky'?" (I thought it might be one of those words with an "e" in it.) He spelled it for me and then said, "I thought you were a professor or something, and you can't even spell." As Vollegut [sic] says, "Well, so it goes," although I have improved that to, "Well, so it went." I once tried to buy a Britannica for fourty [sic] dollars. But at least in that transaction I was obviously trying to better myself (I never did).

Don Shenker was/is a very serious poet type, a Bay Area Poet. Anne and I knew them all, like Bob Duncan and Gary Snyder. Anne had put out, with her husband Richard, the little magazine *Neurotica*. That's why I married her (Richard had just died). But she and I used to fight too much, so now I am married to Tessa who calls the cops on me if I so much as tug her hair, any little rough stuff. One time this insane drunken landlord was trying to bust into our apartment, and we had no phone to get help, so I whipped out a .22 rifle and began to load it (a reflex from the bad days in Marin County, described in the RS article; only in Marin County I used hollow nosed bullets). Tessa excused herself and hid in the bathroom. I find that women do that a lot...there's a lyric theme for some songwriter: "Baby, when you saw my gun you hid out in the bathroom; oh it's dark along the dreary road of life, dark, dark."

Well, I got to stop writing because your discursive letter has caused me to become discursive too, and we must force ourselves to stop. Now I am a meek citizen who talks mostly to the Jehovah's Witnesses (mostly to one named Mari-

lyn who has beautiful legs). I hope we all do meet; then we can be as discursive as we want. And good luck on raising funds for your art work thing, and good luck on them intrinsically. (Do you realize that it's people like us who are molding the world right now? That's true. I know it. You and Kent know it. *They don't know it.*)

With warm personal regards,  
Philip K. Dick

P. S. Although Art has moved to New York, Don Shenker, I believe, is in Berkeley or anyhow the Bay Area, so you could show him stuff.

[TO KENT BELLOWS]

November 13, 1975

Dear Kent,

I just discovered that I counted wrong and I can't refill my Librium. If Greg shows you the letter I wrote him, it tells therein how I can't spell. This letter adds the information about ze grand writer that he can't count.

Listen, Kent, I want to tell you what you guys (Paul Williams, Greg, you) have done for me. You gave me a reflected self or identity and I suddenly believed I was real. I am not shitting you. Something happened to me after I saw that color drawing of me you did. Back in 1970-72 in Marin County, that is exactly how I look. I know the Man wanted me (for the law-infractions involved in my anti-war activity, which Paul didn't mention, because they are big raps). I expected the Man to hit me and wipe me out. So I did sit like you drew me, and peer around with that look. My shrink once simulated that look; it's the look, he said, of someone who believes (his term) that someone is going to get him. I told him about two weeks before the hit on my house that they were, and soon. He prescribed Clorpromazine.

But put more positively, you really changed me by depicting me in a real way (depicting in a real way, to get the grammer right). That picture is me. For it to be me, I must exist. You see, my friend, after the cops told me if I didn't move out of Marin County I'd get shot in the back or worse, and I flew to Canada as soon as the opportunity arranged itself, about a month later, I had already begun to keep such a low profile that my sense of my existence was fading. I drove my car so as to be invisible. I tried to become invisible, always. It was strictly a "No, massah, nobody in here but us chickens." I felt more secure this way (the "or worse" had really scared me, and after the hit on my house virtually no friend of mine came by, out of fear), since even my gun, the third I have bought, was immediately stolen—stolen before I could pick it up at the pawn shop! Anyhow, I gained by not being noticed. But then I returned from Canada, homesick. I met a lot of nice friends out there, as Cat Stevens put it. I tried to regain my identity. Obviously the old one had been scared into deep hiding. I only felt safe when I was with people, especially lots of people, like from the college here. I tried, but failed to regain my identity, which, expressed

another way, was, tried to lose the fear in me. I got remarried. I had a son. I made some bread, bought a car, all that, even a TV. But still my identity was a shadow, even to me. Only in public situations, like when I made a speech, was my existence ratified. Even when just my new wife and son were with me, I felt I didn't exist. Then your picture came out. Frankly, Paul's article in itself, when I saw it before the printing, increased my fears. But here was some guy reconstructing me, the authentic me, just from snapshots. He—you—hadn't even seen me! You'd read some stuff of mine (I knew that) and I knew the limited material you had to work from...it was (I mean this) sort of holy magic, good magic. The creature who had been killed off in terms of identity up in Marin County a few years ago, still lived, still breathed, so in fact they hadn't killed him off. Your picture proved it. In essence, you reconstructed me and put life back into me.

From the moment I saw your picture, when I got a copy in RS, I was changed back to my old, real self. I been bopping around, doing this and that; you cured me of my identity-less sickness, and let me tell you, that is a dreadful sickness.

This is heavy stuff, but true. I've accomplished/done things I haven't done since before that thing you drew coming through my window first began to come through that window—1970; that's almost six years. No psychtherapy or psychiatry could or did help—I used to become paralyzed, literally, and then begin to shake, every time I saw a cop car. I know this doesn't make me look like much of a hero, but there was a lot of stuff Paul didn't mention; the cops actually smashed down my front door one night very late, and one time they came in and grabbed my girlfriend and held her in the policecar until she was able to prove her age; they wouldn't even accept her birth certificate; "We have a tip on you," they told her. They had all kinds of tips—tips on drugs, on underage girls. The chief of the Marin County Youth Authority told me he had three five year felony warrants he could exercise any time he felt like it, and he would if I ever "crossed the line and got into trouble again."

The man you drew, sitting in that chair, I thought they had in a very real way killed him. The real thing was, I found out recently from a producer who had researched me, was that I had been shot at because they (the authorities) thought I was a combination Tim Leary and Svengali "Who was preaching dope and communism to the kids there in the county." I wasn't, but I had kept a 14 year old girl overnight because her parents had beaten her until she aborted. Next day I took her to the doctor and he advised me to ask the authorities for custody, and, if necessary, to envoke [sic] the "Battered Child" Act. I had also, before keeping the girl all night at my house, phoned my attorney and he had agreed it was the right thing to do. We stayed up all night with a mutual friend. The next day, the girl's parents and the police came. There were all those Ché pictures on my walls, and posters from the Russian Revolution showing a clenched fist. Well, the next thing I knew, I wasn't seeing the Man to get custody of the girl; I was conferring with my attory [sic] to keep from being charged on several felony counts. That's where that remark by the police sergeant, "Marin County doesn't want any crusaders" comes in; it was accompanied by, "Those kids need discipline, not understanding." But until the producer told me

very recently that the inside story was about my giving classes, secretly, to the kids on communism, drugs and sex, I didn't know. "Are you going to start up operations again?" one policeman asked me, after the hit. I didn't know what he meant by "operations," so I said no (notice the crumbling of pride and identity already at that moment—saying "no" without even knowing what "operations" means). I really seemed a menace to the establishment. Tim Leary was indeed an admirer of my work and had phoned me to say so, and of course I told everyone that. And I was in the drug subculture. And most of the people who came to my house were a lot younger than me; Paul had in his original draft that I had turned to friendship with teenagers because of the death of two close friends my own age, Jim Pike and Tony Boucher, and this is somewhat true, but more true was the fact that no one my age (45) is worth talking to. I still can't talk to them. "Nice weather we're having." "Yeah, but the smog count—etc." My wife is only 21; I met her when she was 18 and started living with her then.

Anyhow now like when I went into a record store to buy, of all things, a Rod Stewart LP, they recognized me from the RS piece, and we rapped on and on—at another store they told me that it "has been an honor to meet you." This is so different from living where the house on your left (as was true toward the last in Marin County) the guy runs out, pretends to water his lawn—at midnight?—and writes down all license plate numbers of cars visiting you...and I was tipped off by the criminal underground that the authorities were watching my house and to get all contraband out—this, one week before I was hit. What a difference!

So you did more psychologically and humanistically for me than anyone else has been able to do after the brownshirt stuff they did on me up north...my therapist couldn't get me to get rid of my fears based on what had happened, although I knew consciously it wouldn't happen again.

I am much interested in our joint obsession—let me say here, in your obsession about "so-called 'reality'" For the past 19 months I have been studying the reality constructs of the pre-Socratic Greek philosophers and the Greek mystery schools (or religions) around Christ's time (of which early, very early, Christianity, was one). Also, I even have a paper from the Soviet Union on the properties of time by Dr. Nicolay Kozirov, their greatest astrophysicist. I've got 200,000 words of notes, and the outline of a novel. I'll lay one possibility on you as a sign-off for this letter. There is "orthogonal time," or right-angle time, which Dr. Kozirov denies. But if it exists, in the total gestalt of energy processes and hypostatized objects which we experience, a small but highly important portion of them, of this flow, may be moving in a retrograde direction in time, completing itself backwards. Thus, we see this small flow within the flow the wrong way, as moving forward; we blend it all together. Many ESP talents may come from this, especially precognition. Further, the retrograde flow may consist of a living plasmatic entity, an actual life form. This is what I am into in my new book.

With warm personal regards, and I hope Greg and you and I can get together.

Philip K. Dick

[TO CONGRESSMAN CHARLES WIGGINS (R-Calif)] November 14, 1975

Dear Congressman Wiggins:

In today's Los Angeles *Times* there is the exciting news that you may be named the new Supreme Court Justice. For someone such as myself who has supported you so long, and has so much respect and admiration for you, this is wonderful news. I do hope they bestow it on you. You do deserve it.

It's a strange thing, living in a little unknown town like Fullerton and being served by what the *Times* called "regarded as one of the best constitutional lawyers in Congress," referring to you. In a recent very long interview/article in *Rolling Stone* magazine, the interviewer and I both had a chance to express in print our high regard for you. Paul Williams, the interviewer says in his piece:

"We drank cup after cup of coffee and talked of a thousand things. Phil's congressman is Charles Wiggins, the articulate, charming ex-Nixon defender on the House Judiciary Committee. Phil corresponded with Wiggins during the impeachment hearings. Wiggins listened to him, answering his letters personally and in detail." And so forth. (It is in *Rolling Stone* issue 199, pg 46, and appeared last week.)

Anyhow, you certainly would make as excellent a member of the Court as you have been a Congressman for us—and really for the whole nation. Speaking as one Fullertonian, my chest swells with pride at the thought of them considering you. Even if it doesn't work out, I know you will continue to be of vital value to us all.

Cordially  
Philip K. Dick

[TO WYDAWNICTWO LITERACKIE]

November 14, 1975

Dear Mr. Andrzej Kurz and Mrs. Maria Kaniowa:

I have just now received through my business agent Scott Meredith Limited several copies of your new edition of my novel *UBIK*. This letter is to express my delight in the edition, and my praise for it entirely. American paperback science-fiction editions are far below the standards which your edition shows, although our hardback editions are quite good—far superior, for instance, to the English.

I hope the Polish readers enjoy *UBIK*. What they are getting, and we do not here, are the many full-page ink illustrations; these wonderful visual additions to the text have entirely disappeared from our editions, here, both paper and hardback. I was charmed by the illustrations, and beyond doubt they are very professional. The entire format of the edition is quite professional, and shames all our paperback houses here in the United States. The best I've ever seen are the French editions, in particular Editions Opta.

Thank you, too, for including background information on page 104 on the Medieval poem *Dies Irae*, and on following pages where it appears in the text. This indicates the high standard of your edition! I just wish I read Polish, but a friend of mine has a Polish friend, and I will turn it over to her to read, and perhaps she will kindly compare it with my original English edition.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

P.S. I had to smile at the drawing of the pretty girl on page 197. We are told over here that your countries don't allow pictures of pretty sexy girls in editions of your magazines and books!

[TO JACK SCOVIL]

November 24, 1975

Dear Jack:

I am enclosing a letter and some contract forms from one Scott Edelstein, whom I don't know. The only reason I can see for not going ahead with this would be if it were to conflict with other sales of "Upon the Dull Earth," as for instance in the BEST OF PHILIP K. DICK which Ballantine is going to bring out. Would it conflict? Of course, I don't know if John Brunner will want it anyhow, but I note that Scott Edelstein says he may pay as late as January 1, 1978. The pay itself, I think, is okay. This guy must be a fan going pro or semi-pro and doing his best. If possible, let's try to give him a break.

I believe (in other news) that I told Dallas on the phone that Warner Brothers, at the top department, had phoned Paul Williams to ask which book of mine would make the best movie. Paul told them MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE, MARTIAN TIME-SLIP, and THE WORLD JONES MADE.

On the phone I asked Dallas several questions, especially regarding the money for DEUS IRAE which you told me about two weeks ago was in the mail, but which has never come.

One other item: *Rolling Stone* phoned me tonight and asked for a short story (2,000 to 4,000 words) on what the world will/would be like if they made pot legal. I'm not sure I want to do this, and I told them I'd think it over and call back in a few days. Ted Sturgeon is doing one. Harlan Ellison never returned their call. Asimov and Leiber turned them down flat. I'm just not sure of this at all....

Oh yes. *Liberation*, a Marxist magazine, wants a 5,000 word story from me; almost no pay (around \$65). Should I touch it with a ten-foot pole? In both these cases the identification such stories might give me might well offset the gain. (I will have to decide on the RS one on my own, before I hear from you, obviously.)

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO THEODORE R. COGSWELL, *editor*, SFWA Forum) November 28, 1975

Dear Ted:

This letter is to inform you and all the SFWA officers with deep regret that I am resigning from SFWA. The honorary voting of Stanislaw Lem to membership is the sheep voting the wolf a place at the communal hearth. They certainly must be licking their chops back in Krakow right now. Let me ask you who voted unanimously to admit Lem: what do we get in exchange? I will tell you: a gun at our heads.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

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[TO PHILIP JOSÉ FARMER]

November 29, 1975

Dear José,

I've received your postcard and I say, Right on!!!! Enclosed you will find the carbon of my letter of resignation to Ted Cogswell.

I don't think we can show SFWA to be what it is all by ourselves, but we have certainly done the right thing.

I'll try to get a copy of *Rolling Stone* to you. Yes, it is a big break. How is everything with you? I consider you somewhat of a hero, to so resign.

Love,  
Phil Dick

P. S. Did I tell you that I contributed my royalties on the Polish edition of UBIK to the heroic Warsaw fire department? I'd heard it's volunteer and manned by Catholic monks.

[TO \_\_\_\_\_, Rector, Episcopal Church of the Messiah]

November 30, 1975

Dear \_\_\_\_\_,

Thank you so much for your letter, which perhaps Sherri told you I found in a book when one of my cats knocked the book down. That is not how I usually receive mail, but I call this evidence, further evidence, of God's many ways.

There is only one real concern or interest in my head, and that is that Sherri should recover. I am always trying to make deals with God, and many times in the past months I have offered him my life or my possessions that Sherri might survive. Several priests have told me that I have a silly attitude toward God. You were very kind in your letter not to point out various silly attitudes which I had expressed and you had come across.

Sherri has said that maybe you and I can get together one of these days. I think what I will do is phone your church in a couple of weeks and try to talk to

you briefly on the phone. There are several things I want to ask you initially, and it could be done that way, if you aren't too busy.

I can't really answer your letter because my feelings about Sherri are too strong. Forgive the triteness of what I am saying and see if you can imagine the heart beating underneath.

With warm personal regards,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO HATTE RUBENSTEIN, PKD's stepdaughter]

November 30, 1975

Dear Hatte,

How nice to hear from you! Yes, I can get a translation of the press clipping over at Cal State Fullerton. Thank you. The furthest away place I've had stuff printed is Burma, I think, and just the other day my agent sent me copies of my novel UBIK printed in Poland. We couldn't get the Poles to pay the royalties in hard currency, so I donated my 49,000 z to the Warsaw volunteer fire department, which I am told is manned by Catholic monks.

Anyhow the Krakow publishers did a good job printing UBIK. I should get someone to read it, though, and see if they changed the text. The Germans are always changing the texts, but I guess I told you that already. They change and leave out and add whatever they feel like.

I've gotten a lot of action from the *Rolling Stone* piece, for instance an interest in my UBIK screenplay by a very good screen and TV producer. Also a bid by a publisher against Doubleday's ownership of my new novel, A SCANNER DARKLY; they will pay a thousand more if Doubleday will relinquish it.

I'm glad you are liberated enough not to evade your duties in cooking a Thanksgiving meal; I mean, you feel secure enough to sleep—eh? To slip from your liberated role when the historic times demand it.

I have been reading the Bible a lot lately, and I keep making lapsae lingua that are really gross, like, "In ten days time I shall return and break wind with thee," instead of break bread.

My unconscious is rebelling against my piety. Also, as above, when I am typing, I make mistakes that—well, once I wro "girlgrief" instead of "girlfriend." You can see what I mean.

The worst lapsa lingua I ever made was in Canada. I was at a restaurant with some newspaper people; I was sitting next to \_\_\_\_\_ the CBC interviewer, who had interviewed me at the time I made my UBC speech. Turning to her, I solemnly said, "Miss \_\_\_\_\_, I have always wanted to ball you." I do not even know yet what I intended to say.

In one of my novels in print, A MAZE OF DEATH, I've got "jury-rigged" for "gerry-rigged" or whatever it is. "This whole structure is jury-rigged," it reads. We caught that, but too late.

Yes, the *Rolling Stone* piece was sensational, but so are those who tend to read it. They are the day-trippers of the U.S., and will not sit still to read about pure literature as such. I wish I had a copy of the university publication *Science Fiction Studies* which devoted an issue to me; I sent a copy to your mother. It was very erudite. They even had diagrams of the dynamic social interactions within my books. For each market there is a way of speaking; it's all a lot of different languages babbling away at once.

Thank you for your best wishes. Currently I am feeling mellow because two publishers want my new novel, *A SCANNER DARKLY* and because, too, it is a good novel. It's anti-dope. This year I am not going to be a sensation in the movies, like I was last year. Last year I saw producers and actresses and directors; this year I only talk on the phone to my agent. But the *Rolling Stone* piece may change that. For instance, it has caused my novel *MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE* to sell its second printing throughout the U.S. (Or maybe it was just at the one bookstore where I checked. Oh well.)

I'm working on a theological novel now, called *TO SCARE THE DEAD*. It's about the Essenes and I've done 200,000 words of notes. See, the thing is, I think I've figured out the secret of the Essenes. My friend Jim Pike told me a lot of stuff and I think I've finally put it all together. It leads to immortality, if I'm right.

But I digress.

Thank you again for writing, and I send you my love, and if you ever have a photograph of you I'd love to see it...your mother sent me the one snapshot. Got any more?

That press clipping you sent is about *GALACTIC POT HEALER*, isn't it? Ol' Joe Fernwright. My Canadian girlgrief read that and said to me, "Your novel is boring, your letters are depressing, and you're depressing." I told her I'd buy the novel back from her, but she said, "Oh no, I'll read anything." Some people can really zap you. She had flown down here to stay with me and Tessa a few days and it didn't work. There are a lot of things like that.

Love to you,  
Phil

P. S. The photos were nice in the *Rolling Stone* piece, don't you think? They were our own snapshots which we sent them...we certainly never thought they'd be published; they were to "help with the drawing."

[TO JEAN-CLAUDE ZYLBERSTEIN, *Editions Champ Libre, Paris*]

December 3, 1975

Dear Mr. Zylberstein:

Thank you very much for your long letter of 8 November. Two weeks ago I began steps to obtain a Xerox copy of my article "Evolution of a Vital Love" for you, as you requested. When I have it, I will send it to my agent, Scott Meredith Inc., to

send on to you. I believe that he, most likely, has the manuscript for "The Dark-Haired Girl." All I seem to have is the carbon. I will ask him to send it to you.

That is about all there is, except for the unpublished "mainstream" novels such as MARY AND THE GIANT, etc. I believe that "The Dark-Haired Girl" and "Evolution" would be perfect for you, absolutely perfect, from what you say about your proposed project. The Vancouver speech is in the public domain; I had it originally published that way. "The Dark-Haired Girl" consists of a number of very good letters by me (if I may be allowed to say so), the cream of the crop, and would suffice as to letters. Of course, as to some texts, such as the *Rolling Stone* piece, I have no control over them; you would have to approach them direct. This goes for the contents of SF Studies, for instance.

Yes, "All We Marsmen" is MARTIAN TIME-SLIP, with but a few words changed. It is not shorter, not that I know of.

Yes, indeed if you came to Southern California I would very much like to see you here at my home in Fullerton. You are indeed welcome.

The new novel DEUS IRAE (i.e. God of Wrath) deals with a future world after the thermoneuclear war, in which a new, false religion has grown up opposing Christianity...the people worship the former head of the U.S. Atomic Energy Commission for having the power to "bring on the atoms." There is much theology in it. I like the novel, personally.

Enough for now...and with luck, my agent will be sending you "Evolution of a Vital Love" and "The Dark-Haired Girl."

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO BOB WAYNE, D-CON 76]

December 5, 1975

Dear Bob:

Sorry to be so incredibly slow in answering your letter of October 27, inviting me to be Guest of Honor for the next D-Con, but all this time I have been weighing whether I could accept or not. The problem is my health—I have a cardiovascular situation which has prevented me from public speaking for about a year and a half now. I guess I must very regrettably decline, although I would like to be there at the D-Con very much. If I say yes, then what would probably happen is that later on I would find I could not go after all, which would leave you with no GoH and me with a speech and nowhere to deliver it.

Thank you so much for asking me; it really is an honor...and I hope you can understand why I would spend so much time trying to decide. It is something I want to do, but I guess in this world we don't always get everything we want.

Good luck with the con. And may I suggest Tom Disch as your GoH? He would be awfully good.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO MR. J.C. ZYLBERSTEIN]

December 8, 1975

Dear Mr. Zylberstein:

A further note to tell you that I have received the copy of LE BAL DES SCHIZOS. It is the best-looking edition of any of my novels that I have ever seen. Thank you, and congratulations; the cover is really superb—I am truly excited and pleased.

I now have the Xerox copy of "Evolution of a Vital Love" and will be sending it on. This article tells how the dedication to LE BAL DES SCHIZOS is in itself an analog of the novel. Soon after the novel was put in print in the United States, Kathy, who was indeed my best friend, and whom I loved more than anyone else in the world, wandered out of my life forever. "Evolution of a Vital Love" discusses this. I think you will find it valuable; for one thing, it shows how life imitates art.

Thank you again for sending the book to me.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO KAREN \_\_\_\_]

December 9, 1975

Dear Karen,

I want to thank you for last night. At the time I was a little dulled by my sinus congestion, but on the way home in the car I realized that you had said something that was very important to me, and really affected my fundamental view. I had been lamenting all the girls I had loved and all the friends I had had who had abruptly disappeared from my life, and you said, "I'll be here." That did something to my unconscious mind. A rusty gate moved open a slight bit, out of joy. In some ways it was the most important thing anyone ever said to me. I want to thank you for it.

These feelings of keen loss which I carry around with me aren't new in the world. You and I were talking about poetry; here is a poem by Po Chu-i (772-846 AD):

#### LOSING A SLAVE GIRL

*Around my garden the little wall is low;  
In the bailiff's lodge the lists are seldom checked.  
I am ashamed to think we were not always kind;  
I regret your labors, that will never be repaid.  
The caged bird owes no allegiance;  
The wind-tossed flower does not cling to the tree.*

...

*Where tonight she lies none can give us news;  
Nor any knows, save the bright watching moon.*

(Arthur Waley)

I hope I will see you again soon. I am becoming very fond of you, Karen; I think you are a good friend, and very stable and warm and wise.

Love,  
Phil

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[TO ROGER ZELAZNY]

December 22, 1975

Dear Roger:

This check just arrived today. I am sending you the *entire* sum, since you waited so long.

It was my impression that this second payment should have been a gross of \$750, not \$625. I'll look into it. That would make the total advance only \$1,250, and I'm sure it was \$1,500. In any case, this amount pays your one-third *plus* your agent's commission.

Sorry it took so long. Love to you and your family.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO MARK & JODIE HURST]

December 27, 1975

Dear Mark and Jodie,

The best present I got this year was the box of old s-f books and magazines you sent me. Believe it or not, I hadn't ever seen most of them. Thank you so much; yes indeed they are important to me—it was a glorious experience going over them.

I am enclosing the carbon of a letter to my agent which I sent off today. I believe you will be pleased by the latter part of it, the part dealing with Ballantine.

Love,  
Phil Dick

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[TO KARL KELLAR, *Freedom Festival Chairperson*]

December 30, 1975

Dear Mr. Kellar:

I've had your letter of November 20th here for some time, trying to decide if my health would permit my speaking at your Freedom Festival. This is why it has taken me so long to answer you, for which I apologize. Certainly this is a great honor, your asking me to speak at this festival on such a topic, and beyond doubt it is the crucial topic of our times. I might add that beyond doubt I would like to come and speak, but I must finally regretfully decline, on the grounds of ill health.

Certainly I wish you luck with the festival. Again, thank you for asking me, and please forgive me for declining. I have had to turn down all speaking engagements for over a year, now. In March for example I was invited to London to lecture, and it really got to me that I had to finally say—as in this case—no. It is like some ancient Greek curse to want to speak in public but to be unable to.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

P. S. I would very much like to receive the festival program; could you send me a copy? I'd like to see what it finally consists of.

[TO THE HON. THEODORE R. COGSWELL,  
*editor, SFWA Forum*]

December 30, 1975

Dear Ted:

You have advised me that Senor Lem has been dismissed until such time as he enters SFWA by the same door as the rest of us—to which I say good. However, please print my previous letter, and then you can print this in which I say, Of course I will now remain in SFWA.

As to the bigots and fanatics assailing you as a “sexist,” I think I will have it come to pass that all those who feel animals should wear pants write you as well. Or maybe they’re the same people. Let me say that I am on your side. I got a lot of unsigned hate mail for my story “The Pre-Persons,” which was anti-abortion; I know how you feel. Some of the same zealots are probably writing you, now. Are they full of enough courage to sign their names, now?

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO RAY FARADAY NELSON, *fellow s-f writer*]

December 30, 1975

Dear Ray,

That’s very exciting news that Harlan likes your novel so much. He’s an excellent judge, so I’m sure it’s an A-OK novel. I’m looking forward to reading it.

I’ve been meaning to write you, especially in view of my close friend Tim Powers flying up there to meet with you. I sent greetings with him. I’ve been truckin’ along on my own writing; I won the John W. Campbell Jr. award for best novel, as you probably know, so indeed I too am feeling good. I’m glad Kirsten found the part about her rabbit in FLOW MY TEARS (which is the novel that won the award; maybe it won it for that part). Also, Terry Carr picked up a story of mine for his “Best s-f” of the year volume, the first thing I was able to write after the 3 year block I had. I finished that story and literally fell to the floor...I had pneumonia, it turned out.

I've been doing months (would you believe 21 months?) of research on the Greek mystery religions, and have gotten into a lot of the sort of stuff you know so much about. I wish we could get together and talk about it all. I'm especially into Neo-Platonism. I've got 200,000 words of notes for a novel, which is to be called TO SCARE THE DEAD.

Right now I have a novel which is not exactly s-f, which Doubleday will be bringing out as a trade edition book, A SCANNER DARKLY. It deals realistically with the drug subculture and split-brain phenomena.

Did you see the piece on me in *Rolling Stone*? Also Tom Disch did a small piece on me in *Crawdaddy* which I liked a lot. Why don't you and I do a piece on each other? *Time* phoned me a couple weeks ago and wanted to interview me, but I had the flu and said no. What I told them though was that *Time* is too important and I am too puny for them to interview me. That puzzled them and they argued otherwise. I finally agreed that in fact I was too important and they were too puny.

Love to Walter T. and to Kirsten and to all my old friends.

Phol Dick

(look, I typed my name wrong. When you start typing your name wrong it's time to sign off.) P. S. J.G. is down here and we see him and Linda now and then.

[TO ANDY ELLSMORE]

January 7, 1976

Dear Andy Ellsmore,

Yes, you may use "P.P. Layouts"; you have my formal permission.

What a neat magazine! I have been reading "Dionysus in America," and I must say it's an extraordinary article, in fact one the best I've read in years. I hope you can convey my excitement over it to Mr. Mottram. I know personally a number of the people he mentions in the article (e.g. Paul Williams, Robert Duncan), and the whole overview which is *such* a vast overview—it strikes me as right on, and one of the most original overviews of the subject matter ever. I wish I had thought of it all, putting the various pieces together the way he has. You are to be congratulated for printing it.

