

VOLUME ONE

The Selected
Letters of
Philip K. Dick

1938-1971

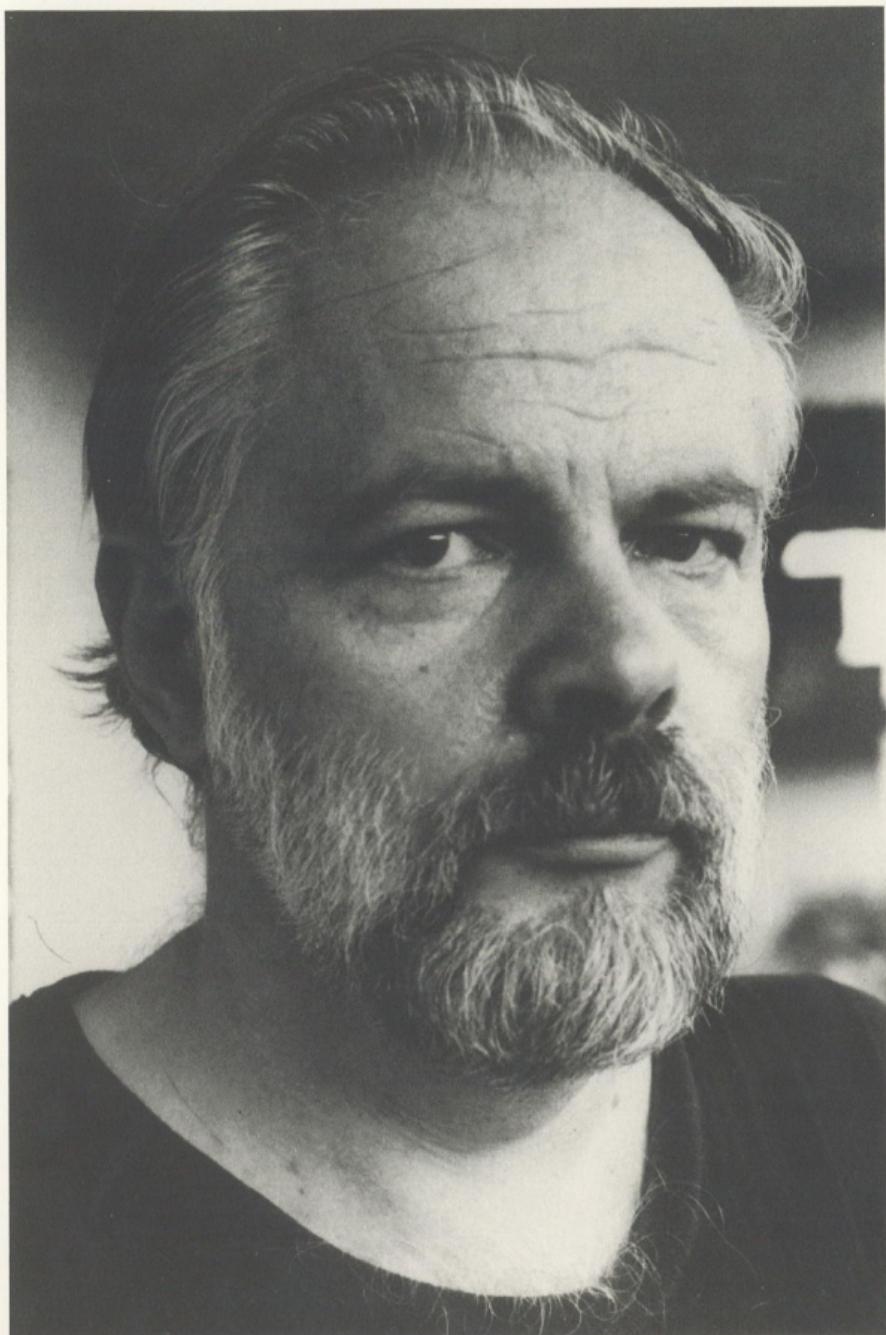


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V O L U M E O N E

*The Selected
Letters of
Philip K. Dick*

1938 - 1971

Introduction by James Blaylock

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THE SELECTED LETTERS OF PHILIP K. DICK 1938-71

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Caution: These letters are offered for the insight they may provide into their author; they cannot be considered reliable sources of information about any other persons.

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Publisher's Note

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 typographical errors.

We thank the dedicated staff of typists and proofreaders— Kathy Claar, Jim Clary, Lonnie Davis, Ron Drummond, John Fairchild, William D. Gagliani, Chris Gordon, Lance Hardie, Steven Lidster, Jeff Makos, Frank Miele, Lisa Morton, Judd Muskat, Diane L. Newman, David Nielsen, Valerie Owre, Jason Peterson, Kevin Sisemore, Don Slaughter, Jasmine Star, and Jeff Steven Svoboda— and coordinator Allan Kausch for their assistance.

A Ticket on the Nonpareil Lines

by James Blaylock

There is rarely any rising action in the story of a life—no plot, not much focus. To me, Phil's letters read like the chronicle of time passing in a frightful hurry: friends coming and going, sometimes in anger, sometimes in death; marriages started and failed: cars bought and broken down; books conceived and written and sold in high hopes, and then the hopes dashed and swept away on the receding tide. Seasons turn, years fall away, and there's the inevitable sad promise of a last letter signed and dated . . .

The first real letters here are mailed home from the boarding school near Ojai: "I am not used to being beaten up by kids who are 18 years old," Phil writes. "My Social Studies teacher says not to read Fantastic magazines." "Send Sugar Ration Card to me, please." "Hurt my finger." "We play marbles alot, and go to the beach." "I am learning to swear, I'm afraid, they do it alot here. Write millions of times a week."

"Don't be lonely . . ." And he signed this last one, "Your little boy, Philip Dick."

And in *The Transmigration of Timothy Archer*, Angel Archer says, "Don't do it. Don't live alone."

The letters in this volume are full of people—editors and agents, lovers and wives, friends and relations—and yet I can't shake the notion that the ghost of desolation hovers over the pages and that in some fundamental way, despite the people and the high times and the hope of better things pending, Phil always lived alone. *Martian Time Slip*, arguably one of his best books, had a certain dreadful authenticity at least partly because Phil understood, in his heart, Manfred's autistic silence. I think it was the flip side of Phil's own compulsion to use language to order an often dark and chaotic world.

The sheer mass of letters in this collection is staggering. Add to it the million-word "Exegesis," the dozens of novels, the hundreds of short stories,

and what you come up with is a lifetime defined and redefined by words, words ordered and reordered in an effort to phrase something "worthy of his dreams." Words, it seems to me, can as easily be a veil of protective noise, like those recordings of ocean waves and train sounds, or like a television left on all night. Susan Cheever wrote that John Cheever, her father, had a mortal fear of bridges, so profound that he would nearly lose control of the car crossing from one end to another. Once, while crossing some unremembered bridge, he said to her in a dead panic, "Talk to me." "About what?" she asked. And he replied, "It doesn't matter, just talk."

A. A. Milne's *The House at Pooh Corner*, was always one of Phil's favorite books, the last few pages of which are some of the saddest ever written, especially if you've got children. Phil had a hard time reading those pages without crying. "What do you like to do best in the world, Pooh?" Christopher Robin asks. Pooh, essentially, says that he likes to eat. "I like that too," Christopher Robin says, "but what I like *doing* best is Nothing." Then, a couple of pages later: "I'm not going to do Nothing any more." "Never again?" asks Pooh, not quite getting it. "Well, not so much. They don't let you." And so Christopher Robin puts away childish things . . .

To my vast amazement, I've run into people who can read those pages and shrug. Sentimental rubbish, they say. Some of them honestly don't get it. They can't recall that they left anything much behind. They don't care that they had to "grow up" from some place where they'd dwelt when they were children, that there was a time when it was their job to do Nothing, and that saying goodbye to all that cost them something. Christopher Robin fills up Pooh's head with "things" that he's learned: "...something called Factors, and a place called Europe, and an island in the middle of the sea where no ships came, and how you make a Suction Pump . . ." Phil is sent off to Ojai where he's beaten up by 18 year olds, and, figuratively speaking, he learns how to make a suction pump and, as Pooh put it, "what comes from Brazil."

I don't believe he was ever very happy with the tradeoff. The cost was too high. In some big way it broke his heart, and he never recovered. He said goodbye to doing Nothing and to the peculiar, sheltering, timeless place of childhood, and what he got in trade was a suction pump and the suggestion that he throw his pulp magazines into the trash.

There's plenty of evidence, of course, that his childhood wasn't all that happy; there were no doubt enchanted places, but there were other places too, colder and darker. Perhaps that darkness made the enchanted places seem all the more bright. But probably the unhappiness of certain parts of his childhood magnified that which was wrong with the world, that which he feared, and cast the threatening shadow which clouds nearly all his novels—the iron prison, the half-life decay, the shifting landscapes, the people like androids, the unsettling knowledge that things fall apart. He never stopped believing in the enchanted places, though, however you want to

define them. He searched hard to recover them all his life, and it's that search that redeems and brightens his life and his work.

Fortunately for us he saw something funny in the world. In his novels he had a fine sense of proportion and perspective and humor. What seemed to come from Brazil looked like nothing else on earth when Phil got done with it, and if one of his characters went to the hardware store to buy a suction pump it turned into a slip of paper with words on it, and the man behind the counter was Elijah or had just stepped in through a portable hole from the future.

Glimmung sets out to make a ponderous speech and falls through the floor. Herb Asher displeases God, and God destroys his stereo.

In *Death of a Salesman* Happy says, "They don't raise a man to a position of responsibility who whistles on elevators." I remember that a man from *Time* magazine once came out to Orange County to interview Phil. All signs indicated that it was time for the world to take Phil and his books seriously. Phil was ready for the man, full of his own burning question, which he asked the man in deadly earnest: whether toads can talk. The interviewer hurried away, and the interview never appeared in *Time*. Phil had this way of whistling on elevators, not to put too fine a point on it, and they never raised him to a position of responsibility while he was alive, although I think they might now that he's dead.

One time when I was at Phil's apartment he decided that he had to get a bouquet of flowers for a woman he'd just met. We drove down to the local flower shop and walked in, and Phil picked up the first mixed bouquet he came to and stepped up to the counter, hoping to get in and out quick. In front of us were two German men, trying to talk with the florist, who was apparently baffled with the conversation. Phil saw an opportunity to help out, and said something in German—I couldn't tell you what it was. The Germans didn't turn around. They were oblivious to him. Phil might as well have spoken Chinese. He tried again, louder—a couple sentences, gestures, the whole business—simply trying to get their attention now. But he was invisible. He didn't exist. The Germans abruptly left, chatting with each other. The door swung shut, and we were left alone with the florist, who was wiping the counter with a rag and seemed surprised to see us standing there. Phil paid for the flowers without speaking. On the way back up Seventeenth Street he was utterly silent. Ten minutes earlier he'd been telling funny stories, but now nothing was funny anymore.

There's a slight chance, I suppose, that the Germans were deaf and that neither had any peripheral vision, but I don't think so. I don't know what to think, but there was a chilling element of depersonalization about the incident that wrecked Phil in an instant, as if this was exactly the kind of thing he feared . . .

A life, I suppose, is full of things that you just can't make sense of, although you're tempted to try. Biography is literary fakery: a person's life is translated into words so that a structure can be imposed upon it by the

biographer, who, full of both fraud and truth, sits behind the curtain like the wonderful wizard, cleverly manipulating knobs and levers, shining a light here, casting a shadow there, creating metaphors out of random incident, giving the life a meaning that he can write out neatly, in so many words. But in a book of letters there is no structure, only a clock ticking, and "vacant shuttles weave the wind." No one's pulling levers, and if there's any destination the signpost too often turns out to be the shadow of the gravestone.

Ragel Gumm arrives at the bus station in *Time Out of Joint*, certain that "they" are monitoring his movements. He doesn't know who "they" are. He's not sure who *he* is, for that matter. He wants a bus ticket out of town. "After forty-five minutes he still stood in the same spot. Can a lunatic go out of his mind? he wondered. What does it take to get a ticket on the Nonpareil Lines? Will I be here forever?"

Speaking of signposts, I found a hundred things in these letters that led me back to the novels, and I ended up rereading some of my favorites, trying to reconcile things, to make some neat and definitive sense out of the wild mixture of humor and tragedy in his books and his letters and his life. Here's what I came up with: I think that whistling on elevators, for a writer like Phil, is more than a little bit like whistling in the dark.

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CALIFORNIA PREPARATORY SCHOOL
OJAI, CALIFORNIA
MEMBER CALIFORNIA ASSOCIATION OF
INDEPENDENT SECONDARY SCHOOLS

MURRAY PEABODY BRUSH, PH.D.
HEADMASTER

September 2, 1943

Mrs. D. K. Dick
1411 Arch St.
Berkeley 8, Calif.

My dear Mrs. Dick:

It is a matter of great regret to all of us that you do not see your way clearly to send Philip back to us. We like him as a boy and admire his ability as a student. Perhaps you can send him back to us another year.

I shall forward the blankets, sheets, and bed spread to you. I am not perfectly sure that they will be the sheets that Philip left. I found two sheets in one of the rooms of North Lodge and spilled shoe polish on them accidentally and I am inclined to believe they were Philip's. I shall substitute two good sheets for them.

We shall also send a pillow if you are sure Philip brought one with him. We did not require them last year. I should also like to know what to do with the typewriter which was left in his room. Someone told me that it belongs to Philip.

With kindest regards to you all, I am,

Yours most sincerely,

Murray P. Brush

MPB:lp

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 *Martian 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 Crap 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.

(See letter to Anthony Boucher & J. Francis McComas, page 24)

6/23/52

~~Dear~~ Mr. B. & Mr. McC :

I'm taking the liberty of sending 3 at once, hoping you won't be angry because of it. They're more in the way of being 3 'alternatives' rather than 3 possible sales (or so it seems to me). Same general concept underlying all three, worked out differently in each case.

Thank you very much for your kindness.

Very truly yours,

Philip K. Dick
1126 Francisco

[TO SERRA ———]

Nov. 30, 1938

Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Serra:

I have taken the job of selling magazine subscriptions. I have been trying for 3 days and have sold two subscriptions. One for the New Yorker (\$5.00) and one subscription for Reader's Digest. (\$3.00) my profit was 75¢.

Here is a price list of magazines you might like to subscribe to.

American Home - \$1.00
American Magazine - \$2.50
Better Homes and Gardens - \$1.00
Collier's Weekly - \$2.00
Readers Digest - \$3.00
New Yorker - \$5.00
Coronet - \$4.00
Fortune - \$10.00
Ken - \$5.50
Ladies Home Journal - \$1.00
Liberty - \$2.00
Life - \$4.50
Look - \$2.00
McCall's - \$1.00

If there are any other magazines you would like to subscribe to I can obtain price lists. I hope you will want to.

lots of love—
Philip Dick

P.S. These subscriptions can be used for gifts to friends.

[TO DOROTHY K. DICK]

May 12, 1939

Hillside School
Berkeley, Calif.

Dear Mother:

Last Friday was your birthday, and I gave you a pair of scissors, now what do you want for Mother's Day? It is taking quite a while to write this letter so instead of writing a lot more, I have composed a poem for Mother's Day. Here it is.

*The sun was shining
brightly,
The clouds had gone
away.
And everyone was
happy,
For it was Mother's
Day.*

It is a very short poem but I hope you like it.

Sincerely yours,
Jim Dick

[TO DOROTHY K. DICK]

May 1940

Dear Mom;

I got down here safely. It was a very long trip. I was glad to get down here, to L.A. Dad's new house is a whiz. It is very large. Tomorrow they (Dad and Dot) are going to get a recorder-phonograph-radio com. Mrs. Nash is going to sell me some records. I can play them on dad's new radio phonograph.

Dad thought it would be a good idea if I was to stay here until Monday morning and then leave on the train. It would mean the miss of 1 day of school—but that is not important, since I have so little time down here. You can go to Loganetto alone and have a lot of fun. How about it? I think it would be good: Dad may go to Washington, Frisco, or someplace else. I may not see him for a long time. That is why I would like to stay here. Hows it?

Dad says I am growing to his size. I am almost as tall as him! Please write air mail to me and let me know if I am going to stay here for how long. Dad is taking a leave of office for a few days. He thought I was going to be here Saturday (next). The war news looks good, doesn't it? I hope the Greeks win. Write soon.

Lots of love,
Philip Dick

P.S. The Sat. and Sun. trains will be crowed Easter. Dad doesn't think I should go on it (Sat. and Sun.).

[TO DOROTHY K. DICK]

[July 21, 1940]

Mom;

Mr. Rhodes said that I couldn't go in swimming for the first 2 days, he was taking it up with the camp doctor. The sleeping bag was swell, but I didnent get to sleep until 2:00—and I woke up at 6:00. Write soon. Send my pills. I am going in Tuesday.

signed,
Philip D.

[TO DOROTHY K. DICK]

[July 25, 1940]

Mom;

At the left is the swimming hole, some boys are launching a canoe. On the right is the dam. The horse's coral are at the extream right.

Love,
Philip D.

[TO DOROTHY K. DICK]

[August 2, 1940]

Dear Mom;

A few days ago, Bob, me, and Jack Myres bought a \$.50 belt for Don Watts, our consular. I did all the braiding of it. Don was very pleased.

Love,
Philip Dick

[TO DOROTHY K. DICK]

[August 2, 1940]

Dear Mom;

I was in a camp play. I played the largest part. A few days later I played a professer in a play about school. Now all the girls call me professer. A few days ago I play the undertaker in a play at Cazadero for the red cross. Admission 10¢.

Love
Philip

[TO DOROTHY K. DICK]

[August 2, 1940]

Dear Mom;

I can swim! a few strokes of the crawl, and I have mastered the elementary backstroke.

with love,
Philip Dick

[TO DOROTHY K. DICK]

[August 2, 1940]

Dear Mom;

The reason I did not write sooner was because the camp went to the Bohemian benefit, admission \$.25. Edgar Bergun, Gene Hersholt, John Charles Thomas, Leio Caurillio. Also we danced. The program was from 8:00 to 12:00. We had to sit on the floor. It was nifty.

Lots of love,
Philip Dick

[TO DOROTHY K. DICK]

Monday [September 21, 1942]

Dear Mom,

I am writing this in my room. When I left you I hurried with my suitcase to reach my car, car 6. Car 6 was way up near the engine. I got on just as it started. Lynn and Aine were much bigger than me.

The trip was long and tiring. We reached the Santa Barbara station at 3:24. Mr. Burr met us, and we started for the school. $\frac{1}{2}$ way there I noticed that we were almost out of gas. We found a near by station and left for the school.

Ojai is 128 miles from Santa Barbara!

I (am sorry to say) I lost the key to my suitcase and also that mail shipper.

Our rooms are like this: 2 to 3 boys to a set. I will write a long letter later when I get my pen. Send my Lamp, and all sorts of junk, pictures, all sorts of little things—books, no pillow!

Your Son,
Philip Dick

P.S. Send records right away!

[TO DOROTHY K. DICK]

September 30, 1942

Dear Mom,

I am writing this on the back of one of my Latin papers, so that you can see what kind of work I do.

I sold my Tschkowsky's 5th for \$3.00 to a boy.

I have decided to stay here. I might come home in February, but I don't think so.

Please send me: 2 white shirts, 3 colored long sleeved shirts; 1 package of Greythorn needles. No nail cutter; I found mine.

I have very little time to write.

I wish you would write Dr. Brush and have me excused from Gym.

Have everyone write. We look forward to the mail eagerly.

Please send music—books!

The school gives me, and everyone else, their allowance each week. 50¢ for me. They may send you a bill, I don't know.

Love,
Philip

September 30, 1942

Philip Dick

		Latin	
		Decline:	
	sing.	plur.	Rosa – rose F.
Nom.	rosa	rosae	
Gen.		rosarum	
Dat.	rosae	rosis	
acc.	rosam	rosas	
abl.	rosa	rosis	
			Terra - Land - F.
Nom.	terra	terrae	
Gen.	terrae	terrárum	
Gat.	terrae	terrís	
acc.	terrám	terrás	
abl.	terra	terrís	
			Filia – daughter – F.
Nom.	filia	filiae	
Gen.	filiae	filiarum	
Dat.	filiae	filibus	
acc.	filiám	filias	
abl.	filia	filibus	

Puella - girl - F

nom.	puella	puellae
Gen.	puellae	puellárum
Dat.	puellae	puellís
acc.	puellám	puellás
abl.	puella	puellís

[TO DOROTHY K. DICK]

[circa early October 1942]

Dear Mother,

As soon as I mailed the letter I sent you I was sorry that I had done it. I realize now what a cruel thing it was to do, and I thought that *you would realize* that I was so homewick the *first week* that you would expect a letter like that. Surely the fact that you would want me to come home because you missed me wouldn't overpower your logic in realizing that I would not mean what I said.

You must realize that when I was writing that letter I had just worked in the kitchen for 6 hours in the last few days and naturally I was tired, homesick, angry because no one had told me that I would have to work at all. Now that I look at it in a clear light I see that I was so homesick that I immediately seized on the working as a suitable excuse to come home. I expected you to write me a letter saying, "Oh well, you'll get used to it in time," and I thought that that would be all.

When Dr. Brush told me that you were trying to reach me, I almost fainted. I saw then what a wicked and senseless thing I had done, how much misery I had caused, and how much I had lowered myself by doing such a thing.

I thought that I could wait until the end of the month; why can't I?

After all, if I do come home at the end of the month I will, by that time, have gained a truer understanding of the school's policies. Here is what I think we should do: Don't send Dr. Brush any kind of a letter; don't send for me; don't decide that I don't like it here. I do not like it here *too* much, but I like it a lot better than when I wrote that letter. Then, somewhere around Oct. 23, if I still don't like it, I will come home.

Of course there is the house. You need the money badly, of course, and I can see that it is necessary to either rent it now or not at all. If it is impossible for me to wait till the end of the month, if I must come home now or never, I can only say that it is up to you. I will try to present the facts herein as accurately as I can.

Reasons for staying here:

1. I am here already.
2. I will be getting ready for college.
3. If I do go home I will be admitting that I am a weakling, a heel, and I will be the scorn of everyone.

Reasons for leaving:

1. The work interferes with study.
2. You can't afford to have me here.
3. At present I am not too happy here, but I don't want to go home till month end.

I will describe the work.

Every other day I do this: When the dinner meal is over, I help clear the dishes away. That takes until 7 o'clock. Then I take a damp rag, and wipe off the tops of about $\frac{1}{2}$ of the tables, there are about 150 people here (I think). Then when I have done that I mop $\frac{1}{2}$ the floor. Then put on about 150 glasses. Then I put on about 75 napkins, which I must fold first. Then 75 knives, 75 forks, 75 big spoons, 75 small spoons and 75 butter plates. Then I put the sugar bowls where the ants can't get them, and then sometimes I spray the legs of the tables to keep ants away. That is about all except for 150 breakfast bowls, or big plates.

I find the classes here not hard at all, 9th grade English, Latin, Social Studies, and 8th grade math. Am having a lot of trouble with Math. When it gets to the middle of the term I will have to study a lot more. Remember, write and tell me what you are going to do before you do anything.

Lots of Love,
Philip

P.S. You don't have to send me my allowance for a long time, if you want. I am sending you a letter I wrote before I got the phone call, and also one to Mee-maw. P.D.

[TO DOROTHY K. DICK]

[early October 1942]

Dear Mom,

It is going to be hard to answer the question in the letter you mailed on the 5th. I do not like working, but I do not think that it makes any difference to whether I stay or not. I like it here now, as much as I would if I did not have to work. However, this working business is getting into my school work something awful. I got 20% in Math today, which will make my average 55%, which is failure, all because I was working in the kitchen last night, and did not have time to do my math.

Mr. Burr came over the night before last. Wanted to know if I was going home, and why. I told him what you said to say, but he didn't believe me, and said so. So I told him I didn't like it here, and named all the reasons I could think of. He then said that naturally I would not like it the first month, and he as much as said I was a sap to go, and that I was not being fair to the school. I then told him that the working in the kitchen was interfering with my studies, he said that he would have dinner made 15 min. earlier so that I would get out

earlier, but that makes *no difference*. He also gave me Monroe Longyear as a room-mate, and that makes me happy.

If you write the doctor say (instead of saying that I am not able to work which I am), that I, me, am behind in my studies anyway, and that working in the kitchen is making it almost impossible for me to keep up with my classes. Of course I can get my work done, by doing it when I should be at gym.

I am too tired when I come in from the kitchen to do any work. I will not stay here if I do not have to work, because everyone would say, "What a sissy he is." If you think that being behind in my classes is reason enough for coming home, then I had better do so. Other than that I like it swell here.

Love,
Philip Dick

P.S. Only have to set the tables for 100, or 50 persons, not 150, and 75.

P.P.S. *Can I sell some of my records here?* Important.

[TO DOROTHY K. DICK]

October 22, 1942

Dear Mom,

Gee Whiz, I guess that I had just better not write unless every thing I say is strictly cheerful. *I am not coming home*. I have no wish to, and I don't think that what I said in that letter could be interpreted to mean that I wished to come home. True, I am homesick, but I know that I will get over it soon. Now don't send me any more special delivery letters because they come with the regular mail anyway, and I have to wait till after school to get it.

Did I have very much fun going to school at Garfield? I did not, and I think that you and Meemaw are too ready to have me come home.

And anyway I can't very well come home now, and face everyone with no excuse at all.

For goodness sake, don't tell me that I can come home, because it is just like when you would say, "All right, you don't have to go to school today."

I know this is the best thing for me. Already I am getting a good coat of tan, and am developing character, muscles, and stamina.

I already feel very much at home here. If I didn't get in the workgang so much I would have more leisure time.

You don't seem very happy at getting that \$2.00.

I was *tired* of the records. They were apt to get broken here. Besides, a boy here, Fred Johnson has given me permission to use his phonograph and his very fine records any time I please.

When I get a letter like this you sent me it *really* makes me homesick.

I don't like the work, but that won't make much of a difference in the long run.

You have hurt my feelings by suggesting that I am such a sissy that I can't

stand a little work! My friend Murry works in the kitchen too, and he doesn't mind it.

Write Dr. Brush any way and just see how much he would take to let me out of the work. I would be interested to know just how valuable my services are.

I got "A" on an English theme which Mr. Barnes read to the class, because they begged him to read it after he had read the first paragraph out loud to make a correction on it. If you would like I'll send it to you to read. It is about a cat.

I think that my writing is O.K.

I hope that the fact that you miss me does not influence your judgment. If you want me to be a spoiled brat, then just let me come home. That would be admitting defeat, and I am going to prove that I am just as much a man as any boy here.

It is beautiful here, I wish you all could see it. Marion would love to paint the mountains. Meemaw would love the restfulness of the Los Padre Forests all around us, and I'm sure that you would enjoy the perfect climate here. Joe would like the city of Ojai.

Now don't get the idea again that just because I am homesick I want to come home. I am just not that kind of a man, who would run away from something that was difficult to get used to.

I have made some good friends and some bad enemies here. Dr. Tooker says that the parents are sent a bill at the beginning of the term for the allowance. Maybe they are supplying mine free of charge.

Love,
Phil

[TO DOROTHY K. DICK]

[October 23, 1942]

Dear Mother,

When I wrote that letter to you I did not suppose that you would act immediately. I thought that I could stay here until Oct. 23 or there abouts, but from what you said I gathered that either I must come home this week or not at all. In that case I shall come home as soon as possible. However, I will have some trouble getting packed. I don't know where I can get nails here, or if I can use the Big Box over again.

I hope that the main reason for me coming home is not because I don't like it here, but for some other reason. I'm sure I could get used to it here in time.

You said that you had not sold the house, and I gathered that you were pretty worried. Is that right? If you write Dr. Brush to send me home this next weekend, Oct. 10 to 12, will you write me too and advise me what to do?

The reasons why I don't like it here are mainly the gym and the work, which in itself does not bother me, but it interferes with study.

We have no time at all to study during the day other than during our 2

study periods. Then when school is out we go directly to the gym. After gym we have a bath, and then we eat. After dinner we have study. Every other night I would be working, and I am sure that my studies would suffer. I am doing very poorly in Math, got D yesterday.

Besides it is very tiring.

My asthma has been bothering me slightly.

The athletics are hard. The ones that I wanted to be in are out, archery and tennis.

I'm losing weight. (My belt is too loose.) I attribute it to the fact that 2 times a day we have potatoes, I do without, and do not get so much to eat.

If you do decide to have me come home, write me quick, and tell me how to have my stuff shipped back to Berkeley.

Love,
Philip

P.S. If I come home, send me some money!

[TO DOROTHY K. DICK]

November 1, [1942]

Dear Mom,

Sorry I haven't written sooner, but just couldn't find the time. I'm afraid that I am not going to be on the Honor Roll again. I accidentally ripped open a pillow, it will cost from \$.50 to \$4.00 to have fixed. They will take it out of my allowance.

I came to my room after working in the kitchen last evening, and found that some boys had ransacked my droors and had found my wallet, glasses case, marbels, keys etc., and had put them inside the center thing on the light, like the one hanging in your room. I don't have any privacy here at all.

I had better not come home Thanksgiving, too costly.

I am not used to being beaten up by kids who are 18 years old.

There are still a lot of things here that I don't like. If I come home at all, it will be in February at the end of the term. My Social Studies teacher says not to read Fantastic magazines, and Mr. Taviner says that unless I throw them away when I have finished them, he will report me. A lot of the kids think that I am crazy to read such literature.

Our gym teacher wants Dr. Elliot to prescribe an athletic program for me, ask her if I can take hikes and let it go at that.

I spend my money thusly:

\$1.00 for rhyming dictionary

.50 for old coin, 1,500 years old

.50 for [illegible]ings, asperin etc.

2.00 to you

.50 for lunch in Santa Barbara

1.00 candy, mags etc.

.50 owed

1.00 movies

7.00 total

Face is O.K.

Love,
Philip

[TO DOROTHY K. DICK]

November 2, [1942]

Dear Mom,

Here is second letter.

I suppose that you can see by me letters that I am very changeable, but I can't help it. Sometimes I am sure I want to go home, sometimes I am doubtful, sometimes I am sure that I want to stay. I just don't know what to do, but I'm not doing any thing for a while. I am without funds now, not even enough for a postage stamp. (Borrow for this.) You can see that I spent my money wisely, though. On Halloween some kids from Nordhoff stole the great big coat of arms we have outside of the school.

I'll try to write as often as possible, and if I don't write very much, it is not because I am not thinking of you, but because I haven't time.

It is compulsory to go to church, besides going to chapel every day and vespers on Sunday. I'll be alot different when I get home, I know that. I'm picking up good study habits, and am changing my character every day. To the better, I believe.

My lamp won't work, burned out 2 globes. That is O.K. tho, don't need it. I'll get one of the boys to take a picture of me, and you see if I have changed any.

Those are not all pimples on my face, I've got poison oak. Send Sugar Ration Card to me, please.

Hurt my finger.

We play marbles alot, and go to the beach. I am learning to swear, I'm afraid, they do it alot here. Write millions of times a week.

Love,
Philip D.

[TO DOROTHY K. DICK]

November 5, 1942

Dear Mom,

At this writing I am of the opinion that I wish to come home. You see, the boys here are not the kind that I like, they like to do things that I do not wish to do, setting off firecrackers etc. One thing that they do alot is to "French" a

fellow's bed, put crumbs in it, another is to "short sheet" it, a process I don't quite understand, but one that causes intense misery to the fellow's bed. I have had it done to me, I don't like it at all, it seems the thing to do here, when it happens you go out and do it to someone else. I am perfectly miserably, I'm so used to having all my things private and not to be touched. And I don't like to go off bounds AWOL as the others like to do. I am getting sick and tired of knowing that the second I leave my room it will be messed up. And anyway, having to work in the kitchen gives me a definite disadvantage. I just don't fit into the group here. I am afraid that I may decide to leave. I just now discovered that someone put a lot of junk inside my bed, getting the clean linen dirty. Then when I went to get them out, I was bombarded with stuff from a berry shorter. I'm just darn tired of this system here.