I have the speech which I wrote which Gollancz will be publishing there in the U.K. Some of the things I say in it correspond with the basic "Dionysus in America" notion—that is to say, that literally the god Dionysus (in one of his various forms; as Jung says, Dionysus is the god of metamorphosis) did batter down the prison walls here in this country in the late '60s and early '70s. I did not intend my statements to be taken as metaphor, either. Nor do I understand Mr. Mottram's statements as metaphor.

Thank you for the subscription; I'll be looking forward to future issues, and all the luck in the world to you.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO W. P. LEAHY]

January 8, 1976

Dear Mr. Leahy,

First I want to thank you for the Christmas card, and then thank you so much for your letter of December 29th. It's letters like that that make a writer's life worth it. As far as *Rolling Stone* goes, they are going to be doing less on rock and more on other fields, such as s-f, I understand, which is why they did the piece on me. I think we would all benefit from a cross-pollination between such fields as s-f and rock and the other so-called "pop" arts. I had some doubts about the piece before it came out (Paul Williams had sent me an advance copy of it and I was somewhat unsettled by some of the emphasis on it). Certainly it put forth a sensational side to everything. One of my step-daughters wrote me in a very injured tone, pointing this out, in almost the same words you used, and I pointed out to her that, let's face it, *RS* appeals to the day-trippers of the world.

I still appreciate their doing the piece, though, and I have a high regard for Paul's writing. As you know from reading the piece, he and I have been friends for years.

Tom Disch did a recent short piece on me in *Crawdaddy*. Also, I just won the John W. Campbell, Jr. Memorial Award for *FLOW MY TEARS*, you'll be glad to hear. It was in contention for the Hugo and also the Nebula but lost in both cases.

You know how long it took Roger and me to write *DEUS IRAE*? Get ready. Eleven years. That must be some kind of record.

I'm pleased about your point regarding the entertainment value of such novels as *UBIK*. Certainly, I write because I enjoy writing, and what is most important is that people should enjoy reading them; in particular I like it when people get off on humor in my novels. In France, where I am so popular, they don't see the humor at all in any of my stuff, which I think in itself is very funny.

Again thanks for writing such a wonderful letter to me—keep in touch, and I do hope you will enjoy both *DEUS IRAE* and my anti-dope novel, *A SCANNER DARKLY*, which will be out soon, too.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO SHARON JARVIS, *Doubleday & Co., Inc.*]

January 12, 1976

Dear Sharon,

Well, regarding your phonecall of last Friday, I have to admit that when it comes down to making The List (of people to show Xerox copies of the MS of *SCANNER* to) I really have virtually no connections with the powerful and well-known *outside of s-f*. Within the field, if we wanted it, which we don't, I personally know everyone from Robert Heinlein to Ted Sturgeon to A.E. van Vogt and so on down through history to Tom Disch. Yes what the years of being stuck off as an s-f writer have done to me? (This is exactly what Harlan Ellison com-

plains about; we are walled off from the rest of the world, unknown and unaccepted.) What I have done, though, is write Paul Williams who does have contacts with the powerful in the literary world outside s-f. I suggested he phone you. I suggest you phone *him*, in a few days, after he gets my letter and discuss this whole business of getting quotes for the jacket of SCANNER. If anyone can do it, Paul can. I just plainly flatout begged him to step in and give me/us a hand.

The trouble also is, nobody owes me any favors. For instance, I owe Susan Sontag a favor. But:

Susan Sontag. \_\_\_\_ Riverside Drive, N.Y. N.Y. 10025 (or: \_\_\_\_ rue de la Faisanderie, Paris XVI)

Saul Bellow. \_\_\_\_ East 55 St., Chicago, Ill. 60615.

Tony Hiss. c/o *The New Yorker*.

Herb Gold. (I don't have his current address, but "Poets & Writers" would have it. I knew him years ago when I was part of the San Francisco scene. He'd remember.)

Robert Duncan. (Again, try "Poets & Writers" for his address; we've been in touch recently, but I can't find his address.)

Evan S. Connell, Jr. c/o Simon & Schuster, 630 Fifth Ave., N.Y. N.Y 10020. As with the above, I knew him in the Bay Area.

What we may have to depend on is review quotes about me and my writing in general. I've got some good review quotes from *Oui*, from Tom Disch writing in *Crawdaddy*, from Tony Hiss writing in the *New Yorker*. For instance, *Oui* says at one point:

"In many ways, Phil Dick is to psychedelics and science fiction what William Burroughs is to hard drugs and mainstream literature. He attracts students of the mind and unravelers of reality puzzles," etc.

It's possible that Paul Williams can link us up with either Burroughs or Vonnegut, or maybe both, or have some entirely original ideas of his own as to who to sound out. So the subject isn't closed yet, as to what I (and Paul) can come up with. You want quotes from anyone in the rock scene? I've got a go-between between me and Grace Slick of the Jefferson Starship; this guy got her to read one book of mine, and probably could get her to read another. Oh well. It's just a thought.

The person I myself would like to see read the MS of SCANNER is Ken Kesey, and I asked Paul about that; I think Kesey would be ideal, but why should he do it? He's probably never heard of me. If we are to talk in ideal terms, then Joseph Heller ought to be considered.

So let us consider this letter a progress report only, as I wait to hear from Paul, and to hear if you and he get together. I honestly think nobody can do it if Paul cannot.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO BILL SARILL]

January 12, 1976

Dear Bill,

I'm writing to you to ask a favor. My editors at Doubleday have decided that my new novel, *A SCANNER DARKLY*, is a "breakthrough," and they are going to market it, not as s-f or within any genre, but as a straight literary novel aimed at the college people (perhaps I mentioned this novel to you; it deals with the drugscene and is highly autobiographical). The problem is that now I am abruptly out of my little pond and into the big ocean, if you see what I mean. They—the Doubleday editors—are so enthusiastic about *SCANNER* that they intend to run off Xerox copies of the MS (no shit), and get prominent American literary figures known to the college people to read them and respond with comments, which I guess Doubleday will use on the back dj cover. They want people like William Burroughs, Kurt Vonnegut—all the counterculture cult heroes to read it. BUT, and here is the rub: it is up to me to approach such people, these literary greats, and in point of fact I don't know any of them at all. Only people I know are other s-f writers. Doubleday doesn't want the novel read by anyone in s-f. They are just not going to market it that way, although Ballantine, which evidently is going to get paperback rights, intends to market it as s-f...which is another matter and at least two years from now.

So I was wondering if by any chance you have any pipeline (if I may use the expression) to anyone like William Burroughs or Kurt Vonnegut, or *any* college cult counterculture hero that you could get to read a Xerox of the MS of *A SCANNER DARKLY*? I realize I'm asking a lot from you just to ask, but frankly I've drawn a blank and am going nuts trying to draw up the list of names which I promised Doubleday ("Sure," I told them on the phone. "I know Saul Bellow and Susan Sontag and, and...well, and a lot more." But I don't).

I was thinking, personally, too, about famous people in the rock world, although Doubleday didn't mention that. Like Kinky Freedman and the Texas Jew-Boys (what a name for a group); I've been told Freedman (sp) reads my stuff. I don't know, Bill. Maybe this is all hopeless; we in s-f are so isolated from the larger literary world that maybe this whole plan of circulating Xerox copies of the MS is doomed. They may have to rely on general quotes about me, as for instance from Paul Williams' piece in *Rolling Stone*.

If you do have any contacts with the college cult greats (whoever that might be), I sure could use any go-between help from you I could get. If not, I love you anyhow, and isn't it nice that after 22 years of writing I'm at last getting a novel marketed as a straight trade book, rather than a genre piece? I guess so.

Love,  
Phil Dick

[TO SHARON JARVIS,]

January 13, 1976

Dear Sharon,

A few further thoughts on the marketing of A SCANNER DARKLY, since I wrote you on January 12. Two further aspects.

(one) What about getting people well-known in the rock field to read it? I know I mentioned this, but since then I have written to a top-notch rock critic I know, Bill Sarill, to see what contacts he might have in that area. Paul Williams, of course, has similar contacts. I bring this up because there is, as everyone knows, a rock-drug tie. Which brings me to point two.

(two) "Phil Dick writes about his own involvement in drugs. A semi autobiographical novel." I suggest this because just from the *Rolling Stone* piece you must be aware of this aspect, and the RS piece, really, is our cornerstone in PR for SCANNER. Nothing will have the impact, the market-scope, that Paul's article has had, nothing we can put together. You realize their audience is 2,500,000? And much of it in the college circles. And the article stressed the drug angle. Let me quote again from *Oui*:

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

It is generally known, at least in s-f circles, that I went down the rat hole in 1970 when my wife Nancy left me, taking my little girl Isa; I got so deep in the drug subculture that hardly a page of SCANNER is fiction. Only the names are changed. I ended up in Canada, in March 1972 in a drug rehab center...which appears in SCANNER under the name "New-Path." It was even noised about in s-f circles in 1972, before I began writing again (after a three year empty period) that I was "too burned-out from drugs ever to write again." That, in fact, is what gave me the idea for SCANNER—all the gossip. I even heard it from producers and the like, here in the Hollywood area. Will Phil ever write again? It would of course cause me acute embarrassment to handle the book this way (make that embarrassment), but truth is truth. I'm thinking of Mark Vonnegut's frank account of his schizophrenia in his new book. Could we profit by the very great commercial success of Mark Vonnegut's frank personal account? (Take into account that good ol' Harlan Ellison in DANGEROUS VISIONS was kind enough to explain in the foreword to my story "Faith of Our Fathers" that I not only was on drugs, but wrote the story while on an LSD trip, which was not true, but which reached a lot of people, inasmuch as that book got everywhere and is still going.) You would be amazed at the number of diverse people who read that about me and think/thought that. Example: I was at a university lecturing in 1972; before I started to speak, the professor in charge handed me the title of my lecture. It was, "Drugs and Science-Fiction." I told the class what the title was, and told them I would not speak on the topic. So right there, in the academic circles, we have a full professor laying

the drug thing on me, the albatross around my neck coming back again & again to haunt me.

Well, take this into consideration. Paul's piece in *RS* certainly raised the spectre once more, after I did all I could to eradicate it. But, as I say, truth is truth. So what about a "Phil Dick reveals all vis-a-vis drugs" angle in marketing?

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

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[TO SHARON JARVIS]

January 14, 1976

Dear Sharon,

I hate to keep bombarding you with letters, but I have come up with another name re the Xerox copies of the MS of SCANNER, a name to conjure with, a magic name especially in the college circles. I see him cited frequently in blurb quotes: the jazz and rock critic Nat Henthoff. (I got it spelled wrong, but you can correct that. Make it Nat Hentoff. Make it whatever's right.) I knew him back in the 'forties in Berkeley; we were in love with the same girl. He was just a Boston DJ then, and that was a long time ago, but I bet he remembers me and would be willing to read SCANNER. This follows the lines I suggested regarding getting quotes from people in the music business rather than limiting it to the literary world. I think you can reach him through *Esquire*; isn't he currently their jazz-rock-music critic, on their staff? If not through *Esquire* then through *Playboy*.

He is really a king-maker, in his field. When I knew him we got along very well. (He got the girl in question, by the way.)

So much for now.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

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[ADDRESSEE UNKNOWN]

January 14, 1976

Dear Tim,

Dreadfully sorry not to have phoned you to thank you for the "Fantastic S-F Art" book, which came quite intact and provided me with infinite joy; I once owned a number of the magazine issues themselves. Thank you!

Now, as to your Old Time Radio (gee, it makes me feel old!!), I would like several of the cassettes listed, and what I can give you in exchange are the reels I have of the M.B.S. s-f program that did 3 of my scripts—I forgot the name of the series, something like "Tales of Tomorrow," with comments by John W. Campbell, Jr. every few minutes. Also, I can pay you, which I should do and will gladly do. I'd like to order:

#137 ("Colony" from X MINUS ONE), page 1 item 14.  
#313 (CARSACON '74), page 26 item 10.

#314/315 (CARSACON '74), page 26, item 12.

I guess that's it. By the way...did I tell you that my novel FLOW MY TEARS won the John W. Campbell Jr. Memorial Award for '74? I'm very happy and excited. Also, my editor at Doubleday phoned me last Friday to say that they had read the MS of my new novel A SCANNER DARKLY and decided that it was a "breakthrough," and therefore they would be issuing it in a trade edition, rather than as a genre piece, which means it will be sold on its literary value per se—the first time in my entire career of 22 years that I've accomplished this, a great victory for me indeed. The paperback, which evidently will be Ballantine, will be marketed as s-f, though, which means I sort of get the best of both worlds, s-f and literary, if you see what I mean. The trade edition (Doubleday's) will be aimed at the college "cult" market, which means the market that turns on with Vonnegut. The angle which will determine promotion will be the anti-drug theme, and this pleases me, too, since it was the theme that dominated my mind in writing it. Victory!

Thanks for sending me the list of tapes, and here's hoping to see you and your lovely wife again soon. Say hello to her for me.

Cordially,  
Phil Dick

[TO CHARLES HILLINGER,  
*Times staff writer, Los Angeles Times*]

January 14, 1976

Dear Mr. Hillinger:

I read your piece in the *Times* today ("Boulders Off Southland May Be Anchors") with great interest, because it reminded me of something I knew about back in the late Fifties. I was living up north in Marin County, in the town of Point Reyes. One of the teachers from the local grammar school there used to take his fourth grade students out onto the Point Reyes Peninsula to dig in the Indian burial and rubbish mounds; this teacher had found many Indian artifacts over the course of years, and knew these mounds thoroughly. One time he and his students found fragments of Oriental pottery in a garbage mound, glazed porcelain of the kind commonly found in China and Japan. He sent these fragments off to some university, but I don't think they believed him; which is to say, that he had actually found them at a low stratum in a California Indian garbage mound.

I got to know this teacher very well, and he was a man of unimpeachable probity. I never saw the fragments myself, but I talked to a couple of the children who had been with him, and my former wife saw the fragments. All agreed that he had found them as he said, and my former wife is a professional artist and could not mistake Oriental pottery. This, however, was at the time of the discovery of the famous Drake plaque unearthed at Drake's Bay beach on the peninsula, so I guess that got all the attention from all the scholars.

While I'm writing you, I'd like to ask you about another recent discovery made—or claimed to have been made—down in the San Diego area. Last week, the local NBC TV news ran some film on it, and frankly I'm sure it is a hoax. A gentleman in a white coat, looking very much like a genuine scientist, showed the reporter skulls "earlier than any found at Olduvai Gorge," which would make them more than four million years old. All skulls were intact, including the mandibles which in itself is incredible. He had perhaps forty skulls, and one binasal and monocular and binasal; that is, it had one eye and two noses, etc. If this find is authentic it ranks above any finds of early man so far reported in any of the reputable scientific journals which I am familiar with. On internal evidence—make that common sense—it doesn't wash. I wonder if you could let me know if you know anything about this. The entire line of mammalian evolution precludes such a monster, doesn't it? Surely this one is a hoax.

Please let me know if you have anything on this San Diego dig, one way or the other, as it is messing up my head to think of a one-eyed, two-nosed humanoid wandering around this area four million years ago. I just can't take it seriously.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

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[TO SUSAN SONTAG]

January 14, 1976

Dear Ms. Sontag,

A friend in New York phoned me today to tell me that you are very ill. I remember how gracious you were back in March of last year in helping me locate our mutual friend Jean-Pierre, for which I never thanked you. The girl who phoned me today said that everyone is upset about your illness, and that they all think so much of you back there. Like me, she has never met you, but I guess there is something about you that reaches out to many people. I feel very badly at this news, and there is nothing I can do or say except to give you my love and my hope. It is a futile feeling that I have, worthless and lacking power. But—I can still love and hope for you. I am so very sorry.

With deepest affection,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO BILL SARILL]

January 26, 1976

Dear Bill,

Your excellent letter came, and I thought it was so good that I sent it on to my editor at Doubleday. Thank you endlessly for all you have done/are doing for ol' SCANNER.

Also, Sonia White came by. Bill, she is—words fail me. I have a lot of things to say about her. She is truly an unusual person, and one of the best I have ever had the luck to meet. It was a vast experience for me. I felt she had all the good qualities wrapped up in her that I had ever seen in all the good women I have ever encountered. You are a fortunate person...but so am I, just to be with her one evening. We had a good time and she seemed happy. God must like you a lot, to present such a woman to you. Don't ever lose her.

Thanks again, and please keep in touch. Out here we all miss you (e.g. Cynthia Goldstone, Miriam Knight). Now I miss Sonia equally. You deserve her, though; I will say that. You're quite a guy. I'm sure Doubleday will flip out at the neat suggestions and ideas in your letter. Thanks again, and thanks for sending Sonia by. It made my century.

Love,  
Phil Dick

[TO CHRISTOPHER PRIEST, *fellow s-f writer*]

February 19, 1976

Dear Christopher Priest,

I am so sorry to be tardy in answering your letter of January 12, but I have been in the hospital. Oddly, it was Sue Hoglind who opened your letter to me; she was taking care of my business chores for me until I got back home. Your mention of her in your letter amused her.

Thank you for your words about FLOW MY TEARS. Well, we will have trouble beating Ursula any time she is in contention, but this only goes to demonstrate what superb people have entered our field. (In that connection, let me say that I have a copy of DARKENING ISLAND before me...Sue gave it to me to read, and I have just begun. Perhaps we will beat Ursula after all!)

As to your request for a short story from me—the problem is that I have all but ceased to write short stories. The last three I did as personal favors for Ed Ferman at F&SF, and really, the amount of work I had to put into them did not justify my doing them. I have in every respect become a specialist in the novel and cannot turn my personal clock back, even when I want to. I mean to say, I would like to do a story for you, but simply am unable. I have lost that particular talent: that of doing the short fiction form.

In any case, thank you so much for asking me, and all the luck in the world with your project. It was a pleasure hearing from you, and Sue has told me much about you; she talks more about you than any other U.K. writer she has met.

With warm personal regards,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO MARK HURST]

February 23, 1976

Dear Mark,

I much appreciated your letter, especially what you had to say about SCANNER. It's exciting that you will be involved in selecting the stories for the collection of my stuff...I'd like to see John Brunner's list, so if you get it again, send me a Xerox, okay?

Things for me here in my personal life haven't been going too well. Tessa and Christopher left me, although they've come back—but at the time that they left of course I didn't know they were going to come back. Tessa rented an apartment, hired an attorney, moved all her stuff out and Christopher's stuff including all his toys. That left me here alone in a 2 bathroom, 3 bedroom house with sadness and memories. What happened next I won't go into, although probably you'll hear someday, especially if you come out here and we get together personally, which is to say, face to face. Anyhow I wound up in the hospital for about ten days. I'm fine now. That is the main thing, I guess, and it was quite an adventure, starting with the paramedics coming into the house to get me. But I'll skip over this and turn to brighter things.

You *must* come out here and you *must* come and see me/us, whichever it will be when you arrive. I am dying to meet you two guys, after all we've been to each other through the mails alone. If you do make it out here to Fullerton, you are welcome to stay with me/us (I keep saying me/us because Tessa may have left again by the time you get here; only God knows these things). In any case I'll be here. So will my 4 cats, especially Fat Arnold.

Thanks for all the general information about Ballantine & what they are up to re my works and how well they function. I find this news very reassuring. We are signing an excellent contract with them; for instance, they are advancing \$2,500 to Doubleday for additional advertising. Evidently there will be adequate promotion for SCANNER. Doubleday considers it a "breakthrough" novel on my part. Gosh.

Keep in touch; thanks again; I would write at greater length, but am still physically weak from my hospitalization.

Love,  
Phil Dick

[TO MS. JUDY-LYNN DEL REY]

February 24, 1976

Dear Judy-Lynn,

I have officially heard from Sharon Jarvis at Doubleday that Ballantine will be doing the paperback of my novel A SCANNER DARKLY, which makes you the editor involved there. Inasmuch as you and I are already working together on the reissue of MARTIAN TIME-SLIP and THE BEST OF PHILIP K. DICK I guess this makes us partners indeed. Regarding SCANNER, a group of people who think highly of my writing (and who have, as they say, contacts with the right people) have

formed an actual organization to push for recognition of this new novel of mine. Paul Williams, who wrote the long piece about me for

*Rolling Stone*, is included, and he has read the rough draft of SCANNER, as he mentioned in the RS piece. I am therefore enclosing a letter from Bill Sarill who is really the backbone of this PDQ group, with the idea that you might want to write him or phone him. I talked to him recently on the phone and he has phoned Sharon Jarvis, who he described as very enthusiastic about the PDQ activities.

In this recent phonecall, Bill told me that he has already arranged for extensive reviewing of SCANNER in his own immediate area, which is to say the Boston area. I guess they will fan out from there.

I wouldn't want to rate the worth of the various people who make up PDQ, but certainly Tony Hiss, being on the *New Yorker* staff, stands very high in terms of his contacts. He is a real fan of my work; as he said in the *New Yorker* a year ago, I am his favorite s-f writer.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

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[TO DAN SCHMIT ET AL]

March 16, 1976

Dear Dan Schmit, Jeff Dunnam, Shannon Heustis and Melissa Abbott,

I certainly enjoyed getting your nice letter. The same day it came in the mail I also received a long letter from my publisher telling me that my new novel must be completely rewritten, and that I have to do the entire rewriting in twenty days! This is the worst news an author can hear. So your letter cheered me up indeed—after I wrote my publisher and told them that I can't rewrite my novel in twenty days. And anyhow it's a perfect novel as it already is.

It was years ago that I wrote "The Father Thing," back around 1954 as I recall. I had just started selling stories and was living in Berkeley, California, and was very poor. (Most writers when they start out are poor. And often they get even poorer.) The idea for that story came to me from my own childhood, actually. I was very much afraid of my father, and sometimes he seemed to me to be someone else entirely, not my father but another person pretending to be him. I guess I felt this because my father was quite moody; sometimes he was a really nice guy, very happy and always kidding and joking, but at other times he was terribly stern and strict. In general, though, I don't know where I get my ideas. They just seem to come out of the air. I understand that John Denver says the same thing about his music, that he sort of gets the tunes "from out of the air." Creative talent depends in good part on inspiration, which means it's not something you do, but something which happens to you.

I sold my first story back in November of 1951, and I believe it was around 1955 that I sold my first novel. Now all I write is novels; I've published about 35—I forget the exact number. They're in print all over the world, even behind the Iron Curtain.

In reading your letter I found it thrilling to think that you guys experimented by changing the ending of my story, and by doing such other things as illustrating it. As a matter of fact, I wrote two different endings to "The Father Thing" myself, the one which you read, and a longer one which I wasn't satisfied with. I had a great deal of difficulty finishing that particular story; my inspiration sort of expired before it was over.

Thanks so much for writing, and good luck to all of you in your own creative efforts!!

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO PHILIP ROSS]

March 17, 1976

Dear Philip Ross,

You cannot possibly imagine what your wonderful letter has meant to me, although perhaps I can give you some idea. I doubt if I've ever received such a letter before, and I have been publishing since 1952...a long time, in which many letters have come. If I give you some idea of my recent circumstances—yes, that might serve to present the picture to you of a writer at a very bad period in his life, indeed the very worst period in all his years.

In February I was lying in the Intensive Cardiac Care Unit of the county hospital, fighting for my life. I was at county hospital instead of my regular hospital because when the paramedics came to save me I had no money, and in the United States you have to have from \$200 to \$600 to get into a private hospital, even if you are dying. And this was not all; my wife had just left me, taking my little two-year-old son with her...I had been all alone in the house, which was why the paramedics had to summon the ambulance; there was no one else to do it, and without them I would have died from the cardiac condition that befell me, induced by the shock of my wife and son moving out, taking all their possessions and going I did not even know where. When I got out of the hospital eleven days later I still had no money, but my wife and son had returned, so there was someone to take care of me as I mended. But other troubles came: I caught the A Victoria flu, and—this is, for a writer almost the worst news he can hear—my publisher phoned to say that my new novel, *A SCANNER DARKLY*, would have to be totally rewritten from the first page to the last, which was a complete surprise to me; I had thought it ready for publication. And still we got in no money; we could not even meet the rent. You can gather, then, from this picture, what it meant to me to receive your extraordinary letter. It was the sole exception in a picture of defeat and failure and near death (they had told my wife, while I was in the hospital, that they could not be certain I would live).

I have read your letter again and again, and treasure it beyond the power of words to say. Had it arrived at any time, even, say, when everything was

reaking perfectly for me, I would still treasure it; the letter would still be unique in its warmth and kindness and genuine humanity, its expression of human feeling across thousands of miles from a reader to a writer, from one man to another. But under these singular and really desperate circumstances, in which I have been fighting not only for my physical life but my psychological life as well, and to keep my family intact, to keep going at all—I who am a professional writer cannot express my debt to you and my thanks, my heartfelt thanks. It is as if heaven itself had dictated your letter, had moved you to write it. One ray of light in the terrible gathering gloom which virtually saw an end to me. Thus I write you back with a gratitude which is beyond measure. You may have in a real sense, an actual and not metaphoric sense, aided in a fundamental way to preserve the existence of the writer whom you cherish. I know this is a strong statement on my part, but it comes from the heart. I have had precious little to cling to, these last couple of months: playing with my son, listening to music, and your letter. That is it.

I think that readers do not sufficiently value the effect their letters may have on an author they have read, whose work they know as you seem to know mine. I am certain that few of them realize that a certain kind of letter, such as the one you wrote me, may under some circumstances, actually determine whether that author, in time of acute crisis, will or will not continue with his career. Perhaps that is hard to believe, but I know it to be true. This letter of yours is a case in point...but more was involved here than that I continue my career, as you can see from what I have said. (Pardon me but...I hope I have not placed a heavy load on you by disclosing to you my personal problems. Let me assure you that daylight is now visible at the end of the corridor.)

In any case, to get to particulars of what you wrote, I'm glad you enjoyed THE THREE STIGMATA, and I am delighted by your friend's comments. When the novel was first published, Terry Carr (who puts out those "Best of S-F collections" each year) told me that "Your book is crazy!" It has taken some time for people to catch onto it. But I always liked it, of my various works, though it truly does frighten me when I dip into it. As to FLOW MY TEARS, I rewrote the final section eleven times. Eleven drafts, before I was satisfied. Over a period of several years. Indeed I was delighted when it won the John Campbell Award. I haven't won an award since the Hugo for MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE, a long time ago.

I must close now, but let me offer you back, in return, all the best wishes and thanks that I can muster. It would be nice if you kept in touch with me in the years ahead, and if I ever get to your continent I must look you up to thank you first-hand. God bless you, and I do mean every word I have said, and hope you know this.

With warm personal regards,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO SHARON JARVIS]

March 19, 1976

Dear Sharon,

On the very recent royalty statement from Doubleday to me, *all* the paperback subsidiary payments failed to show. If you'll recall, most of them failed to report their earnings the previous time, and you sent off a nasty letter to them. The books involved are:

A MAZE OF DEATH

THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRITCH

NOW WAIT FOR LAST YEAR

DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP?

FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID

As a result of their collective failure to report (at least on time) my royalties amounted to around \$49. Surely, in view of the *Rolling Stone* article, collectively they should have made some meaningful sales. So could you please look into this for me/us?

One more thing. My recent hospitalization has ruined us financially; we are having trouble even raising our rent, these days, and are in fact dreadfully in debt. One time, Larry released royalties to me before the formal royalty period closed. Now, is it not so that Ballantine has paid over a thousand dollars owed to me in connection with their recently signed contract on SCANNER? That sum should be in my account, to be paid the next royalty period. Is there any chance (and this is a vital, pressing matter to me, believe me) that you could get a release of this sum *now*, in the fashion that Larry was able to do that time? Certainly this constitutes a real emergency on my part, and the failure of the paperbacks to report has made a bad situation worse. Anything you can do would be very much appreciated. We are in all honesty a bad, bad spot.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO SHARON JARVIS, *not mailed*]

Undated; Mid-March 1976

Dear Sharon,

Enclosed is a carbon of my letter to Judy-Lynn Del Rey in regard to the changes she wants in A SCANNER DARKLY.

Her proposed changes would make it into a different novel entirely, a novel I didn't write; it would be more of a straight s-f novel, in line with the way Ballantine intends to market it. Naturally I can't go along with this.

Only at the very beginning of my career did any editor make such damaging suggestions to me, and in those days, being a novice writer, I was rather helpless to resist. Also, being a novice writer, I needed more editorial help. Even so, the last time *any* extensive changes were proposed to me by an editor was back in 1961 when Pete Israel wanted MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE reworked.

A SCANNER DARKLY is an excellent novel as it stands. I do not want to see a collaboration come out, a sort of "as told to Philip K. Dick by Judy-Lynn Del Rey" mixture of where her head is at and where my head is at.

In all the eleven years I've been a Doubleday writer, nothing like this has ever come up before.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

P. S. Note, for instance, that she wants all the slang changed. Do you remember Larry Ashmead saying that the language in the novel was integral to it? And couldn't be changed or removed? Do you see my point, then?

[TO JUDY-LYNN DEL REY, *not mailed*]

[Undated, Mid-March 1976]

Dear Judy-Lynn,

When E.B. White and James Thurber were preparing their book IS SEX NECESSARY? Thurber brought a group of his cartoon drawings in for the publisher to see. The editors looked the drawings over and then said, "These surely are sketches, aren't they? They're not the *finished* drawings, certainly." The style in which Thurber drew was unfamiliar to them. Suppose someone had brought these priceless classic masterpieces up to commercial standards; what would we have had? Only the ordinary, the usual.

Regarding your March 11th letter about the massive changes in A SCANNER DARKLY which you want, I think you have missed the point of the novel. It is not set in the true future but is in fact a metaphor of our own recent political present. It is not truly a science fiction novel at all. I had thought this was understood. Evidently not. For example, this is why current slang must be used. There is only a mere convention involved in setting the novel in the future. Bob Arctor, the protagonist, is Richard Nixon, in a very real sense. In another sense, he is all of us who passed through these recent years, those within the establishment (represented in SCANNER as the police) and those in the counter-culture (represented by the dopers).

I will admit that your proposed changes would make it a better paperback novel, although I do not believe they would make it a better novel *qua* novel. It was not my intention to write a slick commercial package that could be served up for easy and effortless digestion and then forgotten. Shades of yesteryear! Frankly, this is why I prefer not to write for the paperbacks. This is why the novel was submitted to a hardback market in the first place. I cannot tailor my work for the paperback market, which is the very market I have gotten out of over these many years. It was in the paperbacks that I began. In 1964 I made my first sale to Doubleday (THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRITCH). Thereafter, my best material was routinely submitted to Doubleday first. There have never been any exceptions to this over these eleven years. I know that I could make more money submitting directly to the paperbacks, but then I would have to tailor my

novels to their peculiar needs, as evidently I am being requested to do in this case—to my complete surprise. Nothing could have been further from my desire or intentions when I wrote SCANNER and submitted it to Doubleday. Viewed through paperback eyes, SCANNER might indeed benefit (in a certain restricted sense) from the substantial changes you propose. I remember how Don Wollheim, back in the Fifties, viewed the MS of TIME OUT OF JOINT; if he were to publish it, substantial revisions (on the order of those you propose for SCANNER) would have had to take place. However, while Don was stating these proposals, Lippincott was purchasing it as it stood for their hardback market. It was my first hardback sale. True, Lippincott did not pay me as much as Ace Books would have, but in my opinion I was right to leave TIME OUT OF JOINT as it stood, which was exactly the way Lippincott wanted it (except that they did want the ending beefed up, which I agreed with, and did).

Generally, it has always been my policy to go along with changes that editors request of me; I have always wanted to find my Maxwell Perkins. Peter Israel asked for huge and complex rewritings within MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE, and I made them, because they strengthened the novel. They were in the novel's interest. Hence in mine. I do not recall ever rejecting editorial suggestions out of hand like this before; but then, I have never had such impossible changes suggested. Such wholesale imposition of another's views requiring a total recasting of my work along unacceptable lines.

Really, I cannot consider it reasonable that this far along in my writing career, after dealing with Doubleday direct for eleven years, I should be once again confronted by paperback views and paperback restrictions: the requirement for slick streamlining of a serious work. I can tell from the changes you propose that you are going to market SCANNER as science fiction; but it is not; it is a mainstream novel. It was my impression that we agreed on this. The number of years from now given as the "locale" for SCANNER—it isn't the year 2000, it is now. Rather than change the slang one should backdate the locale to a few years after the publishing date. We just don't want to get sued for using real names. I'm sure the alert average reader would recognize his world and his recent leader thinly veiled. "I am not a crook," Bob Arctor says when he's trying to get possession of the tapes which he has secretly made of himself, behind his own back. The first public appearance of SCANNER will see this insight reflected in reader and critic feedback. Paul Williams, when he read the rough MS, saw it. I'm surprised you didn't, but perhaps in fact you did, but wished the novel to be something it is not, which is to say, another CLOCKWORK ORANGE.

On some counts, you are just plain factually wrong. The citations are *not* old. They weren't in the rough draft of SCANNER; I fed them in last August, after a year of research, when I typed up the final. I talked to two associates of Dr. Ornstein; both of them said these would be the correct citations (the copyright date of Ornstein's book is 1973, and it is a current selection of the Psychology Today Book Club). As far as I can determine, there are no more recent sources which I can cite, and I have read updated articles which indicate that these citations (which

are prime source) are still quite valid. Like the slang, they simply cannot be "modernized," which I think should more properly be expressed as "s-f-ized." This is the authentic slang which I use, and the true citations.

As to the German, which you want removed, it is the appositional mind (the right hemisphere) coming to life and speaking to the primary mind (left hemisphere) in a language which the left hemisphere does not know and does not understand. If the right hemisphere speaks in English, then how can it be distinguished from a mere hallucinated voice, which is a dissociated portion of the left hemisphere's self-system? Probably the long-mute right hemisphere should speak in a dead or ancient language, such as Hittite, but for technical reasons that is out of the question. I must get across, in the novel, that it is not himself speaking to himself. It is another mind, another brain. Remove the German (because it's hard on the reader to come through a passage in an unknown language—God, it's hard on Bob Arctor!—) and you have what? You substitute what? So this change can't be made. Unless we simply streamline the novel back into a convention form, in which case the new ground we are exploring is forgotten and we return to the conventional and to the restricted past. "You can't put that in your novel," you are saying to me on this issue here and on several others. I can. In fact I have to, in order to explore new ground; in order to go forward.

What you seem to be asking for is not an improved SCANNER but another SCANNER entirely, inauthentic and not mine. What, then, did you purchase? A rough draft to be revised into something it is not and should not be?

I regret having to give a polemical response, and a firm refusal, to your proposed changes, but in all candor I feel that I cannot slant this very fine, very advanced, very unusual novel strictly to accommodate paperback needs. The Doubleday edition is, after all, the edition, and it is not paperback; it is, I think, for a wider kind of audience, or anyhow hardback editors have a wider view of what their audience is and what it will sit still for. To me this is a more real and valid conception of the audience waiting to read SCANNER. It is the audience I write for and have written for since 1961, when I wrote MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE, which Putnam bought. And which, indeed, launched my entire contemporary, non-paperback career.

You might want to know that in FLOW MY TEARS, which won the John W. Campbell Jr. Memorial Award for 1974, I used the same kind of slang as I use in SCANNER. No one complained; in fact the Berkeley Barb, which probably constitutes an authority on such matters, lauded it in a review for its authentic use of slang. They found it an asset to the novel, not a defect.

Perhaps the basic issue here is, Whose novel is SCANNER? Is it my novel, which you liked enough to purchase for publication? Or is this to be "our" novel, as Ted White calls WE CAN BUILD YOU, since when he published it in *Amazing*, he added a final chapter (which I had removed for the DAW edition, since it vitiated the ending by hoking it up in a pulp and obvious manner). You did not purchase a rough sketch for proposed final drawings...or rather a proposed final novel. (Sorry, I was recalling the response to James Thurber's unique cartoons again.)

Therefore, with all due respect, and some regret, I stand firm on this. Very sorry, but your changes would take my work backward in time, and I think (I know, in fact) that I would lose, and the true audience which really exists for SCANNER would lose. Anyhow, I think SCANNER as it is would sell well to the paperback market; it will get good publicity in its original hardback edition.

Sorry not to have answered you sooner, but it has only been in the process of examining the nature of your proposals, and turning in each case to the reality of the novel, that I have been able progressively to see what would be done to SCANNER if I did this.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

cc to Sharon Jarvis, Doubleday.

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[TO JUDY-LYNN DEL REY]

[Undated, Mid-March 1976]

Dear Judy-Lynn,

Regarding your March 11th letter about the changes in A SCANNER DARKLY which you want, I think you have missed the point of the novel; it is not set in the true future but is in fact a metaphor of our recent political present. It is not truly a science fiction novel at all. I had thought this was understood. Evidently not. For example, this is why current slang must be used. There is only a mere convention involved in setting the novel in the future. Bob Arctor, the protagonist, is Richard Nixon, in a very real sense. In another sense, he is all of us who passed through these recent years, those within the establishment (represented in SCANNER as the police) and those in the counter-culture (represented by the dopers).

I will admit that your proposed changes would make it a better *paperback* novel, although I do not think they would make it a better novel *qua* novel. This is why I prefer not to write for the paperbacks. This is why the novel was submitted to a hardback house in the first place. I cannot tailor my work for the paperback market, which is the market I have gotten out of over these years. It was in the paperbacks that I began. In 1964 I made my first sale to Doubleday (THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRITCH). Thereafter, my best material was routinely submitted to Doubleday first. There have never been any exceptions to this over these eleven years. I know that I could make more money submitting directly to the paperbacks, but then I would have to tailor my novels to their peculiar needs, as evidently I am being requested to do in this case. Nothing could have been further from my desire or intentions when I wrote SCANNER and submitted it to Doubleday. Viewed through paperback eyes, SCANNER might indeed benefit from the substantial changes you propose. I remember how Don Wollheim, back in the 'Fifties, viewed the MS of TIME OUT OF JOINT; if he were to publish it, substantial revisions (on the order of those you propose for SCANNER) would have had to take place. How-

ever, while Don was stating these proposals, Lippincott was purchasing it as it stood for their hardback market. It was my first hardback sale. True, Lippincott did not pay me as much as Ace Books would have, but in my opinion I was right to leave TIME OUT OF JOINT as it stood, which was exactly the way Lippincott wanted it (except that they did want the ending beefed up, which I agreed with, and did).

Really, I cannot consider it reasonable that this far along in my writing career, after dealing with Doubleday direct for eleven years, I should suddenly be once again confronted by paperback views and paperback restrictions. I can tell from the changes you propose that you are going to market SCANNER as science fiction; but it is not; it is a mainstream novel. It was my impression that we agreed on this. The number of years from now given as the "locale" for SCANNER—it isn't the year 2000, it is now. We just don't want to get sued for using real names. I'm sure the average alert book reader would recognize his world and his recent leader. "I am not a crook," Arctor says when he's trying to get possession of the tapes which he has secretly made of himself, being [sic] his own back. The first public appearance of SCANNER will see this insight reflected in reader and critic feedback. Paul Williams, when he read the rough MS, saw it. I'm surprised you didn't.

On some counts, you are just plain wrong. The citations are not old. They weren't in the rough draft of SCANNER; I fed them in last August when I typed up the final. I talked to two associates of Dr. Ornstein; both of them said these would be the correct citations (the copyright date of Ornstein's book is 1973, and it is a current selection of the Psychology Today Book Club). As far as I can determine, there are no more recent sources which I can cite, and I have read updated articles which indicate that these citations are still quite valid. Like the slang, they simply cannot be "modernized," which I think should more properly be expressed as "s-f-ized." This is the true slang which I use, and the true citations.

I regret having to give a polemical response, and a refusal, to your proposed changes, but in all candor I feel that I cannot slant my novels, as I did in the old days, to the paperback market. The Doubleday edition is the edition, and it is not paperback; it is, I think, for a wider kind of audience. To me, a more real and valid audience. It is the audience I write for and have written for since 1961, when I wrote MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE, which Putnam bought. And which, indeed, launched my contemporary, non-paperback career. With all due respect, and some regret, I stand firm on this. Very sorry, but your changes would take my work backward in time, and I think I would lose and the true audience for the novel would lose. Anyhow, I think SCANNER as is would sell well to the paperback market; it will get good publicity in its original hardback edition. Okay?

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO JACK SCOVIL]

March 21, 1976

Dear Jack,

I wonder if I could get your accounting department to draw up a list of my earnings for 1975 for income tax purposes. This is something I appreciate very much, and I know it's a lot of trouble for you, so the appreciation goes double.

Thank you.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

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[TO NORMAN KEMPSTER, L.A. TIMES]

April 4, 1976

Dear Mr. Kempster,

Your article in today's *Times* (OSWALD MET ASSASSINATION UNIT AGENT, CIA SAYS) gives me a chance to tell somebody a news item I heard years ago, in fact just a few days or perhaps a week after President Kennedy had been assassinated. This news item in itself was extraordinary, and I could never understand why, in the millions of words written on the subject since, it never was mentioned. I heard it on one of the three major radio networks; it came live from Paris, and was a report by Serge Fliegers, the senior INS correspondent on the continent. I still remember what he said clearly, not just because of the extraordinary contents of his item, but also his excited tone of voice; he considered it really important, and it went like this:

"I have been informed by the French Police, by their Paris Office, that they have absolute proof that Lee Harvey Oswald was an employee of the Soviet Secret Police, the KGB. According to this French information, Oswald was given special training as a sniper and in the use of the type of weapon used to assassinate President Kennedy, at a training school in Kharkov, with the cover name of—" and here Fliegers gave the name, which was something on the order of "Machine Repair Parts Replacement Factory." In a very excited tone of voice, Fliegers, a news reporter known for his probity, went on to say, "I am holding in my hand at this moment as I sit before this microphone the address of this KGB training school in Kharkov."

There never was any follow-up that I ever heard until now. Which only made me wonder more and more, as the years passed and so much material was raised.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO JUDY-LYNN DEL REY]

[Undated, Early April 1976]

Dear Judy-Lynn,

Well, maybe I've found my Maxwell Perkins at last (the famous editor who worked from Thomas Hardy to James Jones improving their manuscripts; I believe he was with Scribner's).

I have really exhausted myself trying to improve SCANNER along the lines you suggest, and am now done. There is one entirely new scene which I wrote which I honestly believe is better than anything I've done since parts of MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE (1961). It is a scene from Donna's viewpoint, and I have always evaded the necessity of writing a scene now and then from the standpoint of a female character; I think it is the hardest thing to do, but if done right, the best kind of scene. Frankly, I would neither have thought to put this scene in SCANNER nor had the courage to attempt it, had you not told me that more of Donna was needed. I guess this is what an editor—a good editor—is for: to make the author write what he is afraid to write but must.

Some of the changes you propose, as we discussed on the phone, simply can't be done; for instance, the characters must speak the slang they speak (item 12). As I suggested, the solution is to backdate the novel's setting as much as possible, which, as was discussed on the phone, would take care of item 13, the prices of things. Really, this is a mainstream novel, tied to the present; it is in fact a giant metaphor of our recent years with the Nixon government. When Bob Arctor says, "I am not a crook," while at the same time he is attempting to get possession of the tapes he secretly made of himself, behind his back, so to speak—I'm sure you see my point. Larry Ashmead noted this, by the way, that the language of the characters couldn't be altered without destroying the novel. So on this point we will have to leave it as it stands, with the slang of today. I did the same thing in FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID and got a favorable comment for it from (of all places) the Berkeley *Barb*.

Starting with item 1, I suggest you place the entire dedication at the end of the novel (as you wish), mark it "Author's Note," and revise the wording so that it begins, "This has been a novel" etc., rather than "This is a novel" etc. as it now stands.

Item 2. As to the footnotes, credit must be given for the various scientific and literary citations. If your proofreaders wish to revise the structure of these credits so that they appear at the end of each chapter or all together at the end of the book—they have my permission to do this, although I myself see no pressing need to work them over. The reader can skip them and go on reading, if footnotes of a purely citation nature bother him. After all, none of these footnotes are discursive, as they use in Europe.

Item 3. As to the German, which you want removed throughout, it is the appositional mind (the right hemisphere of Bob Arctor's brain) coming to life and speaking to the primary mind (left hemisphere) in a language which the left hemisphere

does not know nor understand. If the right hemisphere speaks in English, then how can its expressions be distinguished from a mere hallucinated voice, which is a dissociated portion of the left hemisphere's self-system? Probably the long-mute right hemisphere *should* speak in a dead or ancient language, such as Hittite, but for technical reasons that is obviously out of the question. I *must* get across in the novel that it is not himself speaking to himself. It is another mind, another brain. Remove the German (because it's hard on the reader to get through a passage in an unknown language—God, it's hard on Bob Arctor!—) and you have what? You substitute what? This is probably the most revolutionary theme in the novel. So this change can't be made. Unless we simply streamline the novel into a conventional form, in which case the new scientific ground we are exploring is forgotten—as too difficult—and we return to the limitations of s-f novels of the past.

I regret being so polemical on this point, but I feel very strongly that I am breaking new ground literally here, and for the reasons given a foreign language (actually any would do) is crucial to the novel.

Item 4. You are quite right about this, and additional new pages are enclosed.

Item 5. You probably are right (I've decided in your direction), so a new page 259 is enclosed.

Item 6. I would like to just leave this as it is, since it seems to me okay as it stands.

Item 7. As they stood, the Rehab Center scenes possibly were somewhat tedious, but with the insertion of the new scene between Mike Westaway and Donna (see below) I think they can stand as they are, since now their continuity is relieved.

Item 8. This is one of the most important issues you've raised, and so I wrote a new scene near the very end of the novel, between Donna and Mike Westaway, to flesh it out and accomplish what you've asked for. I think it's an important scene, and makes a crucial difference. Nobody could misunderstand the ending, now, when the small blue flower is found by Bob-Fred-Bruce.

Item 9. Yes, more was needed about the scramble suit, and you will find new pages enclosed in which it is described fully.

Item 10. My scientific citations are prime source and not old. I held SCANNER up an entire year (as Diane Cleaver could tell you) while I researched material on split-brain phenomena and bilateral hemispheric parity, which is to say, the work of Dr. Robert Ornstein up at Stanford. None—I repeat NONE—of these citations were in the original draft of SCANNER; they were fed in just last August when I did the final and sent it off to Doubleday. As a matter of fact I talked personally to two associates of Dr. Ornstein; both of them assured me that these would be the correct and proper citations to make use of (the copyright date of Ornstein's book, in which he himself makes use of them and in which I managed to find them, is 1973, and the book is a current selection of the Psychology Today Book Club). As far as I can determine, there simply are no more recent sources in print which I can use, although there was, in 1974, a major seminar held at Stanford in which Ornstein's and Joe Bogen's revolutionary discoveries were the topic.

What I got second-hand from that was simply that it had been determined that contrary to earlier opinion, the right hemisphere does possess crude linguistic skills, of a sort—which, as an updated discovery, is a godsend for SCANNER in terms of it being scientifically accurate. You have no idea of the amount of research and work I put into this. True, there have been recent articles in popular magazines for the lay public on Ornstein's discoveries, but they wouldn't serve as adequate citations because they themselves are not prime source (as mine are, being the work of the researchers themselves) but only popular rehashings. In the rough draft of SCANNER all I had was what amounted to educated guesswork on my part, which is another name for pseudo-science.

Item 11. Here is where you have helped me turn a good novel (if I may be allowed to call my own work that) into an excellent novel: by seeing with that faculty only an editor-in-a-million has of What Is Wrong? Well, as I said in the opening of this letter, thus I came to write an entire new scene, from Donna's standpoint, as she is taking Bob Arctor to New-Path and they stop for a time, like they used to in better days, at the side of the road for an exchange of the sort of love and tenderness and understanding which Donna has the faculty to create—the last time they will be together. Without this scene it was not the same novel (and then, in line with your desire to see her not phased out, she again appears later in the scene with Mike Westaway. But it is this scene with Bob Arctor which I feel does it). Thank you. You've taught me something about writing.

Item 12. We discussed this, the slang of the book. I talked to Paul Williams on the phone about this, could the slang possibly be changed, because I really do/did want to comply with your suggestions all down the line, but he agreed with me; "That's the way they talk," he said, and I'm afraid we will have to go with that. But really, as I say, I do not think this is going to prove a defect in the book, either in intrinsic literary terms or in sales. I say this because whether the world likes it or not, these people talk this way; I used my ear over a period of a couple of years to pick up and remember the authentic sounds made by such persons.

A final point on item 10, the scientific material quoted; you select MS pages 133-134 as seeming "misinformed, or something." I checked my source (page 116 from Robert Ornstein's *THE NATURE OF HUMAN CONSCIOUSNESS*, Viking Press, 1973) and it does read (as I have quoted it in SCANNER): "When the optic chiasm of a cat or a monkey is divided sagittally, the input into the right eye goes only into the right (sic) hemisphere and similarly the left eye informs only the left (sic) hemisphere." (Joseph E. Bogen, "The Other Side of the Brain: An Appositional Mind." Reprinted from the Bulletin of the Los Angeles Neurological Societies, 34, no. 3 (July 1969), 135-162.) Of course I am aware that the right hemisphere of the brain controls the left side of the body, and the left hemisphere the right side. Really. But the exception to this is eye function; both eyes inform both hemispheres in a curious arrangement which permits the left hemisphere to process visual data digitally, and the right on an analog or pattern-identification (recognition) basis, simultaneously. Physiologically, this probably developed because sight is the primary percept system, and it is essential (or anyhow useful)

for the two brains to know, at the same time, which is to say, as soon as possible, what is going on. What I personally found fascinating is that sometimes each hemisphere, processing identical data but in a different way, arrives at opposite conclusions, at which point something like—but not identical to—split brain activity takes place.

Note that in the quotation above, it is initially stipulated that an abnormal condition is involved; the optic chiasm has been divided. But I digress.

Anyhow, Judy-Lynn del Rey, enclosed with this long letter are new individual pages, two more pages for the Luckman choking scene, I forget what else, but most important of all, the two new scenes with Donna, taking place near the end. (Would I sell you a book with outdated and plain incorrect scientific stuff in it? Not all s-f writers have the Earth revolve backward!)

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO SHARON JARVIS]

April 7, 1976

Dear Sharon,

Thank you for raising some money for me (i.e. from Ballantine). It helped a lot.

Mainly why I am writing is to tell you that I talked to Jack Scovil today, and I offered the idea to him that wouldn't it be a good idea for Doubleday to include DEUS IRAE in the package of my older books which you are auctioning off in May? That way you would have four titles one of which is new. He agreed. Do you agree? I certainly agree.

As to meeting you at the Nebulas, I never go to them, because in 1972 I went with this really foxy chick and dislocated my shoulder and had to go to the hospital, and she had to drive me there and wait for hours and we couldn't go to Larry Niven's party and that made her mad at me and she almost abandoned me in our hotel room to get back to Fullerton as best I could (it was her car) and on the whole drive back she didn't talk to me and it wrecked up our relationship forever after that because she was always mad that I dislocated my shoulder, which happened at her mother's house during the midday break while I was showing her little sister how to pitch like Early Winn did for the Chicago White Sox. So you can see why I don't go to the Nebula Awards, since I was really in love with her and had a lot of Plans in regard to her, which you can't do with your arm in a sling and bitter memories.

But I do want to meet you. Maybe I will change my mind. One reason is that I think I talked my friend David DeVoss who is an interviewer for *Time* into going to the Nebula Awards; he told me on the phone the other night that *Time* is holding their long article he did on s-f until there is some newsworthy tie-in, like an awards ceremony, and at once I told him about the Nebulas. I also told him to phone you. Did he? Anyhow, love to you, and thanks again.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO JACK SCOVIL]

April 7, 1976

Dear Jack,

Enclosed is the letter from the Polish publisher of *UBIK* which I told you about on the phone. When you write them, remind them that Stanislaw Lem, speaking officially for them, said in a letter published in a SFWA publication and directed at American s-f writers, that we U.S. s-f writers who sent copies of our books to Wydawnictwo Literackie (which is his publisher, by the way) could expect at least part of their royalties in hard currency. Also, I am told by Franz Rottensteiner, who is Lem's agent in the West, that Ursula Le Guin got *all* her royalties in hard currency, which is to say, got everything due her transferred.

You can point out to Wydawnictwo Literackie that when I agreed originally to let them publish *UBIK* I had been told that "regulations did not allow the transfer of royalties," but that now I am fully aware that this statement misrepresents the situation in that it applies only to zloties and not to conversion to hard currency, which can readily be done; hence my complaints (see final paragraph in their letter to me).

By the way—I checked into it, and the 49,000 zloties which they pay on an edition of 20,000 copies amounts to only about \$308 when converted. But still, that's something, and as I pointed out on the phone, which you can point out to them, they should be willing to give me something, since they were able to retain the entire amount on the first 20,000 copy edition.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO JUDY-LYNN DEL REY]

April 15, 1976

Dear Judy-Lynn,

I presume you received the missing page 164 which I sent off to you yesterday (clearing up item one in your April 12th letter). In my cover letter I said, too, that regarding item two, page 151, 18,000 stamps is indeed hyperbole—although who knows how many stamps they'll be able to get onto a coil in the future? (Bit of futuristic technology, there.)

Now, the question of the German quotations, which this letter (and enclosed new page) are all about. Bob/Fred isn't going to be able to explain how come he hears German thoughts in his/their head; someone else, an expert, has got to clarify this. Clarification could only come from the two medical deputies who test him, so I have written a new, *additional* (not replacement) page, here-with enclosed, page 129a, which you are to insert between the old 129 and 130 without throwing anything away. That is point one. Point two, where did his right hemisphere learn German in the first place? That is already covered in the MS; please see pages 248 and 249, noting as you do so how they dovetail with

the explanation of "cross-chatter" given on the new page 129a. I am sure this will fix the problem.

As to the footnoting—not all the German is from Goethe's FAUST, although most is. Some is from Beethoven's libretto for his opera FIDELIO—the latter and most important German quotes of all! Also, Schiller's poem "Der Atlas" is quoted, as I recall. So I guess the German must be footnoted in the same way as the scholarly material, which is to say, broken down into subdivisions. Sorry. Anyhow, I do feel sure that this new enclosed page 129a will clear up for you and the reader what is going on when the German thoughts begin. Okay?

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO RALPH VICINANZA]

April 20, 1976

Dear Ralph,

Enclosed are (one) letter from Jean-Claude Zylberstein at Editions Champ Libre, Paris; and (two) a Xerox copy of my article EVOLUTION OF A VITAL LOVE, which he is interested in.

I wrote you some time ago about the other piece he wants, THE DARK HAired GIRL, and you told me that the last place you had sent the MS had evidently lost it; anyhow they never returned it to you. Well, anyhow, here is EVOLUTION for you to send M. Zylberstein. Also, he says in his letter that he wants any of my unpublished mainstream novels. I'm told that you have the MS for one of them somewhere there at SMLA, the MS for THE MAN WHOSE TEETH WERE ALL EXACTLY ALIKE (that's what Paul Williams told me when he was in conference with Henry Ludmer). If you can find it, send it on to M. Zylberstein (if you wish and agree). Take a look through your files; Paul found it there and read it and returned it to Henry. As to THE DARK HAired GIRL, I am frankly not too interested in having M. Zylberstein publish it, because Marcel Thaon told me that the translations which Zylberstein does of my work is absolutely awfully terribly rotten bad and a disgrace (you know how the French talk).

Note what M. Zylberstein says in his letter about perhaps having an option on GAME PLAYERS OF TITAN. Your department.

One last thing—express to M. Zylberstein my apologies for not answering sooner. Tell him I've been ill (true).

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

P. S. Recently you requested a copy of MARTIAN TIME SLIP for foreign (Spanish, I believe) offer. It's rare and I'm trying to find one. In fact, it's a collector's item.

[TO LAWRENCE P. ASHMEAD, *Simon and Schuster*]*April 29, 1976*

Dear Larry,

I was so glad to hear from you. I know what you tried to do for my novel SCANNER, and also what you did do, which was get it into the hands of Judy-Lynn del Rey, for which I can't thank you enough. Judy-Lynn suggested many changes which, when I finally got them done, enormously improved the novel. And as you say, she'll do a stellar job in putting the book out.

I'm glad you're loving it at Simon and Schuster (a house for whom I have the greatest respect). Well, maybe someday you'll do a book of mine there...you know, Larry, you were my editor at Doubleday from 1964 on, a long time, and several good novels of mine, too, if I may say so. I know that you and I always liked UBIK a lot, which now has achieved stunning critical attention abroad, especially in France, and even behind the Iron Curtain.