Mr. DeGravelines was in to see if he could get me to tell who wrecked my room. I didn't tell him. Should I have? If I did, I'm certain that the boys here would have a very low opinion of me.

I also don't like being picked on by 18 year old boys. I'm doing OK in my class work, and like it fine in that regard. Did it occur to you that I haven't been absent for one single day in almost 6 weeks? That is going some.

Yes, I am on the work gang for infringement of rules. I may get on for the use of "bad language" which I learned here, and inadvertently used. You know I didn't swear at home. I picked it up here.

Got 100 in a hard Latin test.

I actually enjoy working in the kitchen now. The only trouble is that I have to play with plates so hot that it blisters my hands (almost).

I'll try to get a letter off to Bob soon.

You don't have to send me a bag, the laundry blessed me with one.

I wouldn't send my records if I were you, I might come home at the expiration of this paid-up-to period. The next one will be Dec. 23. I will leave here the 18, that is a rob. Pretty soon Mr. Burr will hop down here to see why I am leaving, word will eventually reach him.

It has rained once here.

Let's leave the whole issue in doubt 'till late in November.

Could you send me a dollar bill? I may need it for that pillow, am broke now. (Had to break a block of 4 to mail this letter.)

That comment about "store" in my poem was an out-and-out mistatement, it wasn't there by force.

Love,
Philip

Put these stamps in your book. PD.

[TO DOROTHY K. DICK]

[mid November 1942]

Dear Mom,

I'm sorry that I haven't written sooner, but you must understand that I have very, very little time to write.

"Inspection, $\frac{1}{2}$ hour" on my report card means that I was on the chain gang $\frac{1}{2}$ of an hour for not passing inspection. The next one will say: "Visiting after lights $\frac{1}{2}$ hour."

I think that I am doing pretty well here, leaving a soft and lazy home to enter a boarding school and working for my education. I am very proud of myself, because I am homesick only every now and then. I'm glad that you sent those music books. I needed them pretty badly.

Month end, 23 to 27, everyone goes home. I will feel pretty lonely then, thinking of everyone with their families.

After I came off the work gang Sat. Mr. Burr asked me if I had strained myself, and if I had worked too hard. I knew that he had been shown the letter you sent Dr. Brush.

I miss everyone, Skipper too. There is one cat here.

Have met a lot of nice boys here.

I might come home to visit Thanksgiving, we have 9 days, if you think it worth it. I can tell you all about the school then, much better than in writing. I'm afraid that I will be only able to write once a week at the most, but I'll try to get letters in between.

We go to the ocean every Sunday. I am getting a beautiful coat of tan.

I haven't seen a girl since I got here. See if you can get Laura's address for me, the last name is Heim, and she lives on Indian Ave.

Am getting along OK in Math now, are using that blue book Meemaw was so happy about, the one she borrowed from Maria. Don't work too hard.

Love,
Phil

P.S. I have plenty of shirts, don't need more, have 6.

I don't mind working. Write Dr. Brush and find out how much more he wants to have me not do work, and then I'll work anyway, because I don't mind working.

However, if you could increase my allowance, then I would not mind working at all.

Laundry bag is too small. Get me a big white one.

How is Marion getting along on that picture for me?

Don't work too hard.

Please send me those last pictures we took, of me, you, Meemaw, and the Skipper.

Ian MacKinley is fixing my phonograph, but I have sold all the records I have here at $\frac{1}{2}$ price.

Please send me the rest of my records, quick.

I am sending 2 dollars to help pay expenses.

[Heavily crossed out concluding line: I still go to gym.]

Phil

[UNKNOWN, POSSIBLY
DOROTHY K. DICK]

[Unknown, with 1942 Ojai Letters]

Records I would like in order of preference.

(1) Jupiter Symphony; Mozart. (Sym. 41.) Victor. \$4.00 Tosc. 5.92

Symphony #1; Brahms. \$3.34 (Music Appreciation Records only.) With album, \$3.97

(no) Beethoven, "Emperor" Concerto, Piano Concerto #5. Victor. played by Schnobal Manual Secq. \$5.50

(2) (yes) Beethoven, Violin Concerto in D maj. Victor or Columbia \$5.00 Schumann, Piano Concerto in Am. \$4.50 Victor only wrong rec. in middle

(no) Firebird Suite by Stravinsky. \$3.50 Victor.

(no) Bach, K.P.E. Concerto for Orchestra in D major. Victor. \$2.50

Barber of Seville, Rossini. Victor. \$8.50

(yes) Song of the Flea, Moussorgsky. \$1.00

(yes) Till Eulenspiegels Lustige Streiche, Strauss. \$2.00

Tschaikowsky, Symphony #3. (Polish). Victor. \$5.50

Tschaikowsky, Symphony #2. (Little Russian) Victor. \$4.50

[TO DOROTHY K. DICK]

[Unknown, with 1942 Ojai Letters]

Dear Mom,

I can charge most things at the school store, charge it to you, and so you probably won't have to send me any money. I just came from the office where I "bought" the letter you sent me containing the clipping about the contest. (There was 3 cents due on the envelope.) I was very glad that I won something, but was embarrassed by not winning a better prize.

I am getting along all right in my classes. The only trouble is that I have to work in the kitchen so much I do not have very much time to study. Got 80 on a math test today.

We have potatoes twice a day, and sometimes with lima beans. We have to take a bath every day here. The big box came O.K.

The records came yesterday, and were all right. It is very hot here now, and I hope that they don't melt.

The lamp came O.K., too.

Do you know what? I am going to have to work in the kitchen Saturday night, the one night we get to go to a movie! Everyone goes, everyone except me. I am so mad at everyone I am not very sociable.

The pen came O.K.

Please send me Dad's address, Jonathan's address and also I wish you would do this: Mail that poem and letter I wrote, to Aunt Flo. Then hunt around until you find that big envelope I keep my clippings from Aunt Flo's column in. Please mail it to me.

We have math problems like this, 702

1701 reduce to L.C.D.

Don't you think it is hard? We have a math teacher who doesn't believe in Math problems like, "Jimmy had 4 cows. Every day he milked one of them. How many times had he milked...." etc. He likes the kind I just wrote, 702/1701. He is very old fashioned.

Our numbers of children in each classroom are from 10 to 5. Am doing O.K. in all subjects. Write soon. Don't be lonely,

Your little boy,
Philip Dick

P.S. Send me a laundry bag, quick!

[TO DOROTHY K. DICK]

vac beg March 26, 1943

Dear Mom,

I cannot understand why you haven't gotten the letter I wrote last week. Vacation begins March 26 and ends April 6.

If you were not coming down, and I was going up, I could get a ride up with Mr. Bun to S.F. for \$4.00! Tough luck it didn't happen last Xmas or next June.

Mr. Tavener is going up to S.F. next June if he can find a place to live. I told him about Mrs. Clement's cottage in Lagunitas. Will you speak to her and find out if she has any houses around that way for rent?

I give my Rostrum speech next Saturday. O Gosh!

I have had a cold these last few days. It is better now, the 3rd of its kind; starts in the throat, moves up to the nose, and then up to the sinuses.

There is very little to write. I got an 85 on a Latin test.

I cashed that \$5.00 check you sent me to pay for having my shoes resoled, reheeled and resewn. Cost me about \$3.50. Also bought note book, cough stuff and other necessities with the five.

I still haven't got the lamp, did you mail it already?

Well, write soon.

Love,
Philip

[TO DOROTHY K. DICK]

April 28, 1943

Dear Mom,

Well, I got here all right. I had no trouble on the train, had a big lunch, got off at Santa Barbara. The train was 20 minutes behind schedule. I leaped into cab, roared over to bus terminal, time: 4:05. Got there just as bus was about to leave. Just made it.

I got into Ventura and found out that the Greyhound Line had no service to Ojai. I got into cab, rushed around to other bus line, caught bus just leaving for Ojai. I got to Ojai at 6:10. Had a good meal, unpacked my bag. Everyone was glad to see me.

Did I tell you that about six months ago I lent my asthma stuff to a boy who had mislaid his. When I got here I discovered that his mother had sent me \$4.76 worth of adrenilin.

Everything is changed around in our room.

I'll write again soon.

I'm so tired that I can hardly stand up, my legs are tired and weak. I'm just dead.

Love,

Philip

[TO DOROTHY K. DICK]

[May 1943]

Dear Mom,

As I am writing this, the big packing box that I brought my stuff down here in has been repacked, and the day after tomorrow I am going to have it shipped back to Berkeley. In it I have put my radio-phonograph, my stamp collection, half of my blankets, books, drawing equipment, coin collection, and clothes etc. Everything but the clothes that I am going to pack in my suitcase.

It should get there a few days after you get this letter; it will be insured, so look to see if it is all right inside. If you think that it is advisable, wire me as soon as you get it, so that I can cease to worry.

Also it is the fashion here to wear white pants to the commencement program, in fact a must, so if you think it is worth it could you send me a pair? If you don't, I will not be able to go to the program, which is certainly all right with me. The only thing is that I might win some sort of prize, and I wouldn't be able to collect if I wasn't there. So do as you think best.

Well, just about three weeks of school left. That breaks my heart. We are all counting the days to the day of our release. As long as I live I will never make the mistake again of going to a boarding school. I have spoken to all my

friends, and every one of them says that he hopes that he will not have to come back here next year.

Mr. Burr and Skip won't be here next year. Mr. Burr is going to be the headmaster at the Ojai Valley School, and Skip is going to go to Nordoff High. Also my other friends won't be here.

I am also going to have to send either one or two cardboard boxes of stuff as my suitcase is no as large as to hold all of it.

I got the last page of my story, but the other two sheets were not what I wanted. I would like to have you send me the sheet of paper, which is at the very front of my story, which bears, in type, a list of all characters and cities in my story.

Our school work has gotten a little harder, we are having nothing but Grammar in English now.

Well, write soon, and let me know when you get the box. Just think, only three weeks.

Cum omne animo meo,
Philip Dick

[TO HERB HOLLIS]

December 16, 1949

Dear Mr. Hollis,

I am writing this on my own time. Three thirty am, the morning of December 16. December 16 is a more important date to me than it is to you, because it is my birthday, and on this particular Dec. 16 in 1949, I am twenty-one years, which is an extra special birthday is it not?

I wanted to mention several things, while I think of it.

The first words I ever was addressed by you, were, "If you like both albums so much it really doesn't matter which you buy; you'll get them both, sooner or later." You were right, I did, within a week. I thought: what a smart fellow. I was fifteen. Six mo. later I went to work for you at AMC, under a Miss LaForge. That was five or six years ago. I was just out of Junior high school, I had not started at Berkeley High yet. I had never kissed a girl, I did not shave, I read Astounding Stories for entertainment.

At 21, I have been married and divorced, shave every day, and read James Joyce & Herodotus' "Persian Wars," & the "Anabasis" of Xenophon for entertainment.

You and I have changed alot in the almost six years; I more than you, maybe. You had more hair, then, I had less (now it grows on my chest, etc.) Neither of us had seen an LP record.

At 15, I thought I knew what I wanted out of life, now I do not. At 15 I was a big psychological mess, I still am, but differently. You aided & abetted

my mental growth, and also frightened me backwards occasionally, because I take everything you say seriously, then and now.

At 16, I sold a customer's radio, and at that time there were no other radios in the world to replace it.

At the same age I decided that PK.K. was the most wonderful woman in the world, and at 21 I still have trouble believing that this notion is incorrect.

You and I and Nick saw people come and go behind the counters of the two stores; I am sure we could not remember all of them between the three of us. Some we were sorry to see leave, some we were glad to see leave, some we disagreed on.

I almost got fired x no. of times; I almost quit x no. of times. At 21, I like my job better than I did at 15, but I am doing different things now than I was then. I used to make adaptors, remember? When you told me that was what I was going to do at UR&E I had to go home and look the word up in the dictionary to see what it meant.

At 15, I did everything wrong, at 21 you are at AMC and can't see what I'm doing. All in all, alot has changed since that time, and alot has stayed the same. It is surprising what sort of things do not alter in six years; which attitudes don't pass away, and which ones do. It seems to me that those things I was sure of I have forgotten, and those things which I didn't realize I believed are now a part of me for life.

I once made a series of pictures of you, which you seemed to like. They are still hanging up in UR&E, and when I noticed them I am inclined to think that if I drew them again they would be exactly the same at 21 as I drew them at 16. Perhaps you know what I mean.

We have pushed a lot of records across the counter in six years. KSMO & "The One Eyed Riley" have come into existence, and much has gone away. All in all, I think each year is better than the last. We have made plenty of mistakes in six years, but we have also answer a few questions correctly in that time, and I think we have come out ahead in the final analysis.

Love,
pkd

[TO FELLOW EMPLOYEES *no date, handwritten note says "Spring 1950"*
AT ART MUSIC?]

To those concerned:

This is the end of an old year, and the start of a new one. Things change, people change, everything becomes different. I have got larger, and at the same time I watch people looking smaller to me. I used to be proud of saying that I was working for this man, because he was a big man indeed. Now I'm ashamed of him and his Organization, his institution on Earth. This is almost

my seventh year with the Organization. But I think that it is not the same Organization that it was; it destroys its parts, pushes them around—we are not pawns to be moved around.

I am saying that I am leaving the Organization, that this is my two week notice, that two weeks from today is my last day.

Mr. Nichols, Mr. Lusby, and others, have been good, big people to work with; they have been real square by me.

I am sure that Mr. Hollis will understand my writing about this in a letter, because he is something of a letter writer himself. I remember a lot of things in the past that gave me a sense of pride in the Organization.... like when Mr. Hollis wrote to a customer named Figley. And just as Mr. Hollis wrote to Mr. Figley, now I am writing to Mr. Hollis to let him know how I feel. This has nothing to do with any one event, though, this is a deep feeling. I feel very strongly about this business..... [ends here]

[TO J. FRANCIS McCOMAS]

October 29, 1951

Dear Mr. McComas,

Thank you for the words. I went over the story and cut down 19 pages to 9. I think it shines now instead of merely glowing faintly.

And I believe I got the objections out of it, too.

I hope it does. If not, I'm ready to get out the typewriter again.

Very truly yours,
Philip K. Dick

[TO ANTHONY BOUCHER &
J. FRANCIS McCOMAS]

November 8, 1951

Gentlemen,

I'm glad that "Roog" pleased you. Certainly, the new title is all right.

That's a lot of money for one story. I really feel a little embarrassed.....

Writing is a major event for me, and I am beginning to find ways of arranging my life around it, rather than squeezing in a few hours after work or on Sunday. Oddly, most of my writing tends to be fantasy of a religious, drifting nature, ill-suited for worldly things or large publications. All I can say to defend it is that people who read it are disturbed, and go off brooding, very puzzled and unhappy.

"Roog," as you slyly guessed, is my first acceptance. Needless to say, I feel that an unusual honor is involved in having one's first published story appear in F & S-F; and thank God I won't have to see it filtered between RUPTURED? ads and BREAST CREAM ads and TEETH SLIPPING? ads.

Now, the story which is enclosed with this letter is long, about 6,700 words. Too long? I hope not. It is, I think, a strong story, and there is a lot in it.

I will try it on you, and I hope that you won't be offended by receiving it so quickly. I am very interested in your reaction.

Thank you very much for all your kindness and help. I appreciate it a very great deal.

Very truly yours,
Philip K. Dick

[TO J. FRANCIS McCOMAS]

January 9, 1952

Dear Mr. McComas,

Thank you very much for your letter. & your Christmas card, too.

Now, here is what has happened. I have done what you asked, I believe, and I have also done what you did not ask, I'm afraid. I proofread, and then I went and clarified three pages, 9-10-11, in certain distinct ways. This you specifically did not ask for; you were quite clear about that.

But I wanted to bring out some points better, and so I went ahead, and having done so, I now tremble with trepidation (for good reason). Have I killed the golden-egg-laying-goose? Have I reworked it and strangled it?

Therefore I am also including the original 9-10-11 with proofreading changes, not reworkings. You'll find them clipped on behind. The 9-10-11 in proper order are the reworked ones. I would prefer to see them printed, not those clipped behind, but you people use which ever you see fit. I trust your judgment.

The reworking that I did was confined to these three pages; honest. Everything else I did, on pages 2, 5, etc. was proof-reading: I swear it.

If necessary, I will either decrease the rework or increase the proof-reading. Frankly, this is a new situation to me: being told NOT to improve the story but only to proof-read. My natural Kafka-like inclination is to scrape, polish, cut, grind, until the last possible moment, in all possible ways.

I do thank you very much for being so patient with me on this, but I am confused as to where my moral duty lies; to the story, or to you, and as to which is better, my reworking, or your suggested minor-only changes.

Very truly yours,
Phil Dick

[TO EDITORS, *Fantasy & Science Fiction*]

February 11, 1952

Dear Sirs,

Please pardon me all to hell, but I am sending you this story while you still have the previous one. The reason: both stories are related, and I feel sure you will want to see them together.

Now, "The Preserving Machine" is long, contemplative, and philosophical.

"Left Shoe, My Foot" is short, descriptive, and hard. In the back of my mind is the idea that they form a kind of series with maybe more to follow. Their theme is the same, the characters are the same, etc. But you may feel that one or both should be given up; maybe even the idea of the series.*

Of the two, I like "Left Foot" better. That it may survive and "Machine" fail wouldn't surprise me. (Or even the other way around, Ia) or (b), or both, or none. Give advice or no advice. And do please kindly pardon this sending of two stories at once. It is meant well.

Very truly yours,
Philip K. Dick

* Or rewriting could be done, esp. on "Machine."

[TO ANTHONY BOUCHER]

March 5, 1952

Dear Mr. Boucher,

Here is a new page 11 for "He Who Waits." I hope it does. Also on page 7 there should be two re-paragraphings so the meaning is clear. Should be:

The spider slid down beside him onto the desk top. "Sorry.
Hope you aren't frightened, as in the poem."

The man stared. "Are you the same one? The one at the corner? The one who warned me?"

Otherwise it's unclear who is talking. As to the title: how about "Protection." Or: "The Protectors." Or: "Protectors." Or: "Protection Agency." etc., etc. I like the last. We seem to have plenty of time to decide, if the first "Dick" is coming out in August. I wonder if perhaps this yarn wouldn't be the best "first." "Roog" is more ordinary; its kind is common. This one (and "Little Movement") is more my own kind of story. I'll leave it to you.

I understand about the Labyrinth stories. I've already re-worked them, cut the "Machine" from 23 pages to 10; the other from 19 to 15, made strong the end, made smooth the style, but I'm content to bask and sun myself and hold them up indefinitely. But they are ready, if you suddenly run out of short stories. I won't send them off anywhere else.

Now, maybe you can do me a favor, Mr. B. I have been sending a few stories to the slicks, and I have sold none, but got some good letters, including one fine letter from the S.E. Post, saying I shouldn't have any trouble selling such stuff & send more, but too off trail for them, but—. What I need is an agent for my slick stuff. Maybe you know a good one who would take me. I've sold five stories (three to you, of course), and maybe I can get on the 10% right off. I'd appreciate it if you could advise me of a good person to contact. And thanks for all your help. You've done me lots of good.

Very truly yours,
Philip K. Dick

[TO ANTHONY BOUCHER &
J. FRANCIS McCOMAS]

March 19, 1952

Dear Sirs;

Here is some of the material. The long one about loyalty will not be ready for a week or so. It has to be worked over. You will find herein:

"The Little Movement"—a brand new pretty typed-up version with a few minor changes only, all for the good, I think. It's much smoother.

"One Who Stole"—the story about the children and God. I am open to suggestion on this, if you wish to have it changed.*

"Preserving Machine"—greatly changed, much shorter, smoother, and stronger. This is perhaps a better story than its companion. If you want it all by itself you could take it alone.

"Left Shoe"—shorter, better ending. Or you could have this alone, if you wanted.

(If "Little Movement" comes back with a rejection slip, I'll have a stroke.)
Hoping to hear from you, I remain,

Yours very truly,
Philip K. Dick

*The name of the boy "Bobby" should be changed, perhaps. & there are many awkward dashes & paragraphings. Any of us can fix these....

[TO ANTHONY BOUCHER]

April 12, 1952

Dear Mr. Boucher,

I hope you won't be too disconcerted to see this epic coming right back, so soon. "Preserving Machine" has been carefully worked over, so here it is. The other one will take a little longer. Maybe quite a bit longer. It needs more.

I agree that the second version of PM. was too short. It read like a synopsis, and in some respects was not as good as the first. Therefore I have done a completely new version which is SENSATIONAL, and that is what you will find just below this letter. Below that are both previous versions, the too-long and the too-short, just for any value they might have for comparison purposes.

Now, I wonder if it would be all right with you that P.M. might be considered intrinsically, not waiting for the other to follow? I would be much happier having this one out of the way.

The long Oath story has been scrapped for the time. It didn't read over well.

I sent three stories to Willis Wing & I am awaiting his retort.

Thank you very much for the invitation to come over and settle the

world's problems. I don't like to bother & annoy, but it would give me much pleasure, and perhaps, when I'm sure I wouldn't be invading, I will do so. In any case, thank you.

Very truly yours,
Phil Dick

[TO ANTHONY BOUCHER]

April 13, 1952

Dear Mr. Boucher,

Well, here is the other one, "Left Shoe, My Foot." It has really been worked over, from start to finish. I sat up with it all over the weekend.

I have used your suggestions regarding the ending. Also I have reorganized it so that the dead part in the center is gone.

Also I have made the tone of it conform more with the other, "Preserving Machine." Doc Labyrinth figures much more in it, etc.

I hope you like it, and it will do, but if it will not do, then I'm happy to re-work it again.

Thank you very much for the help, especially the suggestions. I consider them apt, valid, useful, and the very kind of thing that is good to hear.

Very truly yours,
Philip K. Dick

[TO EDITORS *Fantasy & Science Fiction*]

May 7, 1952

Dear Editors,

I received word about PM & LSMF and I rejoice mightily.

I think I should reveal to you that *Planet* has put a story of mine on the stands. Does this change my "first" status with you? Their story was purchased after "Roog," of course, but it's out, sure enough. Also *If* has purchased a novelette and there's a chance it might appear before your first of mine. I thought I'd let on to you, since it might bear on the blurb you're planning.

Mr. Willis Wing wrote me and said that my stuff was aimed at too small a market (quality), but that I had talent. He preferred not to handle anything for small markets. Now I'm wondering about the other agent you mentioned. Maybe he & I could strike up a deal.

Judith Merill has not written me yet.

With this letter is a new nugget, "The Transcendental Ladies." It's a knee-slapper.

Well, thank you all very much for your kindness and patience with PM & LSMF. I'm glad they finally went. I hope very much to see you again & have

more talk. I am told my favorite story "Cyclist Raid" is being filmed into a moompicture. I wonder how it'll be.

Very truly yours,
Phil Dick

[TO ANTHONY BOUCHER &
J. FRANCIS McCOMAS]

June 23, 1952

Dear Mr. B. & Mr. McC.:

I'm taking the liberty of sending 3 at once, hoping you won't be angry because of it. They're more in the way of being 3 'alternatives' rather than 3 possible sales (or so it seems to me). Same general concept underlying all three, worked out differently in each case.

Thank you very much for your kindness.

Very truly yours,
Philip K. Dick

[TO J. FRANCIS McCOMAS]

October 29, 1952

Dear Mr. McComas,

I just can't help leaping to battle with you about "Bring the Jubilee." Allow me to elaborate my position.

The South was not fighting to defeat the North any more than the colonists were fighting to defeat Great Britain. In both cases the revolutionary sides were attempting to force the home government into a position of having to allow them to withdraw and set up their *own* government. The South could no more have defeated the North than the Colonies could have sailed to England and landed an invasion army. In both cases this was not a matter of serious consideration. Originally, the South expected either to be allowed to withdraw without opposition, or without anything more than a token fight to preserve the North's honor. No one expected a real war on either side. But the North chose to regard the South as traitors and rebels, not as belligerents. Honor then consisted in totally defeating the southern states as a band of organized criminals. A move was originally afoot to shoot all captured rebels as traitors; that would have been the North's position if it could have maintained it.

Thus, all the South was fighting for was to force the North into a position of having to allow the rebel states to withdraw and set up their own union. Southern policy-level planners, when they realized the North was going to fight all the way, realized they could not win, not in any total sense, such as "defeating" the North. Jefferson Davis represented the more sane Southerners who

knew that it was only a matter of time—since the North was going to fight—before the South was ruined. I need only point out that Southern bonds, stamps, and money could not even be engraved in the South; no one could perform the necessary technical operation ... All realistic Southerners knew the South was not a complete nation. It had no industry at all. It was still living in the Mercantile age, as a supplier of raw materials to the mother country.

Southern hopes, then, lay along the lines of Napoleon's hopes during the "Hundred Days." Very thin, but a hope, nonetheless. Quick victories, dashing charges, split the enemy into sections, fight a short, brilliant war that would so stun the North that it would not care to continue the conflict. But a long war would of necessity be lost. The South's only hope lay in the fact that for the North to win, Federal armies would have to lay bare the whole South. But for the South to win, that is, to force the North to allow them to withdraw, only enough trouble would have to be created so that it would not seem profitable to continue the war.

The main Southern drive, then, was to split off Washington, D.C. from the rest of the Union. This was almost accomplished, as we well know. Your attitude seems to be Moore's; that is, had the South won at Gettysburg it would have been the start of a series of victories ending with the defeat of the North. But this could not happen. The Gettysburg battle had to be a victory in itself; either the North ended the war on the spot, or the whole Southern hope was lost. Gettysburg was a desperate attempt by Lee to bring about the split of the Union and the fall of the Capitol. Even as late as 1863 there was a good chance that England and France and Russia would recognize the South and intervene to force the North to allow the South to withdraw. Gladstone had already called the English cabinet into session, hoping that Washington would fall and opportunity would appear to put through recognition and intervention. As you know, Canadian border forts had been built up to prepare for possible conflict with the North.

The South, then, did not strive to, nor could it, defeat the North as the North was striving to defeat it. You and Moore have merely turned the war around. "What if the South had won, instead of the North?" This is a false concept. "What if America had won the Revolution, not England?" Well, America did; but not by defeating England. Only by forcing England to let it withdraw, no more. Southern plans called for no Sherman's March through New York City, no smashing of the North. If the fall of Washington did not end the war, the South was licked. Victory would have to come then, the fall *qua* fall.

And, in all probability, recognition *would* possibly have come. England wished to recognize the South; their decision hung on the fall of Washington.

Now, assuming the North had allowed the South to withdraw in 1863, what would have been the condition of the North? Let's assume no lands were retained west of the Mississippi. Let's assume great inflation and indemnity—the latter to aid the South in building the barest minimum of industrial equipment, such as railroads and steel mills. Detroit, Pittsburgh, Chicago, Saint

Louis, Philadelphia, all would have been retained by the North. Their great industrial areas would have been back in operation. Inflation is a false ruin; it's a ruination of administration, not of natural wealth. Germany leaped up from a terrible inflation in a very short time. When wealth and energy exist, then a paper ruination can be survived.

As for the general development of finance capital & the industrialization of the North. I really do think (perhaps Marx has influenced me here) that the trend in this direction was coming in all modern states regardless of the outcome of the Civil War. The U.S. is a big industrial country, not because the North won, but because of certain world-wide forces emerging into full being. The loss of the War might have slowed down the North, even made it poorer, less than the "greatest nation on the globe." But the conditions you and Moore accept are conditions of a debased, emasculated country, such as France today. Yet, if energy and wealth exists, any destruction can be survived. Germany after World War I. The Soviet Union today. Prussia after the 30 Years War. Three good examples—all three nations had been damn near wiped off the map, but because their industrial development was "on the way," even virtual annihilation only delayed it—not stopped it. These are world trends we have. America didn't create the modern world. It only is a part of a supranational movement. The "Robber Barons" were coming in some form or other ...

With kindest regards to both of you,

Very Truly Yours,
Philip K. Dick

N.B.—

At this point a new idea strikes me. Why is it, I ask myself, that many of us Northerners feel that had the South won, the United States would have been smashed, burned, laid low never to rise again, the whole fabric and development of modern society prevented from coming to life? We seem to be so sure that the fate of the whole world hung on Northern victory. Moore's story describes a kind of dark ages, a period of incredible misery and ignorance and lack of freedom of spirit. A sort of Franco-Spain world.

Perhaps it's because that is what we did to the South. We smashed and burned and ruined them, we employed total war concepts against them, cities and troops, fields, towns, railroads, livestock, warehouses, everything we could get hold of. We burned our way right down to the water's edge. Total War. We used it, invented it, employed it against the "traitors" of our own people. Ruthless total war, no holds barred.

So having done this, we have to tell ourselves that if we hadn't, the same thing would have been done to us—and worse. Not only would we have been smashed and ruined, but the entire world, as we know it, would never have come into existence. Instead, a grim dark somber world without spirit or enthusiasm would have arisen. In other words, our total war against the South

was a sort of Holy War, to protect the growth of civilization and freedom, which would not have arisen without our victory.

Since we know the South had no plans to smash us, since we know they were trying to get out of the union only, that no war at all would have benefited them, would have pleased them, that the end of the war at any time would have been the victory the South wanted, since we know Lee's advance in 1863 was an act of desperation and incredible bravery, with little hope of success and no hope or intention of doing more than taking Washington, then why is it we posit annihilation for our world at their hands? It's a feeling of guilt, I think. We have to tell ourselves they had worse in store for us had they won—a complete invention, of course. We must go on telling ourselves that our civilization depends on winning war after war ... if any are (or were) lost, the world "as we know it" would cease to be ...

PKD

[TO J. FRANCIS McCOMAS]

November 22, 1952

Dear Mr. McComas,

Ah has received yo' lettuh, and ah has thought it ovuh a long time.
(While sippin' mah mint julip.)

Heah is mah sword. Ah loses. Ah has been defeated, suh. You has defeated me.

Ah admit you is the best no-account damnyankee historian there is.

Ah hope that we is still friends, aftuh all this here ruckus.

Mebbe ah kin come by yo' place sometime an' hev a little drink with you-all, an' get mah sword back at the same time.

Sho' nuff?

Very Truly Yours,
Philip K. Dick

P.S. (But what about the words Corporal Jones of the Second New York Regiment said on the night of May 3, 1862, as he was crossing Kupapaqua Peak? And the chance remark Major Henry Budde passed onto a farmer, as his column was advancing—Oh, well. Forget it. I admit defeat!) pkd

[TO FELLOW EMPLOYEES [No date, handwritten note says '52 or early '53]
AT TUPPER AND REED MUSIC]

To whom it may concern:

This is the stock procedure for Classical. LP COVERS: Each LP is represented on the sale-shelf, placed in a green folder which shows brand, number, title, composer, artist. When the sale copy is sold this cover is retrieved and

tossed in a bin (Lil will show you where). Each day these covers are checked to see if more copies exist in over-stock. If one more copy exists, simply put it folder and restore to sales shelf. If none exists of a certain number, put MT cover in next bin. Each week these covers are listed for reordering purposes in the black ordering book, which is divided by brand. Then, when the salesmen come in, the numbers and quantities are transferred to their order sheets (or orders are mailed, etc). After order is listed in black book file cover with other MTs. 78 & 45 COVERS: same procedure. 45 sets: no covers, so must be examined periodically to see what we need: we sell only the best sellers, no more, in 45. Lp is our big deal on classical. SPECIAL ORDERS: This is a headache. You take customer's name & address on blank white card. At top right put brand of record and number to order by. File in green metal file in front under TO BE ORDERED. Once a week or so take these and put numbers in black book with MT numbers. Then file in TO BE FILED. When you can, put under brand card in green file, by number, etc. so that when record comes you can find order card.

Remember always to process new records against order file before anything else, so that nuthin gets on shelf that has been ordered for a particular individual. Otherwise all hell breaks loose.

When possible get salesmen to bring special orders over. You can phone them at the wholesalers sometimes, when it's urgent.

Read Schwann catalog as soon as it comes out for new releases. Read ads therein especially. Mr. Reider Torsen, Underhill 3-5513 handles a million little brands; try him first for unknown small brands. He does not come in here: don't change that. Phone your orders to his office; don't let him come in. He, Torsen, will load you up, cuz he is a good old-fashioned salesman. Instead, phone over there and talk to DICK NELSON who is a good egg and whom you can rely on. If he says is good, is good. He won't load you up. Torsen'll recommend 20 of each.

Go low on these brands: Mercury, Concert Hall, London, Vox, most misc. Go heavy on Westminster, Victor, Col. Capitol. Our best customers are Mr. Mallet, who is nice, and Mr. Gibber, who never says anything. Both can't be "sold," they only buy. Mr. Gregg buys hundreds of operas. He's nice, but big. Be especially nice to my friend Phil Elwood, who buys quartets, etc. Be mean to two certain little girls named Janet and Carol whom Lil will point out to you. Good luck, and don't order much of anything: that's the secret of success in this biz. If you just dally around long enough, the record in question will go away, leave the "hot" list, and you can forget it. (Except ML4180 and DEC 8036).

Love,
PKD

Also: One HMV sold a day keeps the unemployment office away.

[TO ANTHONY BOUCHER &
J. FRANCIS McCOMAS]

February 16, 1953

Dear Gentlemen,

Just wanted to drop you a line and let you know that I didn't take the New York job. As you advised, I wired and demanded some kind of guarantee of expenses in case it fell through. Well, it fell through on the spot. So that was that.

I'm just as glad, anyhow. Meredith has been doing fine for me the last six or seven weeks. Made enough to pay off the mortgage on my house, by God. He's sold to Galaxy, Fantastic, Beyond, King-Size, Imagination, If, Tel, Future, etc. I've sold 28 yarns in all, now. In just 15 months. Gee.

I've done more reading on the War Between the States and I discover that McComas is quite right about the War creating modern finance and industrial capitalism as we know it. Very interesting, suh. You'all damnyankees done ruined us plantin' folk jes' to build up yo' evil money-mad industrial empires. Sho 'nuff.

Very Truly Yours,
Philip K. Dick

[TO ANTHONY BOUCHER]

May 18, 1953

Dear Mr. Boucher,

Thank you very much for the very nice things you said in the printing of "The Preserving Machine." I was overcome with delight.

I was also overcome with delight to hear the Richard Tauber records on your program on KPFA, as for instance "I hatt' einen guten Kommerad" or however the title runs. It always seemed to me that record and the selections he did from "Dichterliebe" were superb, even beyond his usual style and ability.

I wish to call your attention to a story which you should reprint in your magazine (if you haven't already done so). It is clever—and also wise. And wonderfully unusual. It appears in Healy's "New Tales of Space and Time" and is called "The Quest for Saint Aquin" and is by one Anthony Boucher (obviously a nom de plume for some sinister character lurking in the shadows). The bit of conversation reading: "Do not let it worry you. What I can read does not interest me it is such nonsense" caused me to fall from my chair in delight. This robass is the best ever. Haven't had so much fun since the Gallegher stories of Lewis Padgett.

One more item. I have received a check from your NY office for foreign rights to "Left Shoe, My Foot." I am pleased-surprised-thankful. But I am puzzled by the new title "Expendable." What does it mean? How does it fit the story? Who put it on? And—is there any way I can get hold of the foreign

edition it appears in? I've never had this experience, and would like to see how I look in non-American format. (Herr Philip K. Dick, etc.) If you know where or how I can get the foreign edition copy, I'd appreciate it.

Very Truly Yours,
Philip K. Dick

[TO SAN FRANCISCO [Undated, published in S.F. Chronicle, July 7, 1953]
CHRONICLE]

Editor:

On the first page of the final edition (June 19) appears a picture of two East Germans throwing rocks at a Soviet tank. It seems to me that this picture captures the human spirit of courage and resistance beyond anything I have ever seen. It is really a work of art. Surely it compares to the World War II picture of the Marines raising the flag on Iwo Jima.

It's a picture we should have around to remind us of what kind of people we are and what sort of thing we're fighting against.... Thanks for giving us the opportunity of seeing it. You put it right where it ought to be—square in the middle of the front page.

Philip K. Dick

[TO ANTHONY BOUCHER &
J. FRANCIS McCOMAS]

September 2, 1953

Dear Mr. Boucher and Mr. McComas,

Here is the rewrite on "The Father-Thing." Eleven new pages. A new ending, as you suggested, and reworked material throughout: pages I thought could be improved. The new ending adds one page to the yarn; I tried to keep the length down as much as possible. I agree the old ending cut off too soon, didn't really resolve the situation.

Seems to me the main fault lay in the sudden defection of Daniels and Peretti. I built up a picture of their realism, their loyalty, their organization—and then had them flee in the moment of crisis, to leave Charles alone. An insult to kids!

I think this will do it, but if it doesn't, I'm always glad to rewrite a rewrite, as I did on the two Doc Labyrinth yarns. I wonder if you would mind letting me know how this goes, in either case. Okay? And meanwhile, I'll keep rustling around, trying to dig up transportation, so we can get together and talk about the ways of fiends.

Very truly yours,
Philip K. Dick

[TO ANTHONY BOUCHER &
J. FRANCIS McCOMAS]

September 6, 1953

Dear Mr. Boucher and Mr. McComas,

I hope this won't foul everything up, but here is *another* ending for "The Father-Thing." A shorter version: knocks off four pages. Eliminates considerable material, and the ending is more powerful (I think).

In connecting the enclosed with what you have, join these pages (12 through 18) with 1 through 11 of the *second* version. In other words, this third version makes use of the new pages that precede page 12.

What a mess. But I wanted you to see both endings together.

Okay?

Very Truly Yours,
Philip K. Dick

[TO ANTHONY BOUCHER]

December 16, 1953

Dear Mr. Boucher,

As you know, I listen to and enjoy your program. You asked for requests: here are mine. These are the singers I'd like to see programs devoted to, in order of preference.

Adele Kern
Franz Volker
Elisabeth Schumann
Hans Heinz-Nissen
Karl Schmidt-Walter
Michael Bohnen
Heinrich Schlusnus

I know it's beyond hope that you could turn your program over completely to this sort of stuff; but anything you can play of any of these singers is just that much more pleasure in my ears.

Many thanks.

Very Truly Yours,
Philip K. Dick

[TO ANTHONY BOUCHER]

April 8, 1954

Dear Mr. Boucher

I'm sorry to keep bothering you with phone call and letter, but I understand that Scott Meredith is going to write to you about "Explorers We" and I wanted to get hold of you first.

As you recall, late in September of last year you wrote to me, expressing an interest in that story, and suggesting changes. I made changes and mailed them back within the week; during the first part of October. Since then I haven't heard hide nor hair from you, but I understand that you are officially away, these days, so I have been happy to wait. However, now I'm getting worried. Maybe there was a slip-up and you didn't receive my rewrite. Or something.

In any case, if you want another rewrite, etc. etc. let me know and I will produce. It may be that the time travel angle didn't convince you, in which case I'm sure another resolution can be found. Okay? Thanks a lot ... and maybe we can get together one of these days, as both of us repeatedly suggest.

Very truly yours,
Phil Dick

[TO MR. HAAS]

September 16, 1954

Dear Mr. Haas,

Yes, I very much think we should get together one of these days soon. If for no other reason than that collections of fantasy artifacts fascinate me endlessly. The problem is that I am bogged down in work, right now; I'm completing a long novel that has had me tied up off and on for several years; this final revision at my agent's request has been on my work-desk for nine months. I'm hoping to get it out of the way once and for all. After that, I'll be a little more free.

I notice that several tapes made of panel discussion at the Convention are going to be broadcast over FM Station KPFA, during the next two weeks. This is fine, considering that one day they played a tape made at some Eastern college in which assorted individuals outside of science fiction attacked it from various standpoints, none of them really knowing enough about the field really to tab its weak points. As you know, my own private love is fantasy, but fantasy is disappearing from the marketplace. Boucher tells me that he does not dare print a long fantasy; only a long science fiction is tolerated by his readers. Poul Anderson told me the serial he had running in *Fantasy and Science Fiction* was originally a fantasy; he was required to insert a body of scientific material to make it s-f. Gradually, I and other fantasy writers, have been discouraged

from continuing. We are told there is no market, that it is dying out, passe, anachronistic. At the Convention I gave away a fantasy I wrote, gave it to a fan magazine, because I've lost any hope of having it printed in a genuine magazine of national circulation.

Therefore, you kind words about my early fantasies are appreciated. I enjoyed writing them, and I wish there was incentive to write more. But a writer doesn't work in a vacuum; if people don't want and don't like what he's doing, the fire seems to go out of it. But you rekindled, to some degree, my interest in fantasy. Two things come to my mind. I have a ms of a fantasy novel which I wrote two years ago. It runs about 80,000 words. My agent won't handle it because there is no market ... I've thought about printing it privately. The only catch is this—it's not exactly the kind of fantasy one reads in fantasy magazines. It's a psychological fantasy of the dream type, more like Kafka I suppose, or like "The Man Who Was Thursday." There is no fantasy premise: that is, a fantastic postulate from which things proceed logically; the beginning is natural, factual, normal, as in Hubbard's "Fear;" the ordinary world, in fact. From there, the book "degenerates into sheer fantasy," as my agent puts it. It progresses, I would say, into greater and deeper levels of fantasy; a trip into the dream-regions of symbolism, the unconscious, etc. as one finds in "Alice in Wonderland," where the work ends with a final cataclysm of dream-fantasy. I'm saying all this because my point is this: I'm not sure a reader of fantasy would consider this a fantasy. He might consider this merely "morbid neurotic psychological investigations for sick minds" as del Rey tends to put it.

Actually, I think all human minds, sick or well, have regions of dream-symbolism; I see nothing morbid in these symbolistic worlds ... they have their own logic and structure, their own typical relationships, as Lewis Carroll showed. Not a chaotic or formless world, at all ... a world that fascinates me. But perhaps not of interest to fantasy readers. Yet, I don't know what else to call this. I call Kafka's work "fantasies," for want of a better name. Or Conrad Aiken's "Silent Snow, Secret Snow." Or even THE MAGIC MOUNTAIN, and certainly Molnar's "Liliom," or the plays of the Capek brothers, or that ghastly Maeterlinck "Bluebird" thing, and certainly Ibsen's "Peer Gynt." To me, the myth and the dream are related; I see myths as symbolistic proto-type experiences, archaic and timeless, occurring in the individual subconscious. The fairy tale, the myth, the dream, are all related. And I see nothing mobid in it ... the button molder, in "Peer Gynt" absolutely terrifies me. I sense meaning, there. I can't exactly define it rationally ... perhaps that's why Ibsen chose to present it that way; perhaps these symbols can't be reduced to exact literal descriptions. Like poetic images, they can't be translated.

Now, I was wondering if you'd care to read this ms one of these days and give me your opinion on it. When we get together, I'll bring it along—if you're interested, of course. You can tell me if you think it would be worth reading from a fantasy viewpoint. Or whether it would be of only psychological interest. The second thing occurred to me when you mentioned that you

picked up the original on "The Preserving Machine." I have a ms of at least one and I think two previous versions; one is longer and one is shorter than the final version. You might be interested in them for your file; they make interesting comparisons (and Boucher's comments are interesting, too). Let me know ... I can probably dig them up; they're around here somewhere.

As to getting together, and as to going up to meet CAS, we may have to defer that temporarily, until I get my work straightened up. Poul Anderson, myself, Bretnor, and somebody else, are in the process of forming a writer's workshop, which is also clogging my schedule; but once that's squared away, I'll be less tied up. In any case, I hope you can get down here or we can get up to your place one of these days. Write me or call me, won't you? and let me know how you feel about all this. Meanwhile, we'll keep our fingers crossed and pray that the final dim lights of fantasy don't wink out completely.

Cordially,
Phil Dick

[TO SCOTT MEREDITH]

May 16, 1955

Dear Scott:

I'm sorry but I can't sign these contracts, so here they are back exactly as they arrived.

For the chicken feed sum of \$184, Rich and Cowan expects me to perform a major overhaul on the novel. There'd have to be another decimal to that figure to make it worth it.

I might add in passing that the particular revisions suggested are unworthy of my time and labor, and by no possible stretch of the imagination could be described as "in the interest of the book."

Tell Rich and Cowan that they can have a copy of the Ace edition, which will be out in a day or so. They can print from that.

Very truly yours,
Philip K. Dick

[TO BILL HAMLING, *Editor Imagination Magazine*]

September 2, 1955

Dear Bill:

My agent Scott Meredith has relayed to me your request for a rewrite on my story RECALL MECHANISM.

The story is a good one, and I am proud of it. When a rewrite improves the story I'm glad to perform it. I welcome suggestions that help a story. In this case, however, the rewrite would turn a good yarn into a cornball nothing.

With great pride, and a sense of my responsibility to writers in general, to my own ethics, and to science-fiction readers, I refuse.

I have so informed Scott, and I assume he'll be looking for the MS back.

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

[TO TIME]

[Undated; published in TIME, October 3, 1955]

Sir:

The message I got out of Herman Wouk's *Caine Mutiny* is: (a) Believe!
(b) Work! (c) Die!

What a hell of a message this is.

Philip K. Dick

[TO ANTHONY BOUCHER]

June 3, 1957

Dear Tony,

I noticed your encouraging review of EYE IN THE SKY in F & S-F, and of course it made me feel good. Since you have always taken an interest in my work (heck, you started me off!) you probably won't be too bored if I cry on your shoulder concerning this book and all the rest of it. To tell you the truth, EYE IN THE SKY is not a terribly recent novel of mine; in fact it was written before THE MAN WHO JAPED. And the reason it did not appear until now is that nobody wanted to touch it because of the various "controversial" ideas. Donald Wollheim at Ace had it a long time ago and returned it with regrets. But evidently after they had put so much into my stuff (after they had bought three) they felt they could go ahead and take a chance. Even so, I had to re-write large portions of it. But I had new ideas to put in, so I didn't mind; in fact I think it came out better—which is an anomaly. The other three were changed, too, cut down rather than changed for content, and they did suffer. In my own opinion THE MAN WHO JAPED is a far better book than any of the others. I had to cut 75 typescript pages from it, though. To fit into the Ace double edition. But I would be the last to complain about Ace, since they've kept me alive these several years. And on a personal level Don Wollheim has given me extraordinary encouragement and attention—as have you, as you well know. Ace has one more book of mine, but this one has already appeared in a magazine (*Satellite*); the title for that printing was A GLASS OF DARKNESS, and it runs about 40,000 words. You can see that it is slight compared with the others, but again I personally like it; it's pure fantasy, which as you know has always been my favorite.

Where the real crying-on-shoulder comes in is at the money point. Don't

consider this a fund-raising appeal, though. It's simply the kind of keening that comes natural to most writers I know, so you've probably heard it before; it has to do with pay-rates. Ace paid me a flat one thousand for each of the novels. And of course there will never be any more from them, barring a miracle. The irony is that this makes the reprint 40,000 word slight job the best-paying of all, since I had already got \$400 for it from *Satellite*; I accrue more on it than for either *SOLAR LOTTERY* or *EYE IN THE SKY*, and what is more important, on a book like *EYE IN THE SKY* which you seem to feel is a worthy contribution to the field (and thanks for that) I get so little return that financially it isn't really worth it on a strictly cold-blooded basis. Figuring work-hours versus pay, it's a losing struggle at this pay rate, not to mention the holy anger that a writer feels to see his stuff go for peanuts when he knows—he just plain knows—that his stuff is worth far more. Yet again I say, thank god for Ace; they've kept me alive. If it hadn't been for them I'd no longer be in the writing business. As Scott points out, it's one thousand from Ace compared with nothing but talk from the other publishers. And here, of course, is the tragedy; no hardcover house was even remotely interested in, say, *EYE IN THE SKY*. (I did get a letter from the editor-in-chief at Putnam, as I recall, saying that they had read it but that it was simply not well-enough done to go into their list.) Beyond that, no hardcover house said anything at all, but I know Scott tried it around—for a couple of years. Taking your statement as a proposition (that it's one of the best s.f. novels of the year) we have a situation in which no hardcover publisher is interested in publishing "one of the best s.f. novels of the year," although they do, from time to time, publish s.f. novels. And they can't even say that I'm unknown; they haven't got that old wheeze about first novels losing money to fall back on.

Tiresome as all this is, there's worse to come. I have ceased to write either s.f. or fantasy, Tony; I stopped writing short stuff for magazine publication back in May of '55; since then I've done only novels, both s.f. and what I call straight contemporary serious quality fiction about non-myth type people, and in the last year it's been just the latter, the non s.f. I have five of these novels in circulation (maybe I've told you this. But it seems to me I haven't seen you in several years). We damn near sold one of them (called *MARY AND THE GIANT*). In fact we had an oral okay over the phone from the editor-in-chief of a reputable hardcover house. They held the MS for six months and then—as I stood waiting for the contracts, still keeping faith at my end—they returned the MS with a short note. Personally, I believe they couldn't get a pre-publication softcover house to go along with the book, to underwrite their costs. Since then I've had not a nibble on any of the five MSS, except long rejection letters comparing me to the early Odets, etc. Oh yes, and one letter from the agent of an editor-who-left-his-house-carrying-the-book-with-him; this ultra high-up agent said she had a buyer for the book who was "not dis-interested (sic) in pornographic detail." So for a month or so after that I had little of no will to combat the world.

Anyhow, that's where I stand now: I have only five straight novels out; all my s-f, both stories and novels, have been sold. I figure I've sold about \$15,000 worth of stuff. In the last year I've made almost \$4,000. But if the straight books don't move, then I'm done. Even with this fair sales record, I was unable to interest Otis-McIntosh, Lurton Blassingame, or John Schaffner in my work last year, when I had a break with Scott. You would think they would go along with me; they all seemed to recognize my work. It was the straight novels that turned them away; one look and they bolted for safety. But I am of a mind to persist. I persisted with EYE IN THE SKY, and your approval cheers me up immensely. You might be interested to know that, in that connection, three agents with whom I discussed a relationship would have had me discard that novel, not to submit it any further, give it up forever. That novel, plus everything else I had done to date; they would read only current unsubmitted stuff, and EYE IN THE SKY had already been around quite a lot. How could I have done that in good conscience? Don't you agree with me? Somebody must, besides my wife and cat!

Cordially,
Phil Dick

[TO ANTHONY BOUCHER]

June 6, 1957

Dear Tony,

Thanks for your words. Maybe one of these days I will come see you about getting you to recommend me to some editor back in New York. As you say, they've only heard of Bradbury and no one else. On the agent thing, I am back with Scott, since only he of all the agents I have contacted is willing to circulate my five straight novels. I suppose he feels that he has made enough off my s.f. to cover it. Anyhow, the books are being read. You know, your encouragement has got me thinking in terms of ONE MORE S.F. NOVEL, to end it all, so to speak. I've got an idea I've been working on for a year, now. Maybe I'll go ahead after all. But no matter how good it is, it'll wind up at Ace because, as you say, regular hardcover houses simply don't buy s.f. novels. But it'll be fun to write.*

In connection with the above, I've been meaning to ask you if you read PLAYER PIANO, and if so, what you thought of it (and what you think of it having been bought by Scribner's, a real snooty house if ever there was one; they sent back a straight novel of mine with a note saying it had insufficient literary merit for them to consider). To me, PLAYER PIANO was the *sine quo non* of s.f. novels. Also, I have always wanted to ask you just exactly what it is that you see in James' TURN OF THE SCREW. I can't get a thing out of it. Where is the deep horror? And some of the dialog is a parody of itself; it's so artificial and formal. I recall your review, which caused me to

go read the g— d—-thing again, and still I got nothing from it. Am I missing some hidden substance beneath the surface? I trust your opinion, you know.

On last thing. I thought your Leider program on KPFA was superb; so was Leider, too. That woman—as her voice rises to more difficult notes, her ability to sing improves. At the really tough parts, where other singers begin to fall apart, she really takes off; she gets that wonderful quiver or whatever in her voice, that beautiful quality that I can't help comparing to the second carburetor in the car that comes on under stress and gives the car power and motion seemingly out of nowhere. That business of her responding to stress—the summoning of what to me is almost a second voice. To both Kleo and me, the Beethoven aria, sung by Leider—we had never heard her recording of it before—was the most moving experience of recent times; it completely got us. Thanks a lot. And I hope you'll do some more of her stuff, and maybe some Adele Kern.

Cordially,
Phil Dick

*This shows how habit-forming the writing of s.f. has become for me; I can't stop even after I've sworn an oath that I will.

[TO ANTHONY BOUCHER]

September 17, 1957

Dear Tony:

I just wanted to check to be sure you got the two magazines and book that I brought over—that is, the three stories you asked to see. In this anthology that Ace is doing, the only story that has been reprinted before in this country is Second Variety, in the collection that I passed along to you. I tried to keep the material as new as I could (I agree with you that there's a tendency to keep reprinting the same stuff over and over; I'm sick and tired of seeing my story Impostor showing up all the time when they want a story by me).*

Naturally, I'm ticked to death that you'll be doing the introduction. No, I didn't know. Wollheim didn't tell me, so it was a complete surprise.

Last night on Studio One on TV I distinctly heard your name mentioned during the play. Had to do with the reviewing of a mystery novel. Wasn't that you—mispronounced to rhyme with "Moocher"? It must be odd to hear your name within an hour-long play. Tony, let's face it: you're a legend.

Cordially,
Phil

* I guess, when you're through with the stuff I brought over, I ought to get them back. They're last copies—Wollheim got the others to print from. I've only bought two copies of each printed story, which wasn't very provident of me.

[TO ALEXANDER TOPCHIEV, SECRETARY]

February 4, 1958

Dear Sir:

I am advised by the magazine USSR to write directly to you, concerning your article, "Earth Satellite: Link in Over-all Scientific and Technological Development," about which I have several questions.

In this country, in the school-system and in general scientific circles, we tend to accept Einstein's Theory of Relativity; in fact, this theory is a mainstay of what we regard as contemporary scientific thought. No single theory is more widely known among ordinary people, here. No scientist has ever become as well-known as Einstein. Except for specific criticisms developed from the Theory of Quantum Mechanics and Heisenberg's Theory of Uncertainty, to my knowledge no theory exists in this country that tends to discredit the Theory of Relativity either in its particulars or in its broader implications. And I do not recall that Quantum Mechanics deals with the aspect your article mentions: faster-than-light velocities. In other words, for the first time in my life I find mention of such velocities. It is my understanding—based on work I did ten years ago, and admittedly somewhat vague in my mind—that Relativity states that no particle can attain a faster-than-light velocity. As I recall, the Theory states that as a particle approaches the velocity of light as a limit its length diminishes and its mass increases, approaching zero length and infinite mass. I've always accepted this—not because I have seen empirical proof, but, frankly, because it's so completely accepted, here. I have no particular desire to see this Theory stand. In fact, I'd very much like to see elaborated indications that major parts of the Theory do not fit reality. What I want to point out, though, is that to us it is a major—even sensational—claim that such elements of this Theory have been discredited. Therefore I am asking you for as much information on the "so-called Vavilov-Cherenkov effect that laid the foundation for the optics of greater-than-light velocities" and the work of Igor Tramm and Ilya Frank in "radiation emitted by the electron when moving with a velocity greater than that of light" as you can possibly make available to me. I assure you, I am deeply interested. From this, and other statements, in your article, I have come to the conclusion that I—and those educated here in a general scientific orientation in the public schools—have no knowledge of Soviet discoveries in physics, the Soviet theory of Probabilities, topology, etc. I'm consumed with the desire to learn more about your work in these fields. Theories of probability have always fascinated me; in fact, I have a science-fiction novel in print here in the U.S.A. and in England and Canada based on Heisenberg's Principle and on the Von Neumann Theory of Games. So you can see how important this is to me.

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

[TO JAMES BLISH]

February 10, 1958

Dear Mr. Blish

Other day a fan who had been drafted came by and handed me copies of reviews of my books as a sort of going-away gesture. I hadn't seen your reviews of *The World Jones Made* and *The Man Who Japed*, in *Fantasy-Times*; in fact, I didn't know you reviewed. I've thought of you only as a fellow writer—and here you are, sir, a viper gnawing away! D—n you, sir!

Anyhow, I'd like to comment on the two reviews (even though years have passed since you wrote them). First, the unsympathetic review, on the "Jones" book. (By the way, this is unique, for me; I've never written to a reviewer before. Reason I'm doing so now is that as I say, I think of you as a fellow writer, and I'm sure you'll understand why I want to protest, like the character in the Maupassant story, that "it was only a piece of string.") I agree. The "Jones" book was a failure. Let's face it. But the desire behind it was not base or ignoble. I've always been interested in the Joyce technique of starting with more than one thread and drawing these threads together at some nexus later in the book. In Dos Passos' USA there are a multitude of such threads, finally drawn together. Same in modern Japanese novels—although these are based, of course, on French models. However, in my "Jones" book, the threads don't come together; specifically, there is no relationship between the mutant group who open the book and the Jones political movement. Those two threads have no nexus. A is related to B, and B to C, and C to D, but A has no relationship to D. And it should have had. I think, had there been a relationship established between those two particular threads, the book would have come off. Originally, the MS was much longer. Ace agreed to publish it if I'd cut it. I cut out the mutant-thread entirely (which would have left a more unified book). But Ace demanded that I restore that thread. Without it, the book was thin. This showed me that I had got off in the wrong direction in my novel writing, and the next books were based on a more unified approach. Someday, I hope to do a successful "landscape" novel of the Joyce type, where a variety of persons and events are ultimately drawn together into a meaningful whole. (The best-seller, *Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys!* is that type of book, I'd say.) Now, as to your odd comment that the drifters are "referred to through most of the book as 'protizoa'." Do you mean to say that I misspelled the word? Glancing through the book, I find it spelled correctly. Or do you mean that they are not protozoa? I agree; they are not. But their nature is not known during the bulk of the book. They are believed to be protozoa—incorrectly: which is a main point of the book. Matter of fact, it's government decrees that use the term protozoa, not the characters; they call them "amoebae."

One other thing, in connection with this book. Happens that the whole idea is a sort of transformation of the situation in Germany after World War One. A liberal government, democratic in nature, is in power. It fights

against absolutist extremist elements growing from within; it tries to use its military and police power against them, and fails. Jones, as a person, is based on what I've read about Adolf Hitler. The drifters, of course, are the Jews (Damon Knight, I believe, noticed this). I tried to catch what I imagined was the *Zeitgeist* of Weimar and translate it into s-f terms. God knows what the mutants would be. Here the analogy breaks down.

By the way, in your *A Case of Conscience* you show a deep interest in Joyce—in fact, your passage from "The Wake" was unknown to me, in spite of the years and years I've spent laboring over the darn thing. Someday I wish to hell you'd write me and tell me what you think about the book. My own opinion is simple. It covers a very short time-period, either 12 or 24 hours; not more than a complete day. The main character is a man, and is asleep. Dreaming. I think Joyce was trying to reach into the deepest level of the mind, where the thoughts run in that awful circular fashion, around and around; you can catch them at it, sometimes at night when you wake up suddenly you realize you've been thinking in that peculiar round-abound "fermented language" manner. I reject the "symbolic" interpretations ... I prefer the simple explanation that this is the way we do think, and these are the thoughts of an inn keeper named HCE, who has a wife, etc. I feel the book's firmly related in reality, not off in the mystic clouds of "art." By I like Joyce's stuff anyhow. Esp. *Ulysses*. And *Araby*, in *The Dubliners*.

Now, to your review of "Japed," which you liked. I appreciated your statements, esp. your saying that you enjoyed the choice of words. This was my last s-f novel—came later than *Eye In the Sky*. Here, I think I got onto a much higher level of style. Anyhow, I tried to. "Japed" is my favorite of my books; I feel it has genuine literary worth. The sentences are better built. The language itself is of a higher character. And here, I made my departure from s-f to straight novel-writing, which I've done ever since. I'm determined to do a good solid contemporary novel. Maybe someday I'll sell one of them; I have five or six that Scott is submitting to hard-cover houses. As to "Japed": I have to, in all fairness, say this: the topic is not American culture but the society coming into existence in Mainland China. The Puritanical left-society with its emphasis on confession, fear, guilt, omphalos: which is the critical concept: the *idea of center*. In really authoritative CP writings, you get this again and again: "Center says ... it's the policy at center." This is the nature of totalitarianism, this facing toward the center. The hub. You see, I wanted to show that as dreadful as commercial bourgeoisie US culture could be, there are things that pose a greater danger, go further in destroying the integrity of the individual. Block committees are worse than TV. And—I was motivated by the acclaim in some circles toward my first book, *Solar Lottery*; they seemed to feel that I was bitterly attacking democrat society! That I was taking an extreme left position. They saw more in my book than I meant ... and I wanted to take the "other side," then, and have a go at the left. And by golly, those same reviewers denounced "Japed." Evidently they grasped that I was getting at their sacred cow.

I am personally pleased by your comments on my books. It's not fun to read unsympathetic reviews (i.e., that on the "Jones" book), but I must in all honesty agree with you. And so far you're the only critic who seems to have seen in "Japed" what I see in it. For that I'm grateful. But I also have the feeling that you and I may have something in common in our viewpoints, if not in our writing. I'd be anxious to hear from you about various topics of the day ... writing, at least for me, is one hell of a lonely business. (I'll ask you right now—did you read *Thy Rocks and Rills* by Bob Gilbert, in the Sept '57 *If* that has your *Case of Conscience* in it? I'm convinced that Gilbert is one of the few authentic geniuses in s-f today ... and nobody knows him. The poor guy seems to make a living drawing pictures for fans—pics of sea-monsters!)

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

[TO ANTHONY BOUCHER]

October 29, 1958

Dear Tony,

It occurs to me that if you're looking for a story of mine to include in the treasury of s-f, in my opinion my story *FOSTER, YOU'RE DEAD* is about my best. It appeared in the Star S-F Anthology Number Three.

By the way—the above mentioned story was picked up by *Ogonek*, the largest circulation Soviet weekly (1,500,000). They even drew a number of archaic, foul illustrations for it ... so I have more readers in the USSR than in this country. An odd situation. I never got a cent for the reprint; I wrote to *Ogonek*, asking for a copy of the magazine, but they didn't answer the letter.

What about some of those short fantasies that you printed of mine? Or is this a strictly s-f collection? If I live to be 100 I'll never write anything as good as those, again. Especially *LITTLE MOVEMENT*. When I read that, I marvel that I could have written it. Ah, the inspiration of youth ...

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

P.S. How about "Beyond Lies the WUB"? *Planet Stories*, July 1952. Never been reprinted, & virtually unknown. Not a half-bad story.