It would have been nice, though, if you could have been my editor for SCANNER. Man proposes but God disposes...anyhow, all the luck in the world, in fact congratulations! I know you'll knock 'em dead there where you are now, same as always.

We'll keep in touch.

With deep personal affection,  
Philip K. Dick

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[TO JACK SCOVIL]*April 29, 1976*

Dear Jack,

Enclosed is a letter which I don't feel like answering, and which should be turned over to you anyhow.

We should, I suppose, try for something here, but I don't see what. When the day comes that I can settle with the IRS for a postage stamp's worth of money, then we should option for what this person requests. Probably you'll feel the same way.

By the way—his letter came in an envelope with a DAW printed return address. I guess he works for ol' Don.

Tell him that due to ill health I won't be writing in answer to him, that your answer is it. Okay?

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

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[TO GÖRAN BENGTSON]*April 30, 1976*

Dear Göran,

Just a note—long overdue—to say hello, and to bring you up to date on the various astounding, astonishing and amazing things happening to me (only pulp

adventures happen to me). I was in the hospital in early February with a mild heart attack, and then just when I got home I got a phonecall from Ballantine, which is doing the paperback on A SCANNER DARKLY, requesting an enormous amount of revision. I had a deadline of April 10. While I was doing this, I received the galleys of DEUS IRAE, to be finished (that is, my going over them and correcting them) by April 14. Then, while I was doing that, I got a letter from Publisher's Weekly, with a questionnaire with a deadline of April 30, which is today. Meanwhile, I contracted the A Victoria flu. But anyhow I got everything done. Then the artist who drew the illustration for the article in Rolling Stone on me phoned to say he had driven all the way out to California from Nebraska to meet me, so I raised myself out of bed to spend a day with him.

All this time, we were out of money, I might mention. But we did finally get some in. My experimental novel CONFESSIONS OF A CRAP ARTIST sold in France to Lafont for over a thousand dollars, so it will get a good reading there (in this country only 500 copies were printed, as you probably know; but they did sell out). The best news of all for me is that Doubleday will be releasing SCANNER as a mainstream novel—my first mainstream novel! And they are very excited about it, as is Ballantine. I think SCANNER is a very good novel now, especially with the added scenes which Judy-Lynn del Rey, the senior editor at Ballantine, suggested. And, now, I turn to my work-in-progress, TO SCARE THE DEAD, which has something to do with the mystery religions of the first century B.C., but I'm not sure what. I think I've found a way to bring people back to life. Should I print this information? I did so much research and took 200,000 words of notes that I got hold of even that information. I feel it to be useful information, but I wonder if I should just "sit on it," as we say here, which means keep it to myself (I'm just kidding, as I'm sure you can surmise). But I do know an awful lot about the mystery religions and what they were up to. I could get a degree, too, now, in theology.

Well, that is the news, except to add that our son Christopher (who is almost three) is big and happy and active; Tessa is going to school, taking German and I forget what else. I am busy at work and very excited about SCANNER, which will be released in January 1977. This year, DEUS IRAE will come out (the collaboration with Roger Zelazny) and I personally like it, but some people who've read it haven't liked it. Maybe a funny religious novel isn't fashionable.

Things in the USA are nicer now, with the secf—my goodness, I must have some anxiety left on this point, to make a type right there. Now that the secret political police have been squashed. It is my personal opinion that God himself did it, taking a hand in history, which is what Scripture says He does...He destroyed the tyranny, especially the political police. We really were living in the world of FLOW MY TEARS, here, and even I didn't guess the extent of it. You must admit that press reports bear out what I've been saying for several years; just take the instance of Dr. King and what the FBI tried to do, and did do, to him. I was right all the time; we were becoming—had in secret actually become—a police state. The truth is out. Well, I sleep tight at night, knowing no one is spying on me. By the way, the CIA did open my mail going to the USSR; I obtained their

photocopy from CIA under the Freedom of Information Act, and also I obtained the FBI file on me. The only thing the FBI file said that made me mad was that I had a "long" beard. Actually it is just your standard beard.

Write to me and tell me how you and your lovely wife are doing. I forgive you re the Bergman affair; those things happen. We artists can never get our tax forms right, me included.

With warm regards,  
Phil Dick

P. S. The Polish edition of UBIK sold out its 20,000 excellently-printed copies already. They sent me presentation copies, and my golly, Göran, there were drawings in the book, incredibly sexy girls! In a Communist country? I wrote them and chided them jokingly.

[TO JUDY-LYNN DEL REY]

April 30, 1976

Dear Judy-Lynn,

Darn it, I am going to get an outline and a few chapters on paper for my work-in-progress, spurred on by your voice on the phone the other week. Problem is, I set out to do my research after I got the original idea for the novel back in March, 1974, at which time it was to be called VALISYSTEM A (meaning Vast Active Living Intelligence System A), and then, in doing the research, I came across really buried material suggesting a much better novel. (Which I now call TO SCARE THE DEAD.) Judy-Lynn, I swear to you, I found material from the ancient world (circa the first century B.C.) that staggers the mind. It staggered mine, anyhow—stuff undiscussed and as far as I know never used in a work of either fiction or non-fiction. In other words, *lost*.

I can put together, if not the "greatest story ever told," then, darn it, the second greatest story ever told. I've begun to get the plot arranged in my head; I can do it, but the immensity of the concepts involved (and the fact that they are based on historical truths) has frankly been too much for me.

Well, anyhow, back to work. My research is finished; time now to start the outline...and there stands before me the figure of the great Greek physician Asclepius, who raised someone from the dead, and was then slain by what the old legends call "a thunderbolt from Zeus, a bolt of lightning from the sky which killed Asclepius instantly." Raising people from the dead...does that remind you of anyone else in history, someone much more famous? Who was also killed very soon after?

Cordially (and more so),  
Philip K. Dick

[TO CARL BENNETT]

May 1, 1976

Dear Carl,

You April 13th letter really got to me, and enclosed you'll find a small thing for you, as good as I could do. I hope it pleases you and will do for SCINTILLATION.

YOU, Carl, have quite a gift with words.

Cordially,  
Phil

P. S. Don't forget to send me two copies, when (if) this appears. Let's see, I didn't title it. Well, title it:

"The Short, Happy Life of a Science-Fiction Writer."

You know, the Hemingway story, the study of defeat of a man, which was such a harbinger of Papa's own later end.

[TO UWE ANTON]

May 1, 1976

Dear Uwe:

I have received your April 21st letter, and your project sounds wonderfully exciting! To get down to specific requests, the unpublished stories of mine are either no good, or else I revised them later and published them under other titles, so nothing really exists there which I can give you in the way of short unpublished fiction of mine. However, you will find enclosed with this letter something I think will excite you: short scenes from a new novel of mine (in collaboration with Roger Zelazny) which Doubleday will be releasing in this country later this year.

What I ask of you, in giving you these scenes form DEUS IRAE, which is the title of the new novel, is that you relinquish copyright *without remuneration* to any German publisher who purchases the novel. I'm sure you won't mind agreeing to that. So herewith you have some unpublished Philip K. Dick fiction, although it will be published one of these days (I believe in June in the USA), and probably eventually in Germany. These scenes, of course, are fragments of the novel, and the reader will not be sure what some of the references mean...but it is the best I can come up with, and I do indeed want to assist you in every way I can.

Thank you for your comments on CONFESSIONS OF A CRAP ARTIST. And I will follow up your suggestions regarding the agents whom you mention.

I might add that the enclosed scenes and fragments from DEUS IRAE were parts which I wrote, not Roger Zelazny.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

P. S. I notice the date is May first. "Proletarier aller Lander, vereinigt euch!" I probably should say, on this occasion.

[TO CARL BENNETT]

May 2, 1976

Dear Carl,

You should have received by now the five page piece I wrote for you, yesterday. Well, I decided to send the carbon off to Germany, to Uwe Anton who has asked me for something and to whom I'd already sent some fragments of DEUS IRAE, the new novel coming out by me and Roger Zelazny (Anton is putting together a PKD issue, you see). Today I added three more pages to go with the five, to be printed in Germany only, and then I thought, Shit. Why not send *you* the carbons on these pages (six through eight) and see if you want to add them, perhaps explaining to your readers that Phil had originally intended them for the German printing only...although I sort of say that in the pages themselves. It's up to you. In any case, here are three additional pages to the untitled piece I mailed you on May first, and you are welcome to print them or not. Okay? But on second thought it seemed sort of chickenshit for me to say stuff abroad and not here in the U.S. You'll see what I mean when you read the enclosed.

Cordially,  
Phil Dick

P. S. As to the German and French in these pages, if you can get someone to translate them, more power to you. "Hab' Mut!" means "Have courage." You should translate that, at least.

[TO UWE ANTON]

May 2, 1976

Uwe Anton, Lieber Freund,

I am herewith sending you a sort article which I wrote after I mailed off the DEUS IRAE scenes to you, dated yesterday. The first five pages of this untitled article are for a very small American fanzine, SCINTILLATION. But I added three more pages just for your German edition...assuming you decide to use it. Pardon the poor quality of the first five pages; I didn't have proper paper or carbon-paper; I hope you can read it and it doesn't smear. Personally, I like the article very much and hope that you can use it, or perhaps at the least portions of it.

Let me know your reaction, please.

With warm wishes,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO J.C. ZYLBERSTEIN]

May 4, 1976

Dear Mr. Zylberstein:

A quick and excited note. Today I found my carbon of THE DARK-HAIRED GIRL, which I had thought entirely lost (my agent had lost his copy, as he may by now have written you). Immediately I phoned my agent, Ralph

Vicinanza, to tell him that I would be having a Xerox copy of THE DARK-HAIRED GIRL made for you, and in an hour or so I will be mailing it off to him.

My dear friend, if I may say so myself, I consider my writing, the quality of my prose, in THE DARK-HAIRED GIRL, to be the finest of everything and anything I have ever written. I mean this from the depths of my heart. It consists almost entirely of letters which I wrote to personal friends in 1972, and collected together, they tell more about me—a sort of diary, if you see what I mean, although not originally intended to as one to be published.

1972 was the great year of transition in my life: flying from San Rafael to Vancouver, British Columbia, and then after two months flying down here to Fullerton, where I had never been.

I am certain that THE DARK-HAIRED girl is exactly what you want, from what you have told me. I am so proud of it, especially considering that it was not originally written with the idea that the public would ever see it—and see so deeply into my private life.

Let me know your reaction, when you have read it.

With warm regards,  
Philip K. Dick

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[TO RALPH VICANZA]

May 4, 1976

Dear Ralph:

Enclosed is THE DARK-HAIRED GIRL for M. Zylberstein, who I believe is at Champ Libre.

By the way—it wasn't Marcel Thaon who said "Philip K. Dick est fini, pleurons sur le dieu devenu senile." He was quoting critics in the French s-f magazine *Fiction*, and this had to do with the period of inactivity on my part which ended when FLOW MY TEARS was published in 1974. Marcel was showing that the new novels and stories by me give the lie to such slander. Still, as I said on the phone, it does indicate what gets said in France, and so by the same token I am going to take the chance that Thaon's description of Zylberstein's quality of translation into French is a bit overstated, and thus go ahead and present Zylberstein with THE DARK-HAIRED GIRL after all.

One more point. "The Evolution of a Vital Love," which I sent you and presumably you sent him, has been published in a Canadian fanzine, and so technically he doesn't have to pay us for it (recently Uwe Anton in putting out a German fanzine acquired it gratis). So if Zylberstein stumbles over this information, he is technically correct; just let him have it and hope it will do PR work for me. Not so with THE DARK-HAIRED GIRL; he must pay for that.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO VERONICA MIXON, DOUBLEDAY & CO] [Undated; Early May 1976]

Dear Ms. Mixon,

Here back are the corrected galleys and MS for DEUS IRAE. I really tried to do a thorough job, since I had been unable to work on the corrected MS originally, as probably you recall.

By the way—someone there at Doubleday made what must be the all-time worst typo in setting the galleys: Roger Zelazny's name was spelled wrong on the title page (although on the same galley page it was spelled right where it appeared for copyright). I'm sure ol' Roger would have gotten a big laugh out of it if I hadn't caught it, and it had appeared as it now stands, with an "s" instead of a "z." So for god's sake, reset the title page, or ol' Rog will be selling his novels to someone else.

I've always feared that someday one of my novels would come out with my name as Philip K. Duck on the cover or title page.

Anyhow, I caught some serious errors in the galleys, which I was able to correct (to my knowledge, anyhow). For one thing, we had God's name spelled wrong twice on the same page, and differently as well.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO JACK & LINDA NEWKOM]

May 6, 1976

Dear Jack and Linda,

Delighted to hear from you. Delightful card. Bummer 5 days in the bucket—you have my sympathy.

I just finished revising my new mainstream novel for Doubleday/Ballantine, also corrected the galleys on DEUS IRAE, my theological-funny novel for Doubleday and did a piece for *Publisher's Weekly*, all three of which had April deadlines, so right now I'm just resting up. We'd love to see you, hear from you, turn on with you, whatever.

Phone me, Jack. And we'll get together.

*Time* magazine interviewed me back in late January; I won the John W. Campbell Jr. Memorial Award for FLOW MY TEARS, but the article has never been published. They took up an entire day asking me questions ("What is the future of s-f?" etc.) and photographing me. But will it see print? Well, it took *Rolling Stone* a year to publish the piece they did on me, so maybe it'll happen.

We've been broke as hell, but now some bread is coming in. Enough so they won't turn off the water and gas, as they were going to do. Irony city: *Time* magazine is interviewing me and I'm too poor to pay my utility bills. The plight of the artist!

Love to you both, and PHONE ME.

Phil Dick

[TO FRED \_\_\_\_\_]

May 9, 1976

Dear Fred,

It has been some time, hasn't it, since I heard from you. From your letter it would appear that you're doing okay, which is good news.

Of the two ideas you express, the second seems to me to be the most interesting. Let me refer you to a short story by Ray Nelson called "Eight O'Clock in the Morning," which deals somewhat with that theme. As a matter of fact, your theme—"a civilization of people controlled by ideas and emotions impressed on them, unconsciously since birth," etc., as you expressed it—is truly a major theme in science fiction, or anyhow ought to be. I am impressed by your use of the term "the mechanical nature" of these people, which I think states it extremely well. How much this differs from our own actual world I am not prepared to say. Sometimes I get the acute impression that a very large number of what appear to be human beings, in the sense that you and I are human beings—well, they only appear to be: but they imagine themselves to be. By that I mean, they are fooled, too. (See my novel, DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP?) This has been a long-term topic in my own work, as I'm sure you know. Just how free are we? Is Earth a biosphere and there are supravisible entities who program and direct us? Maybe so. Maybe it's not all fiction.

On the other hand, if such supravisible superior entities exist, guiding us and programming us, perhaps they are benign. I have that feeling more and more. Many human tribes and cultures have, throughout the centuries, believed in invisible helpful messengers who intervene to assist and direct humans who are in trouble...in fact, the word "angel" means "messenger." Which is to say, an angel is an invisible atmospheric spirit sent to assist the given human to which it was assigned from birth. However, it is often believed that there are dark angels, too, and that the light angel and dark angel contend for each human soul. Historically, this appears to have derived from the Iranian religion of Zoroaster, one of the greatest religious leaders in history.

I hope my response is of some use to you, and by all means let us stay in touch. Write me at greater length and tell me more about yourself, if you will.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

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[TO JUDY-LYNN DEL REY]

May 10, 1976

Dear Judy-Lynn,

I was on the phone today talking with Mark Hurst over at Bantam, and we got to discussing the stories proposed for THE BEST OF PHILIP K. DICK.

What we are faced with is a dialectic tension between uniqueness (i.e. stories never before anthologized) or quality (which automatically means including sto-

ries previously or even frequently anthologized). As a professional editor you know this, but I wanted to state it anyhow, as I read over the proposed list.

For example, "We Can Remember It For You Wholesale" has been in many collections. Personally, I wince every time Scott sells it again to someone else. That doesn't make it a bad story; I guess, in fact, it means it's a good story, or anyhow a lot of editors had that impression. But could we substitute "Foster, You're Dead" for that one? Which Ballantine holds rights to anyhow?

Also, Mark and I agree that my novelette "Second Variety" is one of my best. Could we include that? And maybe drop out "The Golden Man," which I detest?

"The Father-Thing" is in that two-volume Tony Boucher Golden whatever set which the S-F book club still peddles after all these years, and it's in a junior high text book, and every kid in America has read it. Personally, I hated that story from the start, since it is a horror story.

But of all the omissions, "Human Is" stands as most glaring. It *must* be included. I sent Betty Ballantine a copy in the group of stories all the way back around late 1971 or early 1972, my choice selections. PLEASE use it, Judy-Lynn.

Ballantine has my most recent story, "A Little Something For Us Tempunauts" in the current Terry Carr best s-f collection, and I consider—as Terry does—that this is one of my best stories. Could we use that, perhaps in place of "Service Call"?

The others on the list strike me as fine:

"Autofac"

"Beyond Lies the Wub"

"In the Days of Perky Pat"

"The Defenders" (But this could be pulled for "Second Variety," since the theme is the same.)

"The Electric Ant."

"Expendable."

"Faith of Our Fathers"

"Had There Been No Benny Cemoli..."

"Impostor" (But, like "The Defenders," this could be pulled to make room for "Second Variety.")

"Oh, To Be a Blobel."

"Roog."

"Upon the Dull Earth."

Personally, although Don Wollheim used "Breakfast At Twilight," I'd like to see it included, with "The Defenders," which he also used, dropped.

Another suggestion, for a long piece, would be "Cantata 140," which was a complete short novel for F&SF, and then later I added another 30,000 words for Don to create the novel CRACK IN SPACE.

This letter is a preliminary letter, hastily drafted, but I wanted to give you my ideas at once, upon hearing the proposed list.

Love,  
Phil Dick

[TO JOHN NEMEROVSKI]

May 10, 1976

Dear John Nemerovski:

Please accept my apologies for being so tardy to respond to your letter of November last...it took a long time to reach me (a poor excuse, because it wasn't that long), but the *Rolling Stone* article on me had just come out in November, and I got so much mail that I am just now catching up in responding. Also I was in the hospital...but anyhow, thank you for your letter and your comments about *UBIK*.

Yes, indeed I saw the *Star Trek* episode where they went back to the Depression era. Although I must admit that I didn't care for it. I wrote another novel, in addition to *UBIK*, about time regression: *COUNTER CLOCK WORLD*. To be perfectly honest, I am of the opinion that there exist more than a single linear forward time-stream, that there is what the reference books call "orthogonal time," which is some kind of right angle time (which I cannot envision, frankly), and then the mirror opposite parity of forward moving linear time, which would be regressive time...despite the fact that in his famous paper on the nature and properties of time, the distinguished Soviet astrophysicist Dr. Nikolay Kozyrev states that contrary to the usual parity principles found in nature, there is no reverse linear time (as in the sense that there is matter and anti-matter, etc.). I obtained his paper on the topic, translated into English by the U.S. Government, dealing with his extraordinary experiments with time at his lab at Pulkovo. Well, he may be correct; his radical new theories on time are currently being tested out here in California, although I don't know the results. The only citation anywhere which I've found about a regressive time is the Roman Catholic doctrine that the Holy Spirit moves *backward* from the end-days of creation, "performing Its secret work of the salvation of man." Still, it intrigues me.

*UBIK*, by the way, has even been published behind the Iron Curtain—in Poland, where a handsome 20,000 copy edition sold right out. What I found amusing was their inclusion of the most extraordinarily sexy illustrations found anywhere outside U.S. underground comic books! I wrote the Krakow publishers and twitted them about what I had understood to be the puritanical attitudes in their nations vis-a-vis these stunningly erotic illustrations. Also, by the way, I have written a screenplay of *UBIK*, the only one I've ever done, and a French director, Jean-Pierre Gorin, has optioned and purchased it and is trying to raise money to produce a film (it costs now, he tells me, about three to five million dollars to produce a successful film!).

Anyhow, thank you again for writing. I have two new novels coming out, one in collaboration with Roger Zelazny, whom I admire very much, and another, *A SCANNER DARKLY*, which I feel to be the best work I have ever done. I understand that the publishers are going to do a lot with it, or at least so they say.

A closing note: in studying about time (in reading and reading reference books and articles about it), I came to a closing sentence that seemed to sum it

up. "We do not know even if there is such a thing as time," it said, "or if there is, what its nature is. All we can be certain of is the reality of *change*."

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO MARK HURST]

May 10, 1976

Dear Mark,

I just now mailed off a hardback (Doubleday) copy of DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP? to you, but I had to send it book rate because I was low on stamps, so it'll be slow in coming. Two more odd gifts with it, by the way.

There was already a dedication in the ANDROIDS book, although it isn't the copy I dedicated to Tessa which I mentioned on the phone. I couldn't figure it out; it reads:

TO ANITA PROTEUS WITH LOVE. PHIL.

Well, I finally remembered that Anita Proteus is the wife of Paul Proteus in Vonnegut's first novel, PLAYER PIANO, and she was your archetypal bitch wife. Evidently what I did ("evidently" isn't the word, because I know damn well) one time long ago I got really mad at this chick and wrote what to me was this damning, chilling ironic "I love you" inscription and gave the volume to her, but—aha. She had read PLAYER PIANO and remembered Anita, and so handed the volume back to me; thus I still retained it until today. That's why in fact it only reads "Phil" and not my whole name; I was really mad at her, and just grabbed the volume—that was when I had several copies—and dashed that off. I'm sure you won't be offended, seeing as how you are not the person intended. But the book itself is for you, and now, as you say, it is a rarity.

I am going to write to Judy-Lynn about some of the suggestions we batted back and forth on the phone re the BEST OF volume. It's been a rough day for me...I forget why. Something to do with getting to the mailbox at 1:30 pm when the pickup time was 1:30 pm and walking home thinking, Had the truck come or not? Also, I expected a Dutch royalty check in the mail for about \$2000, and there was indeed a Scott Meredith letter, but the check was for \$12.50. Another payment on another sale. Thus the author, whose head is already full of moral, practical, spiritual and creative conflicts, is screwed up just that much more.

Love,  
Phil Dick

(Who has looked all day for a UK copy of GAME PLAYERS OF TITAN but can't find one, but will keep on trying.)

P. S. I phoned the library at Cal State Fullerton, and they are Xeroxing my 19-p. article, "Evolution of a Vital Love," and will mail it to you direct at Bantam. Be sure to let me know when/if both this and the copy of ANDROIDS arrive. What a day.

[TO MARK & JODIE HURST]

May 11, 1976

Dear Mark and Jodie,

I'm sending yet another bag of strange editions of books of mine, also by snail mail. L'OEIL DANS LE CIEL, published by Robert Laffont (which is bringing out CONFESSIONS OF A CRAP ARTIST in France) might be more than a collector's item for you, since it contains, at the end:

Dick aux premiers âges, par Marcel Thaon  
and

Bibliographie

Marcel Thaon came here to visit me, and he is doing his doctoral dissertation on my work, I understand. Hence his article probably contains a great deal of material about me not available anywhere else. Problem is, you have to find someone who can translate it for you. My impression of his article is that it is excellent.

Enough for now.

Yeah, I remember; I told ol' Marcel a whole lot of personal stuff, gut stuff, never dreaming he'd have an article out within a few months. Also, in his article, he gives fascinating citations of other articles about me, like ones published in Europe which I never see and couldn't read if I saw them. Do you know how long it took me to get an English translation of Lem's long article on Western s-f which said so much about me ("Western Science-Fiction; a Hopeless Case, With Exceptions," published in S.F. Commentary by Bruce Gillespie in English)? Years.

Love,  
Phil Dick

[TO CARL BENNETT]

May 11, 1976

Dear Carl,

Well, I guess I have another friend in Portland besides Ursula Le Guin.  
I'm at a loss for words.

Thanks. My wife put the \$25 right into our bank account to apply to the phone bill.

But: you understand me, I know, when I say it's what you did, not the amount, or that it's money at all. One time a few years back, I got a money order—can you imagine this?—for one U.S. dollar from a fan in Sweden. He'd read a book of mine and tried to think of some way to communicate his enjoyment of the book, but he couldn't write in English, so he went down to the exchange bank and bought a one dollar U.S. money order. I guess we who are into s-f are a breed apart, and should be proud of it. There must be a lot of love in our field, by the editors and writers and illustrators and readers and retail dealers.

I'll do a piece for you again one of these days. When I have something worth saying. It'll show up.

A black guy dropped over the other night, a guy whom I hardly knew; I didn't even remember his name. He had come by, he said, for help. One time he had met me and I had given him a book of mine to read (*FLOW MY TEARS*). "In that book of yours," he said, "my people were legally protected, like the whooping cranes. It meant a lot to me, but I'm confused about the world, now; I don't know what I am any more." I had to tell him I didn't know what I was any more, either, that I was bewildered and anxious, same as him. But we somehow drew strength from each other, and when he left—suddenly, because, as he said, talking such heavy rap was hard on his head—he turned back and yelled down the path at me, "You've given me fight power!"

Which is what you've given me, Carl.

With deep regards and appreciation,

Phil Dick

[TO JUDY-LYNN DEL REY]

May 12, 1976

Dear Judy-Lynn,

Enclosed you will find my "Afterthoughts by the Author" for the BEST OF PHILIP K. DICK collection. I am sending it to you now, so you can see that the entire piece builds up to an expression of the import and meaning of the story "Human Is," and therefore I do really feel terribly, terribly strongly that this story must be included. My entire "Afterthoughts" statement depends on it, and, without "Human Is" in the collection, makes no sense.

My goodness, it's such a very short story. Again, I say PLEASE.

Let me know what you think of this "Afterthoughts," and of course keep in mind that we are still dealing with a changing list of stories, but I used the list which I like, out of what seem to be those proposed by all concerned.

Love,  
Phil Dick

[TO JACK SCOVIL]

May 12, 1976

Dear Jack:

Enclosed is my check for \$2.50, your 10% commission on the accidental sale I made for \$25 to a fanzine called SCINTILLATION. The editor, Carl Bennett, had asked for a short piece from me, but said he couldn't pay. I was to write about my personal life. So I wrote about how broke I was, for eight non-stop pages. So he sent me \$25 out of pity, which is either funny or not funny; in any case, I am enclosing his letter, because it shows that indeed I've got friends, and that's good to know.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

P.S. I sent the carbon of the eight-page piece to a German fanzine which has enormous influence in Europe: *Science Fiction Times*, with a circulation of 1,500 to 2,000 copies; they are doing an entire issue on me, all stuff in the public domain. (Such as my Vancouver speech.) I also sent him a couple of fragments from DEUS IRAE with the proviso that if a German publisher were to buy DEUS IRAE, *Science Fiction Times* would relinquish rights on the portions they had printed *without remuneration*. Herr Uwe Anton will abide by this, I am sure, and the entire issue will be great PR material for me abroad. I give you his address, however, in case you want to back up my ukase on relinquishing copyright on the DEUS IRAE fragments: Uwe Anton, Remscheid No. \_\_\_, Johannesstrasse 9, WEST GERMANY.

[TO SHARON JARVIS]

May 14, 1976

Dear Sharon,

I very much enjoyed talking with you on the phone yesterday. I called FM station KPFK in North Hollywood, and spoke with Mike Nodel who hosts *Hour 25*. Knowing that you (and I) wanted the interview with me aired on all their stations, I proposed that instead of doing a live show (as we had done before) with just an air-check tape, he drive down here to Fullerton and do a taped interview—which, I said, they could then play on their San Francisco and New York stations, could they not? He agreed, and mentioned that now they have an outlet in Washington D.C., the manager of which is an avid s-f fan. The taped interview with me, therefore, will be aired on all four of their stations, which is exactly what we want. Further, the taping will be done in June, and I believe will coincide rather well with the release of DEUS IRAE.

Mark Hurst at Bantam is collecting an enormous amount of critical material on my work, and I have sent him additional stuff. He is also involved, informally, in preparing the selection of stories for the Ballantine collection, THE BEST OF PHILIP K. DICK which Ballantine has already announced.

I wish we could get our hands on what *Publishers Weekly* is going to say—I mean, get it in advance. I am very curious, since I responded with such a massive piece and said so much about SCANNER.

Had you ever considered marrying a science fiction writer who is not happy in his present marriage? Remember to send photo, as we discussed. Do you like cats? I have a lot of them.