[TO ANNE RUBENSTEIN]

December 21, 1958

Dear Anne,

That strange old lady who cleans up your house evidently descended on it as soon as we were out of the driveway—when I got back there to turn off lights and lock doors I found the front door locked and that big outdoor light off and the various small messes indoors cleaned up. Right in the middle of the

dining table, in its paper bag, terribly visible in the cleaned-up ascetic room, was my pair of blue pajamas. A sort of chanting reminder that they who sin will be found out by the Others. However, that old woman has her own defects, since I found water running in the bathroom bowl and a spoon on the floor.

When I left you all I drove up the freeway toward the Oakland Bay Bridge, not directly back to Marin County, and just as I was about to get onto the bridge I noticed the temp. gauge, and lo! it was on its way to the extreme hot end. There was one last ramp leading off the freeway marked last s.f. exit, so I took that and coasted down to a Standard Station. There was just enough water left in the radiator to imply that no harm had been done—but you see now the risk in lending your car to other people? Suppose I had been listening to the radio and smoking a big cigar and not paying attention to the gauges. It would have cost me five dollars to stop on the bridge, and you know me. Better to burn out the motor, man. Like, it isn't my motor (you know this sort of reasoning is impossible for me; I'd have thrown myself in the Bay before I'd have damaged your car). (Let's get that straight.) After this near-tragedy, my morale dropped. I drove over to visit Maury and Lavonne. Maury and I drove up to Crockett in his car to get some odd ball wine. The wine wasn't available in Crockett, so we drove on up to Napa and finally to St. Helena where the winery itself is. That broken down old car of his gave me an even worse trauma. Anyhow, at the winery we sampled various wines. Maury had a glass of every variety of wine that they put out, all poured into the same glass in quick succession: sweet, dry, red, white. At least eight types. Then we bought two dollars worth of wine (about a gallon) and started looking for another winery. By the way, I found out for an absolute fact that that Michael's Liquor Store wine that I buy, that you like so much, is absolutely Charles Krug wine. So we can all relax. After driving around for four hours we got back to Berkeley. It was now night time, and the rain had started to come down, and I got to thinking about the drive back to Pt. Reyes Sta alone in the rain and darkness. I got more and more depressed. Maury and I got into a long argument about various important topics, and wound up grumpy and taciturn. As soon as we were back at his place I said good-night and wasn't it too bad that I had to drive back to Pt. Reyes Sta alone in the darkness and rain, and then I went upstairs to my family place and bummed a meal from them and told them why I was in town (i.e. that I had driven you and the children to the airport or spaceport, whatever it was). Thereupon my mother and I had a long discussion about breaking up a bad marriage (mine, and the one she had with my father). She feels I'd be better off leaving Kleo. She wants to meet you, so here is six hundred dollars to fly back here to meet her at once, and no nonsense. After talking and eating I went outside to your station wagon, whereupon Maury appeared and shoved a copy of Ionesco's plays into my hands (a 3-play group, not the one you gave me), saying Merry Christmas and good luck driving back, etc. So we both cried a little about this and that, and I wiped off the windshield carefully and set off. Actually, the trip was easy. The

rain had almost stopped, and the goddamn christmas shoppers had gone home to eat. But about halfway along the route, about at the intersection with US 101, I really started getting the shakes. I know damn well that it had nothing to do with the drive as such; it was simply that I was beginning to get back onto the part of the route that we five had taken coming in, and I was subconsciously contrasting the driving in with this driving back—like, I was really feeling it. Well, that's the way it goes. Marin County seemed shut down. Deserted. As if nobody lived there, like those half-ruined wartime housing developments that are now crumbling away and covered with weeds. By the time I got near Woodacre I was beginning to wonder if I could go back to Pt Reyes Sta and spend the 13 days. Anyhow, I did get back, and I intend to live through the 13 days, which proves that an ordinary human being can do almost anything if he puts his mind to it—which is your theory.

I haven't seen the doctor yet, this being Sunday night. Assuming I can (a) get the station wagon started tomorrow and (b) buy gas on your credit card, I'll drive down and confront him. Avis Hall came over today and sat around all morning talking about you and the kids. She asked for compleat details on how I got you all off. So she is perfectly happy in her view of our relationship; I am sort of taking over where Susie left off—e.g. baby sitting, picking up stuff for you. I'm a Big Help to you. Getting you to the spaceport. My. How nice of me.

No doubt you are all wining and dining yourselves, like the Bob Cratchett family. God bless you all, every one. I'll just dip my sponge into this bucket of vinegar, here. Tastes good enough for me. And this duck feed, with a little sugar and milk, topped off with my favorite fruit, is every bit as good as what you're having.

You cruel old thing.

If you really loved me, you'd have jumped off the plane at Denver.

All right for you. (I'm just kidding.)

Here's how you can represent me to your rustic but well-placed family & friends: "He's well known in Russia and England ... in fact, in Germany & Italy and France—also in South Africa and in Argentina (in translation, of course) ... and he's just beginning to become known here in the U.S. Lippincott is bringing out a novel of his next spring." And you can refer vaguely to "some very favorable reviews in the New York *Herald Tribune*." And you can mention that "Harper's took notice of him, several years ago, in an editorial ... had to do with a story of his in an anthology of short stories." And you can mention that "his agent is also the agent for that fellow Traven—you know, the fellow who wrote *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre*, which won an academy award." (Notice that in desperation I'm name-dropping. But what the hell.)

Give my love to the children, also.

[TO JAYNE, HATTE, & TANDY RUBENSTEIN]

December 23, 1958

Dear Jayne, Hatte, & Tandy,

Thank you very much for the letter which Jayne wrote and which the rest of you helped compose and spell. When you receive this letter from me you will have already had your Christmas, but as you can see by the above date, I am writing this the day before Christmas. Strange, is it not? The weather is cold, and my cat keeps walking around the house jumping up on things trying to find a warm place. He goes to sleep curled up with his nose in his tail, like a chipmunk. Today he jumped up and knocked down all the Christmas presents and the tree, too. But yesterday he was more successful and managed to curl up among the presents, under the tree, without knocking any of them down. He hates to walk around outdoors on the damp ground—it has been raining here—and so he stays inside the house. When the garbage man came this morning, the cat became terrified and climbed up on the bookcase and hid behind a set of history books, with only one eye visible. He stayed back there for almost an hour, before I could coax him out. He seems to believe that the garbage man is actually the man from the pound, and will take him away. Last night on the radio they played Haydn's Toy Symphony, which has bells and whistles in it, and, as you know, my cat comes when someone whistles. The music woke him up and he ran into the kitchen, to his food dish. I told him that Haydn had died many years ago and so couldn't feed him. I even quoted that engaging verse about Papa Haydn's music lingering on, but by that time the cat had gone back to sleep again. Possibly he thought he had been dreaming.

I hope you all are having a good time at your grandmother's. Remember not to drink all the wine up, but to leave some for the older folk. Old folk need wine, remember, for their gout. Also, remember not to use any of the bad words that your mother and I use constantly. Old folk do not know about such words, and maybe it is better to leave them in their innocence.

I'll be so glad when you all are back here at Point Reyes Station. It's very lonely around here without any of you.

Love,

[TO ANNE RUBENSTEIN]

December 27, 1958

Dear Anne,

You have no idea how much your phone call affected me. For an hour (more like two) afterward I was in a state of what I would in all honesty call bliss—unlike anything I've ever felt before. Actually the walls of the house seemed to melt away, and I felt as if I were seeing out into time and space for an unlimited distance. It was a physical sense, not a mere intellectual thought. A

genuine state of existence new to me. Evidently my not having heard from you for a couple of days had had the effect of starting into motion a sense of separation from you—quite natural, but all I was conscious of was that I felt gloomy and lonely and at loose ends. As a reality you had begun to recede—not that my feelings toward you had changed, but that as an actual fact in my life you had in a very obvious physical sense receded quite a distance. Then when you called, this distance was abolished, and the return of you as a physical reality caused a genuine transformation in me, as if I had stepped from one world to another. It shows how vast feelings can go underground (or underconsciousness) and yet be there, as strong as ever, but somehow in suspension. And then abruptly reappear clearing everything else out of their way. This is no doubt similar to the religious experience of conversion, and in a sense, I did undergo conversion upon hearing from you. There is a direct relationship between my hearing you, and the religious person who, after the traditional isolation and fasting and meditation, "hears" the voice of "god." The difference is that you exist, and I have some deep doubts about that fellow god.

Of course, this is my week to introspect. Not having anything else to do, I've been taking stock of myself, inventory-wise. First of all, I'm looking back in true Proust style, and the insights are coming thick & fast. First of all, I'm acutely conscious of a streak in me (this is a development of the paranoid insight of the last letter) of real intolerance. This may be less a psychologically-determined bent and more due to my years of association with vitriolic Marxists and writers—Tony Boucher is the same way. Tony is a Catholic, I had better mention. But nonetheless, I do paint myself as forgiving and Christian, and there's no way to square the two. The fact of the matter is that I'm only tolerant of the things I approve of, so I'm no better than Joe McCarthy. I have that same moral indignation of the Jewish prophets speaking out against King Ahab—with your long association with Jews I'm surprised you didn't notice this Jewish-zealot streak—well, you did notice, but you didn't label it as such. Like the medieval Christians, I've picked up the fervor, the harshness—I'm right out of Luther's times. Not Erasmus at all, but Calvin or Knox. I'm violently partisan and sectarian, and I have the word of god with me—or haven't you noticed? Now, the problem is that normally I think of myself as "relativistic"—that is, admitting to and subscribing to and advocating the many ways, not the One True Way ... but in dispute, I drop that. It's not that I'm holier than thou, but that I'm filled with the moral wrath of the godly—admittedly a dreadful thing, and a cause of much human suffering. My image of myself is this gentle saint-like sage, full of bookish wisdom—and in actuality I'm more like some minor Communist official getting up and attacking the "slug-like blood-swilling depraved homosexual lice of the whiskey-infested West." In theory I'm a relativist, but in many situations I'm an absolutist, and unfortunately your circles and your views bring out the latter as often as not. I'm far more bitter and hostile and rigid than I had realized, although, I confess, I've had furious encounters with individuals in the

past—in particular this Alan Temko person, who finally asked me to leave his house, due to the things I was calling him (and I was quite right, too; but I should have said them more calmly). When I was a kid I had quite a temper, but working in stores taught me to curb it ... the temper as such is gone, but moral certitude has taken its place, permitting me to express the same anger, but with overtones of ideological conviction rather than mere personal pique. Now, I'm saying all this because I think it's important for me to recognize this tendency. There is some virtue in this moral wrath, too, in that it permits me to act out, carry out, certain strong convictions that run contrary to practical gain—it gives me the psychic energy necessary to actually being an idealist, rather than merely thinking idealistic thoughts. Beethoven was the same way. This sort of dour, muttering indignation that flares up on occasion keeps people like me from being merely ineffectual; I will go ahead and sweep the board clean in the name of certain strong moral convictions that I have—and it would be a sad matter if I could not act those convictions out at all, but had to bottle them up or simply stand by, afraid to fight for them when they were attacked. It means that, like you, I have my use in certain kinds of crises; when attacked, I will fight—and often in a maniacal fashion. But the ability to live out moral convictions, while sometimes cruel, intolerant, and dangerous, is better than withdrawing into a world of mere thought; at least I can tie belief to action in certain vital situations. I think I'd a lot rather go down as a harsh, noisy type than an inert type. And remember this: my anger is *always* episodic. I never hold a grudge, and as soon as the immediate interchange is over it is my strong desire, even need, to shore up the inter-human relationship. I learned this from Boucher; one must be ready to fight furiously for what one believes, but as soon as the argument is over, we must all take our horses back to plow the fields. In a sense I am combatting not the person opposite me but the notion that person holds, and I do not confuse the man with the idea. This keeps me from becoming both rabid and inhumane. You were wrong when you felt that I was dismissing your two friends—that is the last thing from my mind. At least I've managed to do that—I've been able to avoid Marx's horrible tendency to not see the person, but see only the man as representing and idea. I want to convince, not to destroy. You get the picture? (Pretty bad, eh?)

During this last week of your being away I'm marking time off in terms of hours, as I did when I was a kid waiting for the school term to end. I can practically tell you to the second when Thursday arrives. If ever anyone's love was put to the test (dragons & maidens stuff) this has been it. I'm practically ready to throw a saddle on your horse Brownie, or on my cat Tumpy, and start riding back to meet you. [ends here]

[TO WALTER LANFERMAN]

December 30, 1958

Dear Walter,

I'm amazed, pleased, and excited to hear from you, especially to hear that you and Ann are married—not that I'm so much for marriage but that Ann seemed to us to be a really high-type person (as we Americans say). Now let's get down to the larger topic of your letter: your power and fame. Frankly, I think you are lying when you give a figure of 20 million as your "estimated" listening audience. You see, Walt, when you tell me that, you are talking to a professional. I know how listening audiences are computed. It's assumed that every adult in Europe is listening unless proved otherwise; you subtract the groups that are not listening and the remainder is your audience. Right? But all kidding aside (if you assume I'm kidding), it certainly sounds as if you have done something for which you can feel pride & a sense of accomplishment—and at the same time you can make a financial go of staying in Europe, which no one from here seems able to do. Oddly, while you've been mixed up in radio in Europe, I've tried my hand in radio here. The NBC radio network used a couple of scripts of mine for half-hour network dramatic shows, and this gave me the idea of writing radio dramatic scripts (possibly you recall that a one time I wrote a classical music program script for San Mateo station KSMO). I did some scripts for the Mutual Broadcasting System, and then the show in question ("Tales of Tomorrow") folded when the network cancelled all dramatic shows. Also—this was before you had left the US, I believe—I had a chance to write the script for the TV kids' science-fiction show CAPTAIN VIDEO, but turned it down. For me, there are too many restrictions in any group activity such as script writing; it's novel-writing—of a straight, non s-f sort, that I'm doing. No more short stuff of any kind. Must you and I compare our power and fame? All right. I've had stories appear in Japan (in translation, of course), in Germany—if you happen to see any of my stuff in German, buy it and send it to me; I have no German-language copies of anything—, Italian editions, various French editions, Swedish, Australian, South African, Spanish editions for South America, and somebody just tells me of seeing copies of one my novels for sale in Holland. But, more interesting, the Soviet Union has taken an interest in my stuff (so long, Walt. Nice having known you). Their largest-circulation weekly, Ogonek, printed in a Russian translation, with illustrations, a story of mine, *Foster, You're Dead*, an anti-war story; it took up five of the Look-size glossy pages, five out of about 32. Ogonek is printed by Pravda, and this particular week's edition had a circulation of one and half million. So a fair amount of royalty money was due me. I wrote the Soviet union and got no answer. But recently, apparently due to the fact that Stevenson went there this summer represented various US authors such as myself (in fact he was given my name by the American Authors' League) there's been a change of policy, and now Ogonek writes me to say they've sent a royalty check. I'm told that is should run about 4,000 roubles—about \$1,000. Also,

Ogonek wants me to submit material to them direct—the story they used was reprinted from a US Ballantine anthology which caused quite a stir here; was written up in a Harper's editorial and in an article in the Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists (the latter unfavorably). This all boils down to showing that you and both have come a long way since we used to stand on the slope in front of Berkeley High discussing various world-topics. To wind up this subject, allow me to declare happily that at last a major US hard-cover publisher is bring out a novel of mine: J.B. Lippincot is printing a "novel of menace" by me in the spring, from which I stand to make a fair amount of money. And Ace books is going to bring out a new edition of my first novel (I've sold six novels, now. And there's a collection of my shorter stuff in print here, and a different collection, hard-cover, in England). My novel *Eye in the Sky*, was picked by Anthony Boucher, who is the reviewer for the NY Herald Tribune, as one of the 50 or so best s-f books published in the last nine years, either new or reprint, novel or collection. 50 sounds like a lot, but you'd be suprised to learn how many s-f books have appeared in this country since 1950. It's apparently in the thousands.

Now on to other news. Kleo and I aren't living in Berkeley, now; we sold our house and bought a house in a small dairy-farming town up in North West Marin County called Point Reyes Station—it's on State route One. We have a plot of land 100 X 160, and we're raising two ducks and one tomcat. The area is full of wildlife—deer, rabbits, almost three hundred species of wild birds—more than any other place in California. Including flocks of wild swan. Deer come right into our yard. All the men wear genuine western hats and boots—they work on the nearby ranches. We have a caboose from the old narrow-gauge railroad that once ran through here; it's parked on our lot and has been made into living quarters—has electricity, water, and when you visit we can put you out there (it's not so bad. In fact, it's registered with the Marin Historical Society.). Speaking of your VW—for a while we were driving Renault Dauphine, but so many things broke or fell off (transmission bearings, wipers, heaters, turn-indicater lever, window mechanism, ignition switch, timing gear, radio, etc—and the car only five months old!) that we sold it, walked down to a Chevrotet lot and bought a '55 Chevrolet with straight stick and six engine—which has never been to a garage yet, and gives us wonderfully even performance—although it does lean a lot on turns. Nevertheless, the car is sturdily built and easy to service, and gets about 20 miles to the gallon, so we're satisfied. The Dauphine was fun to drive, but so flimsy that when, for example, I leaned against the fender while polishing it, the fender yielded three inches in. And the company hadn't put an anti-rust coating under the paint, and the whole surface of the body was rusting through from beneath. Let's see. Well, Kleo got fired from her job at the University, and I haven't sold anything since last May, so we are really broke. But we'll make it (with help from the Soviet Union). We've met an incredible number of fine people up here at Point Reyes, and the countryside is beautiful beyond compare. So we're not depressed. We miss the people we knew in Berkeley, but we do get in

once a week or so. As far as the S.Francisco Renaissance goes, I'm favorably inclined toward *On the Road*, but not the poetry & jazz, and certainly not that fool Rexroth but the anthology "The Beat Generation and the Angry Young Men" had some swell writing in it. [ends here]

[TO ANTHONY BOUCHER]

October 26, 1959

Dear Tony,

I enjoyed the *Otello* program the other night, and , while going over the folio, I noticed that KPFA has broken your copy of the Kipnis *Rosenkavalier* letter scene. Please know that I'd be tickled to death to give you my copy—which is in good condition, by the way. Problem is, however, how to get it to you (as you remember, I'm now living up in Point Reyes). I hate to mail it, and I rarely get down. Maybe we should do this: if you can get it locally, or have gotten it, then I'll keep mine. But if you can't, then write me, and I'll bring my disc down to your house or to the station. I'd rather bring it to you, so we can sit around and talk, etc. For years I've wished that I could show up with a record of some sort for you, and now maybe I have my chance.

By the way—I wonder if you read the lead story in the December 1958 *If*; Rog Phillips' *Rat in the Skull*. I considered it one of the finest s-f stories that I know, and, in some ways, comparable with various literary items that move me greatly. Joyce's short stories, for example. If you have Phillips' address, I'd appreciate getting it, so I can write him and tell him what I thought of it. In many ways, that was a fine story; original, compelling in its momentum, and deeply disturbing on a religious and moral level—almost a mystical insight; for me, at least.

I want, too, to ask if you have read the Crombie two-volume *Medieval and Early Modern Science*, put out by Anchor books. This deeply impressed me (in contrast to *The Sleepwalkers*, which covers some of the same material). The concluding notion that possibly *any* self-consistent worldview might work ... that, in science, by our organizational techniques we may be reading ourselves back to ourselves—like Thurber, who, in trying to use the biology microscope, always saw—and drew—his own eye. One has an uneasy feeling about the basic notion of the entire body of Pythagorean science; perhaps numbers are not the basic stuff of the universe, but only a tool, a framework of our minds, by which we handle it (and here the powerful criticism of St.Thomas in favor of Aristotle's cosmology comes to mind). I've been looking into various theories of numbers, and the more I read the more disturbed I become. Possibly we are in for some terrific revolution in orientation that will re-align us more along Aristotle's idea of what science is.

Hoping you and your family are well ... and hoping to see you, soon.

Phil Dick

[TO SCOTT MEREDITH]

January 4, 1960

Dear Scott:

The letter from Don Wollheim about a rewrite of VULCAN'S HAMMER to expand it to 40,000 words has reached me. In some ways the situation looks good, but it's a complex situation and I want to discuss it with you point by point, if you will bear with me.

(one) Risk. Since this expanded version would be dead on the magazine market, we would have to sell it to Don or have it not sell at all, I presume. This gives Don all the cards, in a spec rewrite. I admire and like Don, and he and I have had a long and rather happy business relationship, but his statements about my rewrite of TIME PAWN make me uneasy—and well they might. You know that I worked hard on the TIME PAWN rewrite, and I did what I believed to be a good job, one that would please Don. If I went hay-wire, it's news to me. Also, I got it in very early, far in advance of the deadline. I did everything I could to rebuild the story in the best possible way, and the letter that I sent outlining my intentions was a fair and accurate statement by me of what I intended to do, and what I actually did do. He was not stuck or stung. He had the legal right to reject my work entirely, to request any amount of changes he wished. Now, I say this only because his odd way of reacting—both in terms of what he said and when he said it—makes me fear on this vulcan's hammer job. From my standpoint, Don is an enigma. I honestly can't tell what will please him, obviously. It would take me several months of intensive work to get a rewrite of this story to him and I can't absorb all the risk. Therefore, to go ahead, I must discuss in detail, as I go along, what I am doing. I see no other way out, if Ace can't put up any money in advance.

(two) Defects in the story. VULCAN'S HAMMER is a botched job, in the printed version. I botched it myself. I consider it one of the worst of my efforts. However, parts are good, even superb. If I am to expand it, I must do more than literally put in two words where one now stands throughout. This may bring about another TIME PAWN situation, right? However, it would not be my intention to put in ideas not already there, as I did in TIME PAWN. I would build up the best parts, and eliminate or lessen the weaker parts. I believe that the true body of good ideas lies in the first portion of the story—in about the first third. The ending is terrible. For three days I have studied the story, made elaborate notes. I want you to pass on to Don these notions regarding the rewrite; they are the notions I have culled before doing any actual rewriting, but I feel confident that they will prevail in my actual work. Here are the notions I have culled before doing any actual rewriting, but I feel confident that they will prevail in my actual work. Here are the notions, expressed informally:

First Expansion ideas of VULCAN'S HAMMER. It is a who-dun-it, not an action story. Something like forty key questions are asked in the story, and the reader reads to get at the answers. The printed version, 20,000 words, is

once a week or so. As far as the S.Francisco Renaissance goes, I'm favorably inclined toward *On the Road*, but not the poetry & jazz, and certainly not that fool Rexroth but the anthology "The Beat Generation and the Angry Young Men" had some swell writing in it. [ends here]

[TO ANTHONY BOUCHER]

October 26, 1959

Dear Tony,

I enjoyed the *Otello* program the other night, and , while going over the folio, I noticed that KPFA has broken your copy of the Kipnis Rosenkavalier letter scene. Please know that I'd be tickled to death to give you my copy—which is in good condition, by the way. Problem is, however, how to get it to you (as you remember, I'm now living up in Point Reyes). I hate to mail it, and I rarely get down. Maybe we should do this: if you can get it locally, or have gotten it, then I'll keep mine. But if you can't, then write me, and I'll bring my disc down to your house or to the station. I'd rather bring it to you, so we can sit around and talk, etc. For years I've wished that I could show up with a record of some sort for you, and now maybe I have my chance.

By the way—I wonder if you read the lead story in the December 1958 *If*; Rog Phillips' *Rat in the Skull*. I considered it one of the finest s-f stories that I know, and, in some ways, comparable with various literary items that move me greatly. Joyce's short stories, for example. If you have Phillips' address, I'd appreciate getting it, so I can write him and tell him what I thought of it. In many ways, that was a fine story; original, compelling in its momentum, and deeply disturbing on a religious and moral level—almost a mystical insight; for me, at least.

I want, too, to ask if you have read the Crombie two-volume *Medieval and Early Modern Science*, put out by Anchor books. This deeply impressed me (in contrast to *The Sleepwalkers*, which covers some of the same material). The concluding notion that possibly *any* self-consistent worldview might work ... that, in science, by our organizational techniques we may be reading ourselves back to ourselves—like Thurber, who, in trying to use the biology microscope, always saw—and drew—his own eye. One has an uneasy feeling about the basic notion of the entire body of Pythagorean science; perhaps numbers are not the basic stuff of the universe, but only a tool, a framework of our minds, by which we handle it (and here the powerful criticism of St.Thomas in favor of Aristotle's cosmology comes to mind). I've been looking into various theories of numbers, and the more I read the more disturbed I become. Possibly we are in for some terrific revolution in orientation that will re-align us more along Aristotle's idea of what science is.

Hoping you and your family are well ... and hoping to see you, soon.

Phil Dick

[TO SCOTT MEREDITH]

January 4, 1960

Dear Scott:

The letter from Don Wollheim about a rewrite of VULCAN'S HAMMER to expand it to 40,000 words has reached me. In some ways the situation looks good, but it's a complex situation and I want to discuss it with you point by point, if you will bear with me.

(one) Risk. Since this expanded version would be dead on the magazine market, we would have to sell it to Don or have it not sell at all, I presume. This gives Don all the cards, in a spec rewrite. I admire and like Don, and he and I have had a long and rather happy business relationship, but his statements about my rewrite of TIME PAWN make me uneasy—and well they might. You know that I worked hard on the TIME PAWN rewrite, and I did what I believed to be a good job, one that would please Don. If I went hay-wire, it's news to me. Also, I got it in very early, far in advance of the deadline. I did everything I could to rebuild the story in the best possible way, and the letter that I sent outlining my intentions was a fair and accurate statement by me of what I intended to do, and what I actually did do. He was not stuck or stung. He had the legal right to reject my work entirely, to request any amount of changes he wished. Now, I say this only because his odd way of reacting—both in terms of what he said and when he said it—makes me fear on this vulcan's hammer job. From my standpoint, Don is an enigma. I honestly can't tell what will please him, obviously. It would take me several months of intensive work to get a rewrite of this story to him and I can't absorb all the risk. Therefore, to go ahead, I must discuss in detail, as I go along, what I am doing. I see no other way out, if Ace can't put up any money in advance.

(two) Defects in the story. VULCAN'S HAMMER is a botched job, in the printed version. I botched it myself. I consider it one of the worst of my efforts. However, parts are good, even superb. If I am to expand it, I must do more than literally put in two words where one now stands throughout. This may bring about another TIME PAWN situation, right? However, it would not be my intention to put in ideas not already there, as I did in TIME PAWN. I would build up the best parts, and eliminate or lessen the weaker parts. I believe that the true body of good ideas lies in the first portion of the story—in about the first third. The ending is terrible. For three days I have studied the story, made elaborate notes. I want you to pass on to Don these notions regarding the rewrite; they are the notions I have culled before doing any actual rewriting, but I feel confident that they will prevail in my actual work. Here are the notions I have culled before doing any actual rewriting, but I feel confident that they will prevail in my actual work. Here are the notions, expressed informally:

First Expansion ideas of VULCAN'S HAMMER. It is a who-dun-it, not an action story. Something like forty key questions are asked in the story, and the reader reads to get at the answers. The printed version, 20,000 words, is

successful in the first part because it poses fascinating key questions, but fails in the end because it answers these questions too soon—about a third of the way through the reader knows all that is important to know. The scene of the story is a society apparently quite well organized and rational, but in which certain dangerous events are taking place which have no explanation, and which are rocking the boat. These events involve the highest officials and institutions in that society; of these, Jason Dill is the highest human official, and the most directly involved. My theory on this story is that Dill must remain an enigma to the reader; that the first flaw of the printed version is that Dill's real character and motives are revealed. Barris, who is the "hero," should study Dill for most of the book, trying to make out if he is a traitor, what Dill is doing regarding the big computer Vulcan III. It is Dill, not the computer, who must be the center of the hero's actions. Now, regarding the computer: I feel that its mobile extinctions, the so-called hammers, should be active from the start of the story; there should be unexplained events, perhaps a series of murders—with horrid metal bird-like things glimpsed vaguely. This is a mystery. Suspicion by Barris is a pronounced motive that underlies action, here. What are the Healers? Who is Father Fields? How big is he in the Healers? Why doesn't Vulcan III give any answer to questions about the Healers? This one particular problem—the computer's silence on the main problem of the society—should be the major story-line; Barris is involved in this, in terms of Dill through whom the computer's answers are made available to the public. Instead of solving this question in the early part, I would keep it a burning issue as long as possible. I would not have the old computer, Vulcan II, already destroyed; I would have that one of the horrid events that occurs during the dramatic part of the book. I would expand Barris' attempt to write questions to Vulcan III. I would prolong the fine section in which he moves toward Geneva and Dill's office. I would expand the superb school-scene section where first Marion Fields, the 9 year old daughter of Father Fields is presented, and then Jason Dill in all his public glory. I would fully develop and use Marion. I would build up the female teacher as a sex figure, in relation to either Barris or Dill or both. I would make the book a study of the suspicion and ambition rife in a great monolithic structure such as Unity; I would model my society after Soviet Russia, for instance, giving each of the sub-Directors a virtual private empire with police army. I would use the so-called Atlanta Psych Correction Camp or labs as a locale. For the climax I would have the treason trial of Dill—and doubt in both Barris' mind and the reader's mind still at this point as to what Dill is up to—the charges may be correct. I would have the war by the Healers against Unity and the hammers of the computer, but I would play down the action part of the storming of the computer's fortress and play up the final card—the almost hopelessly botched final idea that Father Fields is a pawn (i.e. hammer) of Vulcan II; I would make this a dramatic discovery by Barris, that the religious healer type man is working for a computer and is not a free agent—in distinction to Dill, who is high up in the Unity structure, but

is trying to act as a free human agent. And so on. Mainly, I would avoid tipping my hand as to what is really happening, who is moving whom, why, how, etc. It would not be a different story, but the pure action elements—and the horrible philosophical type talk—would be played down, and the psychological aspect, the suspicions and ambitions, the detective work, the shrewd guessing—and the bad guessing—by the hero and other principals would be the main topic. I would use, for instance, material from later and better stories as a sort of source book, such as "Shell Game," and try, if possible, to get some of the mood of SOLAR LOTTERY into it. As to Vulcan III, the whole computer-gone-mad-and-seizing-the-world theme. I wonder. I'd like to have some suspicion cast that this is actually a psychological point of view deliberately put forth by Certain Parties in the book, and not *the truth*. This was Reynolds' statement when he appeared as the prosecutor against Dill, and I was convinced; it could be that the Healers have gotten even the rational Unity men into a state of morbid fear and superstition. Why the hammers, then? I'll give a fine answer to that. The computer merely wishes to collect data directly. When Dill cuts off the computer from the outside world, by with holding data from it, he forces the computer to search out data by building mobile data-collectors that can get by the wall of silence. Vulcan III is trying to solve the problem posed to it; it suspects that things are happening in the world that it is not being informed of. And this is a purely logical act on its part, not one of emotional, human-like greed. On the other hand, I want to bolster to some extent the theory that the computer is dangerous. Whether it intends to be dangerous is not the problem; it grows and expands due to the logic of its structure, not due to it being "alive." We need not solve the problem, "Is Vulcan III really alive?" Since, from our point of view, the menace is there in any case. To gain data, the computer must do certain things, even kill those trying to keep it from getting data. It was built to make ultimate decisions, and it can't if any significant data is being withheld from it. But I will dwell on the personalities of the humans; it will be the same story as it now is, but the whole emphasis will be on the clash between Barris and Dill, Dill and Fields, Barris and Fields—and, by the way, that particular clash, in the printed version, that is, Barris versus Fields, is really mishandled. What a decline of authority on my part! In rewriting it, I would reconstruct that; Fields is to be more complex by far. And as I said, the girl would figure more. And so would some attractive female. I believe—I know—a really exciting and strong book could come out of this. But I must be allowed to rework it along something like the above lines, not in slavish expansion of the original, a literal two for one word boost. Surely Don will not object to my developing the opening strong themes, the mysteries and personalities, and playing down or removing the dull slam-bang action at the end, plus the really lousy talk that finishes up the story.

(three) If I go ahead and do this on spec, I would like Don and you to permit me to send in, not a finished draft at first, but a carbon—or my original,

if you want—of my first rough draft. Then, if Don wants a lot of rewriting done, or if he should reject it out of hand, I would not have wasted myself on purely mechanical typing. This way I can devote myself to the actual creative rewriting. When he approves a draft, then I can do a polished final from it.

(four) Other pressing work. What about material which I am working on or will be working on or might do instead? (a) my straight novel in progress, which now is complete in rough, running 340 pages; this must be extensively rewritten, I discover, to make it into anything. I have probably months of work on it. (b) the project contract with Harcourt, Brace. Suppose I get involved in this s-f thing for Don, and the Harcourt, Brace thing comes along. Shouldn't I be a little wary of getting too much in VULCAN'S HAMMER and this Don Wollheim s-f notion of "Phil Dick's true vocation"? It might throw me off my real work, which is of course the straight novel contract. (c) If I am to do any s-f, any bread-and-butter work, since VULCAN'S HAMMER can only be marketed to Ace, wouldn't it be more practical, since Ace will give only a spec out, not a project contract, for me to go and do a wholly new s-f novel, based on new ideas, which, if Ace doesn't buy, would be marketable to other houses? I want to do a psychological s-f book in the tradition of my TIME OUT OF JOINT. Obviously, I can't do all these things at once. And, if I am to come to New York, my ability to do the Wollheim stuff will be curtailed. In other words, it seems to me that I must have some stronger assurance that when I get the VULCAN'S HAMMER work done, I will get a sale from Ace on it. I want to do it—that is, the job. I'd enjoy it. But it would be real work for me (that TIME PAWN rework almost killed me; it was the hardest job I've done to date). I know VULCAN'S HAMMER would turn out really swell. But good god, we can't afford to have Don be in a bad mood the day the MS gets to him, maybe having had a fight with his wife or having had his big toe stepped on in the subway rush—and have him gaze sourly at my MS and then bawl, "God damn it, I hate stories that have the opening sentence start with the word *he*." And send it back saying that I've lost my stuff and aren't trying, and he doesn't want to be stuck, etc. etc. ad nauseam. By becoming emotional, Don has taken the business-like element out of our relationship and substituted one of emotional whim. I have no assurance that a well-written piece will be viewed as such by him, as I think it once would have been. Frankly, I can't figure out what his rather hysterical tirade adds up to. It makes me uneasy, because after all, a good deal of money is involved in this. Here's where you, as a top-drawer agent, come in. You must figure out for me what's what.

I'll hold off further work on VULCAN'S HAMMER, hoping that you can go to Don with portions of this letter, and get from him a more complete acceptance of what I propose to do than obtains at present. I would not mind dealing with him direct, if you want me to. But only if you want it. Okay? And thanks for your willingness to read this long rather rambling letter.

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

[TO ELEANOR DIMOFF]

February 1, 1960

Dear Eleanor Dimoff:

Thank you for your letter of January 20, which Scott Meredith sent on to me. I'll answer the postscript questions first. I've lived about twenty-four of my thirty-one years in the Bay Area. We're forty miles from San Francisco and we get in now and then, to eat in Chinatown or have coffee out around Broadway and Grant or visit friends on Potrero Hill. I nearly always manage to drop by the City Lights Bookshop and pick up thirty dollars worth of paperback books. My wife buys oriental rugs with holes in them from a rug dealer she knows, and if we can make it out to the Fillmore District we pick up a good supply of Japanese dishes from a little Japanese hardware store, there. If there's time to spare I stop along Van Ness and drive various new foreign cars, which is my favorite pasttime. And of course I pick up a supply of Egyptian cigarettes, if I have the money. If you think all this types, me consider that—before they tore down Seals Stadium—I went to S.F. primarily to see baseball.

As to the science fiction writing. I am free to write all day, having no other line of work (before 1951 I worked in retail phonograph record selling; in fact, I managed a record store. I submitted my first batch of stories in September 1951 and made my first sale in November. By spring of 1952 I was making a living through my writing, so I quit my job). I wonder why you say I write so much; that is, produce so much. My anxiety is that I produce too little—that if I bore down I could produce a lot more. Most of the work, for me, lies in the pretyping stage, in the note-taking. I generally spend five to six months doing no typing, but simply outlining. At best, I can now bring forth no more than two novels a year. Gradually I've ceased science fiction writing and have been doing "straight" stuff. Also, I revise, sometimes several years later. Under certain conditions, however, I can write very fast, even without notes. The Lippincott book was written in two weeks, proof read and then retyped in two more. But it took me years to work out the basic idea of the book. Evidently a good deal of my thinking (especially of the problem-solving variety) takes place on a non-conscious level. Time is often required; I can't hurry it. In fact, my work tends to force a pace on me; I'll do forty to sixty pages a day for days on end, until I'm exhausted, and then not uncover the machine for several months. But "inspiration" is not involved; it's more that I'm unwilling to engage in wasteful work. I wait until I am sure of what I want to put down, and then away I go.

Of course, this all would be foolish if the results, although satisfactory to me, had no value to anyone else. I am not writing to please myself; this is not "psychological" writing. On the other hand I can't say who I am trying to please. Your criticism that my books tend to thin out and become rigid in the final parts may be a valid insight on your part that there is something wrong, but I doubt if you have your finger on the actual problem. I feel I'm not doing something right; some vital aspect of the work eludes me. Possibly I have been

influenced by too many diverse sources. I don't know what makes a good or complete or successful book—at least, I don't agree with the general informed American public opinion. What is a novel? What makes a "good" novel? Obviously, there are many kinds of good novels which succeed for different reasons. To me, this is an open question. I do agree that granting that my books fail, they fail in the final part. I have been deeply influenced by some of the new young Japanese and African writers, plus a number of Russian writers both 19th century and present day, and of course the French writers and the Irish, down to Beckett and Ionesco. And Brecht. And the fantasy writers such as Kafka and the Kapecs. Fantasy was once my field, and I know the literature thoroughly. I will now cite my idea of great novels. THE SCARLET LETTER. DAY OF THE LOCUST. PROSPECT BEFORE US. LIE DOWN IN DARKNESS. ON THE MARBLE CLIFFS. THE IDIOT. FATHERS AND SONS. VANITY FAIR. And even more fundamentally, the playwrights. Ibsen had a great effect on me. Schiller. To me, IPHIGENIA IN AULIS is the basis of successful character building and motive revealing. Lastly, I was quite fond of the New School writers; in particular, I fell for all the issues and writers involved with *Discovery*. That to me was glory.

So you can see you're up against a thoroughly confused mind, here. One that has been meddled with by a hopeless hodgepodge of influences. And, to turn the coin over, I can't make out LOLITA at all—to me it was horrid ... as was PEYTON PLACE, CAINE MUTINY, NINTH WAVE. And yet, just when you at H-B are about to throw up your hands in despair, I felt that DEATH IN THE FAMILY was the finest single piece of prose I know—a masterpiece ranking with ANABASIS. Not successful as a novel, however. But still superb. And I loved CATCHER IN THE RYE, and A KID FOR TWO FARTHINGS. So there is a type of commercially successful book that I read and enjoy. You mention GATSBY. To me, it was a fine book—but a failure. It fell completely apart in the ending; the whole auto accident business was hopelessly bad. I prefer (if there is any basis of comparing, here) Mailer's DEER PARK. And, to me, FROM HERE TO ETERNITY was a near-classic. Can you make out any pattern? Any bright spot?

I have been contemplating what you say about my STAVROS book. I feel that it is the weakest of the lot, that the ending falls apart. But I agree that Stavros himself is a fine character. Why you should have such special fondness for that book I can't make out. All I can do is agree that, yes, I do think there's a better book to be made out of the character and some of the scenes (in particular, the whole business where Stavros travels up to see the construction going on, runs into Carmichael, falls and has a heart attack, etc). And the scene where he fights with Andrew. So let's get down to business. I'll outline my reaction to the concrete notions which you present.

George Stavros is as good a character as any I have produced. There is as much chance that he could be the basis of a successful book as any character, so I would be willing—even pleased—to start with him as a premise in this work.

I will, then, scrap the book called *A TIME FOR GEORGE STAVROS*, withdraw it, and take it apart. I'll save the theme that here is an old man with enormous appetite, wit, and tenacity, a kind of genius—and yet hopelessly ignorant of the contemporary ways by which men rise to economic and social success. I'll saddle him with the physical defect of a failing heart, and equip him with an animal-like cunning, an ability to spar, fight, scrap and wrassle. And—an ability to see through humbug, the pretensions of others.

Stavros' family. Here, I have an idea to advance not derived from the above book. I wish to explore a metaphoric family. I will give Stavros a business that involves employees—not a garage, but a retail sales shop. We'll set it in Oakland or San Francisco, as you have suggested. I will plunder several of my books to get what I want. I know retail selling fairly well, and I have a definite type of store in mind. Here, I can write with authority. For the family we will have several salesman (I suggest TV sales, or major appliances). A girl book keeper. A repairman. A boy who unpacks. A floor manager. For the action I suggest that this is an archaic store, surviving from the '20s or '30s, and that Stavros is in search of a new modern shop, even one not yet built but about to be built as part of a new giant shopping center along the freeway ... as in the above book. So you see I want to transplant certain elements intact. Andrew will be kicked out of the book. His role will be taken by several men, two or three or even four. Taubman will cease, and no one will take his place; he was not worth any time. Lydia will remain intact. The new work that I propose involves: a new setting (not a garage but a retail sales shop and the typical bric-a-brac involved), new characters—which are, in my mind, my best characters from several other books—and finally, a new over-all theme, in which the above Stavros search is subsumed. I have this theme somewhat worked out in my mind.

Now, I don't know how deeply to go into this, in this letter. The intuitive—I might say, gestalting—method by which I operate has a tendency to cause me to "see" the whole thing at once. Evidently there is a certain historical validation to this method; Mozart, to name one particular craftsman, operated this way. The problem for him was simply to get it down. If he lived long enough, he did so; if not, then not. In other words, according to me (but not according to you people) my work consists of getting down that which exists in my mind; my method up to now has been to develop notes of progressively greater completeness—but not complexity, if you see what I mean. The idea is there in the first jotting-down; it never changes—it only emerges by stages and degrees. If I believed that the first jotting-down actually carried the whole idea, I would be a poet, not a novelist; I believe that it takes about 60,000 words for me to put down my original idea in its absolute entirety. The problem in writing you about my intentions is that whey I say, "Well, let's have Stavros own a TV sales shop and not a garage," I in my mind see the whole business, and I have not put this whole business down and cannot convey it to you short of writing it out in a dramatic, fictional manner—i.e. in the form of a novel or part of a novel. You must consider that, for instance, when someone

says to me, "Phil, what's that book of yours about, that GEORGE STAVROS book I heard you talking about?" I find myself unable to answer. All I can do is mutter, "There's this old man, see. And he has this garage, see. And then, well, see, he has this son. And anyhow this son ... well, he's a sort of—well, anyhow—" And so on. Because I can't describe Andrew; I can only give him. Present him. Shove him, as it were, out into view. And so with my new ideas. I can not tell them, not really. If I could render orally my ideas, I'd be a politician or a salesman or be down in Hollywood at story conferences. In my mind, the total gestalt is not in the form of words, but more visible, in the form of objects: I see the man, the place, I smell it and hear it—especially I hear them all talking. They talk; I don't. Does this make sense?

As to the possible reason why this system fails in your eyes to produce a successful book. And, my view as to what we can accomplish together that I have failed to do as an isolated individual writer. I believe that my weakness is that I am too much in the hands of my material. It is too real to me. Too convincing. Not "fictitious" enough. You see, there is, for each of my books, a viewpoint required by which the whole thing acquires this element of reality. Lacking this viewpoint, the reader does not get what I get, or see what I see. This is surely not naturalistic writing; this is highly fantastic, almost dream-like. The viewpoint comes natural to me; in fact, it is too natural—it is involuntary. Sometimes—and here my work assumes an aspect of public success—this viewpoint can be imposed on the reader by the work itself. After, say, forty pages, my special view begins to win out; the reader is taken over. Evidently, however, this does not occur sufficiently in my long straight novels. What you call "thin" may more be a petering out of the reality of the book. I call your attention to various critical articles on the novel, one by Trilling and another by José-Ortega y Gasset. It is the job of the novel to stuff up all the cracks in the walls, to shut out the "actual" world by being entire—and my novels evidently are not quite entire. I have not got all the cracks stuffed; the outside atmosphere seeps in and recalls the reader to the viewpoint of daily life. My books fail, if they fail, in the fashion that, say, an Oz book would fail; I am writing a form of escapist literature, by god.

I would say, in my own defense, though, that probably the degree of success or failure of my straight books would vary from one reader to the next. Some persons evidently find it easier to slip into the frame of reference that I operate in than do others; some can't make it at all—some are in it already, and read right along. Now comes a problem that you may not be aware of, and, if aware of, may not give a damn about. It's my belief that there is a breed of person who is able to get going in one of my books, who is able to start reading—by supposing that I mean something quite different from what I do mean. They can get about two-thirds of the way through on this false notion of my aims, and then—wham. Suddenly the book "falls apart." Where as actually what has happened is that their illusionary frame of reference has failed. I call your attention to the familiar situation of satire. Some corny old works can be read today

as satire—but the author did not mean them as such. Take Beckett. I have seen people plow through his work getting symbols and meanings—and never laughing. Never imagining that the situations are terribly, movingly funny. Do you follow me? We have to be sure, you and I, that we are not trying to achieve different ends, but are talking what seems to be the language of agreement. So I must state, at this point, how I feel about the books of mine that you have read. I do not enjoy doing this; it is quite alien to my desires. But you may see something of use to you.

BROKEN BUBBLE OF THISBE HOLT. I estimate this to be a marred work—marred by a romantic sentimentality. It is a Quixotic novel; not the protagonist but the author was the tilter at windmills. But it has style, some good characters, good scenes. It is not funny. It is full of fear, apprehension, and hate. I identify with the most helpless, the most defenseless and weak persons in society—the kids. Pathetic idealism, plus an almost morbid imagination, are the keys in this book. It is a bad dream, but possibly true. As Mailer says, "The shits are killing us." The institutions of society are cruel; it is Kafka's lawcourts without the religion and mysticism.

IN MILTON LUMKY TERRITORY. Virtue fails. Ambition, without experience, falls to dust. The clever and neurotic win—a woman who is unable to trust anyone else, another person's judgment, and a bitter salesman, Lumky, who begrudges a younger man his success in marrying a woman that he himself wanted. The heavenly city of the rational man, the optimistic man, falls down, leaving the real world exposed. No one can be trusted, because everyone is too fearful to behave honestly; no one is disinterested. Only in fantasy—in Bruce's dreams—is there a little white cottage with roses twining up it. Once a boob, always a boob. Once burned, twice burned; if you make a mistake it is a sign that you are one of the doomed. Better give up; leave the gaming table. Gambling is for professionals; the sucker will be taken to the cleaners. And it is your wife and your best friend who will do the fleecing, not some con man you never saw before; the enemy is right at hand.

NICHOLAS AND THE HIGS. This is an odd one, half "straight," half science fiction. An inferior man can destroy a superior one; a Robert Hig can move in and oust Nicholas because he, Hig, has no morals, no taste, no awareness—he is like a door to door magazine salesman who is so dishonest that he doesn't even know that he is selling magazines; he thinks he is "collecting votes." Only by relying on base techniques can Nicholas survive; he must terrify Hig by playing on his superstition, his ignorance—on his defects. Instead of appealing to him as a man, a rational grown man, he must demolish him by becoming a parody of the creature itself. Awareness of this is enough to drive Nicholas out; he must give up because to win is to lose; he is involved in a terrible paradox as soon as Hig puts in his appearance. In other words, you can't really beat the Adolf Hitlers; you can only limit their success. If someone is willing to use the tactics which they use, then they have won; there is no refuge, no defense. You can only leave, go elsewhere and try to start over. The

moment you come into contact with Robert Hig, you are doomed; like Bruce, you have made a mistake, and the rest of your life you will be paying for it.

A TIME FOR GEORGE STAVROS. Here, a man arises who denies the above. Contact with vile persons does not blight or contaminate or doom the really superior; a man can go on and be successful, if he just keeps struggling. There is no trick that the wicked can play on the good that will ultimately be successful; the good are protected by God, or at least by their virtue. The good have better luck than the bad; otherwise, they could not afford to be good in the first place. It is the weak who are vicious, not the strong. And the weak, although very dangerous, have no stamina; they can be outlasted. And they are terribly gullible; they can be misled by a good man who is astute enough to put up a good line. In fact, the weak —e.g. Andrew—will mislead themselves with their own silly stories, their vain and pompous plans. Stavros is an aristocrat. He would have been able to manage Hig; he would have slighted him, sent him packing, humiliated him. Being able to see through pretensions, Stavros would have not even been worried by Hig. But he would have had trouble with Milt Lumky, whom he would have identified as a good man, a fine fellow. Lumky's bitterness would have made Stavros bitter, too. They probably would have stepped out and taken a couple of swings at each other. There would have been bad feeling between them. And Bruce's wife—Stavros simply would have avoided her without even trying to understand her. Likewise Fay, in CONFessions OF A CRAP ARTIST. Stavros would have avoided her by instinct, not insight. He would have liked Charley Hume, but shaken his head sadly at the man's stupidity. He would have kicked Nat in the ass for ever getting mixed up with her. Reform her? Hell—dunk her head in a bucket. Without having read TAMING OF THE SHREW, Stavros would have known what to do. And yet the contemporary institutions would have defeated Stavros as they defeated the two kids in THISBE. Or so I believe.

Wicked women and good men—this is how certain readers have described my straight novels. Fay, Bruce's wife, are both typical; they manipulate and degrade men. Without agreeing, I do admit that I have a suspicion that I'm writing the same woman into one book after another. If I'm to solve this evil-woman problem, I'd better either tackle it head-on—that is consciously—or simply edit out of my next book that type of woman entirely. I tend to take it for granted in a novel that a man's wife is not going to help him; shes going to be giving him a bad time, working against him. And the smarter she is, the more likely she's up to something. A woman schemes. And one of her techniques is *culture*. I hate to admit that I don't understand an element I've written about, so I'd be inclined to put this type of woman into the book we're discussing, here. Now I'm sure you can help me in this area. In the creating of the female characters. I used to think I could write very well about women, but lately I'm not so sure. It may be that one of the genuinely weak elements in my books is the female co-lead. I either romanticize them or paint them as harpies; I am not doing them justice by treating them with perspective. You will probably find the prototype for this

female character in *KINGSBLOOD ROYAL*, in Victor Kingsblood's wife, or in the guy's wife in the science fiction novel *PLAYER PIANO*; it may well be a staple in fiction—which of course does not excuse it. It may be, too, that I was too influenced by *SISTER CARRIE*, which did affect me deeply; I may have been so convinced that a good man can be ruined by a scheming woman on the make that I never got over it. Likewise *VANITY FAIR*. I may see all women as Becky Sharps or Amelias. God help me as a writer, then!

As to a character with whom "the reader can identify." This is not the sort of talk that appeals to me, but if forced to I can dredge up such a character; in my science fiction novels I had to do so, and it does happen that I have such a person on tap. His name is Verne Tildon and he would work very well in a situation involving George Stavros. I won't try to depict him to you at this point, but I'm sure he will do. He's from a book of mine that you haven't read. Again, I'm willing to plunder for the sake of the work in progress. The theme that I have in mind for this work involves this person directly; the basic situation will grow out of his relationship with Stavros—in fact, I may be able to use some of the material from the Stavros-Andrew relationship with this character. But he is far more interesting and complex than Andrew. In some ways he's a thin Milt Lumky. (In brief, he's a man who wanted to make it as a jazz d.j. like my old buddie Nat Henthoff, but who has failed and has gone to work as an appliance department manager.)

But the problem isn't one of characters anyhow, but one of finding a strong enough theme in which the characters can operate—and especially a strong enough resolution, one worthy of the characters. Do you agree? I believe I have the makings of such a theme, in the family-like situation obtaining the Stavros' store. I have a fairly detailed plot—or situation—outline, but without an ending. If it's in the ending that you feel I fail, there is no use my working that section out by myself at all—we all seem to agree that by and large I can get the darn thing rolling, and possibly keep it rolling—but the end. That's the rub. Without H-B's help I could get a certain distance into this, even by your yardstick; isn't that so? So I wonder if my proposing a general theme will be helpful, or whether it won't turn out that our joint activity will be most needed later on.

In essence, though, I'll put forth the notion that as I now see the book, it involves two men, Stavros (whom you know) and Verne Tildon (whom you don't); Stavros is the employer, and he hires Tildon away from a department store, a great impersonal outfit at which Tildon is unhappy, and induces him to enter Stavros' family-like old world one-man business. All the employees at—shall we say—DAN-D T-V are like sons and daughters to the old man, and that is how they work it. This is a little cramped close personal breathing-down-the-neck outfit, with the employees invited to the boss' house for Christmas and New Year's Eve, to company picnics, dinners, etc. (The relationship between this and the huge companies which nowadays act as a giant family for their employees, bringing in the wives, organizing the "entire man," is interesting to consider) In any case, Stavros is the highest type of guy that Tildon has ever

been involved with, and to Stavros, Tildon is the ideal employee, a sort of son-substitute to take over the place when the old man either dies or goes on to his new store ... but neither man can work with the other. Tildon is unable to accept, at his age (roughly forty), the role of son; he has to rebel, to seek a full mature relationship in this ersatz family—in other words, he has to compete with the father, to overthrow him in the classical fashion—but in an environment in which all the apparatus of the son-father clash is transformed into new terms, into salesmen, bookkeepers, floor managers, company policy, etc. Mind you, I am not devoted to psychoanalytic theory; I am not deriving my theme from dogma. What I would be dealing with I have seen in one small store and office after another; among women, some older employee becomes the "mother," and younger women are drawn into her orbit ... possibly one woman will rebel, and there will be a terrific clash. You know what office politics can be. The inbreeding. The intrigue and incest. The hostilities. But in this book we have two honor-able men, of different generations and backgrounds; Tildon, the modern, city-type jazz cum culture type ... and the old man, who, in this book, will partake more of the Puritan business virtues of thrift, industry, suspicion of change and modernity ... I will have to reconstruct Stavros somewhat. But he won't be destroyed. He is out of gear with the younger people, but that doesn't mean he is a hick, a clod. My sympathy for his view will be as strong as ever it was.

And so at this point I will call a halt to my pontifications, and suggest that you consider that all this is new to me, this trying to talk about a book that doesn't yet exist with someone I've never laid eyes on. I agree; we must get together in the same room, if we're going to have an easy time of it. Personally, I hate writing letters, and on the average I write each month only to my agent and my ex-wife (one of my ex-wives, rather). I never could express myself in letters—a sort of reversal of the old saw that if you can write letters you can write fiction ... I can write fiction, but letters elude me.

Cordially
Philip K. Dick

c/o Scott Meredith

[TO DICK & JANET FENBERG]

February 12, 1960

Dear Dick and Janet,

We were delighted to hear that you're getting married on the 21st or any other day, and especially that you'll be coming up here. I drove over to the cabin to look at it and make sure the wind hadn't blown a tree through it during the recent storm. It's fine. Certainly you're welcome to use it, as you describe in your letter. There is a cooler, but no refrigerator, so if I were you I wouldn't bring too many perishable foods; there's a good store at Inverness where you can shop, anyhow, as do all the natives at Inverness, every day except Sunday. Fire wood

might be a problem, in that we're out of it both at the cabin and here; either we can buy a cord of oak logs and put some at the cabin, or if we don't get around to it, if worst comes to worst, there is a place in nearby Olema (which you drive through, by the way) where one may purchase wood in any and all amounts, from a dollar's worth up. So all it would mean would be a four mile drive for someone, and up here, we do that all the time, like twice a day. Reason I'm talking about our failing to get wood is that for the last month, since I've gotten over my infections (as duly noted by Janet in her letter) I've been rushing frantically to complete a rewrite on a novel purchased by Putnam's, which must be in their hands and acceptable at the end of this month. However, I am almost done (almost is possibly a scary word in such a connection, but we'll ignore that for now); in any case, by the time you get up here I should either be finished or in a mental institution or jail. Being so excited as to the expectation of seeing both of you and congratulating you on your marriage, I will try to hold out for the first-named possibility. Anne, too, is quite pleased, and she has said several times recently that of all the people we know in the Bay Area, you guys are just about the nicest. We have liquor here, but bring what you want. I suppose you'll want to BE BY YOURSELVES during your stay, but if you should want to visit with us here, we'd be blasted out of our skulls with joy to have you. Be sure to get up here early enough in the evening on the day you arrive so that we can be sure to get together all items you will need at the cabin, and no doubt go over there with you to help you find it and get inside, etc. And then we'll slip away into the night, leaving you ALONE.

We're very sorry we couldn't get into Berkeley that night you phoned, to see your new gallery or whatever you said it was. Tell us all about it when you get up here. We'll look forward to seeing you. It rains a lot here, so bring rain-coats, especially wool socks and if possible boots or rainboots, as the ground is muddy, slippery, etc. And minor food staples such as salt and sugar, I'm afraid, as the cabin, being alone and damp a good deal of the time, has let its staples get moldy. But there are lots of silver, plates, cups, etc. Don't worry—it's a terrific cabin, with a huge fireplace, big wide bed; quite lovely, and you'll be very happy in it. Lots of love from both of us, and we get to kiss both of you (in the proper selected order of sexes, that is, woman & man only) when we see you.

Phil

[TO ANTHONY BOUCHER]

April 25, 1962

Dear Tony,

I called Pete Israel, my editor at Putnam's, after talking to you, and he assured me that they "could have it both ways": market their printing of MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE in a mainstream type way as well as a way which would appeal to the s-f reader, especially in terms of my name. Pete said,

"Of course, I guess you're not as well-known as Heinlein, are you?" In a rather hopeful tone, as if he were wondering if maybe I *was* as well-known, and how nice that would be, like Pooh wondering if there was another jar of honey, or had he eaten the last, etc. "Pete," I said, "I may not be as well-known as Heinlein, but Tony Boucher says—" and here I attributed to you certain favorable statements as to me & my work, which, I could tell, did not fall on deaf ears. As they are just now copy-editing the MS, this is my last time to make any pitch to them ... so forgive me if I used you as a totem god mask of Power and Magic by which to make effective my wish.

Now, as to your telling me that you haven't been so well, of late. As I said on the phone, I naturally was distressed to hear this, and I want to get down there with Anne and visit you, very soon, I hope. As I said, I had a pretty close brush with the Button-molder, myself, and am still not yet out of it. You told me nothing of the particulars ... so I'd like to just say a little of what's happened to me, and not do a long-distance guess-type analysis of **WHAT AILS YOU AND HOW I CAN CURE IT BY MAIL** on you.

First, I really believe that certain things I've read, i.e. books, have saved me—not cured me, because I'm not cured; and I readily admit that "you can't cure yourself by intellectual reading," but these books like money have made my life bearable. First: *Pascal's Pensées*. Then, a more recent book: *Existence*, edited by Rollo May. And *Beyond the Tragic Vision*, by Morse Peckham—the last being, I think, the most astounding theory, and the most exciting, as to what ails us in general. I beg you to read it, Tony, especially as it deals deeply with music, especially Beethoven & Wagner. *Existence* contains incredibly-exciting material on work done by the existential psychiatrists in Europe—especially The Case of Ellen West. Next: H.S. Sullivan's *Clinical Studies in Psychiatry*. My analyst looks down his nose at my reading ... but to continue: *Man's Presumptuous Brain*—by Simeon, I think (I've loaned it out). And: *Thinking by Machine*, also loaned out, author forgot. And for me, Schiller's *Wallenstein*, and Hans Fallada's *Little Man, What Now?* Without these, I would hardly exist, so profound has been their effect on me, in actually creating the psyche by which I presently face the not-I (to use a Zen term). As to Zen—my wife reads forever about it, but all I got from it (e.g. The Supreme Doctrine) was the Sartori that Zen is a leg-pulling "emperor's new clothes" piece of business ... which made me feel better: I got up and kicked the Zen manual around the living room, to show my comprehension.

As to my own history of Troubles. I thought my goose was cooked a couple of times, first as a kid with asthma and night fears, phobias that grew until by mid-high school I could no longer enter a class room, go to a restaurant (fear of choking on food), go to the opera, or even—at last—ride in a bus. I had to give up my job at Tupper & Reed because of my bus phobia, and that's how I got started writing and selling in dead earnest: I had no alternative to it except starvation; and, on the job itself, I got such a phobia about facing all the people in that little cramped area that I started not being able to climb the stairs from the basement where we wrapped packages. After quitting my job and beginning my

writing career (late 1951 on) I lived reclusively, unable—and I mean unable—even to go to a movie, or, at its worst in 1953, to even go into the little branch library on University Avenue to read the *New Yorker* each week ... or to go into a supermarket to buy groceries. And no psychotherapy, at this time ... I did not know anyone to go to. The encroachment got worse daily; if someone did come to visit, I couldn't serve them any food, because I could scarcely sit down in their presence, let alone eat with them; sitting, I had the sensation that I was drowning ... at last I got so I could barely sit and eat across from my wife—and, toward the end, I couldn't sleep in the same bed with her; I had to get up and go downstairs and roll up in blankets, alone, on the couch. Now, all this is a pretty serious procession of impairment in living, would you not say? And, at nineteen, I had heard an analyst at Langley Porter tell me that without good therapy, I would be progressively more confined until at last I wouldn't be able to stir from my room (that diagnosis given when my only fear was of large theatres, such as the War Memorial Opera House). It looked as if the black curtain was descending everywhere I looked. But then two things happened. I bought a car, and, at twenty-four, taught myself to drive. And I stumbled on a stimulant drug called semoxydrene; the first 5 mg which I took cleared away the cobwebs from my brain, restored the clarity of viewpoint which I had progressively lost over fifteen years. In that first instant, I saw—not merely clearly—but I also caught sight, literally, of the delusional viewpoint which I had been holding, as it melted away; without realizing it, I had perceived PEOPLE ALWAYS WATCHING ME. For instance, I had often stood by the hour at the front window of my house, gazing out ... why? I did not know; I was only aware that I enjoyed—or rather, wanted to—watch the street. Ah, existential psychiatry: its word, here: *Mitwelt*. The world-of-the-street, world with people. How did I experience that *Mitwelt*? As hostile, as directed against me. And, the stimulant drug encouraged a more powerful impulse toward Worldview organization momentarily to triumph: as in the phrase, "We see as through a glass darkly, now face to face," I did see face to face—and after that, never quite got back the delusional view which had grown up over most of my life.

With the car, I began driving first around town, then out into the country, and, at last, as far as Missouri, Arkansas, Idaho, etc. The first restaurant I entered and ate at was at a little town in Nevada where my car broke down. I became mobile, not confined; my *Unwelt* (natural biological environment: trees, earth, sky, air, etc) grew with my driving, and, in lesser degree, my *Mitwelt* as I encountered people in towns throughout sixteen states. I re-encountered the world of people via my car. But, alas, I had not seen the end of it, for, a few years ago, I suffered a terrible setback; the old black curtain did not drop, but something worse did.