Love,  
Phil Dick

[TO PAUL WILLIAMS]

May 14, 1976

Dear Paul,

Enclosed you'll find—hopefully intact—(it, not you), the woodcut I want for the softback front cover of CONFESSIONS OF A CRAP ARTIST. It is the book collector from the 1509 allegorical work by Sebastian Brant, "Das Narrenschiff," which is, "The Ship of Fools." This particular woodcut illustrates the Book Collector, who accumulated books but never read them; i.e. neither knew nor understood their contents. Obviously, it is in the public domain, although I don't know who the artist is. My source in Special Collections at Cal State Fullerton, and even Linda Hermann didn't know the artist's name. If you use it, please not only identify it, but give credit to Special Collections Library, Cal State University at Fullerton, for supplying it. Okay?

I enjoyed talking with you the other night. God, am I ever into my work—three books in production at Bantam, two at Ballantine and two at Doubleday, plus my work-in-progress, TO SCARE THE DEAD.

Enough for now. Keep in touch.

Love,  
Phil Dick

[TO TONY HISS]

May 15, 1976

Dear Tony,

In case I haven't been able to reach you by phone, what I wanted to say is that evidently I am out of touch with the real world. I mean, *The Real World*. Paul Williams says he saw my article in its latest issue. What's happened is that we have moved, and a lot of our mail has been returned to sender. New current address below.

What's the story on the 4 short profiles of s-f writers you were proposing last time you were in touch with me? I suggested Sturgeon instead of Bester, but *Rolling Stone* got such good response to their article on me that they have commissioned Paul to write a similar article on Ted Sturgeon. Anyhow, I was incorrect when I told you that Bester has become inactive in s-f; he has recently become quite active again. Sorry. Anyhow, I meant well.

I wish you would tell me if you are writing those lead-off editorials for the *New Yorker*. They are so fucking good. Recently the *Los Angeles Times* "Opinion" section reprinted one of the best.

Gosh, I sure would like to hear from you, and also see my piece in *The Real World*, and also Tessa's poem.

With warm personal regards,  
Phil Dick

P.S. My experimental novel *CONFessions OF A CRAP ARTIST* sold out its 500 copy limited hardbound edition, and now they're going to do a softback. Meanwhile, in France, Robert Laffont, which I believe is either their finest or one of their finest publishers, bought it, and for a lot of money. We hope, too, for a good U.K. sale, but not now with the pound sterling so low.

[TO CARL BENNETT]

May 17, 1976

Dear Carl,

Just within the last two days I've read two separate articles, one in *Rolling Stone*, the other the editorial in the May 17th, 1976 *New Yorker*, which so horribly bear out my fears expressing in the last three pages I sent you (those originally for German use only) that I want to call them to your attention. Hopefully, you can call you readers' attention to them. The RS piece is in the May 20th issue, and both pieces will be back numbers by the time you go into print. Still, the matter is so grave—well, I am enclosing the *New Yorker* editorial herewith. The RS piece is titled: "The Hughes-Nixon-Lansky Connection: The Secret Alliances of the CIA From WWII To Watergate," by Howard Kohn. Look for it. It may still be on the stands when you get this letter. Anyhow, the articles suggest, incredibly, that Nixon may have been set up by the CIA, since "Deep Throat," who provided all the leaked secrets to Bob Woodward and Carl Bernstein at the *Washington Post*, turns out to be Robert Bennett, a CIA front-man...which Woodward and Bernstein never realized. There seem to have been crucial segments of the puzzle which Woodward and Bernstein never got onto. Of this article, called "Strange Bedfellows," the RS editorial says:

"...(it) is one of the most ambitious and intricate pieces we have ever attempted. Howard Kohn began work on it nearly a year ago, when all he had to look at was the emerging connection between the Miami-based Cuban exiles and the CIA. Early on he discovered new details about the CIA's contracts with the Mafia to assassinate Castro, but the then-exclusive information was revealed a few months later by the Senate select committee headed by Frank Church.

"We have put together a narrative of these 'strange bedfellows,' based entirely on factual information; compelling patterns have emerged which point to a reading of postwar history that foreshadows recent revelations about the 'intelligence community.' Etc.

The article dovetails with the *New Yorker* editorial and with the three pages of misgivings which I sent you. Carl, I think we were sold another crock; the exposure of the cover-up was itself a cover-up! What the RS piece points to is truly dreadful, far beyond what Woodward and Bernstein found. Would you believe that "Watergate," as they found it, was a CIA red herring? Incredible.

Cordially,  
Phil

Enc: *New Yorker* editorial, May 17, 1976.

[TO UWE ANTON]

May 17, 1976

Sehr geehrter Herr Anton:

Enclosed is the carbon of a recent letter which I sent to *Rolling Stone*, plus a postscript on page two for my German friends only. I would like you to print the letter and the postscript, for several reasons: (one) *Rolling Stone* may not print it at all; (two) they don't have the postscript; (three) I wish my German friends to hear me out on this matter, because of my trust and confidence in them and my desire to reach out to them on this most grave matter.

With all best wishes,  
Philip K. Dick

Enc: Carbon of letter to Jann S. Wenner Editor of *Rolling Stone*/postscript for German use.

[TO ROLLING STONE]

[dated May 15, 1976]

Dear Jann Wenner:

Howard Kohn's article, "Strange Bedfellows," presents so many disturbing implications that one is baffled in trying even to rank them, let alone comprehend their magnitude. First, it would appear that if "Deep Throat," as Kohn states, was truly CIA, then the Bob Woodward/Carl Bernstein entire exposure was in fact a nifty CIA red herring, and we have made no progress in getting at the real conspiracy; we have, in fact, been sold another crock. The exposure of the cover-up is itself a cover-up, a Chinese puzzle that goes on and on. Now, if the then president, Richard Nixon, did indeed find that the CIA was too independent of the executive branch, and was indeed in the process of setting up his own rival secret police, he probably was doing the right thing. Already, Hoover and the FBI were far too out of control and not responsible to the executive branch. Let's take similar situations in Germany and the USSR. After Stalin's death it was essential that Beria, who controlled the entire internal security system of the USSR, be shot. Hitler had to order the murder of all the SA leaders, in order to bring internal security under Himmler's direct control, Himmler being totally a rubber stamp pencil pusher for Hitler. In a tyranny or in a free society, the vast internal modern police-security system *must* be responsible to what Nixon calls "the sovereign." If that was the bottom line of Watergate, Nixon was doing the correct thing. The worst possible domination within a society would be by its police apparatus. Howard Kohn's article seems to urge us to the really dreadful conclusion that this is what we have inherited by the removal of Nixon; I mean to say, Nixon was, in a real sense, framed, and by the hideous monster, the internal police apparatus, which in my mind is the final enemy of a just society.

If correct, "Strange Bedfellows" points to a police take-over, rather than the removal of a tyrant. What a clouded and murky world we live in! The assassination squads of the German SS police (Gestapo) used the term "Nacht und Nebel" to describe their activities: "night and fog." Perhaps the world of Nacht und Nebel has taken over here.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[Kohn's article appeared in RS 213; PKD's letter, slightly edited, appeared in RS 216 for July 1, 1976 under the heading "Dick Tricked?"—the P.S. for Germany follows:]

P.S. The situation shaping up here in the U.S. appears to bear a striking resemblance to the America I depicted in my recent novel, FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID (Doubleday, New York, 1974), in which five police marshals run the U.S., with no mention of any president, congress or courts. I have always believed that an effort was made to suppress that novel, perhaps beginning with the blowing open of my locked files where, presumably, the manuscript of TEARS would logically have been. Later, when Doubleday had just released it, the first buyer was the United States Army, which immediately purchased 236 copies—an odd thing for them to do, and an odd number: too small for their "book bags," which they distribute to troops for reading, but, I discovered on investigating, just about the number of copies which the Army cryptography division acquires for analysis. Shortly after that, all the remaining unsold copies in Doubleday's warehouse—2,500 copies—disappeared and were never found again. No book dealer in the U.S. could order the hardback of TEARS after the initial 5,000 had been shipped out and sold, even though Doubleday assured me that they had printed a second printing. Also, there seemed to be few if any bids by the paperbacks to reprint the novel, so it wound up at DAW for a nominal sum—this, even though it was a nominee for the Nebula Award, the Hugo Award, and did in fact win the John W. Campbell Memorial Award for best s-f novel of the year. I was told, interestingly, that only three of the four judges on the John W. Campbell Memorial Award Committee could find a copy to read; I had to personally mail a copy to one of the judges myself. Now that DAW has the paperback rights, it mysteriously has failed to report any sales during the first six-month period in which it has distributed it, even though book dealers have told me it is selling well! Nothing like this has ever happened in all the thirty-five novels I've sold. Each day I am more convinced that FLOW MY TEARS, for some eerie reason, accurately depicts the true situation now current in the U.S., although when I began writing it I thought of it only as nightmare, not fact. A final note: the editor at Doubleday, Diane Cleaver, who admitted to me over the phone that 2,500 copies—all the copies remaining in their warehouse—had unaccountably disappeared, very soon left Doubleday. She denied, and Doubleday denied that any 2,500 copies had ever been lost, that I had not heard her right or that she was "merely making an estimate." But, while on the phone with her, she was, she said, reading directly off their official sheet. Anyhow, for the remainder of its year of hardcover existence,

no more copies could be purchased anywhere in the U.S. unless they had been shipped out with the original 5,000 order—that is, ordered before the army acquired its 236 copies. The financial loss to me, both in the hardback and in the paperback editions has been enormous. Interestingly, the John W. Campbell Memorial Award was made *outside* the U.S., at St. John's College, at Oxford, England.

Philip K. Dick

[TO JACK SCOVIL]

May 18, 1976

Dear Jack

Enclosed is my check to you for your 10% commission on "A Little Something For Us Tempunauts." I must admit I fouled up, here. We originally got a check for something like six dollars, direct from Ferman and Malzberg, and weren't going to cash it because in their cover letter they said they really didn't have to send it to us, but now has come a check for \$20.87, so the total is \$27.87, and your 10% is \$2.78. I'm sorry it's so late, but frankly we lost the letter which had at the time both checks in it, and I just found it today while searching for a stamp.

I haven't received a phonecall from you about Linda Carnell or whatever her name is coming in to sign on the EYE IN THE SKY movie option. I didn't think she'd show.

And you will, as I requested, wire the big payoff check of Bantam money coming via Doubleday to my new account, #081299, same bank.

Again I talked to the *Time* reporter about his article; they won't print it until something newsworthy concerning science fiction happens...the Nebula awards weren't enough. I told him about the Expo in New York in June and he thought he could get them to peg it on that. So I'm doing what I can to help nudge that article into print.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO GENE SAVOY]

May 18, 1976

Dear Mr. Savoy,

I appreciated your letter very much, and during these months since I received it I've saved up the \$135 to send to the ICC, to obtain the initial major course of study. However, I have spent the saved-up money on something—or rather someone—else, and so, regretfully, I must confess that I can't join you in study. The situation is this: a girl I know has cancer, and she is too weak to type her poems on a manual typewriter, so I spent the money to buy her a Smith-Corona electric, and she is now able to type out her poems.

In her book *THE DESERT FATHERS* (1957) Helen Waddell gives an account from the early Patristic fathers which I would like to paraphrase thus:

A brother was sent to a certain city where a great saint lay ill. The brother carried costly medicine obtained with great difficulty from the Orient. When the brother entered the city he stumbled upon an unknown man lying in the gutter, in the dark, extremely sick; this was, in fact, the first person whom the brother encountered. Seeing the sick man's need, he gave him the costly medicine, healed him with it, and then, realizing that he had nothing for the saint now, he returned in sorrow and despair to his monastery, to report back in sadness to his abbot. The abbot said, "You did the right thing. You gave the medicine to the right person."

Also it is said somewhere in Isaiah that the sacred scripture of God must not be sold, for then the poor are excluded. I have no doubt of the worth and truth of what you offer, but I believe I did the right thing.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

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[TO KNX-FM]

May 18, 1976

Dear Sirs/Ms:

I listen to KNX-FM more than I do to any other radio station, so it is "my station," in terms of favorites. I like the kind of music it plays: virtually all vocals, and neither too commercial nor too much in the direction of rock. But often KNX-FM has a mechanical quality, as if it's running very long tapes again and again; pretty soon you can tell what song is going to follow what song. I even tried to figure out how long each tape runs. That's bad. The announcers are excellent, the best there are, but still there is this quality of hollowness, as if no one is actually sitting there at the mike, that just the transmitter is on the air, and a computer is feeding one tape after another into it.

Also, at certain hours of the day, too many commercials are now bunched up together, or so it seems to me, subjectively. There used to be more music and fewer commercials. This has caused me to seek out other stations.

All in all, KNX-FM is a superb station, but I wish it had more of a live quality, and not so much the sense of a computer-run "slave" system grinding away 24 hours a day, repeating itself in terms of programming over and over.

Maybe what it needs is shorter tapes, or a faster turnover of tapes or something technical like that. There's a lazy quality about it, despite the very human quality of the announcers.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO MORNINGSTAR FARMS]

May 18, 1976

Dear Sirs/Ms:

Your ham slices taste exactly the same to me as real ham; likewise your links. Congratulations. I've switched to them from animal originals for reasons of health, which is the angle you seem to stress in your ads. But it seems to me you're missing an entire area in your ads: appealing to people who are becoming progressively more and more *morally* squeamish about the killing and eating of animals. I'd think your ad people could work that aspect in, especially in your TV ads...a child playing with a newborn calf, the two of them growing up. You wouldn't have to overstress it, like showing the slaughterhouse or anything like that. Stress only the positive, that animals are our companions and friends and not something or someone to be eaten. I'll bet you a buck that the trend in this country is more and more away from killing and eating animals on ethical grounds rather than merely that of the health of the human doing the eating.

Anyhow, like I say, congratulations. The taste is wonderful!

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE]

May 20, 1976

Dear Sir/Ms:

As of this date we do not have the entire \$4,715.54 due you, but I am enclosing a check for \$1,000 which is the best I can do at this time. I am also enclosing a business letter from my publisher, Doubleday, which states their intention and ability to make available further funds very soon. I had hoped before now, since their letter is dated April 19, 1976 and they say their check should come to me "in about a month." What I will receive is one-half of \$7,000 or \$3,500 (subsidiary royalties are divided fifty-fifty between the hardback publisher and the author), less my agent's 10% commission, which would mean I would receive \$3,150.00. I have given my agent instructions to wire the money to me, rather than mail it, so it will arrive sooner. I phoned my bank today, but the money had not arrived. As you can determine from this enclosed material, however, it is due imminently. Also, I have requested Doubleday to release any other funds due me which they might be holding for the regular next royalty period conclusion. Doubleday has informed me in writing that they will confirm all this, if requested.

We should, then, have been able to raise \$4,150 of the \$4,715.54 within a short period, assuming Doubleday complies with the promise stated in the enclosed letter. I have phoned them, and they maintain that they will indeed comply.

Thus I am doing all I can.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO DONALD WOLLHEIM]

May 24, 1976

Dear Don,

I talked to a retail book dealer recently, and he told me that my DAW novel FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID was moving very well. That reminded me that I didn't receive a royalty report via Doubleday at the recent last period, and I wonder if you could let me know how many copies it has sold; I'm really curious, since, as I'm sure you know, it won the John W. Campbell Jr. Memorial Award for best s-f novel of 1974.

Got the royalty report on WE CAN BUILD YOU. 52,000 copies certainly isn't a bad number these days, is it?

Thank you for putting the new dedication on it.

I'll hope to hear from you.

With warm regards,  
Philip K. Dick

P. S. Could you let me know again when this collection is to be released?

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[TO JUDY-LYNN DEL REY]

May 24, 1976

Dear Judy-Lynn,

I agree completely with your May 17th letter. "Cantata 140" must be excluded, for example. And so forth, as you say. Just so long as "Human Is" stays in it.

You ask if I want a dedication. (On the BEST OF PHILIP K. DICK collection.) Yes; please have it read:

To Sherri Solvig:

Who saved my life, my sanity, my soul,  
But broke my heart.

Let the fans make what they can out of that. This is the girl who visited me every day in February in the hospital, when I was in the I.C.C.U., the Intensive Cardiac Care Unit, so there is in this dedication a rather oblique pun, if you see what I mean, considering what I was in the hospital for.

We're over the flu, thank you, and doing fine, although I still have some of the P.A.T., the heart condition which I was in the hospital for. They are trying different medication.

Enough for now.

Love,  
Phil Dick

[TO STEVE AYERS]

May 24, 1976

Dear Steve,

If I spelled your name wrong on the envelope, please excuse it; I have a terrible time reading handwriting, including my own, such as notes I've taken for a book idea. Anyhow, thank you for writing me. I write letters to authors, too, and sometimes they answer and sometimes they don't. I've written to several people in the folk rock field, too, and *none* has ever answered, even though I prayed and waited...in particular Linda Ronstadt. I would have given anything to get a note from her—anything. Now I'm thinking of writing a fan letter to Rod Stewart. I figure he'll answer, since we were in the same issue of *Rolling Stone*, but I'll bet my response will be the same as always: nothing.

Anyhow, it's always worth making the attempt. I do have two letters in response to letters I wrote—which I think enough of to have framed and put up on the living room wall: one from Earl Warren, when he was governor of California, and one from Willy Brandt, just after he resigned as chancellor of the West German Republic.

I'm very appreciative that my writing has meant something to you, and it does mean a great deal to me to hear from you. Writers need feedback. One time I got a letter much like your own, hand-written, and saying much the same thing, but asking for a very rare copy of a novel of mine (*MARTIAN TIME-SLIP*). Normally I wouldn't send a copy of such a hard-to-get book to a total stranger, but for some reason I complied...oh yes; he asked that I inscribe it to him and to his girlfriend, and that sort of got to me, and I sent them a photo of me and Ted Sturgeon standing together, with Ted's autograph, and asked in exchange for a photo of him and his girl. It turned out (can you believe this?) that the guy is assistant managing editor at Bantam Books, and they just recently, through his efforts, closed a \$20,000 purchase of three old out-of-print books of mine! I've been talking to him on the phone a lot, and one day I said "What if I hadn't sent you *MARTIAN TIME-SLIP* that day and said, 'Go buy your own book?'" He laughed and didn't answer.

Feel free to write again—always make the attempt, and if someone doesn't answer, the heck with them, and you hang in there anyhow and write someone else. It's all part of life...but I'm still waiting for Linda Ronstadt (\*sigh\*) to write or phone.

Appreciatively,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO PETER NICHOLLS]

May 24, 1976

Dear Peter,

It's been a long time since we've been in touch. I am writing to ask, have those speeches been printed by Gollancz yet, including mine? And if so, can you

help get a copy sent to me? I'm sure that Gollancz would send a presentation copy to me if it were available.

I read the speech over the other night...it is sort of nuts, but also thought-provoking. I still stand by what I said, except that such matters, being so difficult to communicate, sound sort of—to be blunt—irrational when set down in black and white. I think that Dionysos had me at that time, to some extent (I read a recent very interesting article about "Dionysos in America," and in all truth, he certainly did rattle and break down the prison walls here, and not in mere metaphor but actually. I guess I got drawn into the battle, on his side, as witness the somewhat intoxicated quality of the speech).

My collaboration with Roger Zelazny (*DEUS IRAE*) will be released in June here, I understand. It is not going to be popular: a funny mystical theological novel. But my solo novel about drugs and the watchful police, *A SCANNER DARKLY*, which Doubleday will release as a mainstream (!!!) novel next January should do very well. Ballantine will do the paperback, and Judy-Lynn del Rey there assisted me enormously in rewriting & improving it. She is a great editor, the best I have found yet, in 25 years.

I am proud of *SCANNER* and I hope you will like it. It's not like my other stuff..."a breakthrough," Doubleday told me on the phone, after they had read it. On the bad side of the news, I was in hospital in February in the Intensive Cardiac Care Unit for a mild heart attack, so it's a good thing I declined to come to the U.K. I am told now that it is my heart which is in most serious jeopardy, that I've got to lay off and take it easy or I may croak (as we say here). I'm not sure how one goes about taking it easy. My psychotherapist, with a furious & grim expression on his face, yelled at me, "You're to draw up a list of your wants, AND I MEAN THAT SERIOUSLY!" I said, "Yessir, yessir," meekly, and have been drawing up my list of wants. One of them is to not have people yell at me to draw up lists.

Anyhow, I have 7 books in production now (2 new ones plus reissues...wait, 3 new ones plus reissues) in which I'm actively involved, and it really is too much for me. The phone is always ringing. The other day it rang and a foreign type voice said, "Mr. Dick? I am calling from France. We have you know the convention here? And we wish you to come with all expenses you know, that is I say we will pay, but you must be here next week." I had to say no. The rushing about would have finished me off. But what fun it would have been. So, too, would have been the visit to the U.K. But Robert Heinlein told me I must learn to say no if I'm to say alive; he was the first to sense—and express—the gravity of my physical condition to me, and although it shocked me at the time when he said what I was doing (running all around day and night with the Hollywood crowd of producers and directors and pretty actresses) I thank him for it. I was at what they call imminent stroke level. And then the heart attack in February.

But—I am still at work on my in-progress novel, *TO SCARE THE DEAD*, trying to make my religious vision/revelation into something which I can communicate, and becoming more & more frustrated every day. One perhaps *cannot* express these things in words. I feel as if I have an aphasia, actually, a speech

block. I try to tell people orally, or write about it, and what comes out appears nonsense. I know what I saw, but I can't name it.

Ah well. It's as if the gods were sitting around and having nothing better to do they said, "Let's see old Phil get THIS down on paper." And then revealed all the mysteries of the universe to me and sat back laughing. Gods must have the same kind of sense of humor as cats. I appreciate the vision, but I wish I had also been given St. Paul's gift to express it. I believe Paul somewhere says that it is one man who has the vision, but someone else must interpret it. I may someday find that someone else. Meanwhile I keep on making notes, which are up to about 250,000 words, now, and always in flux.

Please write and let me know how things are with you, and with Malcolm Edwards, if you can. And about the publishing of my speech.

With warm personal regards,  
Phil Dick

[TO MIKE BAILEY]

May 25, 1976

Dear Mike,

This letter is ABSOLUTELY NOT FOR PUBLICATION. It is a personal letter between two old friends who've had similar heartbreaks.... Things are not working out down here for me; I've been in and out of the hospital. Last February I had a heart attack and was in the Intensive Care Cardiac Unit of the nearby hospital—the county hospital because I didn't have any money for a private hospital. Mike, all I can think to do is come back to Canada. This letter is written with great anguish; I have a little son, whom I love, who I'd have to leave behind. What am I going to do? The smog here is causing or making worse my respiratory and cardiac problems; I never had them in Vancouver. I have to live where there's clear air, free air. The doctors tell me that my blood pressure is at stroke level, imminent stroke level, from the stress here. My therapist says I'm on the verge of a myocardial enfarction—a fatal blood clot. That I have to leave my family and get into another space. Mike, I have to come back to Canada where I can breathe; my heart and lungs labor against the fucking smog here, the stagnant air.

Jamis came down in '74 and we had a terrible fight, so there's nothing there with her. I just don't know, Mike, what to do.

You understand. I've met a girl here whom I really love, and now she has cancer; lymphoma, and it has metastasized (fuck the spelling). She's in remission now, but she has maybe five years to live at best. She's 23 years old, beautiful and brilliant and wonderful and she loves me, and we're both physically dying. Where is the answer in all this? She will take an apartment (suite) with me, and we can live together, but for how long? With my cardiovascular problems and her malignancy...one of us could die any day. I swear, Mike, the air is poison here in the L.A. area. It's true. And the pace, the pressure. I have 7 books in production that

I have to be constantly actively involved with—long distance phonecalls from New York almost every day.

Robert Heinlein told me in '74 it'd kill me to live here, with the smog and the Harlan Ellison type of lifestyle. My wife has no use for me; she's gone all day at school; my son is in kindergarten all day; I must work and worry—I owe the IRS (Internal Revenue) five thousand dollars...no, I paid them one thousand, so it's four. Due on May 20th. And I earn \$30,000 a year now, hustling my ass. we have a sports car and a Dodge with air conditioning...

This is a desperate letter, written in despair. To an old friend. Worst of all is to love a girl who has cancer and won't live long. I swear, Mike, it's too much for me; one day she's up, the next day she's in bed. How long will the remission last? A week? A year? Has the malignancy returned already?

So I may see you one of these days. I've put some money aside, for a trip. Please write me. SCANNER comes out next January, as a mainstream novel, with big ad budget, with Ballantine doing the softback reprint. I'm a success now, commercially, so what? SO WHAT?

We just sold 3 old titles of mine to Bantam for \$20,000, and they're going to buy 3 more when available. Heavy bread. Heavy sorrow. As you know, I won the John W. Campbell Memorial Award for TEARS. Time magazine interviewed and photographed me...4 days later I was in the Cardiac Unit, and they didn't know if I'd live. I'm not made for the big time.

Sorry to cry on your shoulder, but I know you can handle it. I may be seeing you in a few weeks. Write me soon, PLEASE. Tell me to come back up there, okay?

With warm personal affection,  
Phil Dick

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[TO JUDY-LYNN DEL REY]

June 3, 1976

Dear Judy-Lynn,

Just a quick note—I will be moving in a few days from now. My new address: 408 E. Civic Center Drive, Apartment C-1, Santa Ana, Calif 92701. New phone number: (714) 836-7552. I've split up with my wife...it's very sad, but the doctors say my cardiovascular problem is acute now and that I must dissolve my marriage or reduce the stress on me.

Love,  
Phil Dick

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[TO SHARON JARVIS]

June 3, 1976

Dear Sharon,

I am moving—will have moved by the time you get this. My new address: 408 E. Civic Center Drive, Santa Ana, Calif 92701, apartment C-1.

You had your chance to marry me and you turned me down. However, I found someone else.

My new phone number: (714) 836-7552.

Wish me luck.

Love,  
Philip K. Dick

P. S. I am not mad at you for not marrying me, but I'd still like a picture of you.

[TO MARK HURST]

*June 3, 1976*

Dear Mark,

I am moving—will have moved by the time you get this. My new address: 408 E. Civic Center Drive, Apt. C-1, Santa Ana, Calif. 92701. New phone number: (714) 836-7552.

I'll be in touch. Tessa and I have split up, but you can still stay with "us", the "us" however will be Sherri and I instead.

Life is strange.

I hope the sick snail mail arrived; there were/are some good books therein.

Love,  
Phil Dick

[TO CLAUDIA BUSH]

*June 11, 1976*

Dear Claudia,

Well, Claudia, here's the great s-f author all happy and alive and well, in his apartment with the girl he loves, having dissolved at last a truly fucked marriage (if you'll permit me to say it). By an odd quirk of fate, I am typing this on the little electric I bought Sherri, which I guess shows that it wasn't disinterested love in the first place but SCHEMING. Anyhow, it's an outta sight apartment, I thought I wouldn't be able to adjust from a house to an apartment, but it's super quiet here, with s-f type security....like, on channel 6 of our TV set we can watch the closed-circuit video scanning of the great front gate of this fortress type complex. And vast steel bars close after you when you park your car in the underground garage; the gates open only in response to magnetic coding on a card. Wow. Our bedroom overlooks St. Joseph's Church, and we're awakened by church bells in the morning, which, given my religious bent, is allll riiight with me. I've known Sherri since around 1973, so she's a friend of some duration already, which is good. Her possessions and mine, when all had been moved here from my ex-house and her ex-apartment, just melded into a single entity; anyone coming here would see everything we have as a unity, which is quite surprising, when you think about it, since we've only been living together a few days.

Tomorrow the *Hour 25* interviewer and his engineer and a guy who is doing a screenplay of *MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE* are driving down here; I will tape an hour to be used on the four *Pacifica FM* stations. It is my intention to read into the mike and onto tape the funny suicide scene from *A SCANNER DARKLY*. Few people write funny suicide scenes any more. I think I qualify as an expert in this matter, but we'll pass over that.

In a way I miss Tessa and Christopher—I still get up at 6:30 am which is when Christopher always got me up. I called Tessa yesterday to arrange to see Christopher today, but Tessa said, "Sorry; we have other plans." My life keeps recirculating the same script pages over and over. No ex-wife of mine ever let me see my child/children. Bummer. Well, so it went. Anyhow, I wanted to write you as soon as I could, if for no other reason than to give you my new address (vide below). What can I say, Claudia? I did the right thing. Being married to Tessa was killing me by inches, a little death, like a teaspoon full, each day. Now I am happy, for the first time in years. Will it last? Not meaningful as a question, because I was already miserable, and if this falls through (which I doubt it will) I would be not as bad off as I was....which is what all my friends have pointed out. I really surprised and delighted them when I made this move; for one thing, they didn't think I had the strength to do it, emotionally. I didn't, but I wanted to so goddam much that I did it anyhow. I just fucking did it, and here I am, sitting at Sherri's desk using her typewriter while she's still in the sack in the master bedroom (where my typewriter is; I don't want to bother her). It's about nine in the morning now, and she needs sleep. I'm too excited and happy to sleep any longer than I have to.