About 1958, I decided to sell my house in Berkeley, which I had owned since 1951. I felt it was too old, and my lot was only 30 feet wide; I had ten kids living in the three houses around me. I wanted a more quiet place to write ... or so I thought. Actually, I was beginning to feel—not merely hostility from the

Mitwelt, as before—but a deeper, inner restlessness; now standing at the window had an interior discomfort to it: I was not peeking out to see “if they were getting nearer to get me,” but peering out with yearning, wanting to DO SOMETHING, to move, to go. I felt urges not in Berkeley, but all around the countryside, up to the Russian River and points in between, for the place that appealed to me.

My yearning came to fruition when I saw Point Reyes Station, near Tomales Bay, in West Marin, a little farming and commercial center along what had once been a railroad: a town very much like it had been in 1900. I bought a house, moved. And then the sky fell on me.

I stood on a bridge overlooking Papermill Creek, at the edge of Point Reyes Station, late one day, gazing at the Umwelt: the mountains to the west, the water, the trees and birds. And all at once, the Umwelt rose up and swamped me. My Mitwelt had winked out entirely; you see, I had cut my tenuous connections with people when I moved from Berkeley to this small town where I knew no one, and my precariously-balanced psyche could not stand the strain. I had moved in the wrong direction; away from people was not the right direction, in that it left me exposed, like an isolate, to the Umwelt, and to myself, my Eigenwelt—and this—shall we say—existential severing from the Mitwelt was as serious as if it had occurred due to a psychosis. In a way, I accidentally induced a momentary psychosis by such an abrupt change of environment and cutting loose from my friends and society. I was alone in a farm town new to me, strange to me; I stumbled home (my wife was in town, in Berkeley, that day), and turned on the fm, knowing that I was in for it, and worse than ever before. My car, my little green pills, had saved me—only to deliver me over to a stupid choice: freed of my obsessions and compulsions and anxieties, I had voluntarily done the worst thing possible in terms of a stable relationship between Um-, Mit-, and Eigenwelt. So what now? I had put \$7,000 cash into this move, all I had. I could not get out, at least, not for another year; I was stuck in that house, there in the country, with my wife coming into Berkeley, to UC, three days a week—and she had the car, those days—I could not even drive.

Well, what happened next saved me, but it was a hard three years, worse than anything that had come before. I had to reestablish connections with the Mitwelt, and good ones, at any cost; the alternative was complete psychological collapse for me. To make the story short: I met a woman who had three children, whose husband had just died (oddly, died in Yale Psychiatric Institute, being treated for an amorphous psychotic condition at \$2,000 a month), and who was also—to underestimate it—at loose ends ... we met, fought, fell in love; I divorced my wife after a violent six months of near physical collapse—Anne and I drove to Mexico and got divorced and married—and I began to build back up into the Mitwelt. I had ceased to write, but now I wrote again, a terrific realistic novel called *CONFESIONS OF A CRAP ARTIST*, which got me a contract with Harcourt, Brace (they did not finally publish the book, though; but they still are sitting on the MS, and might yet bring it out). I did two space-operae for Ace, plus some short stories. And we had a baby, my first-born,

Laura. And I wrote *MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE*, which as you know, Putnam's bought and which I called you about earlier this week. And, through Anne, I met many, many people, and developed an entire new Mitwelt, with violently strong relationships, both of love, hate, antagonism, etc.

And yet, it wasn't over. Because, gradually, a year or so ago, very subtle suicidal obsessive thoughts began to creep over me. I had stopped taking "my little green pill," the stimulant drug; my system had absorbed all it could stand. I had nothing to counter these thoughts with. The thoughts grew, until, by last June, I could think of nothing else. Meanwhile Anne went into the jewelry business and became very successful; I came out of my depression long enough to build her a workshop, build a booth for her at the Marin Art and Garden Show last July, I even sold a first batch of her stuff to Frazer's in Berkeley.... her first major sale. And then the slow, terrible depression returned. And got worse and worse.

What then? What do you do? Every rise in the strength of my relatedness with the Mitwelt had been followed by a drop. Every period of productivity by a drop. Well, I started "to go in," i.e. to an analyst, a good one, Anne's, Dr. Sam Anderson. At first he refused to work with me, since he had worked with her. But I had to see someone, and I wouldn't go to anyone else, so finally he let me come in. My phobias were so great that for a time he had to send up drugs to me via her. At last I got so I was afraid to press the starter button on the car; I feared the car would blow up and kill me. I had to give up trying to get in and see Anderson; I just sat. This was about two months ago. I was sick from November all the way through to March. Even the news of my sale to Putnam's failed to affect me (December tenth, it took place); I wouldn't even get up from the bed to answer what I knew was a long-distance phone call (it rings in a special way, up here). I dragged myself through Christmas and the other holidays ... I did a rewrite on *MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE* for Pete Israel ... but what lay ahead? On March first, the book became finally accepted by Putnam's legally—and that was over. Now what?

I couldn't write. I was finished and I knew it. We owned a little cabin in Inverness where I had written *MAN*; I had a phobia against using the car to get there, and against the cabin itself. Finally, I had begun to develop a terrible fear of Anne: I believed—honest, Tony—I believed she was trying to destroy me, that she hated me, that she was out to wreck my writing, my life, that she had destroyed her previous husband, etsweiter Dasz sie ein Mensch-Mörder war. And all this time I was trying to find "something I could take," i.e. pills, any kind, anything I could find on the shelves of the cabinet, excepting vaginal douche pills, of course. Meanwhile, Anne and I were having dreadful violent fights, slamming each other around, smashing every object in the house—the kids were running in terror ... it looked to us like the End. We talked, or rather we screamed at each other, about divorce. Anne once smashed her car into mine. She threw rocks at my windshield, one day, smashing two windows of my car. I hit her, broke her nose. What lay ahead? Once, she tried to call the Marin County sheriff's office and have a deputy come over and "talk to me." During an argument while driving, Anne leaped out of the car, which might well have been

the end of her, had I not slammed on the brakes. There was much more, even worse. The End seemed to get visibly closer each day. I had stopped listening to music, now, for the first time since I was four years old. What did we do? Nothing but fight, and suffer.

And then a strange event occurred. A kid (around twenty-one) whom we barely knew, who lives up here, was arrested and put in jail; he had gotten drunk, fought with his wife; she called the police, they had come with loaded shotguns, and he had waved a .45 pistol at them, and at last been disarmed and taken off to the county jail. This was a very poor, ignorant kid, from a rotten background ... but a kid with genuine character underneath, part Indian, brooding, but hard-working, with terrible debts, vile temper, and yet crazy about his wife and child. Well—I was afraid, having talked to this boy the night of his arrest, shortly before the argument with the police, that he was deeply mentally disturbed and might, if sprung, come home and kill his wife (notice here the psychological projection of my own hostility). So, knowing the assistant DA, I phoned and tried to arrange for a remand to Langley Porter for this kid, in other words, release only with enforced psychological help. The assistant DA, after listening to my account of hearing the boy say he would kill so and so, agreed ... but was unable to get the psychiatric help. So—and get this: instead, he decided to press for conviction. After holding the boy three days in jail (the boy had no attorney), they brought him up, charged him—he pled guilty, and was released on OR.

Now here's where the turning point came for me. At first I was scared as hell to see this kid out. Since I honestly (but cloudily) believed him "to be dangerous". And I thought, too, he might have found out that is was I who had dropped it in the DA's office's ear to press for conviction. The first night after the boy was out on OR, I was watching TV, when one of my kids came in whitefaced, and said, "Daddy, Corkey's here." I knew the boy had *come to get me*. He had learned of what I did. But, I took off my glasses, and walked out to greet him. This kid is a plasterer, and has muscles like a prizefighter. But I was wrong. He hadn't come to "get me." My wife and kids, peering in timidity from the corner, saw me go up to him, expecting—genuinely—to be mowed down. But no. He had come for help.

And that did it. He needed a lawyer. He should have had one from the start. Not f---g psychiatric help, not meddling from me, but a god damn attorney. And—I saw it. Saw how I had projected my own fears and hostilities: my own *self* onto him, and onto the world, the *Mitwelt*. All at once, the cobwebs once more cleared. I set about getting a lawyer for him. I got one, a good one. Then, and for a cheap bastard like me, this is incredible: I paid the lawyer's tab. This was not from guilt. This was as if Sir Bedevere, at the end, had suddenly realized the meaning of his futzing around with Excaliber—had suddenly gone into high speed motion and **THROWN THE DAMN VALUABLE SWORD AWAY—IN TIME**. I wrote out a check. I worked. And—a new arraignment. The plea was changed from guilty to innocent. The DA's office pressed hard, leaned hard, but Bill Wolfson, the attorney, won the case, and Corkey got off, and came back a new man. Someone had come to his defense,

maybe for the first time in his life. He doesn't know, and I hope never knows, that the guy who got him a lawyer and paid for that lawyer, started out with a distorted delusional view and acted accordingly; Corkey wouldn't appreciate that. But I do; I recall my original warped view: that Corkey was dangerous. And had to be curbed. Fear. Anxiety on my part. My worldview was shaped by my own inner fears—and my repressed aggressions.

Now, what was the answer, now that momentarily I had seen? I saw that in me the fear (of other people) was based on a deep hostility in me, a hostility lacking expression. I was basically not a nice guy, but an angry guy. And I feared—not other people—but my own anger. My problem was not crippling anxiety, but—my aggressive impulses.

I had to become a fighter. On some level. Or die.

At 33, I had to learn to fight. Teach myself how to fight.

But where? How? Not with my fists—but in a more profound way. With—ideas? No. Words? Maybe. But words as expressions, not of my thoughts, but of my affect, my instinctive feelings. My blood, not my logos.

Last week, I was given my chance, equally by the workings of pure fortune. Someone phoned me and asked if by any chance I was willing to attend a meeting. A closed, secret meeting of wealthy ranchers sitting down with school board members to plan a campaign to unify our school district with the worst high school in California: Tomales High. In order to cut their tax. I'd be the only one there not a part of "the group." A tough thing to do, you'll agree; some of these ranchers are mean, and one of them is experienced enough to have lobbied personally in Washington D.C. against the proposed Point Reyes Park. Normally, all my impulses (i.e. my self-system of protection) would have reacted; I'd have mumbled an excuse, not gone, and been relieved. But I refused to give myself time to think; I at once agreed to go. However, I took along a buddy, just in case. We were stopped at the door of the meeting, but got in. And what I heard there, as those wealthy ranchers hatched out their plans, did the trick: I got mad. Really, deeply, fully mad; I heard them call the opposition *rabble*. I saw them with not only local school board members, but a member of the County Board of Education. I heard them jeering and planning, talking about acquiring the \$65,000,000 new PG&E atomic power station in Sonoma as a tax-contributor, a plum for them, to save them more tax dollars for schools. And I even spoke at this meeting, questioned the worth of Tomales High (not in a very belligerent voice, true, but I did speak up. And it was scary).

And then, after the meeting, we began, slowly at first, I and those citizens in the community who want a good high school and good education for our kids. We began to organize. First, my report on the secret Monday meeting. Then, letters to the *Independent-Journal* in San Rafael, as to what I had seen. Then—discovery that the *I-J* had learned about it; there had been a leak in the ranchers' organization, evidently. And: plans on our part for our own meeting, our counter-meeting, this one public. Very public; since the ranchers had said, "We want no more publicity."

And I was named chairman.

No point in going into details, except this: we had a big bunch of people, about fifty. And I had a co-chairman so that I could give up my neutral position in order to fight. The school board members who had come to Monday's meeting showed up, along with several of the powerful ranchers. I gave up my chair, and I fought with them, told them to their faces in front of fifty people what they had said on Monday in secret. One of them hopped up and yelled I was a liar; and, from the back of the room, my buddy who had gone with me on Monday boomed out, "What Phil Dick says is true, I heard you say that myself." A real catfight, and with me deliberately taking a fighting stance throughout—for which several old ladies criticized me. But we did it. We got people stirred up, and we got them to stand up and speak, too; my bringing my anger, my legitimate indignation up to the surface, was catching, and they got fired up and expressive, too. You know the old word for this. Sublimation: directing an emotion into socially accepted channels. But, Tony, it wasn't "socially acceptable," I did it without caring what people thought; I knew inside that I was right; I was there Monday, I myself decided that my indignation was right. I chose to be angry—and many came along with me, finally, and got sore, and some did not. Some got sore at me. The point is: I had never realized that you can't be a nice guy, in that you can't please everyone; you have to antagonize someone, and often powerful someones, if you're going to exist in what the Romans knew to be the only world worth fighting about: the social (i.e. interpersonal) world. Not ideas in my head, but values thrashed out in open conflict, in naked fight, before any and all watchful eyes, strangers and friends, hostile and sympathetic—in short, the *Mitwelt—Augen*.

What I realize, out of all this, is that although I defended myself all my life, I did it where it involved no risk; in fact, the defense was for the purpose of reducing risk. But real fighting, non-neurotic fighting, involves risk: risk of injury, exposure, loss, failure. And no neurotic dares do that. He is always fighting negatively: to protect himself—and for himself. Not for something else. He is engaged in a constant rear-guard action, a constant retreat. So every time he suffers a defeat, his dark curtain drops in that area; since he does not MOVE FORWARD, taking the initiative, he cannot regain either the area lost, or develop a compensating area somewhere else. The neurotic is never actually on the offensive, in the biological sense; he is withering. Aging. Moving—in existential terminology—toward the Tomb World. He is busy in the negative sense, not in the active sense; he has only defensive systems, never true plans.

Does all this interest you? I want to get down there with Anne and see you and Phyllis again. Maybe in the next week or so. And good luck, and thanks very much for your good help on the phone. And it meant a god damn great deal to me to hear your voice again.

Phil Dick

[TO FRED POHL]

June 23, 1963

Dear Fred:

In answer to your letter of June 14th. I talked to Poul Anderson and he will send a release to you regarding his part in my story WATERSPIDER. As to Kris Neville ... I think the solution there is for you to do this (and I'm not joking; please believe me). Remove the word "Kris" in the sentence "Kris is stoned again" and put in "Phil" so it reads "Phil is stoned again." Okay? It could be thought to refer either to me or to Philip Jose Farmer.

I think we can take a chance on the others, although if you are further worried you could delete the statements made by Ray Bradbury; that's all I'm at all concerned about, myself.

Cordially,
Philip K.Dick

[TO JAMES BLISH]

May 22, 1964 (I guess)

Okay (Christ, I am in a tizzy.).

Dear Jim:

I bet you don't remember me. You wrote me on Feb. 13, 1958, which might as well be 1858, it being so long; anyhow you scare me. I am writing now to you hoping that you will forgive someone who admires your work and who wants—needs—your correspondence, and always did, but who is not a protozoologist or even an -ologist period (except maybe I'd-like-to-meet-your-wife-when-you're-not-around-ologist), and who got too scared back in 1858 or 2058 or when ever it was and therefore did not answer one of the finest letters I've ever received (and I've been rereading it, especially what you say about quality fiction vs s-f, Joyce, Sturgeon, et al.). Only now I am scared not to write you, and I hope this gets to you, because maybe you don't live at the above mistyped address any more and I am talking to myself again, and you're not on the other end, reading, there.

I admire Blish, Knight, Sturgeon, Neville, Bradbury. Thus ends the list. Oh, yes; one more. Robert Sheckley. And of course Kuttner, but what can one say? And now even Mark Clifton is gone.

What I have to offer you, via letter, is pathetic. Nil. But can I hold your ear for a second? I've been on drugs (never mind what), and I experienced what they like to call an "expansion of consciousness." And I am now unfit for the real (you know, koinos kosmos) world. I never got back. I saw God, & the Antagonist (related, as Bergman knew, to Death), even the hook of God. I'm a bit stewed right now, so forgive me for babbling, but I sold six novels in the last year, and 13 stories, up to 20,000 words, some of them, and I'm rich and

f—ked up and dying. Dying of overwork and what Paul Tillich calls the "groaning and travail" of creation (not my creation but der Schopfers; the world). I have a wife who can spend it faster than I can make it, even though I'm under contract to 4 publishers simultaneously and as you know, because you accepted it for me, the Hugo; and they pay me, now, fifty percent more per piece. Am I happy? No, I am cracking up mentally. Because to sell 6 novels a year you have to write at least 8, since as we all know, not every one of them sells. Who can write 8 novels a year? Plus 15 5,000 to 20,000 mag pieces. No one. So what good has it done me? The money came in; the butcher and the baker, via my wife, got it back (my wife bought, for example, two new cars). I am not boasting; I am scared and wondering what the answer is. There is none. All that's left is prognosis. Do I go on with the next book—actually I've started it, a serious worked called DEUS IRAE (not Dies), which, shown to my agent in outline form, got the answer that he could sell it qua outline to a hardcover house absolutely; it was great. And I started, and then I died. Because I said, If I write it, and it's good, it'll earn x number of dollars, and she will buy another car or remodel the house or get another Russian wolfhound and new-type camera that homeostatically sets itself speed and aperture-wise. And so forth. So instead, I am writing you. What do you do? I don't see the racks; are you very busy in the field right now? (Obviously I can't know what's going on; that's the whole point.) And which way are we all going collectively? Have you read—and if not, would you—MARTIAN TIME-SLIP, my Ballantine book (previously a serial in a Fred Pohl mag); 85,000 words, dealing with childhood schizophrenia—and my own, via the protagonist, Jack Bohlen. Okay; I admit it; I had a "nervous breakdown," just like Horace Gold and Tony Boucher and Mick McComas and who else, god knows. And, after I had my experience with the Antagonist and his slot-eyes I got converted to Anglo-Catholicism and took the Higher Sacraments, including, of course, the Laying-on of Hands by the Bishop. And I still died and died, and then ran; I'm running still, from my wife, from my four kids, my piles of outlines, book ideas, finished books, MSS, etc; toward Todheit, which I won't translate because you might fly out here to try to stop me, and it isn't your responsibility, Jim, but maybe you can tell me: what's it all about? I wrote a book about a religious experience set in the future and Scott said, "Aw, sheoot, Phil; who'll buy *that*?" And Doubleday did. And I went to read the carbon over, just for ducks, and it scared me so bad I almost dropped into the grave then and there. My own writing!

(And the Ballantine book: supra. It scares me, too, because when I wrote it I was interested in schizophrenia, and now I think I've got it. My psychiatrist says no, it's just my lurid pulp mind, but I do believe that time, for me, is short, so I'm writing before it's too late and I can't. Avram Davidson and his wife asked me to come live with them; he figured out in a letter from me that I was ready to quit, that as in Die Junge Nonne, it would soon be for me wie das Grab—and I hope you don't read German, because I am not kidding. I think I've written two or three (out of 15) good books. Most of my work is—average. Let's face it. But I

like SOLAR LOTTERY, EYE IN THE SKY, MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE, MARTIAN TIME-SLIP, and THE MAN WHO JAPED. The rest you can stick in a gnat's armpit as far as I'm concerned, except one new unsold one, NOW WAIT FOR LAST YEAR, which Scott says is the best book I've done in all my 13 years in the field. Again I am not boasting; I am just trying to hang on. How come, Jim, if I can see the Antagonist (as Luther put it, "our ancient foe,") I can't see the face of the Erlöser, the Redeemer? Where has He gone? My priest says the Bible is not the story of man's search for God but of God's search for man. I don't know, except that I'm here and credo; I believe—but I can't reach Him, except when they up there let down that long, long pole with the hook, and it gaffed me in the side, and I saw their faces. Impassive. They were awaking me, exactly as someday, as St. Paul says, "Behold, I tell you a mystery; we shall not sleep ..." It woke me then, to my peril. The loss of my soul. More German: Ich bin ein Kind von Sünde, und wer wird mich erlösen? I'm quoting a Bach cantata (78). Last night I saw the greatest work of human beings I ever did see, the movie TOM JONES; it was more real, more life, than this. Than what I do, am, see. And then I see by the cover of *Life* that she made it, the chick, the thrush, whom I always (for two and a half years) have said, She is it; she is the greatest "entertainer" since Chaplin. Barbara Streisand. And some people say that she is ugly. When I read that I started to cry and couldn't stop. Ugly. That is ugly? What, then, are we here for? That is beauty; a beautiful person; I'm in love with her, like I am with the wife of the local newspaper writer here; I am in love, but as in Iolanthe, "Love unrequited robs me of me rest; love, hopeless love, lies nightmare-like, heavy on me chest, and robs me of my slumber." And I have a wife and four kids. And I'm working day in, out, to support them; my income now averages (improperly extrapolated, but this is the heh heh fun-way of doing it) \$1,600 a month. And—Ich sterbe! What's it for, Jim? My books, with maybe one or two exceptions, aren't good enough to do what the Bible says God does, "It is God who will justify," but I want to know now. I gave up on quality writing after Harcourt, Brace & World advanced me \$500 for a literary work, said I was another Philip Roth, and then, after I worked one entire year on the book, did no other work, they decided not to publish it. And that was when I began inside to die; not like President Kennedy, in full vigor and suddenly, but like a horrid plant. By ugly degrees. Withering; a psychological aging into senility.

Tell me. What should I write? Could I send you a portion, in rough, of my new book which Scott thinks, by reading the outline, may be the book of my career. Would you help me, tell me which way to go? What is great in fiction? I read THE RECOGNITIONS, as you suggested; it was good, very good; so is Phil Roth's LETTING GO, and Herb Gold's short story LOVE AND LIKE. I know Herb Gold and I asked him what the answer is, and the answer is, you make love to, sleep with women, and you do not marry them and have four kids and an architect-designed house and new cars and a Russian wolf-hound, because then you do what Norm Mailer did; you

become insane; you become paranoid and you stab your wife, or, like the guy who wrote MR. ROBERTS, you slip quietly into the warm dark water and drown.

I need help. Not, "You'll be okay," or, "You're just lurid; it's because you're a pulp writer." Why is it that when the President was shot and I heard, everyone else wept a tear and looked sad, but I fell to the floor and screamed. Because—and I didn't vote for the guy, even—I loved him and I loved his wife and his family, his kids, and he cared about me, I think; he would have, anyhow, if he had met me; he had *caritas*. Just as Lincoln did; there was *the man*. Avram Davidson has it, I think, from his letters. I told him I couldn't come live with him and G. because they are "going to have an amicable divorce later in the year" and if I went down to Ameecomeca I would fish in the troubled water; I would fall in love with one or both of them and it would be King Mark and Brangana's warning, only too late; it would be the viper in the tent.

I feel myself, as cantata 78 puts it, "Ein Kind von Sünde." All my work, the money I've earned, the thoughts I've expressed, the "entertainment" I've provided—and one dear, dear person begged me not to die because, not that I would enjoy living, but because my writing made *her* life bearable—I get this terrible feeling that Kuttner is dead, Kornbluth is dead, even Mark Clifton, and in our collective work, v. Bradbury, we are haunted by the Specter at the Feast, by the precog recognizing of death—you and I write about the future, and the future for me, and I think I am somewhat precog, has death written on its face, and I can't run far enough to get away; like Don Giovanni, I have a fate ahead, and its hand has touched me; or rather, the gaff split open my right side and I felt the sting, as Paul says; "Death, where is thy sting? Grave, where is thy victory?" I can tell him: here; the sting has stung me, the grave erwartet. "The sting of death is sin," and for me sin is having four kids who look up to me, and all I want to do is find a way to this woman down the coast, who is married to a real nice guy and we listen to the *Magic Flute* together, and I would rather be dead than to cuckold him; I mean it; I crave that release, so I won't be tempted any longer. TOM JONES; those days are over. We cannot eat with, drink with, sleep with, brawl with, hunt with, everyone, slut, countess, lesbian, etc. anymore; we are "good" now. A model to be looked up to. Cotton Mather was good, and God got him; his child was born without an anus. Did you know that? That God pays us back in "strange ways"? I had this friend of 17 years, see, who, like me, takes drugs; he, however, was unlucky; he got onto an addictive drug, codein. And when they found out he was hooked they stopped writing prescriptions. And he called me and asked me to get him some of the stuff, and I didn't. Even though I had it; a bottle of it. And you know what? I thought I was doing the right thing; I thought he ought to kick it (I have another friend who's on codein, hooked, and I know that they must kick it). Only this 17 year friend, he died. He couldn't survive without it. And I still have the bottle of it. Another month of life for him, my best friend, since 1944.

So see, we do evil, telling ourselves we're doing good—that's what proves that original sin is real. We are marred. Better to live as they did in TOM JONES. I would like to hit people, kiss them, drink and eat until the grease drizzles down my chin ... but instead I drive my little VW and watch TV and read Peanuts, and I write. I write what the Mill Valley Greyhound bus terminal sells. Maybe some weary middle-aged businessman with a cheap Roi Tan cigar will enjoy my ideas. Or maybe, as has been said about MARTIAN TIME-SLIP already, "It's too confusing and disturbing." And it is. It's clutched by the fatal grip, which I saw coming for me and hoped to stave off by externalizing it in my fiction. But the grip tightened on me, still. And now, when people read that book, it'll make them unhappy; nobody riding on a Greyhound bus will be "entertained."

I cling to: good Havana-filter cigars (Cuesta Rey). Bach, Purcell, Wagner, Schubert songs. Barbara Streisand and Lena Horne. Animals I see; I live in the country, so I see foxes and raccoons. But—where has everyone gone? Am I shouting down an empty barrel? Can you answer a letter like this which is an appeal from someone terribly frightened and confused and who doesn't give a f—k about going on with the r.r. (rat race)? Would you try? Even a quote from Milton or Donne might help

mit Liebe,
Philip K. Dick

[TO ANTHONY BOUCHER]

May 26, 1964

Lieber Tony,

Es tut mir leid, aber Ich bin zurück nach West Marin gegangen. Mit meiner Weib wieder (kurzlebig, bestimmt) zu leben ... weil Ich Kinder habe; es ist schwer Kinder zu verlassen, nicht wahr? Und meine Arbeit; hier kann Ich es tun—nirgends auszer deisem Ort kann Ich es. Das versteh' Ich nicht. Vielleicht weil Ich so lang heir gewohnen hab.

Am Sontag hatte Ich ein wunderbarliches Zeit, mit Ihnen und der Andere einmal zu sein ... es kostet mir \$4.00 aber lohnend! Aber Ich hab gedacht: diese Menschen kranker als Ich sind ... vergeben Sie mir; mit Verlaub—es hat mir besser gemacht, nicht so krank. Wir sind alle krank; nicht Geld genug, viele Arbeit, und immer man denkt: am Morgen; was für wenn meine Macht gegangen ist? Mein nächster Roman ... was kann Ich tun wenn er wertlos ist? Sechs hab Ich in zwelf Monaten verkauft; aber Ich hab dies schon Ihnen gesagt; vergeben Sie mir. Ich nicht stolz bin; nur bin Ich müde, ganz müde; will durch Ewigkeit schlaffen ... aber natürlich nicht kann ... wer kann? Sie versteh'n.

Hoffentlich, seh' Ich Ihnen und Phyllis bald ... vielleicht in fünf oder sechs Tage. Natürlich, telefoniere Ich am Ersten.

Sie brauchen diesen Brief nicht antworten; aber—hier hab Ich ein altes Gedicht das Ich liebe, aber nicht ganz versteh'. Sehr alt ... um 1300; könnte es

bei Walther von der Vogelweide geschreiben gewesen? Hier ist was Ich würde dasz Sie mir tun könnten; können Sie es übersetzen auf English für mich? Niemand wer Ich kenne kann. Hier ist es:

*Ich sih die liehte heide
in gruner varwe stan
Dar sühn wir alle gehen,
die sumerzt enphahen.*

Später telefoniere Ich Ihnen, die Antwort—die übersetzung—zu bekommen. Mit Verlaub. So dabei sollen Sie nicht mir schreiben—Ich versteh' dasz für Ihnen es schwer ist den Brief zu vorlegen; so geht es mit mir auch. Aber dieses Gedicht meint mir so viel; es würde mir sehr freudig machen, wenn Sie es übersetzen könnten. Ach?

Grüss Ich Ihnen wieder, und Ich erwarte später zu telefonieren.

Aufweiderseh'n
Philip K. Dick

P.S. In Juli F&SF hab Ich einen 20,000 wörter kurze Roman; vielleicht Sie ihn lesen wollten ...

Später: Wechseln Sie a nächsten Seite.

Später—am nächsten Morgen.

Es gibt nur einander Satz ... dieser ein heiliger; sobei tret Ich leise, sehr leise. Ich hab drei Augenblicke gehabt, im letzten Jahr; dabei gang Ich sogleich in die Anglo-Catholic Kirche—das ist recht; sind Sie übergerascht? Es war für mich eine Überraschung; das würde Ich sagen. Kann Ich daran sprechen? Nur ein Wenig?

Am ersten sah Ich den Feind. (Der wer Martin Luther hat beschreibt "unser alte Feind auf Erde.") Einmal. Die Augen; die erinne Ich immer; die waren—wie kann Ich sagen? Sie waren hohl und leer und zum Horizont gehörig. Und er; er war gross. Stand er über den Gesichtskreis, und fortschafften er nie; durch alle Zeit hatte er so gewesen—and, als Ende der Welt so sein. Und davon würde Ich dann und nun fliegen ... Ich dachte dasz Todt allein könnte nicht so gross und fürchtbar sein—nächste dieser, Todt ist nichts; glauben Sie mir Wochen und Wochen sah Ich ihn. Dann gang Ich in die Kirche hinein. Der Heilige Vater had oft mit mir gesprochen; Ich könnte ihm nicht sagen was ich hatte geseh'n, aber Ich fragte, "Glauben Sie an den Teufel, das er *wirklich* lebt auf Erde?" Langmal dachte der Heilige Vater und dann sagte er Ja. Denn hatte Ich ein zweite Augenblick. Sah Ich wieder eine merkwürdige Figur. Aber es war nun der Christ. Glaub', bitte; Ich *wirklich* sah: mit die Augen, mit meine eigene Augen: den Christ. Seine Augen; Ich sah die Christ-Augen, und sie waren nicht leer. Sondern röhig. Ganz röhig. Und Er hatte Seine Hand erhebt; Seine rechte Hand; und so blieb sie, immer. Und diese Hand, aufgehebt, sprach etwas mir; sie sprach: "Ich steh' hier, bir hier, und die Hand ist aufgehebt für Ihnen, dasz Sie erlösen können sein." Das verstand Ich. Dasz, Ich erlösen könnte sein, bei Ihm. *Er sah mich.* Er hat auch

den Feind gesehn. Aber der Feind sah ohne Augen, und dies—dies war nicht ein wirkliches Gesehen; es war das Urleerheit. ("Und Gott sah die Welt, unfd die Welt war ohne Form und leer;" es war das Urleerheit.)

Am letzten sah Ich einmal wieder, und diesmals war es sehr schwer. Schon war Ich in die Kirche. Am Abend, sehr spät, sah Ich den Haken, oder die Fischangel, den Angelhaken, von Gott. Mit langer Stange; eine Stange vom Himmel zu Erde. Aber, auf Ende, der Haken, und der Haken schlag mir an meiner rechte Seite—and tief innerst gang, und da blieb; und das Leid; wie kann Ich es erzählen? Nimmer Über, in Himmel, das Halter von drei Figuren; sie, die drei, festgehältig an die Stange; und alle drei hatten warme Augen, und die Augen sahen mir starklich, und nimmer, nimmer aufhörten. Und sie wollten mir etwas sagen, durch den Haken tief in meiner Seite; sie wollten sagen: Sie müssen gut sein, oder durch Ewigkeit sollen Sie dieses Lied fühlen. Aber warum? hatte Ich gefragt. Warum diese Leid; antworten Sie mir, in Gottes Name. Die Antwort: Wachet auf! Ihr alle Wachet auf! Sie schlafen. Die alle Leute schlafen, und müssen aufwachen endlich. "Pas' auf: Ich erzähle eine göttliche Offenbarung; Sie sollen nicht alle schlafen ... u.s.w." Nicht Wahr? Lieber Freund, diese drei Figuren sollten mir das Leid getan; versteh? Und endlich verstand Ich, und die drei Figuren sahen dasz Ich verstand, und denn das Leid aufhaltetot. Aber—war es vielleicht der Stachel von Todtheit? Dasz versteh Ich nicht.