At night I keep having bad dreams, the same one, that Tessa somehow forces me through some cruel game to return to her and that bad marriage. But then I wake up, and there lies Sherri, little and beautiful and sound asleep like a bird safe in its nest. We both feel very safe, here—for many reasons. We've both been so physically ill for so long, and it is such a good feeling for each of us to know the other is there in case of trouble. I gave Tessa the Fiat spyder sportscar, and really, we had a very civilized break-up, in terms of dividing the property etc. Tessa said she felt there was a certain true nobility in what I was doing, and Tessa is not inclined to flattery; I felt she, too, was showing noble qualities at the end. I really think she wishes me luck. I heard from my oldest daughter Laura yesterday; I had phoned her and told her I was leaving Tessa and it was screwing up my head, so Laura, who is now fifteen, sent me the neatest letter, and a recent picture of herself, a photo of her at her high school prom, in the floor length dress I helped pay for; wow, is she a fox! I swear, I could cast her in a movie. Blond long hair, tall...unreal. My little girl growing up to be a fox. Too much.

It is a strange universe, Claudia ("Compared to what?" I can hear you saying). How did I get from there to here? It's impossible. I HAVE MOVED OUT OF FULLERTON! At last! With my stereo, books and records and typewriter and clothes, stripped of my major assets (Fiat, refrigerator, etc.), but wow.

I was thinking last night, You know, Phil, the worst thing you ever did in your life, your worst mistake, was trying year after year to be a good person. I think now, You don't try to be a good person; you just are what you are and do what you do, and if it's good, okay, and if not, then not, and the hell with it.

My therapist told me that, but I didn't understand it. Two psychiatrists told me that, too—shit, four told me that. "Take off the hair shirt," they kept telling me. I was always trying to be Mr. Nice. Never get mad, not blow up, always bow and scrape and say, "Yassuh, master," a good white nigger, if you see what I mean. And up and up went my blood pressure, and then finally the heart complication, and I was ready to cash in any day. So I did something loose and wicked and sinful that I really wanted to do. I'm sure God isn't pissed with me. The guy who is doing the MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE screenplay gave me a script he'd already written, and in it God wears a t-shirt with his name (God) on it. And He is always buying girls drinks. I told the author it was the healthiest damn script I'd seen in years, and right away I could flash on how it applied to me; I mean, how old fashioned my view of God has been.

I better sign off. Write me. I hope you are happy, too, baby. We both deserve it, after having worked our asses off far too long, and for what?

Love,  
Phil

[TO SHARON JARVIS, *first draft fragment*]

June 25, 1976

Dear Sharon,

I have your letter of June 22 in which you ask where I got the Heinrich Heine' poem, "Der Atlas." Actually, since it was written around 1827, you don't need permission. However, I got the poem from: LYRIC POEMS AND BAL-LADS, Heinrich Heine, Translated by Ernst Feise, McGraw-Hill Company, Inc., New York 1961, page 104, final (untitled) poem on page.

I thought you would ask which Goethe's FAUST I used; I don't have the volume now (Tessa took it when we split up

[TO SHARON JARVIS, *second draft*]

June 25, 1976

Dear Sharon,

I have your letter of June 22 in which you ask where I got the Heinrich Heine poem, "Der Atlas." Actually, since it was first published around 1827, you don't need permission. However, I got the poem from: LYRIC POEMS AND BAL-LADS, Heinrich Heine, Translated by Ernst Feise, McGraw-Hill Company, Inc., New York 1961, page 104, final (untitled) poem on page.

I thought you would ask which Goethe's FAUST I used; I don't have the volume now (Tessa took it when we split up), but as I recall it was the New Direc-

tions edition, 1941. Maybe I don't quote enough from his English translation to make it necessary to get permission.

Today the temperature was 103 and I can hardly type. There are wildfires and forest fires all over the L.A. area; the air is dirty and heavy, and we're all feeling ill.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO RALPH VICINANZA]

June 26, 1976

Dear Ralph,

Here is the copyright information you requested for *Le Livre de Poche*.

"The Electric Ant." 1969 Mercury Press. First appeared in *Magazine of Fantasy & Science-Fiction*.

"The Impostor." 1953 Street & Smith Publications. First appeared in *Astounding Science Fiction*.

"The Father-Thing." 1954 Fantasy House. First appeared in *The Magazine of Fantasy & Science-Fiction*.

"The Defenders." 1953 Galaxy Publishing Corp. First appeared in *Galaxy Magazine*.

"Expendable." 1953 Fantasy House. First appeared in *The Magazine of Fantasy & Science-Fiction*.

"The Short Happy Life of the Brown Oxford." 1954 Fantasy House. First appeared in *The Magazine of Fantasy & Science-Fiction*.

"Autofac." 1955 Galaxy Publishing Corp. First appeared in *Galaxy Magazine*.

Thank you, Ralph, for this sale, and the other royalties you recently sent me from France.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO TONY HISS]

June 26, 1976

Dear Tony,

This is to give you my new address and phone number, which appear below. Santa Ana is just south of Disneyland. I can never get away from Disneyland. It is still—I mean, I am still—in Orange County. Wow.

What happened is that Tessa and I split up. Well, so it goes. Anyhow, I am looking forward to being interviewed, as you said I would be. In fact, I live to be interviewed.

I've been very busy with my career—all sorts of books of mine, both new and used, are coming out. (Bantam bought three old titles of mine for \$20,000, which is a lot, isn't it?) In August my collaboration with Roger Zelazny, DEUS IRAE, is released by Doubleday. Then Ballantine issues THE BEST OF PHILIP K. DICK, and reissues MARTIAN TIME-SLIP. In January, Doubleday brings out A SCANNER DARKLY.

I sure liked the copies of *The Real World*. I guess you know you spelled "weird" wrong. Or someone did. (Does that mean I don't get to be interviewed? Because I mentioned it?)

Keep in touch, as I want to be interviewed.

With warm regards to both you and your father,

Philip K. Dick

[TO ISA HACKETT]

June 26, 1976

Dear Isa,

Thank you for the wonderful letter!! And also, thank you for the beautiful Father's Day card! It was certainly nice of you to remember me on Father's Day. I shall keep the card always.

Cynthia is a nice name for your doll, Isa, and I am glad you love her. I've never seen a doll like that before. The lady who makes these dolls is a really nice lady who laughs a lot, one of the nicest ladies I ever met. Her name is Gertrude. I believe she has her name on the doll somewhere, doesn't she?

I'm not living in a house any more. I just have an apartment, now, in a town south of Disneyland. It's a good apartment, with two bedrooms; when you come here you will have your own room, with your own bed, as before. We'll try to make that soon. Your mother told me you'd be in camp for a while. When do you get back from that? Maybe we can have you fly down here then.

It's been terribly hot here, and there've been forest fires and awful brush fires, north of us in Ventura and Los Angeles counties. Yesterday the temperature was 103. So we kept the air conditioning on all day. I went outside to get the mail and I could hardly believe how hot it was. I'm living in the midst of the Mexican Barrio, but in a very large building, like a fort (exactly like the Amalo [sic], in fact); we have locked gates, even for parking the car. When I go to park my car I have to stick a special magnetic card into the slot, and then this enormous iron gate rolls back, like in a castle. I've seen such gates in movies about castles. It's amazing.

We can watch the front entrance of the building on closed circuit TV, on channel 6! So when someone rings our bell we can see who it is...and we can talk to them on a special intercom system. I guess you've seen such things as that. It's very modern.

Well, Isa, I am living near several churches—about eight churches, in fact. The one I go to is just two blocks away. It is called The Church of the Messiah. I take communion there. My friend Sherri is what they call a "lay reader" there,

which means that at mass she reads to the congregation from the Bible. It's exciting. The priest, Father Adams, is very nice.

Be happy and send me a picture if you have one. I love you, Isa, and I think about you all the time.

Love,  
Dad

[TO ROBERT JAFFE]

June 27, 1976

Dear Robert,

My friend the film freak tells me that your recent film "Lion" is the second best film ever made. He has now seen it eleven times. ("Clockwork Orange," in his opinion, is number one.) You may take this as a compliment.

Meanwhile, how are you doing? I saw the footage on the Channel 4 news about you guys and your S-F film in which a computer gang-bangs this chick. Wow. It looks good, in contrast to "Logan's Run," which my old buddy George Clayton Johnson did. Please make a good S-F film, as we are all embarrassed by "Logan's Run." (The Channel 4 film critic already tore it to shreds.)

Why I am writing to you is this. For years I have wanted to see my Hugo-award-winning novel THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE turned into a film script. Recently, since Bantam and Ballantine and Doubleday are in the process of making me rich and famous, due to various new and used novels of mine coming out, I have commissioned a script of MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE to be made. Two guys are working on it right now. I gave them a free 90-day option on the book; that is how sure I am that their script will be A-Okay. I have seen parts of it, and it's better even than I had hoped.

*You want to see it when it's done?*

As I am the secret power behind the throne in this matter, I can arrange for Herb Jaffe Associates to have first refusal on the screenplay for MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE. The premise of the piece: that Germany and Japan won World War Two, and have divided the U.S.A. into three parts: the Japanese-controlled zone on the West Coast, a Mid-West buffer state, and then the Nazis back on the East Coast. The novel has sold well over 300,000 copies, and is a classic in the field. Interestingly, it has been published in both West Germany and Japan. In West Germany the publisher went right out of business as soon as he published it. Very strange, nicht Wahr? (The book is very anti-Nazi.)

I'm currently in a situation familiar to me, the basic template of my existence; my marriage to Tessa collapsed exactly upon my current career success. This always happens to me: lucky in my writing, unlucky in my marriage. I am living in Santa Ana with a girlfriend and am quite happy, however (it pays to have other irons in the fire, other fish to fry, etc.). You must meet Sherri. She must meet you. We must all get together.

Let me know if you do indeed want to see the screenplay for THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE. Also let me know how you are doing, in particular the new S-F film about the computer that does that terrible thing to that poor girl (care to cast me as the computer?).

With best personal regards,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO MR.SOLVIG]

June 27, 1976

Dear Mr. Solvig:

I enjoyed talking with you on the phone the other day. It is, of course, Sherri's welfare that concerns you and me the most, and I'm glad to report that she is doing fine. Her main problem is that she doesn't eat enough. Well, that is something I've been able to change. Tonight, for instance, we had bacon and liver, which to my mind is a good hearty meal. Her color is excellent and she appears to be gaining weight. I'm going to keep working at it until she's back up to about 110 pounds.

I've known Sherri for several years; she was going with my best friend, Norman Spinrad, who is also a science fiction writer, as I am. I thought Norman treated her very shabbily, and I always felt badly about it. Later, when he moved back to New York, I told him that Sherri was sick, and he never called or wrote her. So I never called or wrote him again.

During the past two years I worried all the time about Sherri. She has so many abilities, so much on the ball; I don't think in all my life I've ever known anyone so intelligent and full of wit and humor and insight and life. For some reason people keep letting her down, the way Norman did. I kept watching this happen; I kept seeing people disappoint Sherri again and again, and I always felt ashamed when it happened, as if in some way it was my fault. Finally I decided that even if it wasn't my fault, at least I could do something to make it up to her, which is why I am here with her now. Sherri has been robbed of so many things in life that she is entitled to—I can't make up for all of it, but I can sure do the best I can for her.

When she got so dreadfully sick, a little over a year ago, I never got over it. I lost interest in the various things which made up my life, such as my writing. I didn't even want to see my daughter Isa; I just got progressively more and more depressed. Then when Sherri got better, last winter, she moved to Santa Ana and I lost track of her. I don't drive very much; I'm from the Bay Area, and the freeway traffic is too much for me down here. It was my impression that Sherri was doing okay, after she moved to Santa Ana, and then one time when I phoned her she was crying. She said she wished she hadn't gotten well, that it would have been better if she died. So I got into my car and drove to see her in her little apartment for the first time.

I found her living on almost no money, with almost no one visiting her any longer. The church people visited her constantly while she was sick, but when she

got well they really forgot about her and turned to other things. That was basically why she got so depressed. Also she had no typewriter she could use, to type up her poems and stories. A friend and I bought her a new electric typewriter. But that didn't seem to me enough. It was just the start. There had to be more.

In the little apartment she was living in she was afraid a lot of the time, and rightly so, since it was in a tough neighborhood, and drunks would pound on her door at five a.m. I got her this apartment here where there's a locked gate, and the underground garage is locked, and the apartment door has a deadbolt. That was good, but it still wasn't enough. What is enough when it comes to a person like Sherri? A person of so much worth...you give her all you have, and you still feel that it isn't enough. You feel—I feel anyhow—as if she's still being shortchanged by life, despite all my efforts. Anyhow, I am doing what I can.

Sherri seems quite happy, and she is busy most of the time, not just lying around thinking about the losses and sorrows of the past. In fact she laughs a lot, which is great. She has a wonderful laugh. I guess you know that.

This has not been a thought-out letter, but rather just my thoughts and feelings about Sherri. I had intended to tell you all about the many books I've published, and how good my prospects are in terms of future sales, especially in the first quarter of 1977 when a number of books of mine will be published, including my first mainstream—i.e. potential best seller—novel. But it is Sherri that I have on my mind, not my career. She is quite a person, Mr. Solvig. I know you are proud of her, and so am I. Also, I am proud that the opportunity came for me to be with her and to do something to make her happy. Every time she laughs I know it's going to be okay. And she is an excellent cook!

With deepest personal regards,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO MARK DOUGLAS]

June 28, 1976

Dear Mark Douglas,

Thank you for your nice letter of June 10th. I must tell you something sad: writing s-f does not pay. I've been writing twenty-five years and can still say that I enjoy it, but alas, I cannot say that I have made anything from it really. There are not very many s-f writers who've made anything; Robert Heinlein has made good money, but he is the exception. Advances, when you figure in the inflation factor, are lower now than twenty years ago; for my most recent novel, for instance, I got only \$3,000, which is only a fraction of what a mainstream writer would have gotten. We are in category, as they call it; novels which (so the publishers reason) appeal only to a few people, to a limited market.

What I would advise you is this: write s-f if you enjoy writing s-f, but do not do it for the hope of financial return or recognition. I sell on a worldwide basis, and could not go on except for what I make from the U.K., France and

Holland; the U.S. pays particular badly. It is true that s-f does sell on a world-wide basis, so you can make a living from it. But in this country, grocery clerks make more.

Personally, I enjoy writing s-f so much that if I can manage to pay the rent and utilities I am happy. I own an old car, no house; I live in a small apartment with only my books and records. But it has been a good life for me. In s-f you can say what you want—more so than is any other literary medium. And that is important.

I believe that in your country s-f is not looked down on, as it is here. In the U.S. when someone learns that you write s-f for a living they feel only contempt for you; they think of rocketships and such like. In England you wouldn't have that stigma, evidently, so you would have an advantage over an American s-f writer.

I wish I could say something more cheerful about the pay, but you did ask, and I am in a position to answer. The situation is not going to change. It never has; it never will. We are currently getting academic acceptance, now, for the first time, but that is a mixed blessing, since the professors tend to read things into your writing which isn't there. The TV program *Star Trek* tended to calcify s-f at the 1965 stage, which is another bad matter; there is still an enormous interest in that reactionary control-room drama with the captain sitting watching the viewscreen as something ominous appears.

Please don't let this discourage you, though; the field has seen far worse periods (as for instance around 1950 when nothing at all of worth was being written). The field needs new writers, new life, coming into it, and the small financial rewards should not be a barrier to the serious & dedicated new writer. I do wish you luck; you would find it emotionally and spiritually rewarding, especially if you have something truly new and creative to say.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

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[TO RICHARD A. LUPOFF, *fellow s-f writer*]

June 28, 1976

Dear Dick,

Thank you for writing me. What can I say? Can't recall when I ever got such a good letter before. Please say hello to tyou—fuck. Please say hello to your lovely wife Pat for me (the heat—103—is making me type backward and sideways; please forgive it).

Yes, I appreciate your giving my address to the black lady from Oakland. She is a wild one indeed.

Have David send me a copy of THE TRIUNE MAN. As to my autographing books, I just moved here to Santa Ana and my wrapping-packages-situation is a mess, so maybe you should hold off for a little while before sending me anything

which I have to send back. I don't even know where to buy brown paper and tape in this strange place yet. My girlfriend whom I am living with knows but she won't tell me. We had a terrible fight about theology the other night and she poured half a can of Coors beer down the front of my shirt and then I poured the rest down her front and she left for a while. I think she went over to our church to pray.

She says I am a heretic. Did I spell that right? I gave her a tract back to read. Oh yeah; that's when she poured the beer all over me.

(I separated from my wife Tessa at the start of this month. Now Tessa is suing me for everything I've got, including half the royalties on *A SCANNER DARKLY*, *FLOW MY TEARS* and *DEUS IRAE*, so I guess I won't ever get rich. It figures (see my article in *SCINTILLATION*). *A SCANNER DARKLY* will be my first mainstream novel, and I saw a memo from Ballantine to Doubleday in which Judy-Lynn says, "It's now up to you to see that this becomes a big bestseller" (sic), but there goes the heavy bread. Lost in divorce court, alas. !)

Right now I am living in a little apartment with only my books and records; that's all I got in the way of property from my marriage. Tessa got the sportscar and the refrigerator and my son Christopher. Right now we are trying to locate Tessa so I can see how my son is. Don't ever get divorced. It hurts.

This has been a disjointed letter. I can't find my son; my girlfriend is off praying for my soul; I'm covered with dried beer, if there is such a thing; I owe the IRS \$3,850 which is due within a month; and tomorrow at 1:00 (what? I mean 1:00) p.m. I have to tape a soap opera for my girlfriend, *Ryan's Hope*, because she will be helping our priest move. He has a bad back and can't do it himself. Is this any way to live? God, I'm whining like Barry Malzberg! Really, it isn't as bad as I make out.

I will look forward to reading your book and giving you a blurb comment. Maybe I'll come up to the Bay Area soon and visit you guys. I think my son Christopher is in the Bay Area somewhere. That's what my attorney thinks, anyhow. Also I have two very lovely daughters up there and a whole bunch of ex-wives, all of whom like me now that they don't ever see me.

Say hello to everyone for me.

With warm personal regards,  
Phil Dick

[TO SECURITY PACIFIC BANK]

July 9, 1976

Dear Sirs:

Enclosed is my check for \$4.81 to cover the overdraft on my account, #045-455. Also, I am sending a \$10 deposit (with slip) for that account, in case a check comes through against it.

Thank you.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO ROBERT P. DES JARDINS, *attorney*]

July 10, 1976

Dear Mr. Des Jardins:

Here are as many particulars on my phone company situation as I can recall. A judgement was obtained against me in small claims court in Marin County in late 1971. I don't remember what my phone number was, but it was a San Rafael number in the 415 area code. The matter was handled through the credit department of the Walnut Creek branch of the phone company, and it was to them that I was making regular monthly payments after the judgement. I believe I owe them something under \$200. Their number is: (415) 935-9000.

So I would like you to negotiate my way out of this vis-a-vis the Walnut Creek people. I do have the money to pay off the balance.

Thank you very much.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO MARCEL THAON]

July 19, 1976

Dear Marcel,

How nice to hear from you. Many things have happened to me recently. In February my wife Tessa left me, taking my little son Christopher, and I suffered a heart attack and had to be taken by ambulance to the hospital. I did not have any money, so I was taken to the county hospital, where I was placed in the Intensive Care Cardiac Unit, hovering between life and death. Later on I returned home, very frail, and then was asked by Ballantine Books to greatly rewrite *A SCANNER DARKLY*, which I did. It will be out next January. *DEUS IRAE* will be released next month. As to *CONFESIONS OF A CRAP ARTIST*, since only 500 copies were printed, it is quite rare and hard to find, but later on a paperback will be released. Laffont in France has already purchased it. Back to my personal life, now. Last month I left Tessa and am living with another lady, a girl who was once Norman Spinrad's girlfriend. Her name is Sherri and I love her very much.

Yes, indeed, I would enjoy being interviewed by your sister, so please do give her my new address, and my new phone number. Recently I was on the air here in Los Angeles, an hour-and-a-half interview which went well. I enjoy interviews. *Time* magazine interviewed me, but never printed it (not yet, anyhow).

I think you will greatly approve of *A SCANNER DARKLY*, since the improvements Judy-Lynn Del Rey at Ballantine suggested have made it into a superb novel. She particularly wanted the female protagonist Donna expanded as a role, which I did to quite an extent.

Currently, I am working on what I believe will be my most important novel, *TO SCARE THE DEAD*; I already have almost 300,000 words of notes. It is theological in character, but has nothing to do with drugs! I want no misunderstanding about that.

The interest in my work which you have shown delights me, also the response I continue to receive in France. All my novels are being reissued here in the USA! For instance, Bantam books, which is the largest paperback house in the USA, has purchased three older titles of mine, and have an option on three more when they are available; these are the six which Doubleday originally purchased. They paid \$20,000 for the first three, and I suppose the same for the remaining three. Bantam has 17,500 racks. An enormous number!

Keep in touch, Marcel, and say hello to all my friends there. Tell them that a friend and I are writing a screenplay of THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE, which is a very exciting project indeed.

With deepest personal regards,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO STATE OF CALIFORNIA]

July 15, 1976

Dear Sirs:

I am very sorry not to have been in communication with you regarding my tax debt, but I recently separated from my wife, thus my affairs are in disorder. I have no available funds at present to pay either you or the federal tax people, but upon receiving the notice from you today of my unpaid tax assessment I telephoned my publisher, Doubleday, and asked my editor there when some royalties would be available to me. She said that next month they are going to be paying out the accrued royalties, and I could expect money then. I would appreciate it if you could see your way to wait until the Doubleday royalty payment reaches me, since it should be enough for me to pay off my tax liabilities federal as well as state. I have turned over a list of my debts to my attorney and he is presently determining which are entirely mine and which are to be divided between me and my wife. Since my wife and I filed our taxes jointly, I would think that our debt to you would be divided equally between us; perhaps you could tell me if this is so or not.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO JACK SCOVIL]

July 24, 1976

Dear Jack:

The California State Income Tax people are after me for what I owe them; they say if I don't pay it right away they will seize my assets. Therefore, sadly, I am asking if I can borrow an additional \$500 from you.

The money from Bantam should be along soon; I was talking to Sharon Jarvis and she again assured me about it.

Thank you.

Cordially,  
Phil

[TO JACK SCOVIL]

July 30, 1976

Dear Jack:

Veronica Mixon at Doubleday sent this to me instead of to you, for some reason; anyhow, at long last, here is the Bantam pay-off for \$3,500. Wow.

Cordially,  
Phil

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[TO ROBERT & VIRGINIA HEINLEIN]

July 30, 1976

Dear Robert and Ginny,

Well, the tax people are after me again, saying many disagreeable things. I hate to ask you if I could borrow from you again, but we were able to pay you back soon the time before, and I have plumb run out of ways to raise all the money for them. I have raised a good deal of it, but I still lack \$1,685.19. This is just about what I lacked before. I will be receiving a neat \$6,000 next January from Bantam, so I could for a certainty pay you back then—possibly before. If you could loan it to me it would certainly be a big help.

By and large I've been feeling quite good: my hopes (and emotions) are tied up in my new anti-drug novel, *A SCANNER DARKLY*, which will be released next January. Everything good in the world happens to me next January, evidently. The book is to be released as a mainstream (i.e. trade) novel, Doubleday doing the hardback, and Ballantine doing the softback; it was Judy-Lynn del Rey at Ballantine that did all the editing on the MS with me, and what a job she did! What changes she required! It is the first time in my career that a really top notch editor has gone over a novel of mine page by page...it took a great deal of work to make the changes she requested, but they do improve it. I had dropped one character half-way through, the female lead; Judy-Lynn said no, and no it was.

I'm currently living in Santa Ana, wondering why. It is dreadfully hot here, but I do have my black cat Harvey with me, so my morale is excellent, since Harvey is a way of life all to himself. I got him a lady cat to keep him amused, Mrs. Mabel M. Tubbs, and Harvey chases her around the apartment once for breakfast and once for dinner. Mrs. Tubbs is somewhat stout, so I believe it will be good for her.

My work-in-progress is a theological novel, *TO SCARE THE DEAD*. And, on August 6th, *DEUS IRAE* comes out, the theological novel which Roger Zelazny and I worked on for twelve years. I'm afraid it's not all that good...but we did our best.

Hoping you are both well. I heard about the blood drive down here at L.A. Friends of mine came down from the Bay Area to hear Robert speak.

With warm personal regards,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO WADE \_\_\_\_\_]

July 30, 1976

Dear Wade,

Please send me various snuffs as I am extremely depressed. Maybe some Jasmine and others like that, and especially some Beau Nash. Some of the fruit flavors recently introduced, and the old standbys. What I have still are: Inchkenneth and Bezoar Fine Grind; I really need Specific #1, and maybe Cameleopard #5 and Mrs. Sidden's. Also I need some Wren's Relish. I am enclosing a check for \$20.

Back in February my wife left me and I had a heart attack and was in the hospital for eleven days, in the intensive cardiac care unit. Then this last June I decided that the marriage was hopeless and left her for another woman, and it's not working out at all. Last night my new girlfriend went out with another guy "for a cup of coffee" and was gone from seven-thirty until midnight. Right now she is having lunch with another guy, so you can see why I am depressed. I think I gave up everything for nothing. Anyhow, my new book DEUS IRAE is out, and next January my great work, my anti-drug novel A SCANNER DARKLY, my first mainstream novel, comes out, with (I hope) much publicity. I think it is the best thing I've done, and this is what keeps me going. I worked on it from 1971 to 1976.

I'm sure the shipment of snuff from you will cheer me up. Thank you very much, and I hope all is well with you.

Very cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

P. S. Also my wife after I left her blew up the engine of my sportscar, which I gave her in settlement, the only sportscar I ever had. Now she writes that she wants one thousand dollars from me to fix it. These are the sorrows of this world, which really get to men. This is the heart of it all, ones sportscar.

[TO NANCY HACKETT]

August 2, 1976

Dear Nancy,

I have come to a very painful conclusion, after much thought and prayer. Here it is: I do not think that I am presently living in an environment suitable for Isa, and therefore I do not think it would be a good idea for her to come down here to visit this summer.

Frankly, I do not believe it would be honest toward you for me to have her down here, since you do not know my current situation. I have never told you. It is not something which Isa should be exposed to, in my opinion, and I think it would be your opinion as well, if you were aware of the circumstances. It is not in accord with God's will.

Last summer the situation was totally different; I was with Tessa, my wife, and I had Christopher my little son, and we were in a house across from a park

in a nice neighborhood in Fullerton, which is a quiet family town. It is extremely difficult for me to tell you this, Nancy, but I am living in some very dismal slums, here in Santa Ana, a high crime district, perhaps the worst in Orange County. This building has a high-security locked gate, closed circuit TV monitor, underground garage with sliding metal gates opened by a computer magnetic card. No children are allowed to live in this building, so there is no other child for Isa to play with while she is here; nor would she even be allowed to go into the building or leave it unless I was with her every moment of the time; hence she would not be able even to walk up to the little park up the street alone. She would not be allowed to play anywhere on the steps or stairs or in the courtyard of this building unless I were with her at all times, supervising her; in fact she wouldn't even be allowed to go in or out of the door of this apartment alone. I only got this place because nothing else was available at the time; you know how that is, and after I had paid my hundred dollar deposit and went to get the key I found I had to sign a six month lease.

There is more, which as I say I have extreme difficulty in telling you. I am living with a woman to whom I am not married, and I do not think it is a fit, Christian thing to bring Isa down here under these circumstances; I would not want Isa to know that her father left his wife and child to go to live with another woman to whom he is not married. This is not to say that Sherri is in any way a bad person or would be a bad influence on Isa; quite the contrary. It is the *situation* which I would not like Isa to see—her Dad living this kind of life, which, I had hoped, was over for me.