Ich hier bin nicht krank; was Ich sah war wirklich. Warum, dasz Ich es gesehn habe ... Hier dasz weisz Ich auch nicht, sondern Ich sah und fühlte. Und es so schwer war. Der Feind, es war böser ... aber der Haken: der war schlimmer. Veil schlimmer; Ich fast starb. Aber Ich glaube: der Herr Gott kann und will uns erlösen. "Erbarme mich, mein Gott;" das sag Ich oft. Und Ich erwarte. Endlich komm es. Ich weisz das.

Phil

[TO JAMES BLISH]

June 7, 1964

Dear Jim,

First, I did not mean to imply that I had any positive or respectful feelings towards Clifton's work; I meant merely that he had died, and so had joined the ranks of the quick & the dead, the quick being for instance McComas, the dead, Kornbluth. And as to being quick: Damon Knight tells me that my writing is beginning to show a growing gloom, a morbidity. That my personal "lopsided" (his term) viewpoint had entered my work, and this is of course a serious matter; remedy must therefore be sought.

As to my multiplicity of characters: I was weaned on the school of young post World War II Japanese writers at the French Department of the Tokyo University; they write without a protagonist appearing, only, as in my books, a variety of human viewpoints, a sort of several monad percept-system intertwined structure in which the "reality" is always therefore subjective, and

varying with each character. (Their concept of the novel, also, by the way, lacks an idea of the turning-point and climax; what is sought for is to establish, out of the multiple subjectivities, a sense on the part of the reader of what may have happened, but there is never certitude; see?)

Thanks for the deeply expressed resumé of your personal situation; I find it most illumination ... unfortunately I personally cannot moonlight it because I live in a tiny cow-town where no jobs, except that of milker, is ever open. As to DOCTOR MIRABILIS—it sounds fascinating, and I'll be waiting to read it. I considered doing an historical work, did the research (I know no other word for it) and then, just as I began Ch. one, Zoe Oldenberg (or whatever her name is) came out with an historical novel on the identical topic: Innocent III and the jihad against Southern France and the Catherists. So what I got out of all that was a semi-Catherist (Albigensian) view: that this world is ruled by the dark power, that evil, absolute, as in LORD OF THE FLIES, exists within everything, marring it, and that we, all of us, are cut off from God; from my priest, however, I learned that God is searching for us, that the breach can be healed—and I personally (I'm not trying to preach, just to explain) believe that the sacraments, the rituals, the priest himself, of the Anglo-Catholic Church, can act as an conduit linking us with *dem Erlöser*, the Redeemer—Whom, I guess I mentioned, I saw in a drug-inducated "hallucination." And we say, at each service, "Lest any man sin, let him know that he has an Advocate with the Father," and this is Christ. After having seen the Fiend, the Antagonist, I could not survive without some sense of a structure—the church—which can represent man to God and God to man, officially. Just as the Motor Vehicle people officially validate your white slip for your car. Credo; you see?

By the way—if you are interested in how the Antagonist, the dark power who rules here, looked, appeared to me when I saw him, vide the June 5 *Life*, the 62 and 63 pages titled THE SCARRED FACE OF VERDUN; the armored observation cupola pictured is precisely what I saw. And—over 900,000 lives were lost in the ten months of the Verdun battle; it is a Grab, a grave; see page 66, the bones of 130,000 "unidentified casualties from both sides."

And we Anglo-Catholics are taught to believe, as St. Paul said, that death comes not from God but from the enemy; "As Christ desires no sinner to die," we say each Sunday. And Paul says that death is the final, ultimate enemy which must be overcome. So my "vision" was not so far off, after all.

I wonder if you and I could collaborate on an historical work. I'd like to. 13th, 14th century ... what say? The monastery in Venice in c. 1290 when a monk made the first pair of eyeglasses in the Western world ... the book kicked-off or ending with that even? The return to Christian control of "our sea," the Mediterranean. The stained glass industry of France culminating in the fabulous reds ... and the Catherists themselves, their domina and poets. The Jewish Minnesingers of the 13th century. I'm particularly interested in the career and poems of the German knight Walther von der Vogelweide ... we might do with him what Schiller did with Wallenstein. Eh?

"Contemporary novel about the conflict between being a musician and a politician." Hmm. I have some friends; the man is asst D.A. of Marin County; his wife a superb artist—who sells, too. But she must politic for him, must drop her painting to campaign ... I participated in their campaign, saw her agony firsthand ... maybe, if you want, I could send you as full an account as possible for source-material to assist you on this worthy piece. Would be glad to.

Tolkein. I liked him years ago, his first book c. 1940, THE HOBBIT; I was a child (and thought and spake like a child). Don't misunderstand; my interests now are different; I read Tolkein's later work because I want to know what's being done in fantasy. What I like is Herb Gold's (whom I know; and I urge you to read his *Love & Like*) stuff, and especially A MOST SINGULAR MAN, by J. P. Donleavy. And Beckett and Ionesco. And Ernst Jünger and Nat West and Döblin and Philip Roth and some of Norman Mailer. And Clay Putman, very much. And have you read THE MARTYRED by Richard E. Kim? And Hans Falada, LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW? Etc.

"To see death and to seek death." Of course what I did was see it. It sought me—waited for me, as it had waited, and at last nabbed, my old tom cat, as wily and cunning as that ancient animal was.

I agree with you on THE GAME-PLAYERS OF TITAN. However, *Cantata 140* is a cut-down version of a 60,000 novel, hence somewhat aborted. Oh well. So geht das Leben. Now let us take up the topic of a "serious" work and what it consists of, and study it in relationship to craftsmanship. We are forced at once to consider, zum Beisispiel, Ludwig van Beethoven, because in a sense the idea of The Artist begins with him (at least in music). (The Renaissance artist had a studio or factory or shop, with many reference scrolls, journeymen and fill-in second string assistants; he did not work solo.) (In fact Renaissance art is all Gemeinschaft art, that is, like the mosaics of the Ancient World, joint efforts, with the Meiser getting official credit.) (And this, of course, evolved out of the craftsmen guilds of the Middle Ages; aber hab' Ich genug daran gesagt.) (By the way; in deinem Geschicht, "A Work of Art", man würde, wenn er es gelesen hätte, dasz de Deutsch sprechen könnte denkas. Ist das die Wahrheit? Mein Deutsch ist klein, aber—Ich hab' es sehr gern und will es mitsprechen—in diesem Zeit kann Ich mit Tony Boucher auf Deutsch sprechen, aber in einem Brief zu schreiben: dasz würde mir viel anders sein. So, bitte, antworte darauf, Ach?

Folg' mir, bitte; Ich mein dasz Ich es schreiben und lesen auch tun wollte; nur zu sprechen, das ist nicht genug.

Jetzt erzähl Ich A Work of Art an ... am ersten: (und heir weider auf English, dasz du mir versteh'n gleich kannst) it was, like its title, a work of art. And even my wife said so, and she is a Tough Hard Cold Cruel and Biting type who said once to me (regarding MARTIAN TIME-SLIP) "I'd rather be a whore and walk the streets than live off money earned by stuff like this." (I noticed später that she managed to spend the revenue therefrom, however.) Ich hab Richard Strauss am liebsten; besonders Ariadne auf Naxos; what is the name of that fabulous aria ... Es gibt ein Reich—before Zerbinetta's long

monolog and aria. Ich hab das by (1) Schwarzkopf, und (2) Frieda Leider. Hast du die Beiden gehört? Leider—Engelstimmung, gewiss. Wie Tony Boucher oft gesagt mir hat. Ich habe viele Schallplatten bei Frieda Leider, usw. Und auch hab ich Bach und Scarlatti gern, und natürlich Wagner; besonders *das Ring* ... aber doch *Parsifal*. Ach Gott, hab Ich so viele alte 78 Schallplatten von alter Sängerin ... Karl Erb, Helge Rosewänge, Gerhart Hüsch, Aksel Schiottz (sp?); Bayreuth Festspielen aus 1927 with Alexander Kipnis; Karl Muck das Leiten: und Bach's St. Matthew Passion mit Hüsch, Lemnitz, Erb, esw. Und Monteverdi; z.b. Orfeo, auf La Voce del Padrone, mit Ur-Instrumenten. Und Schiottz' Dichterliebe, auch Charles Panzera. For vielen Jahren verkaufte Ich Schalplatten; es war mein Leben.

Your story, *A Work of Art*, is to my knowledge, the most literate s-f story ever written. Period. And—one of the most fascinating and original. By such few great stories the whole field is justified. Rog Phillips *Rat in the Skull* was another; so was Tony Boucher's one about the robot and the miracle in the cave. And Bester's *Alas All Thinking*. Ich lüge nicht. I would say flatly that such a story as *A Work of Art* could only emerge from a truly great mind—hence great person. Hut aus, Freund! In *Egmont* he says, "Hinter hast due Weide, Eltern, Kindern; sei ein Beiszspiel." Your story is such an example ... for us all. So—back to the topic of the "serious" work of art. Surely that story was—is. We agree? Right. Okay. Now, to brass tack, to the Ursatz.

(one) Serious does not mean not-funny (v. parts of *Ulysses*, a lot of Beckett (such as *WATT*, *ALL THAT FALL*, *GODOT*). In fact vide TOM JONES, both as book and as movie (grossartig Theater, das). But it does mean new. There is no such thing as a "serious" novel which repeats what has gone before, even if it apes the King James Bible and the Iliad put together. Maybe we want the word *original* instead. Hence pop art can at least make the claim of being "serious" in that sense, just as Bauhaus art was, or dada. The bipolarities are original-versus-formula, either your own formula or someone else's.

(two) Serious does not mean "to have a moral message, to enlighten, uplift or enoble." It need not be didactic (v. the picaresque novels, inc. Nelson Algren's). (Or Donleavy's *THE GINGER MAN*.) It can be "serious" and yet still "merely" entertain (the didactic element came in, as you of course know, with the rise of the bourgeois middle-class and roundheads in general). But—a serious novel does do this; it tells us something we did not know before. V. Bergman's *SEVENTH SEAL*. We learned something about death (and hence about life) from it. But did it tell us what we ought to do? No. No moral theme was involved; it was coldly factual; it said, this is the way death is; this is it. Serious art then is a thing, not a mere report of, a message about, a tale concerning; the thing is in the report, message, tale, not outside it. (V. *ALICE*.) The Attic Greeks, you know, believed that if a hero or battle, etc. were not celebrated in words (v. Odes of Pindar, etc.) it did not really exist; it came into its first full actuality when it was "narrated," that is, turned into the *logos*. I will quote Yeats here on this matter: (1889, *Song of the Happy Shepherd*)

*The woods of Arcady are dead,
And over is their antique joy;
Of old the world is dreaming fed;
Grey truth is now her painted toy;
Yet still she turns her restless head:
But O, sick children of the world,
Of all the many changing things
In dreary dancing past us whirled,
To the cracked tune that Chronos sings,
Words alone are certain good.*

And a work achieves immortality by seeming (being, to speak ontologically) new to each generation. Like THE ANABASIS. But—

(three) Mere newness or originality is not enough. There must be more, as in *Songs of a Wayfayer*: "Lied und Leid und Welt und Traum." The four essential parts that compose reality. Novelty always delights the hoi polloi: e.g. The Beatles. There needs be first, the song, which is, in prose, called *style*. Then the conflict or drama, passion or suffering, the *Leid*. Then the universe or "street" or place of habitation, as that so well put together as the *Welt* of the *Drei Groschen Oper*; *Welt*, world, is the best word of all, the *milieu*. Then the dream. This is the animating spirit which inhabits one or more persons and causes him to move, hence events to happen, things—the *Welt*—to alter. Something starting as a mere *Traum* (v. MacBeth's dream of power), a dream or fear or ideal, anyhow something only visualized, perhaps in the old prophetic sense of Elijah ... in the book it comes to pass. And the fifth member of the quaternity, the poet, he whom we call the Protagonist, becomes something other than what he at first was. He is transformed, generally gradually (v. Hamlet, Lear, Othello, Richard III, etc.) changes before our eyes. Through what used to be called *deeds* (either "good" or "evil" but now we'd say "dramatic.") V. Willy Loman; his deterioration; a classic case. So the novel is "serious" and hence art when it unfolds a tale against a background, a tale of a man who moves through what the existentialists call a point of no return. The act which cannot be undone. (V. THE IDIOT when he knocks off and breaks the beautiful vase.) (Es. v. Wallenstein's changes throughout Schiller's trilogy). (Or Kafka's THE BURROW when the creature's thoughts change from those as to the cleverness of his defenses to the *Macht und Kraft* of the Antagonist.) (Or in THE MARBLE CLIFFS of Jünger: the insidious changes from a pastoral land to a land of horror—a masterpiece!)

Genug. Irreversible: that's the key word; the protagonist may only *see* something (as in Jünger's THE GLASS BEES, when he sees the severed ears). But things can't be turned back; the *logos* has been spoken, and the new Gestalt or age or person (personality of the protagonist) has arrived.

Write. And esp. as to a possible collaboration on an historical work; I'd like it Europe circa 1300. Could do? Maybe?

Phil Dick

[TO JAMES BLISH]

June 7, 1964

Dear Jim (this letter is a postscript to the other, which you should be receiving at the same time; read that one first),

I left several vital matters untouched in the previous letter. (one) I am sorry about your agony physically, your cancer; mag der herr Gott lass es forbei. And then I wanted to discuss this marital business.

I don't remember, have no idea in fact, what I said in my first letter to you about my wife, my own problem, so to speak. So I may be repeating myself, but bear with me. "She had a clear-cut psychotic break," you said. "A classical paranoid episode complete with delusions of reference." Last year I committed my wife for what the psychiatrists diagnosed as "mania, hypomania and paranoia." I kept her in the hospital until I ran out of money and then she came home. Is she well? Perhaps I don't have to summon the sheriff's deputy late at night to halt her destructive binges in which every object in sight gets broken ... but she is still cold, hard, tough and smart, like some wise old hawk. Vergeben Sie mir, aber es die Wahrheit ist. She can cut me to ribbons, to tatters, through words and intonation; she can slaughter me and the children verbally. And I can't stand up to her; I get a terrible panic. Literally, I am terrified of her, of "crossing" her. I come & go at her call because the alternative is, as they say, gangbusters—like the day she smashed my cherished collection of bone china cups. And my phonograph—it looked as if a wild animal had run riot; she had even poured food from the refrigerator over my MSS, etc. She told me that "I can't respect you because you don't make enough money," and now I do, but she still doesn't. With her, I am not a man; I am reified: made into a thing. Her previous husband went mad, tried to kill her; was institutionalized—died there. Now, people say to me, "Why do you stay?" And this is what I want to discuss with you.

She is sick. I am sick—on my own and in company with her. Day by day, gradually, she cuts person after person off our list of those we can visit or be visited by; she breaks the ties of *agape* between me and everyone, through jealous rages; I don't dare be close to anyone, man or woman ... she even resents me corresponding with other s-f writers. Day by day she binds me closer to her and for me the pain gets greater; and I can't make the break, despite my fiery, fierce lawyer who has pleaded for me to Get Out. Before one of us kills the other. Yet I stay; I left for five weeks, filed for divorce, got a restraining writ—and then came back ... because she promised to "be different," which she is not, of course. Jim, what do you do in the face of delusions of reference? When she says, "Did you see the way Rose was looking at me tonight? She really hates me; I can tell." Or, "I know you're no longer interested in me; you'd like to bed down with so-and-so." One can't argue against delusions of reference. I can't afford the kind of psychotherapy which would cure her—if such even exists—frankly I feel this kind of paranoia in approx. 38 year-old-

women is a hormonal, endocrine disorder, diencephalic, perhaps, in origin; beyond psychotherapy; the therapist encourages Anne to write a column for the local newspaper, but then, after a few weeks Anne quits, because, "They are using me." You understand, I guess; you've been through it. What I fear the most, I guess, is the unexpected, the abrupt manifestation, out of apparently nowhere, of the rage-hate accusation; I never am ready for it. It comes like at four a.m ... she has been lying awake for hours, "seeing how I have deliberately injured her, while pretending to love her and support the family," etc. I know a little about psychiatry and I know this: the schizophrenic doesn't believe what you say. He grasps you by some horrid hidden handle (as Jung says, by the unconscious, by your repressed hostilities). There is a vacuum of love, and into it the buried hatreds come, and the schizophrenic sees them, in you, me, everyone. To tell her, "I love you; I want to help you, do anything for you that I can"—this is dismissed as a cover-story; underneath I'm trying to harm her. And—psychoanalysis has brought out the fact that now, after five years of marriage with her, I do have great repressed anger and hatred; in a sense she is right. She has made her "predictions" come true.

But the marriage vows read: "In sickness and in health." And this is sickness. And yet—in such an atmosphere of hate, sooner or later a tragedy is going to take place, will it not? I am not helping her (as you said of your own wife; "my very presence would make her worse"). But even now, long before any formal tragedy, there is this: I am depleted, robbed of my manhood, by her, in ways I don't understand; and suddenly, in the middle of a friendly gathering—suddenly she says something utterly dreadful; like, "Aw, Phil, you're not competent to discuss such topics." Or, "Aw, Phil, you're a crank; you have no right to hold an opinion in an area you don't understand." And the company has learned, by now, to get up and go home when she begins this. You left; you made the break. You had the guts. I'm too afraid, too damaged, by now. Too much a satellite of her; the entire household breath the rank odor of her power, her dominion in every area. The kids refer to our bathroom as "Mama's bathroom" and our bedroom as "Mama's bedroom." And of course it is Mama's house, dog, cat, and the Comet station wagon is Mama's. The furniture, too, the desk, all except for a box of cigars and a magazine with a story of mine in it. That's not much.

The underlying fact, I guess, is that I must want to die. And this is one way of doing it. But—if you're afraid of your wife, what do you do? I've made use of lawyers, sheriff's deputies, psychiatrists, and she is untouched. As my stepfather says, she is ruled by the archetype of power. Yet, my Anglo-Catholic faith teaches that *agape* can overcome the power principle. If I only can love her enough ... but how can you love when you are terrified, and, beneath that, filled with growing hate?

There is one way I can get bailed out; only one way. Through another woman. This I believe—irrational and neurotic as it is, and such it surely is. Alone, I am a coward; because, if I leave her, I have no place to go; I leave cat,

dog, children, her, the house, my rose garden ... everything I value. I would become a nomad, an exile, back to when I was 19. To be ill-used by a woman, I feel (I admit to it) seems to me better than the Void. Better to be hated than to be alone. And yet, progressively, she makes me alone; she "won't visit so-and-so because—" and here follows the delusions of reference. Always, and growing. Tightening. So ultimately I will face her *alone*, face her without any family or friends, doctors or lawyers or sheriff's deputies to back me up, in what my psychiatrist calls the "monster-to-monster relationship," and it is this which drives me to psychotic panic, and I flee. And then—I'm beguiled back. Endlessly. The chain is tugged at, and I return. And no one can understand it. "I am at the center of these odd emotions," you write, meaning love. (Not half-bad writing; a good sentence, by the way.) I think this: she has made me aware that one can suffer. A fatal knowledge. Because I can never unsuffer again, if you understand what I mean. She has acquainted me with the Todteshaken, the sting of death—which, we are taught to believe, is sin. What ties me to her is not the good in me but the evil.

In other words, *she knows me*. For what I "really am." She has taken on the power of the gods, that of judging, of making the utter and final appraisal. And before this scrutiny I am helpless, because, see, it is real truth. I am disloyal. I would leave her for another woman if I could; *she is correct*. And, maybe, one day I will find that other woman, das ewige Weiblichkeit, once more. You spoke in your letter of your father's slavery to Morphine-Demerol. I'm an addict, a slave. Less than human, and growing more so every day. And addiction is addiction.

Grania Davidson writes me that she thinks *perhaps* she could help me; she will be in the Bay Area in three weeks, she writes. She would try—with Avram's I guess the word is blessing; anyhow tolerance. The snake in me writhes, the serpent of yearning for release, for Freiheit—freedom. And for Her. And for me: sei ein Mensch. I could be a man again, not a machine that turns out stories and novels for money.

I note clearly what you say about "writing crap." A good writer, even doing pulp assignments, does not write crap; he may write formula work, devoid of newness, of literary merit, but it is craftsmanship; he is given a job and *he does it well*. He writes the 20,000 novelette for *Fantastic* as best as he possibly can—taking into consideration what *they* must have; like Haydn, he writes within a given framework. Like you say, sloppiness is suicide. For their \$400 he gives them \$400 worth of story; it is an ethical deal. He does not cheat them, even if they want crap. He gives them what he has, within their necessary framework. And then he prays that he can then turn to It. The vital piece which is not constrained by what the readers of *Fantastic* require—or are believed to require.

Love can't make two people into one, as you point out. But death can. I cite the entire Medieval world's belief in the love-death equation. In death we are *all* one again. Or rather, as Paul says, "when the moral man has put on

immortality; when the corruptible has put on incorruption." I believe this; Ich glaube in einem Gott, in dem Erlöser. "Ich bin ein Kind von Sünde ... und wer wird mich erlösen?" "Christ der Retter is da." I'm not trying to convert you; God forbid. I am simply stating what I have come to believe. The Paraclete will show me the Way—endlich.

Good lord; there's no more reason why you should hold my religion than that you should prefer my taste in fancy (i.e. imported) snuffs—which runs to Doctor Johnson, "for bold snuffers: a vigorous snuff containing camphor and menthol." (Dean Swift Ltd of San Francisco. Box 2009 S.F. 26) De gustibus non disputandum est, even about God. But I saw What I saw. Ipse dixit, of course, but für mich es genug ist; Ich glaube.

By the way, speaking of snuffs, have you tried being a snuffer? The above firm, for \$5.00, sells a basic kit: three tins of assorted high-grade snuff, plus one huge red, gold and black cotton Mexican-made handkerchief, plus a numbered [illegible word handwritten in margin] (I'm #565) that I did ever lay eyes on, called: A DISCOURSE ON SNUFF or ITS NATURE REVEAL'D. Worth trying.

One more item; your comments on ESP Judy Merril can relate to you the passionate disbelief bordering on outright hatred which I have for years felt for ESP. But then, in my driving, I several times had precog warnings, enough to cause me to actually leave the road and go off onto the shoulder, although nothing was in sight. And then, the next instant—zoom. A sports car, going about 95, and in my lane. And several psychiatrists have noted telepathic abilities in paranoid schizophrenics; v. the article in the now paperback highly-regarded text SPECIALIZED TECHNIQUES IN PSYCHOTHERAPY, and the whole of Jan Ehrenwald's TELEPATHY AND MEDICAL PSYCHOLOGY (published by Norton, which is reputable, with a forward by Gardner Murphy (sic!)). Freud himself, listening to a patient free-associating, heard the patient give the name of a relative of Freud's whom Freud was thinking about that moment ... a relative the patient could not have known. And Ehrenwald's theory about paranoid schizophrenia is that the patient, due to the "love-vacuum," is actually picking up real, genuine hostile impulses, telepathically; he records himself thinking, "God, this man drives me nuts," and the patient at once saying "You don't like me; you're thinking 'I drive you nuts'" and so forth. And I have noted in my own wife, during her "disturbed" or agitated periods, that she can read my subconscious to a very slight extent—slight, but real. Especially any thought of a "disloyal" nature; i.e. positive feelings by me towards other women. It's an eerie experience, and I've talked with others who've had to live with schizophrenics, and they report the same; it's highly upsetting, because you are trying to feel agape, and do so consciously, but underneath you are afraid or you hate the person who is sick—and he reads it off, word for word, down to the last jot. So my personal belief in ESP has changed.

(One theory, very interesting, is that it's actually a remnant of an old

sense, gradually disappearing; primitive man needed the "paranoid, telepathic" ability to tell when he was being stalked by Something.)

I'd like to end with something Tony Boucher and I worked out, a Middle German poem of about the 1300s. Anon, or perhaps—I had hoped, but Tony said probably not—by von der Vogelweide. First, the original:

*Ich sih die liehte heide
in gruner varwe stan.
Dar sülñ wir alle gehen,
die sumerxit enphahen.*

And my [illegible] rhymed-couplet translation: (based on Tony's knowledge and reference books on Middle High German):

*I see the light-filled meadow,
in green it stands complete.
There shall we all be going,
the summertime to greet.*

Middle High German is lovely—right up to the time German was, like English, deliberately Latinized by scholars. So simple and direct, like ME. (Not me but Middle English.)

You say, "Cling to the center." I rather look for the "narrow way," a glimpse—very brief—of which, drug-induced, I saw.

Write.

m. L.
Phil

[TO TERRY CARR]

August 13, 1964

Dear (ahem, if I may) Terry:

Well, there was Grania reading this here letter, see, and going heehaw and chortle and giggle, etc., and so I read it over her shoulder and it was from you, and I KNOW WHO YOU ARE. So I am writing to you, as of, I openly admit, having brazenly and knavishly read your letter to Grania. A pox on me; right? What caddery. Or caddishness; whichever it is.

First. My intentions are honorable. Grania will not forget about what the hell is his name? Danielson? Davidson? Oh yes. Rachmael ben Avramson. And little Ephrem, too. Or Egbert. Anyhow, she thinks about them constantly (especially when she and I are making love; it's annoying, but de gustibus non disputandum est or somethin'). All kidding aside, and who's kidding, G. is very fond of both gentlemen, although I like to tell myself she is fond of me, too, and so does she; I mean, she says so, so it must be so, if you see what I mean, I mean.

Third. (There is no second. I'm great on pruning. Pruning is the real art of writing; anybody can put it in, but only a great artist can take it back out.)

I'm f——g overwhelmed by your shockingly favorable remarks about my writing. Just when I was beginning to think life had passed me by, too. Fancy. Well, God works in His wonderous ways, they say. However, what is "THE SIMULACRA"? Is that what I called FIRST LADY OF EARTH? I mean, have I forgotten an entire novel? Wire instructions. Wire diagrams as to how to reassemble memory of forgotten novel. Or *something*.

Yes, I see analysts all the time. New ones, old ones. All of them disagree about me. "You're terribly sick and won't face it," one says, at \$35 an hour. "You're perfectly healthy and have a morbid craving to imagine you're ill," the next one, Dr. Smallfrontallobe says, for \$36 an hour. And so it goes ... and meanwhile (thank god) they give me pills. Give? Nay, sir. Sell. At about (I do not exaggerate) \$80 a month. Fug, as Norm Mailer would say. Don't tell Arthur Wang that—who—wait. Who is ARTHUR WANG? Someone I made up? Anyhow, whoever REALLY owns Ace (heh heh. I know the scoop. Ace is an international agency emanating from Venus, and is really run by A.E. Van Vogt. Hell, everybody knows that; the fanzine dealer at the nearby corner even mentioned it to me the other day). Anyhow don't tell the business office that all the money they send me goes to pay psychiatrists and pharmacists, because then they'll want to remit directly to Dr. Nogood and the Grind-U-Down Pharmacy, and eliminate me as a useless middleman (or, as it goes in OMHNG, Old Middle High Neo Gothic) Mittle-Mensch. Which is what I really am, see; a conduit between Don Wollheim and my psychiatrist. I tell both of them long untrue stories. The difference is that Don knows they're untrue and likes them and Dr. Fatfoot doesn't know and doesn't like them and anyhow it's time for his lunch, and so long until next week, I see by my clock, and what about last month's (or last year's) bill? A sort of friendly closing note. Hello, I'm your friendly overcharging do-nothing neighborhood psychiatrist, and I get paid for sleeping while you talk, with occasionally saying, "Well, it depends on what it means to you," and "So then when you stopped masturbating you—" And here follows a shady look, meaning "Then surely you went from bad to worse, like maybe having affairs with married other men's women wives."

And in addition to being in love with Grania I am also in love with Cynthia ————— and Miriam Knight, and I will deliver a one hour sermon at the Oakcon on the topic, SEX FOR THE MARRIED S-F PRO AND ITS MORAL IMPLICATIONS FOR NEXT YEAR'S WESTERCON. AND SHOULD THEY—i.e. I—BE ADMITTED, AND IS THERE A PETITION BEING CIRCULATED AND WILL THOSE CIRCULATING IT KINDLY STEP UP HERE FOR A LITTLE KICK IN THE BALLS, ETC.? See, I get riled up, thinking about blacklist petitions, see. But enough.

A friend of mine of many years at last became an analyst, and she told me, very seriously, "No creative person should receive therapy until or unless he stops being creative." Think on't. Good advice.

Who is Sid Coleman? Anyhow, too bad for him. Ha.

OH TO BE A BLOBEL was originally called WELL, SEE THERE WERE THESE BLOBELS ... I like my title better. I hate these title changers.

God, it will be grand when you and your wife get up here; I'm dying to meet y'all after what Grania has said about you. Do you really have two penises? I mean, that's irregular. But well, think what it must do for your sense of personal worth. And you could always sell one, if you got hard up. (See, my powerful imagination knows no bounds. I mean, here I could be working on my new s-f novel, THE ENEMY'S ENEMY, and instead I'm enjoying writing to you, very, very much more.)

So long, und next Monat (or actually this Monat) in Oakland! (The 27th of August; ah, how that date clingeth on my ear. For, on that date, my—gak—wife has to appear in my attorney's office and give her deposition, under cross-questioning, which means her paranoiac delusions will be ripped to shreds, and before a legal steno. Goodie. I hope she drops dead, blast her shriveled black evil ugly hide, etc., etc.)

Maybe you could run off with her, and I wouldn't have to pay any more alimony. Given serious thought to that? Try it. Lots of luck.

Cordially (and again, with massive thanks for your kind words about my writing),
Philip K. Dick

[TO TERRY CARR]

August 19, 1964

Dear Terry,

Um, you dint read my letter with care (it's that slush pile; it slushes & piles your ahem wits). I said (and I have the carbon before me, so there) "No creative person should receive therapy until or unless he stops being creative." Now consider. If he has stopped being creative, he is ipso facto no longer in the class "creative persons," lordie, how he's not. Now, the reverse: while he is creative. The logic here is a follows: if he is creative—i.e. actively producing—then ipso facto he can't be sick enough to require therapy. That is the logic, not that being made wholesome and sane and normal will stop him from being creative. The equation is not creativity versus sanity but this: creativity cannot exist in a truly deranged mind; however, the joker is that the so-called "creative person" is generally only spasmodically creative, and so some kind of nomenclature should exist to depict him during his "writer's block" periods ... and these are the periods when he should—must—seek psychiatric help. See? So I'm not so far from you as you think. I've sought therapy in order to enable me to write better and more and continually; I fully agree that the neurotic factor distorts—hell, it completely blocks, sometimes—the creative function; and, sir, I will not be put down as holding the Sensitive and Starve and be a little Paranoid theory of art. QED.

However, I enjoy shafting analysts because they make so much more

money than I do. I admit that it's a complex of mine, but what harm does it do? Better to hate analysts than Jews or Negroes; at least I don't chalk signs up on fences ANALYST GO HOME, etc. I just sort of quietly hate them (All but the one I like, who is different; he's a neurologist as well as a psychiatrist, and the official court expert in Marin County on mental cases (like mine, for instance). He doesn't just say, "Hmm." He says, "You kick your wife in the balls first, before she kicks you." And demonstrates, so I can see how it's done (it's hard, with a woman; you have to get the very special knack, and only a neurologist can show you, believe me).