Sherri is a devout Episcopalian, which is why I am living in this area; we're only two blocks from The Church of the Messiah, which is her church. She is going to be going to seminary school in a couple of years to study for the priesthood. Nonetheless I do not feel this offsets the situation disadvantage for Isa, and I think that with your own strict Bible orientation and training, you would probably agree.

In all Christian honesty I could not receive Isa down here under false pretenses, Nancy, knowing that you did not have an adequate basis for assessing my current situation, that in fact you would assume it fit for Isa on my say-so. And I cannot accept the idea of Isa coming here to be shocked by these discoveries after she got here, and having to adjust to them—which she should not have to do; Isa, with her devout Christian background that you are providing her, should never have to accommodate to such conditions. How I square this situation personally is a matter strictly between me and God *unless or until I bring my daughter down here*, and then I must be capable of justifying it for her and to her, *which I cannot do*. That is the truth of the matter. It is an unhappy truth which hurts me very much, but it is the case, and there was never any other path for me but to put it before you openly and honestly. I know the situation here, Nancy, and it is not right for Isa.

I would very much appreciate it if you did not tell her precisely why she can't come down here this summer; possibly you could simply describe the building here with its severe restrictions regarding children, and not mention my

cohabitation with Sherri. Do you suppose you could do that? I'll leave it up to you, but I really believe that for Isa's sake it would be better if you never told her. I greatly wish Isa to grow up with a high respect for the sanctity of marriage; I believe that to be terribly important for her, in fact vital for her, after what she has gone through with the breakup of our marriage in 1970. Could you arrange that, do you think?

This is so dreadfully distressing for me, but I am sure you approve my integrity and courage in telling you up front, and that in your Christian love you can understand.

Love,  
Phil

[TO JUDY-LYNN DEL REY]

*August 17, 1976*

Dear Judy,

It certainly was nice talking to you yesterday. I am enclosing the afterwords for the four new stories to go into my collection.

I haven't yet talked to Jack Scovil but I soon shall. The carbon on VALISYSTEM A seems okay, by the way.

Thanks again for the lovely covers on MARTIAN TIME-SLIP. Real quality.

Love,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO JACK & LINDA NEWKOM]

*August 18, 1976*

Dear Jack and Linda,

Jack, my girlfriend Sherri whom you met is evidently going to be leaving me. She wants to become an Episcopal priest and feels we are living in sin and it's against God's will, so I'll be looking for someone to share this neat apartment with. Do you think you and Linda might be interested? We'd be splitting 230 a month plus electricity.

In any case please phone me, as I am very low due to Sherri's plans for leaving; she would have split already except that I prevailed on her to stay a while. All her friends are church people and disapprove of her living with me.

Looks like you were right after all, Jack.

I just finished a novel. Ballantine phoned and asked to see the rough draft; they offered to top Bantam's offer of \$10,000 if they like it. Four publishers have asked for it, sight unseen.

So phone me: 836-7552.

Best,  
Phil Dick

[TO TESSA DICK]

August 18, 1976

Dear Tessa,

Thank you for your nice letter of the 14th with the cartoon. I'm glad Chris is OK. It means a lot to hear about him and how he is doing. I, too, am waiting for the SCANNER money. Shouldn't be long, but I remember what they said about the Bantam money. However, I believe August is correct, as Sharon said.

I am writing VALISYSTEM A, now, these days, instead of TO SCARE THE DEAD, in order to raise money via DAW Books. It is not a very good novel, but I need the money and have no choice. It is in the first person, by me, about my friend Nicholas Brady who has all these weird religions/paranormal experiences. At the moment in the book that the transformation hits Brady, I switch to his viewpoint, a first in novel construction, and then I will switch back when the spirit or whatever drains off. I make the spirit a s-f entity, out of necessity; it is an intergalactic communications web that Nicholas has gotten accidentally patched into, to his surprise. When he was 4 years old, see, he gave a nickel to a blind bearded beggar, who was really a "supernatural entity," who later pays him back. The beggar was of course Elijah, but I don't say that. This incident did happen to me when I was 4. The great bearded white-haired old beggar gave me a little pamphlet about God in return for the nickel, which impressed me terribly at the time.

Speaking of God, I am evidently in the opposite corner from God. What I alluded to on the phone is that Sherri has decided to leave me because it is against God's will that we live together; she is entering Chapman in September to prepare for seminary school, to be a priest, and you can't live with someone when you are dedicated to God. There is a girlfriend of hers who needs a roommate, and probably Sherri will move in with her very soon; it's only a question of time. I hate to be in the opposite corner from God ("wearing the black trunks and looking evil is Phil Dick, noted enemy of God," etc). I wish Sherri had told me all this 4 months ago. Anyhow, I am currently looking for another roommate; Tim won't move in with me because he has so many books he would have to move. I even asked K.W. Jeter. Well, thus go the plans of men. Sherri would have moved out already, except that I prevailed on her to stay a while. I talked to Claudia tonight and she said I could come there and stay with her a while.

That's really about all the news. I am gradually losing my crippling phobias; I can take walks, go to stores—I even bought Nancy's monthly cashier's check, and I can drive, so that's a plus. Harvey is fine; he eats first, and Mrs. Mabel M. Tubbs eats second if at all. Keep in touch, wish me luck, good luck on your car, and thank you again for your letter.

Love,  
Phil

[TO JUDY-LYNN DEL REL]

August 26, 1976

Dear Judy

Here enclosed is the copy of the Acknowledgement's Page back with the additions filled in. No, "the blank spaces" were not accurate, so I filled them in correctly.

It's one hell of a list of stories! I think it'll go over very well. You've got my first published story and my most recent, and a lot inbetween. I can't help saying that your way of doing things is better. Plenty better.

Love,  
Phil Dick

[TO SHARON JARVIS]

September 6, 1976

Dear Sharon

Here are the galleys and MS back for A SCANNER DARKLY, and I must admit to complete exhaustion in having done the proof reading. I made a number of changes which were necessary. In my opinion I did a good, thorough job, as did everyone else.

The novel is certainly the best I have ever done, but boy, does it have a sad ending. I really went to pieces after I had finished, which is what I did after writing it. Well, so it goes.

Lots of love to you, and as Judy says, please make this a "big best seller."

Love,  
Phil

P. S. Scott says that the Doubleday royalty money has not yet arrived. However, I still have my stereo to sell. Want to hear the story of my life sometime? It'd make a great novel.

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[TO DWAYNE BOGGS]

September 9, 1976

Dear Dwayne Boggs

In answer to the questions in your letter, I would say:

- 1) I have taken amphetamines, LSD, mescaline and phenothiazines.
- 2) I have used amphetamines for energy in order to write, since I was paid very little for each novel and story, and so had to write a lot; whether the amphetamines influenced the *content* of what I wrote I do not know.
- 3) I used amphetamines for about 18 years. They were prescribed for me due to depression.
- 4) No drug trip has ever inspired me to write anything except a small passage in my novel A MAZE OF DEATH that part being based on my first LSD experience (I took LSD only twice).

5) I take no drugs now at all. Keep in mind that during the time I took amphetamines their harmful effects were not known. The same can be said for LSD.

6) Yes, I certainly have used stimulants to make a deadline; i.e. the amphetamines.

7) I do NOT recommend that other writers—or other people in general—take drugs; it is not worth it. Soon I will have a novel out dealing with this, called, *A SCANNER DARKLY* (January of next year, Doubleday).

8) My drug experiences have allowed me to write more, but probably not better. *A SCANNER DARKLY*, written without the use of drugs, is certainly my best novel.

9) Further comment: drug use is a major mistake and I regret ever having become involved in it. I have seen too many people die or become permanently psychotic because of drugs.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO JOHN BUSH, *Victor Gollancz, London*]

September 10, 1976

Dear John

How nice to hear from you. Yes, I had heard from my agent that you had made an offer on *DEUS IRAE*, and he says that he has accepted it, which pleases me greatly.

As to *A SCANNER DARKLY*—it is now in galleys at Doubleday, and my agent is attempting to obtain copies of the galleys for offer in England. I had revised the novel one final time for Judy-Lynn del Rey at Ballantine, and when I read the galleys over it was the first time that the full impact of all the added scenes had hit me. I must say that in my opinion it is the best thing I have done, and her suggestions improved it a great deal. It is to drug use what *ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT* is to war, I think. I will never be able to write another novel like it or perhaps even as good as it. And, if I may say so, perhaps no one will.

So you may anticipate seeing galleys on *A SCANNER DARKLY* soon if my agent is able to get them from Doubleday; otherwise the book is released next January and he will have copies then. He understands that I feel it to be my best book yet or ever, and is eager to put it on the U.K. market.

Thank you so much for writing me.

With warm regards,  
Phil

[TO DOROTHY HUDNER]

September 6, 1976

Dear Dorothy,

Thank you so much for the loan of the \$200. I understand now that my Bantam money (\$4,000) will arrive this month, so there should be no problem. How-

ever, the Doubleday monies failed to appear, since Ballantine, the subsidiary publisher, failed to pay in on time; therefore I had to cash the check yesterday. Doubleday is attempting to ge the money for me anyhow, since we are on such good terms.

What I am mainly writing you about is to share an experience I had, back in March of 1974, which forms the topic of the new novel I sold to Bantam. It was, technically, a religious conversion—at least that is what my priest calls it. I have done 30 months of research on it (which form the basis of the novel) and have learned a great deal about the powers & entities which approached me, and I have some idea as to why they approached me—of all people—although that part is speculation. I wish to share it with you because, it being an authentic experience, it demonstrates the reality of a superior thinking entity of vast power which people normally call God, and this term is one I am willing to use, although it did not identify itself as such.

It came to me at the time of the vernal equinox, which is the actual birthdate of Christ, as I have learned. It came at a time when I was in great fear and distress and had lost all hope—which fits the pattern described by William James in his VARIETIES OF RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE. What this enormously wise and powerful entity did was to temporarily displace my ego and take over the problems which faced me, solving the, and, in addition, showering other gifts on me and on Christopher as well. When the novel comes out you can read about it in detail. For exactly one year this entity communicated with me, although the theolepsy was only a few days in duration; still, during those days, I possessed its wisdom and some of its power, and saw the universe quite differently, and my own purpose and reason for being here; in fact, for having been born. The entity, which in the novel I call Valis (for Vast Active Living Intelligence System) informed me of a dreadful conspiracy of evil men who had killed the Kennedy brothers, Dr. King, Jim Pike and others, and told me that it—the entity—had seen all this and would destroy them. Later I understood that the Watergate conspirators were meant. I was to contribute a small part in bringing them down; since I lived in Fullerton, where Congressman Charles Wiggins comes from, I was to begin writing him letters which the entity would dictate, concerning constitutional issues, issues which Nixon had violated, and above all, I was to make public by writing to the *Wall Street Journal*, the news that the Nixon transcripts were forgeries and self-serving. I did all this, and received personal responses from Congressman Wiggins; the letter to the *Wall Street Journal*, too, was published. The entity made it clear that it represented the spiratus veritas, the spirit of truth spoken of by Christ as the Helper who would assist man after his own death. I worked very hard on the task assigned me, glad to do it, since the entity had extricated me from a thrall of such magnitude that in all candor I still can't speak of it; needless to say, had it not, I would now be in prison—it had to do with civil disobedience on my part during the Viet Nam War, which would have meant, if arrested and convicted, some fifteen years in prison for me. The entity, during the brief period of theolepsy, dealt with the authorities and was so able in its eloquence and wisdom that it earned from the Federal Bureau of Investigation a letter of commendation

signed by the assistant director William A. Sullivan. Thus, the entity not only extricated me from a seemingly hopeless trap, but put me to work (in my small way) bringing to light the truth which eventually deposed the tyrant and all his henchmen. This took from March 1974 to August 1974.

The entity transported me from what is called secular time to sacred time (or eternity) and showed me the underlying structure of the universe, in particular the activity of the logos as it weaves the universe anew constantly. The entity restored my lost memories (a process called anamnesis) so that I could remember back over a time span of two to three thousand years. It spoke to me in Koine Greek, but soon abandoned that, since I did not understand it; however, that was its natural language when addressing humans. You can see from this, and from the fact that it healed me and Christopher physically of all our ailments, that I was in the hands of what is generally called the Holy Spirit, and I will accept that name, although it does not tell enough, since Christ himself, the cosmic Christ, was equally present. I was shown my name inscribed in the book of life, and I was shown the next world where humans, go, to rejoin their Creator; I heard the singing of angels and saw the beatific vision spoken of by the Medieval saints. Possessing a memory going back thousands of years, and having seen the world to come, I understood that I had been placed here for only a brief part of my total life, that I had come from starry heaven and would return. Lastly, the entity informed me that the Savior would return, be incarnated again, although no date was given; but I was shown that we should prepare for that event as if it might happen at any moment, and we should be constantly in a mood of joyful anticipation. I was, at one point, taken back to the first incarnation, and saw the vast Iron Prison which was—and still is—Rome, the physical presence of the evil spirit, the Prince of This World. It was shown to me that the prophecies of the Bible are all true and are systematically being fulfilled. The Parousia evidently is not far ahead of us.

I have wanted to write you about all this for some time; for one thing I was shown old friends, now departed, such as Nick and Tony Boucher and Jim Pike, still living on, but not separately—they had become aspects of God. Again and again I have wondered why I was picked for these revelations, but can find no answer; a Catholic priest with whom I spoke said that the Holy Spirit favors writers, but that hardly explains it: there are many writers. Perhaps the severity of my situation is more an explanation; let me tell you now, probably for the first time, that I was a tax protester during the Viet Nam War; I signed the Ramparts War Tax Protest Manifesto, and did not pay any taxes until the war ended, my objection being moral and derived from my Quaker background. I had not known that Christ promises in several of the gospels that if you are brought before the Magistrate on His behalf, He will speak for you, lending you a supernatural wisdom and eloquence. Even though I did not know of that promise, I think in my case it was kept—perhaps in all cases it is kept. I had not anticipated the Holy Spirit (who is also Christ) supplanting my human ego to speak for me, but He did, and I have never known a moment of fear since, only a sense of having participated knowingly in God's attack on the fearsome tyranny

of the Nixon gang which pressed down the people of this country and proposed to destroy the very structure of our republic. That I was given a role in the attack on this tyranny is the happiest thing in my life; that, and the memory of one year of dialog with the Holy Spirit, whose "still, small voice" has a beauty which no man can imagine who has not heard it.

I've told a few friends of my experience, but this is, after all, a secular world, and these friends thought I was either making it up or had gone crazy. My priest accepts it, and the experience contains the hallmarks of authentic charismatic contact. That there is a supernatural realm I do not doubt now, having had it impinge on me, even enter me to do battle for me at the time of greatest thralldom in my life. I would not be here now had the Spirit not intervened. It shows the love of God for his children—and I was made to understand this, too, that we literally came from above the stars to this place, from God the Father to this world...a world which has fallen into ruin and sorrow and must be—will be—saved by God's intervention. That intervention has already begun; in Portugal, Greece and the U.S.A. dreadful tyrannys fell, all at the same time, as God acted; but what is more important was the promise I heard, late one night as I listened to the voice of the Spirit, when it informed me that "St. Sophia will be born again; she was not acceptable before," and, when I looked in my reference books to see who St. Sophia was, I discovered that she is the logos or the Cosmic Christ, or Holy Wisdom, the first emanation from God, and that she or he or it was the creator of the universe, its lord, and will one of thse days be its judge.

All this should inspire joy in anyone who hears it; it is the godspell, the good news: Christ has risen and will return, but this time not to be judged but to judge, and to free men for all time to come. The rightful king is approaching, and the iron walls of the prison in which we live will fall at the sound of his horn, and the sight of his sword, the sword of battle and judgement.

Love,  
Phil

P. S. By the way—my bloodpressure is now normal for the first time in my adult life: 130 over 90. I had it taken this week.

p. S. The novel I'm sending you, DEUS IRAE, is not the new one which contains an account of my religious experience (that will be published by Bantam), but it does contain a few fragments which I worked in when I did the final revision. The mystical experience of Pete Sands which begins on page 30 is based on my own, as is the scene with Dr. Abernathy which begins on page 177. During my own experiences I was shown two worlds of unchange lying hidden beneath the veil ("Dokos" in Greek) that obscures reality: one of the visions was of the Iron Empire which is Rome, mentioned in the book of Daniel and in Revelation, and the other was the Holy Land or Garden of palm trees which Dr. Abernathy sees. At the time I saw them I was almost totally unfamiliar with the Bible, and did not recognize the Iron Empire as that which the two Biblical prophets saw. However, I

did recognize the pastoral kingdom of the palm trees for what it was; it was the last thing shown me, and I walked about in it for several hours, enjoying it exactly as Dr. Abernathy does in DEUS IRAE.

Evidently what I had been shown was, first a vision of the obscure oppression dominating us, which God is relieving us of through the intervention of Christ, and then, second, the world which is to come when that obscure domination of evil is removed. The similarity to the Garden of Eden is obvious, but my vision pointed to the future, not the past—although in the hypertime or orthogonal time into which I had been taken the past and the future are the same; things do not cease to be, they only pass out of our sight (this was one of the mysteries which was revealed to me).

Another mystery revealed to me, most vastly fascinating, was the continual game between the Wise Mind and the Dark Counterplayer, out of whose plays against each other all change comes. The Dark Counterplayer has immense physical power, but it is blind; the Wise Mind sees everything, past present and future, and knows exactly how to play its hand. The goal of the game is a contest for the souls of living creatures; when the Wise (or Good) Mind acquires them—and it wins every trick—they are, in the popular language of Christianity, saved. It was made clear to me that in spite of the enormous power of the Dark Counterplayer, it never wins a trick; i.e. a living soul. We are sought for by the God of life, and he never lets us go. Whatever temporary circumstances seem to prevail, the God of Life, through his agents, always wins. By the absolute wisdom of his thoughts he is able to lead the Dark Counterplayer into assisting in the evolving universe, playing an unwilling part in the continual creation which the logos is furiously weaving. The colors of the logos are red and gold. The color of the Savior is blue. But all three members of the Trinity are one; they simply display one aspect at a time, with the other two always present. I saw this as the greatest mystery of all. And, I think, the most beautiful.

[TO DOROTHY HUDNER]

September 13, 1976

Dear Dorothy,

I have wanted to write you for some time to tell you the true circumstances of my present situation, especially why I left Tessa and Christopher. Possibly when Tessa visited you she gave you some of the details. It is not a happy story, but evidently the outcome for me will be deep psychological improvement, toward which I am now looking, as it is really all I have to look forward to. I am undergoing intensive psychotherapy now, because of all this, inasmuch as I have reached a point of no return—that point having been the causal factor in my suicide attempt back in February, and we do not want that incident to repeat itself.

The reason I left Tessa breaks down into two parts: Tessa herself wanted—and still wants—to be single, and she only returned to me because of my suicide attempt, which is not a viable basis for a relationship. The other part is—well, this

is hard to state, for in it there is much tragedy, for me and for the girl involved. A girl whom I had known several years developed lymphoma, and it was not detected until too late; by then it had spread throughout her body, even to her spinal column and brain. Sherri—that is her name—was given chemotherapy and cobalt radiation, and went into remission, but of course the remission is only temporary, and must be realized, especially when the cancer has spread so far. No person on record whose lymphoma had become as extensive as hers has obtained a remission lasting over a year. In any case, once she entered remission, Sherri moved from her family's house to a small and very dingy apartment in the slums of Santa Ana; she has only the \$250 which Social Security pays her a month to live on, and I found her there, lying in bed all day, not eating...and saying bitterly that she wished she had not had the remission, that it had not helped her, because now she was abandoned by the church people who flocked to visit her in the hospital when it appeared she was dying. Obviously, with such an attitude, the remission would not last long. I did a lot of soul searching, and prayed a lot, and I came to the conclusion that even though I had a high duty to Tessa and Christopher I was in fact faced with a dear friend who was in the process of willing herself into death, whereas if her morale could be improved, she might enjoy months of active, healthy and happy life. Since Tessa wanted to break up our marriage, and since both of our therapists advised it, I decided to rent a topnotch apartment for me and Sherri, and be with her, getting her to eat, encouraging her into activities, and, when the remission ended and the cancer returned, I would be with her to take care of her. It was a hard decision to make, but I made it, and I did it, and Sherri and I rented an apartment in a building only two years old, with all the modern conveniences possible.

She thrived immediately, began to gain weight and to visit friends, take part in church activities, and enjoy life again. This month she enrolled at Santa Ana College. I have visited her psychotherapist, and he tells me that I have done a great deal for her, that I succeeded in doing what I set out to do. I had indefinitely prolonged a life which otherwise was virtually over. However, three weeks ago, Sherri decided to move out and get an apartment of her own. My usefulness to her had ended. The sick bird, so to speak, had been mended, and was ready to fly again. I was no longer needed.

This was something I had not anticipated, and the effect on me was catastrophic. I had left Tessa and Christopher for three months with Sherri—who now no longer needed me. Her therapist, as well as my own, explained to me that this is a pattern in my life: I had done the same with Nancy, and with girls whom you never met after that, several of them. My psychiatrist, a truly gifted man, says that it goes back to my sister, that I am attempting to restore to life a sick girl, and that I feel absolute terror at the possibility that the girl will die. Sherri is fine now, but I am psychologically in the state I fear most: the state of abandonment, which occurs time and time again, as I heal the sick birds and they fly off. I did this with Tessa, I am told. But for reasons I have never understood. The therapists say that I have come to the end of the repetition of this pattern; I am exhausted and terri-

fied, and am aware for the first time that it will always happen this way. Although they assign the term "noble" to what I do, they say I give everything I have—financially and physically and psychologically—until there is nothing left of me, hence the suicidal episodes. It has always baffled me—and it baffled me when Sherri announced that she was moving out—that the girl, when made healthy, should leave; but the therapists say, Of course she leaves, she no longer has any reason for staying. I think I understand now, although it has always been my hope, a false hope, that the girl, once healed, would want to remain with me. But the therapists say (and this is hard for me to take) that there is nothing to stay with; by that time nothing remains of me but a vacuum. And meanwhile I have developed intense needs which I want fulfilled, and the girl cannot or will not try to fulfill those needs. The pattern, I am told, must end here or I will end here; I must never try to repeat it.

The sad part for me is that I feel great love for these wounded girls, and such joy to see them begin to prosper. To lose them when they prosper—it has always been such a terrible blow to me, partly because I simply do not comprehend it. Sherri is doing fine; why, then should she break off the relationship, leaving me with nothing? Now I begin to see; I become literally worthless by giving her all I am, all I have; I become an empty husk, weak, powerless and afraid—afraid especially that the girl will leave. And so she does. And at that point life ceases to have meaning for me: I no longer have anyone to care for, literally to take care of. And it is the only real meaning I know.

I am now in this unfortunate position; each day Sherri moves out more of her possessions, singing merrily to herself as she looks forward to school and her future. I have been a success, but at a dreadful cost to me—and one I never understood before. What I will do now I don't know. It is going to be a difficult time for me, living along in this apartment where we both lived and had so much enjoyment. I am what the therapists call a "rescuer," and they say that the rescuer always becomes the victim in the relationship at the end, as the person he rescues begins to resent being helped, no longer needing or wanting to be helped, and wanting to be rid of the rescuer. Well, my intents were always good, and her therapist says I did succeed in what I tried to do, that in no way I failed her. But where do I go from here? They tell me I should leave this apartment as soon as I can, and I do have some friends I can move in with. I bought myself a nice couch and coffee table, since Sherri has moved hers out...they say that is good, and I bought a TV set, since she will be taking hers. In a very deep sense I am terribly angry, mostly because it has made no sense to me and I am baffled and confused—why if the girl stays with me in sickness must she leave in health? It seems unjust. But also, her therapist points out one more thing: when her remission ends and the cancer returns, she will expect me to take care of her and I must not, he says: a psychiatrist and two therapists have told me that: must not undertake that, because it will kill me as well as her, since the outcome is determined; I could not heal her of that, the return of the cancer. There, I would truly fail, and I would not be able to stand the sorrow of carrying

for a dying person whom I love. The fact that she is leaving me now is my opportunity to abolish the relationship, at a time when I have succeeded; hard as it is on me, the alternative would be worse—lethal, in fact. I think they are right. I have seen her when she had the cancer, I was with her, but she did recover; next time she will not. And it is a daily fear on her part and on mine that the remission has already ended.

I did give her a new lease on life, and at the same time I have come to the deadend of a hopeless pattern of rescuing people in difficulty—a pattern which has always meant temporary relationships for me, and not the permanent one I want. I married Anne because I wanted to take care of her three children. I married Nancy because she was chronically schizophrenic, and so forth. This time it has been carried to its ultimate: a girl with incurable cancer, and this must be the end. Better to part now when she is hale and happy and active, and does not need me. To try to stick around her would mean the end for me, and I know it, and the therapists know it. Still, it is a terrible thing to lose her, because I do love her. Sherri is one of the most wonderful girls I have ever known. But the end of the relationship has come.

I'm telling you this mainly so that you will know the reasons why I left Tessa and Christopher; I was not roaming off into fields of pleasure, like my father did. I have hard times ahead of me, but I see the therapists and doctor twice a week, and this time perhaps my suicidal urge can be dealt with. But oh, the loss of the loved one! Who can make up for that? Thank you for hearing me out. I have done, as they tell me, noble things, but I can't do any more; the end has come. I could only do so much, and it left me nothing.

Love,  
Phil

[TO DOROTHY HUDNER]

September 15, 1976

Dear Dorothy,

I wanted to add a footnote to my earlier letter about my religious discoveries; new light shed on them through an interview with a lady reporter who came to see me yesterday. I mentioned to her that 36 of my novels asked the question, What is real? which is the basic question of all Greek philosophy, starting with Parmenides who felt that what we see is "dokos" or a kind of counterfeit reality, behind which lies a real or absolute reality; this distinction is later found in Kant. I told the lady reporter that my newest novel VALISYSTEM A, is not this question repeated but the answer given, and she pointed out that after 25 years I seem to have arrived at an answer. For the first time I realized that my religious experience of 1974 was indeed an answer to a 25 year seeking, and not mere happenstance, and I saw it in perspective for the first time. 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. I had just had several teeth removed, and was still under the influence of sodium pentathol, for one thing. As a second major factor, I was experimenting with the orthomolecular vitamin formula, and had accidentally taken 7 grams of vitamin C, much more than is indicated. Thirdly, a girl had come to my door with a gold fish necklace, which had fascinated me, and she had said, "This is a sign used by the early Christians." Also, I own a very old wooden saint figure, and for some reason had been moved to light a votive candle before it perpetually. Too, it was the time of the vernal equinox, which is near Easter and the Jewish Passover. All these factors were causal in producing what happened; neural firing took place in the right hemisphere of my brain for the first time, and there was a radical drop in GABA fluid, which is the inhibiting fluid, allowing metasystems to fire for the first time (I use Maslow's terms here). The experience did not come easily, and, as I mentioned in my earlier letter, I was in a unique state of fear and dread. My first stage of the experience was to undergo Bardo Thödol journey, and was then suddenly surprised to find myself confronting Aphrodite, who Empedocles believed to be the generative principle of all life, of all love and the formation of krasis or gestalts in the universe, as opposed to the principle of strife. What this meant I did not know at the time. Soon thereafter I was treated to 8 hours of violent phosphene activity, resembling modern nonobjective graphics such as those by Klee and Kandinsky; at this point I was aware that another mind was reaching out to my own, but I thought it human, perhaps a Soviet telepathic experiment. The sense impressions were overwhelming. When the phosphene activity ended, I felt that I had regained my sight, that I had been blind all my life and could see for the first time. What I saw, then, were the mysteries of the universe; and at the same time a theophany took place, the manifestation of a divine entity which passed into my own mind, displacing my ego and becoming a theolepsy. From there on, in visions, dialog and dreams, it informed me of all things which were: the actual or absolute reality I had been seeking for 25 years. One of the first actions this entity controlling me performed was to administer to Christopher the sacraments, but (I learned this from the Britannica) in the highly archaic form known only to the early Christian Church. At the same time the entity was wary—even frightened—of Rome and its agents, and seemed to feel Rome's tyrannical presence. In a vision, as I mentioned, it showed me that Rome still exists as twin arms, one in the west and the other in the east, and that the western one would soon be brought to ruin for its crimes. This did take place, as we know.

What the lady reporter made me realize was that this extraordinary experience, written up in my new novel VALISYSTEM A, was the answer to all my years of seeking to know what is real, related to a life-long journey, and that now my books would not ask but tell. Perhaps, she suggested, I would write no

more. I have seen that the cosmic clock stopped about 70 A.D., that the Second Coming lies directly before us, that each of us is judged and the books on each person closed during his lifetime. Aristotle divided the cosmos into the sublunar realm, our own, and the supralunar realm of the Gods, but he believed the two never came in contact. Plotinus later on taught that the two realms do impinge on each other; roughly, they equal Earth and Heaven, and he taught that man could rise from the sublunar to the supralunar realm, see it and know it, although briefly; and of course the Christians teach that God, through his initiative (which is what I feel) can bring the supralunar realm down here to impinge on man—which is called God's grace, and which I feel is what happened in my case. That the supralunar realm exists I have no doubt, having experienced it, and having been saved by that grace from certain destruction. That a wise heavenly father watches over us I have no doubt; and that we are judged I have no doubt; also, I believe that the second advent is coming, probably soon—that the first stages, which are the overthrow of wickedness, I have seen, first as prophecy and then as reality; as the Bible says, Elijah is preparing the way of the Lord, and the Lord, the Rightful King, who I have seen, will return soon and claim his peaceful kingdom. I have even witnessed the changes in the animals, in the form of a vision for a short while; I did not, at the time, understand why I saw the animals change, but the changes I saw are the ones predicted by the Bible, so the time cannot be far off. The gospel, which technically is not the godspell or good news, but the news of Christ arisen and to return—I have been shown that, and know that he was Holy Wisdom or the logos incarnate, and that the second incarnation either lies directly ahead or has already taken place.

I'm sure, in my writing, that I will lose a lot of fans, in particular the Marxist fans in Europe, but I have been given the answer I sought for, and rejoice in it. I admit that when the answer came, that revelation of the absolute reality lying beneath the veil, it was a complete surprise to me, but I can think of no other so joyful, so wonderful. In my mind the picture of the Rightful King is so clear and so beautiful, and I have heard the voices of the hose, and I know what a beautiful world lies ahead of us here and for us when we pass over into the supralunar realm, as all of us will. The Lord of the Universe, Jesus Christ, is beginning to assimilate our sublunar world to his father's universe; the end time has begun.

Love,  
Phil

[TO SCOTT SAVAGE]

September 16, 1976

Dear Scott,

What a wonderful letter from you, and believe me, I appreciate your comparison of my work to Steinbeck's.

I agree with what you saw about Warhol and Mailer. I will look up SPACE FOR HIRE; you've made me curious. Thank you, too, for the poem. It makes me think of my current situation with my girlfriend, who is in the process of leaving me: "We met on wooden chairs / but lived at life alone" and so forth. Each day she dusts her books and packs them, and as she does so she sings and humms merrily to herself, which breaks my heart. Couldn't she be just a little regretful about breaking off the relationship, about the time we lived together and did things together? Let me quote a poem that means much to me, in thanks for the poem you sent (you may know this one anyhow; it is by Henry Vaughan, my favorite poet):

#### THEY ARE ALL GONE INTO THE WORLD OF LIGHT

*They are all gone into the world of light!  
And I alone sit lingring here;  
Their very memory is fair and bright,  
And my sad thoughts doth clear.*

*It glows and glitters in my cloudy brest  
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,  
Or those faint beams in which this hill is drest,  
After the Sun's remove.*

*I see them walking in an Air of glory,  
Whose light doth trample on my days:  
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,  
Mere glimmering and decays.*

*O hope hope! and high humility,  
High as the Heavens above!  
These are your walks, and you have shew'd them me  
To kindle my cold love.*

*Dear, beauteous death! The Jewel of the Just,  
Shining no where, but in the dark;  
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust;  
Could man outlook that mark!*

*He that hath found some fledg'd birds nest, may know  
At first sight, if the bird be flown;  
But what fair Well, or Grove he sings in now,  
That is to him unknown.*

*And yet, as Angels in some brighter dreams  
Call to the Soul, when man doth sleep:  
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted theams,  
And into glory peep.*

*If a star were confin'd into a Tomb  
 Her captive flames must needs burn there;  
 But when the hand that lockt her up, gives room ,  
 She'll shine through all the sphere.*

*O Father of eternal life, and all  
 Created glories under thee!  
 Resume they spirit from this world of thrall  
 Into true liberty.*

*Either disperse these mists, when blot and fill  
 My perspective (still) as they pass,  
 Or else remove me hence unto that hill,  
 Where I shall need no glass.*

1655

Vaughan has always been my favorite poet, and the other minor metaphysical English poets of his time.

And the sun also has flashed forth, and the sun has set, and it is coming panting to its place where it is going to flash forth. The wind is going to the south, and it is circling around to the north. Ecclesiastes 1:5.

Keep in touch with me, and hang in there with your writing. I received many, many rejection slips at first: I literally papered the walls of my living room with them. It's part of the business.

Cordially,  
 Philip K. Dick

[TO STEVE AYERS]

September 16, 1976

Dear Steve,

Please forgive me for not answering your good letter of June 21. Things haven't worked out for me in my personal life, and also I wrote (yes, I did!) a new novel, and was totally involved in that during this period. I've already sold it to Bantam for \$12,000, which is the largest advance I've ever gotten; the highest before was \$3,000. Also, my recent novel DEUS IRAE (written with Roger Zelazny) sold in England for \$9,000, and sales of it here in the U.S. are the greatest of any book of mine ever. This is all very wonderful, but (as it always seems) my personal life has entered a cycle of sorrow, since the girl I moved in with, about whom I told you, has left me. Believe it or not (and I have trouble believing it, since it violates my concept of a just universe) she so prospered while living with me, became so undepressed and physically healthy (she is the one in remission from cancer) that she has enrolled in college—and feels that living with someone would interfere with the privacy she needs in order to study! I'm sure you can appreciate the irony here. Her therapist tells me that I have been a complete suc-

cess in terms of what I wanted to do for her, but—since I am in love with her, the sight of her moving her possessions out of the apartment each day is, to me, heart-breaking, although I am glad she's doing so well. Also, she came to feel that it was immoral for a man and a woman to live together unmarried; she's into church activities, and I guess they—her church friends—leaned on her somewhat. I consider myself a Christian, but I say, Our God is the God of life, not of laws and regulations, and if living with me put new life in her, then certainly the God I worship would say, "Alll riight." I know of no other god.

As to your question about Jack Isidore, he is my alter ego, my "fucked up" self; but I admire him—I don't put him down. Pris and Rachael are indeed the same person in real life, a woman I was married to. She was schizophrenic and eventually I had to commit her. My novel A SCANNER DARKLY will be released next January; meanwhile, Ballantine is reissuing MARTIAN TIME-SLIP which I'm sure you would like. I have a lot of books coming out—reissues of almost all of my older titles and two new ones. If you see DOCTOR BLOOD-MONEY, that's worth buying, too.

I enjoyed the photos of yourself and of your cat. I've got two cats (maybe I told you) and I always groove with cat people (that is, people who own and love cats).

WE CAN BUILD YOU was a personal purge, a study of my relationship with a woman hopelessly psychotic. When SCANNER comes out, you will find in it another girl I loved, one who was *not* psychotic but incredibly together; in the book her name is Donna. In real life I loved Kathy

[carbon ends, incomplete]

[TO CLAUDIA BUSH]

September 16, 1976

Dear Claudia,

Thank you for the letter, which came yesterday. It would seem you have your shit together. I am getting mine together, too; I'm receiving a lot of therapy (and medication) and probably will weather Sherri's leaving. As a matter of fact Sherri spent last night in her new apartment, so although she hasn't taken all her stuff, she has made what for me is *the move*: sleeping there instead of here. It didn't bother me a bit, but then, I was all doped up and really didn't give a fuck about anything. It's amazing how far not giving a fuck about anything can carry you, especially when the girl you love is humming and singing happily as she dusts books before packing them. I have had moments where I felt like driving out on the freeway and rearending a truck, but today (Sherri is of course elsewhere) I feel fine and am looking forward to seeing you face to face. Then, too, my Bantam editor will be showing up soon to visit. The contracts have already arrived for me to sign, so the money will be here soon. So get ready to be visited by what my therapist called a "mopy old fart" one of these days.

My Bantam editor told me on the phone that although he "loves the book" he is afraid Phil Dick has "got religion." The truth of the matter is that I have, as

you well know, but I try to conceal it. Yesterday a lady reporter interviewed me, and the Horrible Fact slipped out. 39 novels in which I ask, What is reality? and now one in which I say what it is. It's not my fault that the absolute reality about the veil turned out to be something people already knew about; good lord—I'd be a strange one, a unique one, if I found it and it resembled nothing anyone had ever heard about. How could I describe it to anyone? How could I communicate it? Don't be afraid that I'll try to convert you, or that I sing hymns and likr that; I feel absolute reality is something each person has to find for himself, and were the truth known, my Christianity is largely made up on Neoplatonism, which makes me a heretic anyhow, so you will be having a follower of Plotinus visiting you. Oddly, in COUNTER CLOCK WORLD, when the preacher comes back from the dead and they ask him what it's like, he says it's mostly like what Plotinus said it was. And (according to my experiences) so it is. Once again I anticipated myself.

The Britannica says one wonderful thing about Plotinus, which really appeals to me: "His own religion was the quest for mystical union with the Good through the exercise of pure intelligence." I will always be sympathetic with that, since what I have most against creed Christianity is its downgrading of intelligence, man's most precious possession. And Plotinus' road was the road I followed. I cannot see the sacrifice of the mind in the name of religion, which is why the Jesus Freaks turn me off. In fact, why all creed (or establishment) Christianity turns me off. The Good, of course, is the Summum bonum or highest Platonic form, and is equal to God. Where I differ from Plotinus

[carbon ends, incomplete]

[TO TESSA DICK]

September 22, 1976

Dear Tessa,

I am sorry that you feel so angry at me, as expressed in your most recent letter. I sent you a month support on advice from my attorney, and, as you recall, it was you who made it necessary for me to hire an attorney in the first place by your own hiring of one. When one hires an attorney one must do as he says. I regret your rather emotional decision to reject any help from me over and above that which is spelled out legally, but if that is the way you want it, then so be it.

As I see your situation, you decided to dump the Santa Venetian house immediately and abruptly without consulting me, and I can hardly be blamed for this. I cannot be blamed for your losing your wallet, nor can I be blamed for your blowing up the engine of the Fiat. After all, I took a nine-year-old cast-off Dodge and gave you the one good car. It must be very frustrating to have the Fiat just sitting there, but I can't do anything about it. I have paid the tax people, since I left you, \$4,040, which is a lot of money and of which \$1,200 is borrowed, so I am heavily in debt. I had to pay them this sum, since I received a ten day seizure notice and was given exactly ten days to pay them in (the tenth of September). I still owe the state people over \$500, but they have given me until December 5. I had to go down

there—I got a "notice to appear" from them—and have gone through several unpleasant experiences with both federal and state tax people in being required to go down there in person and try to deal with them. When you are forced to raise over \$4,000, it is almost impossible to raise any more money for anything; nonetheless I have paid Nancy her support money, and I have paid you what my attorney said to pay, as well as my paying my own bills and such bills as the phone company bill. Also I had to pay my attorney \$500, which didn't help my pocketbook. Meanwhile Sherri was in the process of leaving me, and I have had to see a therapist—here in Santa Ana, a private one who requires \$30 cash each time I see him—twice a week. On the positive side, I have been able to write the rough draft of VALISYSTEM A and send it off. That I could write an entire novel under these circumstances is amazing, I think. We had Mark Hurst and his chick Jodie out here to stay with us the last three days, and it was wonderful and exciting, but I found myself getting very tired, probably from my strep throat and worries about the tax and divorce matters. I am not satisfied with the draft of VALISYSTEM A and I wrote it in 12 days, but of course on the final I will make it into something. It beats leaving those 300,000 words of notes as no more than notes, anyhow. Also I have been interviewed four times since I moved here. All this is very wearing on me, as you know.

When Sherri moved out she took her couch, her coffee table and TV set, so I had to go to a repossession center and get replacements for them, since all I had in my living room was my bookcases and one lawn chair. A lady downstairs who is moving sold me her old sofa for \$40. It is eight feet long and a person can sleep on it, but it is a dreadful floral pattern. However, the cats like it. I believe them when they say cats are colorblind.

You say in your letter something about me wrecking your life, and this can't be paid back in money. Abstractly, this proposition is true, but please remember that you proposed to leave me, and did leave me, back in February, and did express and still express the conviction that you want to be single, that when I opted for reconciliation you turned it down. Perhaps when you say I wrecked your life you don't mean that I did it by leaving you. I had the feeling, after you returned in February, that you did so because of my suicide attempt, that you would be happier alone. How, then, did I wreck your life? By failing to provide money? But you say money won't make up for it, so either there is a fault in your logic or I wrecked it in some other way. As to the Doubleday payoff on SCAN-NER, evidently what happened (in fact this is exactly what happened) Ballantine was tardy in turning the money over to them, so it will not be available until the next royalty period. The shock of this has been as great for me as it has been for you; I have received no royalty statement from Doubleday at all! And we both were counting on the money from them which we believed would be substantial. And have driven myself relentlessly to get the rough draft done on VALISYSTEM A. And ponder this: you have Christopher, our son; all I have is two cats, in an otherwise empty apartment. Let us try not to accuse the other of things, okay?

Love,  
Phil

[TO TESSA DICK]

*October 1, 1976*

Dear Tessa,

That was a very nice letter I recently got from you. Thanks a lot for keeping me informed about Christopher. Also thanks for that clipping on the .618034 to 1 ratio. Fascinating. It must be the building block of the universe. The final version which I had, you know, was that door based on the golden section made into a rectangle. I really don't know what to make of this ratio being the basis of everything, but evidently it is.

Sherri is all moved out now, and this apartment is entirely mine. I have decorated it suitably (girly pictures). I bought an old sofa for \$40 which has the most hideous floral pattern on it you ever saw, but it is 8 feet long and the back cushions can be removed so someone can sleep on it, such as Isa.

I hope things are good with you, and enclosed is the first of the two support checks which you will receive each month; as I understand the agreement, the other is sent on the 15th.

Love,  
Phil

P.S. My new phone number is 836-6367. I asked for .618034, but the Bank of America has it already.

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[TO TESSA DICK]

*October 15, 1976*

Dear Tessa,

Doubleday states that no Ballantine money was paid over for the royalty period ending June 30, 1976, but then Doubleday goes on to state that "there is now about \$1,000 in royalties in your account." Doubleday does not state if these royalties are on A SCANNER DARKLY (i.e. from Ballantine) or on DEUS IRAE or on anything at all. Doubleday, under pressure from me, has sent me a gross payment of \$600 against "any and all royalties," again not stating what, if any, is for A SCANNER DARKLY. I will assume, for your sake, that this \$600 is entirely against royalties for A SCANNER DARKLY, and therefore you are owed one half. After Scott Meredith's 10% commission, the check issued to me by SMLA is \$540, one-half of which is \$270. Therefore I am enclosing my check to you for \$270 as a royalty payment due you on A SCANNER DARKLY.

When Doubleday does finally manage to make an accounting, which I suppose will be next February, I will know what the \$600 was issued against, SCANNER or not. In any case, as I told you on the phone, I wish to see you get some money, and although I have no proof that this \$600 Doubleday check was issued against SCANNER money, it may have been; hence for these reasons my enclosed check to you for \$270. I am told by my attorney that legally I am not

required to pay you this, since Doubleday nowhere makes any accounting available to me, but I am sure you can make use of the \$270.

Cordially,  
Phil

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[TO TESSA DICK]

October 26, 1976

Dear Tessa,

Enclosed is my check for \$12.50, my share of Fussy's doctor bill. I will pay half of any dental bills as well. Didn't you know that? I'm very happy to.

My week in the hospital did a lot for me, emotionally and also intellectually. I mean, I got a lot of input and feedback, and a new perspective. It seems to me that I am caught up in the process called "future shock," and that a good part of my problems lie in the area of sociology, rather than psychiatry. Dr. \_\_\_\_\_ at OCM Health said frankly that no medication and no therapy could help me; that my problem was one of human loss and the suffering therefrom: that is future shock personified. I had hoped to buy a better car, but I think I spent my money wisely. Almost everyone there in the hospital had suffered loss, had tried to take his or her life, and showed the wounds of it. A deep sense of worthlessness had set in in all of us there. We felt as if we had been thrown away. After comparing notes we all saw a pattern in what had happened; we had all been forced to say goodbye to someone, but were psychologically unable to. We either wouldn't or couldn't, and sometimes both. You recall how long I tried to keep in touch with Kathy, and what it did to me that she suddenly never wrote again. I was still hanging on, and then I did that later on with Sherri.

As far as my relationship with you goes, I knew in February that it had ended. I know that now; I'm not really trying to hang on to it or you. Besides calling you and asking you if you'd come back to me I called Nancy and asked her the same thing. I got the same answer. Oh well. What did I have to lose by asking? I've learned to take no for an answer. I feel really good now; I love my apartment—it's foxy. I simply had to get away from things: from Sherri (she was sick for a while with flu, and I had to be what my therapist called a "24 hour nurse," which wore me out; McNelly was after me to make a public lecture at CSF at which I would accept the John W. Campbell Award; and I signed a contract with Bantam and didn't read when I have to have the finished MS to them and then discovered it is this coming December first, a deadline I can't possibly meet (the book is VALISYSTEM A, with the alien satellite plot). I had to get off by myself somewhere and think...but then when I came into the hospital they gave me no time to think; they gave me intensive group therapy instead, which was much better. The UK edition of MARTIAN TIME-SLIP says, on the flap blurb, "...the three hangups of the 20th century: power, money and self analysis." Isn't that interesting? The blurb says the book is about those themes. I read it (the book) in the hos-

pital on the weekend when there was no therapy group, and was amazed to find how full of ideas—and how weak in dramatic power—it is. I lay open the universe to its bare bones, all right. The whole book seems to be an analysis, an analysis of what makes up a cosmos, what ingredients are necessary, what you should know in case you wanted to create one. What holds it together, too, and keeps it functioning. My books really real [sic] with the theme of kosmoi breaking down, and how you fix them; I seem to look at the universe as a sort of used car coasting along and falling apart and being patched together again. It runs, but it always needs some work from the Mechanic. And of course in 3/74 I got to see the Great Mechanic, the Logos, as you know.

I changed my mind and will make the enclosed check larger, so that you can buy Fussy a present from me. Well jeez—it's so near the end of the month that I am making out and enclosing 2 checks: the one described (doctor bill half and present for Fussy) and the first for November. If winter comes...winter has come, I guess.

Yes, Tess, I really analyzed the universe over my 25 years of writing, took it apart and studied layer after layer, deeper and deeper into the mechanism until at last I penetrated to the very heart and soul of it, in 3/74; I got to watch the reweaving of it taking place. I wasn't satisfied to merely view the surface of it, which is to say, the paint job on the car (see above metaphor); I wanted to get down to the crankshaft.

Which reminds me; I hope your car is running or will be, soon. I've only had to put in \$30 on the Dodge during this period: radiator flushing and new hoses. I've been lucky. Sherri has to return her VW to its owner at the end of this week and will then have to depend on the Dodge. It's lucky for her she only moved one apartment away from me, which is to say next door. By the way—ol' Harvey looks wonderful these days. He has become an extraordinary cat. You'll enjoy encountering him again.

Love,  
Phil

P. S. You said in your letter that I was seeing a girl in February when you left. Not so. Whom? I hadn't seen Karen since before Christmas, and I had never once visited Sherri. Who does that leave? Also, thank you for the Jung book. It's excellent.

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[TO DOROTHY HUDNER]

October 30, 1976

Dear Dorothy,

Just a note to let you know I'm still doing fine. I really love my apartment, and I still see Sherri for short intervals during the day. She had to return the car she was using, so she needs my car, and I depend on her to do the food shopping for both of us, so we are able—if not obliged—to maintain a functional relationship, from which we both benefit. It shows the essential practicality of the Christian ethic, I think; she helps me, I help her and thereby we both prosper.

The cats (Mrs. Tubbs and Harvey) have become good friends now. Mrs. Tubbs arranges to escape from the apartment once a day, and we goodnaturedly follow her around the quad until she returns; she just wants to make one circuit and then she is squeezing against the door to return.

I talked to Tessa yesterday, and she isn't going to be able to drive down here until after November 8. She told me about Christopher's costume, and I asked her to take a picture of him, but the lovely camera I gave her (single lens reflex 35mm) seems to have been lost by her somewhere along the way. So most of what I gave her in the way of presents are gone, gone. Well, I lost most of what I had back in '72, and I sympathize. It will be nice to see her and Chris again. She says he has grown.

The last couple of days I've been in bed with the flu. Really, I am tired of having the flu. Sherri is taking care of me, as I did with her when she had the flu. It isn't good to be alone in this world, especially when you are sick. As much as I love the cats, they can't help me when I'm sick.

In the hospital I had the occasion to read over my '64 novel MARTIAN TIME-SLIP. I found it weak dramatically (weak in plot) but extraordinary in its ideas. I stripped the universe down to its basic structure. I guess I always do that when I write: analyze the universe to see what it's made over. The floor joists (sp?) so to speak of the universe are visible in my novels.

Love,  
Phil

[TO CARL BENNETT]

November 1, 1976

Dear Carl,

Thanks for the long letter, which I should have answered long before now. I'm involved in doing a new novel for Bantam, so my time has been taken up; it's due December first. In connection with this deadline, I'm afraid I must beg off from writing something more for you, for obvious reasons. I still have the entire final draft of the Bantam novel to do.

Yes, if you do get down this way I'd love to spend an afternoon with you. I enjoyed doing the interview with DePrez. I was in the hospital for a week last week, which I saw coming up even at the time of the interview, but now I'm okay. Except I'm still a sore loser about my girlfriend moving out.

Please keep in touch.

Cordially,  
Phil

[TO JUDY-LYNN DEL REY]

November 6, 1976

Dear Judy,

I must inform you herewith that I am unable to proofread the galley for THE BEST OF PHIL DICK, since it took them eight days to arrive (they arrived

late yesterday) and the deadline is next Wednesday. I started on them at once, but now I can see it is impossible; I'd have to read the entire book on the weekend and mail it Monday, and even then, if it went priority airmail, it might reach you after the tenth. It was mailed to me in October 29. It should have arrived here sooner, obviously. Perhaps if it had been franked priority airmail it wouldn't have taken eight days.

However, let me inform you of two necessary changes:

Galley page 147, line 13. Change "WW II" to "WW III."

Galley page 3, line 52. Change "floor" to ground."

If I had the time I'd do the whole thing; only once in my 25 years of writing and selling have I had to return galleys unread, and that was twelve years ago. I will hold these galleys here, since you evidently don't need them back in uncorrected form.

Cordially,  
Phil

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[TO STATE OF CALIFORNIA]

November 7, 1976

Dear Sirs:

Here is my check for \$510.35 which your office down here says is the total sum I owe on last year's income tax. Thank you for the extension granted me, which runs out December 5th of this year.

Cordially,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO NANCY HACKETT]

November 8, 1976

Dear Nancy,

By now you should have received your November child support check. I sent it off on Saturday, as soon as I got the form from Marin County.

I'm writing to thank you for your nice letter. There are indeed a number of Bible-based churches based within walking distance of my apartment. I've already gone over to one.

As I'm sure I told you, I had a major religious experience back in March of 1974, an encounter with the Savior which radically changed my life. My current novel is an account of that experience, as was my previous novel which is now out, DEUS IRAE. My current novel is called VALIS, and although it is science fiction there can be no doubt when you read it that I am talking about the One True God and His Son. My editor at Bantam noticed this and complained. "You write like you've become a Jesus freak," he said on the phone to me. "Your new book reads like 'Revelation.'" He wanted me to remove or alter some of the parts because of the religion, but I'm not going to. As a matter of fact he and

his girlfriend drove out here to Santa Ana to meet me; they stayed three days and we had a very good time.

My writing is at last beginning to bring in a good return; VALIS sold for \$10,000, and DEUS IRAE sold for (the paperback) a record \$11,500. In England DEUS IRAE sold for \$9,000, which is more than my agent can get for Norman Mailer's new book, he told me. Most of the money, though, goes to pay bills and debts I owe. For example, I had to send \$4,050 to the income tax people. Anyhow I had enough left over to buy two couches, a color TV set, dishes and flatware for my apartment; I needed all these because Sherri left taking couch, dishes, flatware and TV set. Now, anyhow, I at last have an office separate from my bedroom.

Sherri has the apartment next to mine, and we eat dinner together almost every night. She shops and cooks, and I make sure she has enough money to live on. What I didn't tell you about her is that she has inoperable cancer, and this was a main factor in my decision to leave Tessa and live with her; Sherri was alone and sick with no one to take care of her, since her sister moved to San Diego. I was afraid Sherri would die. I still am, but at least I can see that she's as well as possible. She is in remission right now, has been for a year. Currently she is going to Santa Ana College. You would not know to look at her that she has cancer. She is a good Christian person, and has been good for me. I love her a lot, and in my own heart I feel that what I have done vis-a-vis her has been the right thing. My doctor says she would be dead by now except for me. When I was in the hospital back in February, it was Sherri who came to see me almost every day and to take care of me. The least I can do is take care of her in return.

It is, however, very sad to love someone who has inoperable cancer; this is why, I think, I got so depressed the last couple of months and had to go into the mental hospital. My doctor had told me that, because of her illness, I had to start to say goodbye to Sherri, and when I tried to I flipped out and couldn't do it. How can I say goodbye to another person I love? I had to say goodbye to you, to Tessa, to many, many people I loved and still love. We all had to say goodbye to Jim and Maren, and you had to say goodbye to your mother, and you and I had to say goodbye to Horace and Johnny. I know that our loved ones who died are safe with God now, safe from fear and pain and harm, but it grieves me not to be able to see them. In March of 1974 during my religious experience, the Saviour showed me several of my dead friends, showed them shining with golden light and there with God Himself. The two persons whom he showed me were Jim Pike and Anthony Boucher. I do not tell very many people about this, and yet I know it to be so. It was a promise held out before me, a recollection and a loving and proof of the world which lies ahead for us, Nancy. I believed it then and I believe it now.

Well, anyhow thanks for your wonderful letter; it was certainly good to hear from you. Kiss Isa and Christina for me, and keep in touch. I think about you a lot; you are still, to me, a precious and good person.

Love,  
Phil

[TO THOMAS LE BLANC]

*December 13, 1976*

Sehr geehrter Herr Le Blanc!

Natürlich habe Ich "Science Fiction Times" #140 gelesen. Dabei hier antworte Ich Ihre Frage von December 6th, 1976. Ich sage: Alles was Herr Uwe Anton gesagt had die Wahrheit ist. Ich selbe ihm den inhalt gab.

Heute ertragen wir keinen Terrorismus; der Streit gegen uns zu Ende gekommen ist. Es is eine neue bessere Zeit!

Ihrer Freund,  
Philip K. Dick

[TO ROGER ZELAZNY]

*[Undated; late Dec. 1976]*

Dear Roger:

Enclosed is my check for \$962.12, which is your one-third split on the gross on DEUS IRAE from Sphere in England. I am enclosing Scott Meredith's letter by which you can see how I arrived at that figure. Scott took his 20% commission on the total gross. You will of course pay your agent his percentage on only the one-third, so I guess you are luckier than I. I'm sort of sore at Scott for doing this, but I knew he would.

Hope you are glad to receive this money so soon. Evidently they processed our tax exemption forms right away.

Cordially,  
Phil

Enc: check for \$962.12 and letter from Scott Meredith 12/16/76.

P. S. By the way December 16th was my birthday.

[TO WADE]

*December 26, 1976*

Dear Wade,

I certainly appreciated your wise letter in response to my outcry of indignation and misery at my girlfriend leaving me. It was by far the best opinion on the subject. Thank you. The irony is that now that she has left me she has become very ill and needs someone with her all the time to take care of her (and she will remain ill for months to come). I am the only one who has free time during the day, so I am taking care of her. Really, it does not please her to be taken care of by me—she is very bitter about the whole thing, the illness and having to be taken care of by me—but there is no alternative for either of us. My friends all say, "She dumped you; don't take care of her now that she is ill," but I have to. Still, one can't help appreciating the irony.

I hope you had a good Christmas. I am driving up to the Bay Area in January, and plan to move back there next August with a friend of mine; hopefully I will