Grania isn't reading over my shoulder because we had a Falling Out and she is driving off (in the car I bought her) to, well, ahem, well, you make a guess. Lord knows I don't know, but whatever his name is, I have a Colt .22 Derringer and it works. It's for my wife, but it has no brain & doesn't know; I mean, it's catholic in its tastes.

That was sort of a short letter you wrote me. The one to Grania, who not only wears army boots but drools, was longer. How come? You want maybe I should sign an option clause contract with Belmont? Watch it, and in the future write longer.

I know now that THE SIMULACRA is (one) out and (two) FIRST LADY OF EARTH because my lawyer one night, while drunk, called me from his mistresse's apartment to say, "Yr logich innal buk wunt so shitty damn smart, an no wuner your so fucked up in yr life, cuz ya cant think fuckin straight and wanna meet Jean, here? Here's Jean, baby." Etc.

Okay, I will not run off with Carol. Now, the Kris Nevilles may stay with me (I have an extra bedroom, and do live in Oakland), but if they aren't coming up, and I understand they're not, maybe you and Carol would like to stay with me (us, him, they, etc.). There is, admittedly, a secret connective passage from my bedroom, via the closet, but if you acted fast you could sort of, well, you know, wall me up Cask of Amontillado-wise. Which would serve me right (only how you're going to do that after the five Amytals I dissolve in your cup of coffee just before bedtime I'll never know).

Anyhow, the invite is seriously meant—with the proviso that I did ask the Nevilles first.

And he's a great writer.

And fucked up. So fooey to your theory.

I'm getting bellicose, so I better sign off. Know any pretty girls NOT your wife? Wire instructions. Wire girl collect. Anything. By the way. I figured out I've sold 16 novels. A lot, eh, for someone with borderline psychosis of a paranoid trend, eh? Admit it. Come on, admit it, or I'll include you in my projection of a conspiracy to deprive me of my throne as Ludwig III of the Kingdom of Bavaria.

With great love (horse shit),
Philip K. Dick

P.S. If someone writes margin notes on this in pen it's goofy Grania Davidson, so pay no attention. She even writes margin notes in the telephone book, and who reads THAT?

[TERRY & CAROL CARR]

[late August, 1964]

Dear Carry and Tarol, or whatever it is,

Well, how are you? I am fine. Grania is fine. Mudgett is fine. Jack's tooth fell out and we gave him a quarter. See you next year and regards (and now we're past the Kris Neville part of the letter, lord be praised, and can go on to Other Things).

In other words, let's be honest. I love your wife Tarol. Or whatever it is. See, Carry? Larry? Jerry? Harry? Mark one with pencil supplied and then fold letter and drop into slot. Aw, fug, as Norman—aw fug to Norman Mailer. What do we need with a paranoid who stabs his wife? I just hold mine at bay with a Colt .22 (and get it quickly out of sight before the Oakland police come, because it sort of embarrasses them to see someone standing in his pajama bottoms only at two in the afternoon with his face not even yet splashed with cold water, nor yet even a c. of coffee—or my fad, Instant Breakfast, which comes in coffee, chocolate, and, best of all, tutti fruiti flavor; wowie!). (It's made by Carnation and I urge you to try it; it's 24 percent protein, and, man, that's equal to like four eggs. And it tastes like a coffee-flavored milkshake ... and all the while I'm prattling on about this in my simple way I'm actually driving to the airport to catch a fanjet 707 and aren't you Carry or Larry or whatever you're calling yourself these days going to be surprised! Oh boy (or as Damon would say, Gee whiz!). You think just because you're 3 thou miles away, or 3 mil, or whatever it is, you are safe as a chipmonk (that's a religious chipmunk) who's bought out a walnut factory with his blue chip stamps. But ha on you. Aw fug, to quote Jesus Christ. It's all a sham. I'm not leaving the Bay Area. Shall I be blunt? (No.) If I go to New York I'll fall in love with Don Wollheim or Henry Morrison or—is it someone else? Let's ponder. Who else could it be? Scott himself? Aw fug, as Ghandi would say. Aw fug period. I AM IN LOVE WITH YOUR GDMFLVWTL as Bob Newhart would say (you know, the monkey at the typewriter that gets "to be or not to—" and then flubs it). The trouble is that if I flub it then why come to New York? And if I don't then, well, the basis of any and all workable ethical structures is, "would I want it done to me?" and I'd have to say no, so no it is. Unhappily, all that leaves for me is the funny farm, which I tried to get into and they were full, and anyhow by that time I couldn't talk or dial the phone, and Grania and Ray Nelson and my ugh wife had to, and the psychiatrists said, "Well, if he's so sick, why doesn't he ask for help himself?" which struck me at the time as a rather witty utterance for a psychiatrist, although one of them even topped that, a

few days later, by saying in that "I know it all" voice they have, "I knew you didn't really want hospitalization," whereas I had been trying for 2 days to get into *any* hospital, even the non-psychiatric ones—on the pretext of a kidney infection which I unfortunately failed to still have at the crucial time, fug it, as Albert Schweitzer would say.

Anyhow I'm not in the funny farm because they wouldn't let me in, and their myth is I didn't really want to get in, so I tried reunion with my ugh wife instead, and that lasted 36 hours and cost me \$1,200 in that I transferred my checking account over for her use. So that was that; sadder but wiser, as Tubby the Tuba would say (quaintly).

(Later)

I—we—have now read your letter and we cried until that gland that makes the solution that comes out of those eye-ducts gave up and quit. It is day and that's to be expected, but who wants it? Und Gott tolite das Finsterness von dem Licht, as Luther translates it; anyhow, he can have it back, the Finsterness (the darkness) and das Licht (the light) because it is all the same; the darkness is not long enough in duration to cover the pain and the light only illuminates it without healing it. "Well," as my asshole psychiatrist said cheerfully, "what are your plans?" I had no answer. Plans for what? I'm building something, I have a blueprint? A new wing on my house, maybe? "No," Dr. Fatass said, "I mean your plans for life." Ha. What life? Go build a wing on your own house, doctor; have plans. Have life, if you really want it. And while you're doing it, explain to us, to me and Grania, how come the Carrs are in N.Y. and we are here; as Elijah says, "I, even I, dwelling among the emptiness." And he even puts it better than that: "There shall be no rain these years; there shall be no rain; thus sayeth your God." And all the little things that want to live will die, and what did they do to offend? To quote my favorite poet, Wilhelm Müller, "Habe ja doch nichts begangen,/ Dass ich Menschen sollte scheun,/ Welch ein törichtes Verlangen/ Treibt mich in die Wüstenein?" "For nothing I've done need I hide my face/ From people and feel ashamed./ What kind of strange and insensible longing/ Draws me deep into solitude?" The rest is too terrifying to say, and there is more, much more: four more poems, in particular the awful lines from 23: "All three the other day I had, but two have disappeared by now. If only the third had gone down first! Then it would be better to be in darkness." I don't understand it but I know what it feels like; one sun still remains, but as Müller says, the "besten Zwei," the best two, have already gone. "Im Dunkel wird mir wohler sein." Better to dwell in darkness ... the sun that remains is not enough, not enough at all. Why couldn't we live near you or you near us? I don't understand and neither does Grania, and so we sit together at the diningroom table and bawl until we can't bawl any longer. We both love you two so. That's why we can't—don't—write. The grief is too great. Our love for each other is not enough, not enough, and we both know it; we will not survive on that, we will both vanish, each of us in his own way. We cried when you left; we are more unhappy now every time

God sees fit to divide the darkness from the light and create what He seems to enjoy, the procession of day and night. But for us it is terrible; we hate every day as it arrives, and go to bed at 5 a.m. so we can see as little day as is possible. Love is supposed to make you feel good, isn't it? I don't understand. Wire instructions. Instructions: how to remake the world so that you are here or we are there. They say the damned suffer most when they have glimpsed God; I finally understand that. There is no hope, only knowledge of the torment that will keep coming, like a reoccurring sine wave, like the beat of a deathly pulse. The heart of unlife as it lives or dies—it's all the same, except that the latter might let you forget—and Grania and I eat our English muffins and do our laundry, and what does it matter if those you love are 3 thousand miles away? I knew God had fucked the universe all up, but I hadn't experienced it before. There is a difference. Bless both of you and forgive us for not writing; we couldn't stand the pain, and animals retreat from pain; it is natural to them, and they should be forgiven. Write. You write wonderful letters that neither of us can endure, but write anyhow, and not Kris Neville wise. Okay?

Phil

[TO CAROL CARR]

September 24, 1964

Dear Carol,

Just think. If you lived here and Terry were drafted, you'd be my mistress. Sincerely yours, PKD. Well, on with the rest of the letter. How is little Mary's weak ankle? And Aunt Tillie's venerial venereal aw fuck it; how's her clap? Wire reply via Railway Express in cloth bag marked NATIVE MEXICAN GRASSES.

It's late and the cats tell me that Things are not outside any more because the sun went down, and the Things (e.g. the Avon Lady) can't venture out when the sun is down, because if they do they melt. Don't ask me why. I don't even know why my supply of amphetamines has dried up, and I had two open prescriptions. Time will heal that, however; I got now, you should excuse the expression, a better deal cooking anyhow. It's injectable injectable aw fuck it; you mainline Dial soap.

See, I can write a lot of short papa. Para. Yes, that's it. I can write a lot of short paragraphs, too (by the way; doesn't it seem odd to you that you have the same typewriter as I? Compare my letters with yours and they match type-style-wise. Only (heh heh) I got ' .. ^ ~ " , and I bet you don't, like I can write acuté, gravè, Függer, rôle, mañana, and garçon, and "all in quotes." Ha. Like I can write this type dialog:

"Grüss Gott, garçon," I said, in my rôle as master. "You didn't bring the pie à la mode aw fuck it, I fucked it up. a aw fuck it again. Fuck these ' .. ^ ~

" marks. à la mode until mañana," I lisped fuckingly, and so forth. Do you think Terry will buy this? Wire money, collect.

And now I spilled coffee on the letter. FUCK! (Vide paragraph one, to the right of the word "marked.") Comes of (one) taking snuff (two) drinking coffee (three) smoking a big fat cigar and feeling mighty slick until I look out the window and what do I see? Three thousand fuzz and they all agree He's in for one year without possibility of parole. Or *pàròlé*, as my machine (hèh hèh) typës it.

See, fear can drive you to anything, including writing short paragraphs to show you can write longer letters than the woman you most love in the world, whereas if you really loved her you'd let her write longer paragraphs and/or letters or whatever she wants to prove you love her and her welfare or welfare or something spelled similar to that comes first.

Grania's dog is barking again. I guess I got to call the pound (£) again. Well, poor Mudgett. Lots of luck in your next life.

I originally thought the funniest sentence in the English language was "The book business is hidebound," and then, as we all agreed, Calvin's sentence, "God's reputation is not undeserved" is funnier and then I heard a funnier one last night, and it's a pun, too, and I usually hate puns, but this got to me. We were discussing orgies. Can you have spontaneous ones, or must people be formally invited ("On Wednesday May 10 at 8:00 at G. Davidson's little rear cottage there will be an orgy and you are invited. Please do not bring the lower part of your clothing"). We decided on the latter; i.e. that everyone should be formally invited, for, as Grania put it, "Otherwise they won't all come at the same time." I'm sorry, but I rarely laugh at puns, but this one, well; they hardly don't make them—aw hell, now I'm accidentally doing it myself. It reminds me of my second wife and a pun she unhappily blapped out in her despair when I gently put the q. to her as to the possibility that my mistress was pregnant. "It's conceivable," Kleo said, which is as good a pun as there is; right? (Oh, I told you that already, you're saying. Well, you asked for short paragraphs; you expect deep thinking in five lines or less?)

(My mistress was not pregnant and I still am very fond of Kleo, and I am still in love with my ex-mistress, Janet, who I wish you could have met because she is the cat's meauow, or however you spell it.)

Calvin has never written me since leaving here. I hope he's dead.

Terry Carr has never written me ever. I hope he fell under a subway express marked DESIRE or FUCK YOU. See, I'm not like the kid in Catcher in the Rye. I go around writing the signs, not erasing them. To erase them is sentimental and also destructive; it's repressed hostility. To write them, although admittedly redundant, is creative.

I hope Terry Carr shrinks down to one foot high and then gets run over by some three-year-old's Flexie or scooter or roller skate or however you spell it. I hope he wanders off because a window was left open and falls four thousand yards to the ground and is flatter than a pancake and gets swept up

by the city thing that sweeps up people flatter than pancakes (there's a special machine for that, but it only comes it at night, you probably haven't seen it. It's mine. I tell it which flattened out person to run over. Guess who is at the top of the list. The list of one. So Terry Carr better write, or it's all over for him, or something. I hate unwriters. Watch out, or the next Ganymede slime mold that takes over Terra in a book of mine will be named Carry Tarr. And he will wear solid gold breast cups and have long golden hair. Ha ha! Will he suffer. And Belmont will buy and print it).

Here's an even shorter paragraph. (That was it, what I said just then: "Here's an even shorter paragraph.")

Ignore all my letters where I say I'm going to kill myself because I'm in love with a woman 3 thou miles away who's married to the man who buys all my books and if he gets sore at me there goes my career. It's just a way I have of trying to get attention. (That's what you think. Wait until you open your New York Times a week or so from now. You can have my lp collection and my model world war one fighters, single-seater division; the two-seaters go to Francis Goulart. They're inferior because, see, the gun doesn't fire through the prop but in an arc over, and therefore no interruptor cam gear invented by Tony Fokker is needed, and we spit green on that, and I could ramble on forever because I love you so, even if you don't smoke the same cigars as I, like Francis; you're still wonderful, and if you and Terry were here unless my night machine had swept his flattened out carcass up we could all four, Grania and I and you and Terry, we could have an orgy. I have a plastic $\frac{1}{4}$ " to 1' scale model orgy kit, complete with glue, so any time. It cost a dollar, which is all I earned this month, out of which I have to pay my wife two dollars alimony or however you spell it. Write soon, and push Terry out of the window because he has not written and because he's IN MY WAY, and you know perfectly well what becomes of guys like that (v. Dawn Patrol, c. 1940; we shoot them down with two Vickers that fire through the prop of a Sopwith Camel).

Love

[TO CAROL CARR]

[September 25, 1964]

Dear Carol,

(I'm leaving out that ratfink paperback s-f editor T. Carr until he, if ever, writes, and anyhow this is a pretext, as I am writing to you ON PURPOSE, so tough luck mack, you walked into a trap by not writing, fella; Terry, I mean, not you, Carol),

The phonograph is saying a funny thing; it's saying:

Lasciatevi Morire

I guess you dumb New Yorker type people (joke) don't know even who

Monteverdi is, let alone what *Lasciatemi Morire* means. It's five lines from a lost opera of Monteverdi, 1608. I'll save you the trouble of calling the public library and asking for a translation; the text of five lines means, simply, "Let me die! I suffer beyond hope of solace. Ah, let me die!" ("E chi volete voi che mi conforto/ In cosí dura sorte,/ In cosí gran martire?/ Lasciatemi morire!") You ought to buy the album (now available again, after many years, on Angel COLH 20, Nadia Boulanger; I have it on 78 discs, on lp and on tape, just in case something gives out, like say the tape recorder, then I can still play it, and if everything gives out I can remember it. Unfortunately. It's considered the finest piece of music predating Bach. But then after all Bach wasn't much good, being a Nazi and all; I mean, he spoke the Nazi language—but then this is Mussolini's language, isn't it? Late Renaissance Italian. So I guess they're all our enemies. Back to Gerry Mulligan.

Carol, you included a sheet, unsigned, about how things are, like the kitty litter in the bathtub. I am a good judge of prose (via Sir Herbert Read and Otto Jespersen) and I think it ought to be published, and I have already gotten someone—do you mind, my dear? Forgive me, but it's that good; it really is—and he'd like to set it up and run it off, marked anon., if you see what I mean. It's Jack Newkom. We were feeling so bad we had to read it over and he saw it and he understood already so I let him look at that page (blame me, not Grania) and he went out like a candle; he died right in front of my eyes, I guess the way I did when I read it, only he's masculine; he didn't cry; he just kept saying, "This is it. This is it." So let me get a runoff of it, please. Please. It's too good to sit in my desk filed under the heading How Things Are And Not Just Today But Until The Savior Arrives, and That May Be Two Thousand More Years, and I don't feel like waiting, and neither does Jack. We want to be snuffed out now. And we're arranging something. He and I hit it off just like that; I never knew anyone before who really longed, really did, not just said he did or made a grandiose noise, but wanted it different with all his heart; we drove around and got lost and made a deal at 3 a.m. for the stuff to change it with; they can do to us what they feel like ... we'll be physically there, but inside no. We can scarcely wait that long, but the time will pass, and then we will have it in our hands; there is a good God alongside the bad one, and He is finding it for us, and then the light won't come in and shine on us anymore, or if it does we won't care, because, if you're not there, how can you care?

Every few days Kirsten Nelson calls and says in that small voice of hers "How are you today, I wondered if you were okay." Because, see, she had stopped eating; for ten days she hadn't eaten anything, and I came over there and you could see through her, right through; she was transparent, and I learned later (I'm glad I didn't know it then or it would have been too much) that she weighed 78 pounds, then, at that point. And Al and I talked to her and Al said, "If you don't go to a doctor I'll break your nose," and Al and I agreed to pay all her medical bills, whatever it was, if she would go in before noon the next morning, and she did, and she'll be okay. And now she wants to

help me because I gave her ten dollars to cover the visit to the doctor—ten dollars versus a human life, the extinction thereof, to be exact.... and I saw then the impotency of it all; I saw it when Al talked to her, I saw that he loved her, and we talked and talked, and we said we'd call every hour every day until she went, and now she's okay; I keep saying to myself, "She's okay; it wasn't what we both thought," and I won't say what we thought. People can put down Al Halevy all they want, but I didn't see anyone else telling Kirsten that if she didn't go to the doctor they'd break her nose. I can tell love when I see it; sometimes it expresses itself in hard, stern ways, but ways that work; what Al did worked. Al got her in and I picked up the tab, and now, god forbid, god spare us; she wants to help me; she is so withdrawn and unhappy, so frightened, especially of her own hate, which is enormous; I've seen her fingers writhe with the desire to kill, and this frightens her "because it is wrong," as she whispers it to me. I cry over a lot of people, Al Halevy for instance, because he fell on his nose. (And Al knows I need help, need crying over, and he's arranged with his psychiatrist to get me into the funny farm with no fuss, no "Miss Finch at desk 3 is in charge of emergency psychiatric admissions but this is her coffee break," etc.) In fact Al will drive me there, any time, any day; I have only to phone him and people say, "Beware of Al; he lies." Better to lie to save a human life than to yawn the truth, the truth that you don't care.

Ah. The damned chorus of the Dutchman's ship have now spoke in their horrible key—I am listening to the Flying Dutchman of Wagner—and the modality has ceased to be the clumsy, drunken dancing of the Norwegian sailors but the howls of the undying damned silent dark ship "where no light burns," as Wagner wrote it down, wrote it knowing what it meant because he had almost died at sea, in a storm: "Es gibt kein Licht," and he is right; it gives no light. But, as Beethoven says in the Ninth, "Oh friends, not these dismal tones; on the contrary let us be filled with joy. Because joy is beautiful and from God," and away he sang, and that was his last symphony; he died after writing it; and I get the message. Even if he didn't. But I think he did, finally. By the way—you know what he said when he finished his 16th (last) quartet? "Uff, es its geschehen. Amen." Meaning, "Gak, the damn thing is finished; amen." We have trouble understanding this (as well as everything else, including why Oakland shopping newses pile up on the porch at the rate of 7 per day), and a quote from Nietzsche might help, says Mike Steinberg, but he's wrong, because it does not. "Whosoever has built a new heaven has found the strength for it only in his own hell." Well, maybe I do understand. But I won't admit it. And Grania, whom I love so very, very much—she has trouble, too. But I will bail her out, bail her outforever ... because I want to; because I love her so much. God bless both of you and WRITE, YOU MOTHERFUCKERS!

Love,

[TO TERRY & CAROL CARR]

[September 27, 1964]

Dear Terry and Carol,

I got a virus nobody else got; my tongue has swollen up so that I can't talk (true). So don't get too close to this letter. I can listen, though, and I must say; the fuggenist things clingeth on my ear, a welter of mishmash that baffles me. Hence, I am writing this particular letter in an effort to see if either of you can explain what's going on, here.

First. A rumor has been floating around that I am having an affair with Kirsten Nelson. Now, I admit that I feel very strongly toward her; you recall my writing about her not eating, and how Al and I got her to go to the doctor, etc. I think in fact that one might say that I love her ... one can, however, say that he loves Ming vases, but this does not mean he owns one. Hence, any protestation of affection on my part toward her (or toward you or my cat Horace) is not the same as saying that I am having an affair. As a matter of fact, there is probably no way I could; she can't drive; I have no car, Ray is home all day, Grania is here most of the time. In other words, there is no unaccounted for time for either her or me. Now, frankly I am a bit flattered by this rumor, and had that been it, I would merely have enjoyed it and let it go, without inquiring into who invented the rumor and for what purpose (if any). However, Kirsten is upset about it, and not eating again (vide my earlier letter). (Ray, of course, doesn't buy the rumor, because, as one of a number of reasons, he very simply knows it can't be true; he knows where Kirsten is all the time). Okay; that is the first thing that worries me: Kirsten stopping eating again. But now I learn that this rumor is being circulated (apparently) more as an illustration of my general character; in other words, there is more. Ray thinks the Committee (of the convention) is out to get me because I wore that "I think Walt Breen is the best guy I ever met" badge to the convention. Okay. Maybe so. I don't know, and I doubt it, because there is something here distinctly related to the faction opposing the Committee, the "friends of Walter Breen," which have now apparently officially formed a group to contest the forthcoming leadership of the Little Men and preempt Al Halevy (with whom I've become very good friends). Now this group is that very same group which met during the convention and to which Grania wanted to go, and from which, she and I were informed, we were barred. This group met a few days ago, on an invitation basis only; in fact Jesse Clinton was furious at the person who blurted out to Grania and me that the meeting was going to take place ... which, of course, she and I were not invited. Grania, the original time, at the convention, as you may recall, disappeared shortly after learning the news that these people, who are some of her best friends, would not admit her; it was then that the emergency call came to me, and I was informed that she was in the process of attempting suicide. I assumed at that time that learning that such people as Cynthia would not accept her into their home was a major

factor in Grania's suicidal try, plus the indubitable psychotic episode accompanying it, and I so informed Cynthia after, of course, calling Cynthia and hearing first hand, from her, and not on mere hearsay, that Grania (and I) were barred. It was then that I informed her that she had helped set off a psychotic episode and suicide attempt on the part of a person she (Cynthia) alleged to care a good deal for; Cynthia reacted with incredible rage at my admonishing her, and, later on, informed Grania that she did not want to ever see me again because of what I had said to her. Okay. That's the background.

Second. Now, in view of the above narrative of what happened, listen to the strange subsequent events or facts which can't be fitted in, or at least I can't.

Cynthia, after a period of about a month, has palpably become unfriendly to Grania (why? Because Grania tried suicide? Is this how one should react to such a situation, by abandoning the person, who has, up to now, been a dear friend? Makes no sense.)

The recent meeting of the Clinton Group as before excluded Grania and me, and when Grania, in tears, called Jesse Clinton to ask why, she was told that "Avram was invited, and there had been a public scene between her and Avram, so only one of them was welcome." (But this is simply not true; it isn't even a distortion; it's absolutely false—as Jesse admitted to me later, in that I called her and put it to her frankly as follows, "Would Grania be welcome if she came alone, without me?" and Jesse said yes. (But why didn't Jesse simply say that in the first place? In other words, if they don't like me, why not say so? Why blame it on Avram?)

Following this, I once more phoned Jesse and asked her, bluntly why she disliked me to the extent that she would fail to invite Grania, who of course wanted very badly to come (in fact Jesse was furious at the person who revealed the existence of the meeting; it was supposed to be a secret, and was, in fact, a meeting rather than a party ... something to do with getting control of the Little Men, I gather, when Joe steps down). Jessie said, as I had anticipated, that it was due to the suffering I had caused Cynthia by bawling her out the night Grania tried to kill herself. As Jesse put it, "She just couldn't believe that you, who had liked her so much, could say such a thing to her." I immediately saw the elipsis in the situation and asked Jesse, who had been there when I phoned Cynthia, if she knew that I had called and said what I said because Grania had tried suicide (and further that Grania had tried it before, at least two times, had, of course you know, been committed for it). Jesse answered, in great amazement, that this was news to her. "All we knew," she said, "Was that there had been some sort of hysteria." But this can't be, in that I personally told Cynthia what happened; in fact I had bawled her out on that basis, that that situation had occurred and that I believed that their refusing to admit Grania, who was as you know boycotting the convention proper, in. Well, there are several possibilities, actually. (One) Cynthia did not tell anyone what I had said, only that I had said "terrible things" to her. (Two) That they

didn't believe me; that they clearly and specifically did not believe there was a situation such as I had described. Evidently the latter is true, or at least seems to be; they dismissed what I had said as mere pretext of some sort to—for example; I'm guessing, here—say hostile things to Cynthia et al. But in that case, why? Why would I say hostile things to someone I loved so deeply as I did Cynthia? Maybe they thought it was hostility at being refused admittance; I was paying them back, trying to make them feel bad. In any case, none of them, during the subsequent days, tried to contact Grania, and it would have been easy to do, without running into me, since she has her own phone; this bears out the theory that they simply did not believe what I had told them. And it would fit in with the—to me at the time incredible—reaction of Cynthia when I said, "Do you know what you've done? You've helped precipitate a psychotic episode and suicidal episode in someone you're supposed to love dearly." Cynthia's reaction was one of snarling rage, and I am not exaggerating. "Do you know," she said, in a tone I'll never forget, "What you're saying?" Saying! As if it was a verbal matter, as if the reality to which the words referred did not, for her, at least at that moment, exist at all. This I do not comprehend; I would have expected something on the order of, "Is Grania all right now and what can I—we, etc.—do?" But there was none of this, except from the Nelsons, whose reaction was entirely opposite, although again somewhat odd. "Why does there have to be such hate?" Kirsten said, when I told her what I had been summoned from the convention to find. Hate? Yes, in a sense her reaction was the same; the only element that got across to her was my fury at them—fury due to my concern for Grania and my belief that they had helped create this situation.

All right. We were *personae non gratae* at the first "Clinton group" meeting, which pretty much included all of Grania's friends here in the bay area. And on the basis that I was participating in the convention (I attended the auction, the costume ball, and was on one panel). However, at this recent "Clinton group" meeting, persons were invited who had registered at the convention and fully attended it. So in both cases I was *persona non grata*, but for entirely different reasons (and in both cases Grania was left out, too, although I made it clear to Jesse, on the phone, that I would be happy to see Grania go there without me; in fact I would prevail on her to go. She did not, however, because they excluded me, and the Nelsons likewise. And the Ellingtons, on the basis of the rather odd way the invitation was phrased, sensed something amiss and did not go). Also, this. The Poul Andersons were not invited, and yet the Clintons attended the Anderson's party, taking place tonight (as they did my party welcoming you).

Now the main point. We have here an unfriendly attitude toward me, declared by Jesse Clinton to be based on my "hurting Cynthia." Okay. That was what I had assumed anyhow. But, from reading a letter from Cynthia to Grania, two or three weeks after the incident, I noted something strange; Cynthia did not want to see me ever again "because I don't want any more trouble," and I

inferred from this—indubitably correct—that she spoke thus because she believed that I habitually did such things, or at least somekind of trouble-type things. In which case she could not possibly be taking into account the circumstances surrounding my call. In other words, although I myself had, beyond any possibility of misunderstanding, told her what had happened, she had extrapolated from this unique situation—that is, to me anyhow—and presumed (or stated that she presumed) that what I had done was typical of me, showed what sort of person I was, and that I might repeat it any time ... this, despite the fact that we knew each other well enough to be corresponding, phoning, having dinner together. And there had been no "trouble." And then I learned , from a number of sources, that a body of slander was in circulation about me, in which the "affair with Kirsten" was cited merely as proof; it was a sort of quasi psychological highly unfavorable analysis of me ... I have never been able to determine precisely what it consists of, because those who are my friends and know it isn't so refuse to repeat it—and perhaps rightly so—in that it is patently vicious, not to mention untrue. However, I have been able to determine one theme of this image. I am "not to be trusted." But not trusted how? What am I expected to do? Rape someone? Seduce someone? Make a scene of some sort? And are there any examples—i.e. instances—being sighted—besides the "affair with Kirsten", which is blatantly impossible, since Ray is home all day, she can't drive, I have no car, etc. Well, I have been able to discern for sure only one more "instance." Someone, god knows who, carefully and systematically (one might say, almost, professionally, in that I know for certain that this libel was with deliberate care gotten into the rumor and slander-mongering circles of New York) that I had worked out some sort of an "arrangement" or "understanding" with Carol, that when you two were out here she and I had set it up, and that my considering going to New York was to carry out this covert plan. (I believe I know who sent this libel to New York and to whom it was sent, but that rather hardly matters; what does matter is that (one) it is untrue and (two) it was done with evident fully-developed malice toward me. The question then arises, why? Why feels that much malice toward me? What is the motive? I am curious as to who, but only to discover why.

Otherwise, it is utterly baffling. Because this is clear libel, not slander; the latter is merely passing on a story defaming someone without checking to see if it is true; libel is the making up or gathering together defaming material and printing or otherwise getting them into communications form; slander you hear, libel you invent. And what I thought at first to be slander is now rather obviously libel. But still—why? Is it due to the episode with Cynthia? Ray Nelson states categorically that it is the Committee, out to get me because I wore to the convention a badge reading "and Walter Breen is the best guy I ever met." And yet it is the Clinton faction, which is, so to speak, pro Breen, which considers me persona non grata. Baffling. But in any case, the image being rather systematically distributed is that of a person no sensible person would want around—a person so "unreliable" that even Grania, because she is close to me is

now being excluded just for good measure. For getting mixed up with me, I suppose. Guilt by association? But they can get in touch with Grania in a way that bypasses me, and they know she goes all over, with lots of people, without me. It makes no sense. It is a hatchet job (as we used to say, back in the days when I was in YPSL and so forth), but why and by whom? Are both the Committee and the Clinton group (who now formally title themselves "The Berkeley Circle") after me? Jesus Christ! It's impossible! And now here is the strangest thing of all. From the fragments I can pick up as to the nature of this slanderous picture of me, which is making me steadily persona non granta in more and more circles, there are elements, or distortions of elements, regarding my private life; elements which no one—or at least almost no one—could possibly know. Well, the hell with it. I was told, at the convention, by someone (who I didn't even know), that I could expect two months of trouble. I didn't know what he meant then, but I do now.

One other little thing. Grania says that you drew her aside, and, where I couldn't hear, told her that neither of you actually wanted me to come to New York and that she should do what she could, on your behalf to see that I didn't come. This is why I did not. And, too, she told me, and it seems hard to believe, that you had told her "that Phil Dick is not the sort of person we care to associate with." Maybe this is so—God knows I'm a fucked up mess—but I just cannot believe you said it, not anyhow unless or until I actually hear it from you. Because you certainly did seem—and still seem—to like me. I thought we all had a good time. I just don't understand it. Can you shed any light on all this? I mean, what have I done to whom? Golly, Jack Vance left his wife and sneaked off and "did it" with Judy Merrill, or so I've heard, and no one seems to think he's depraved; no one objects to him visiting them. I don't get it. [ends here]

[TO TERRY & CAROL CARR]

September 29, 1863 (1964)

Dear Terry and Carol

Monday is when you discover that the way you hooked up your turntable's shielded grid cartridge output lead to the low imp. input of your Fisher preamp has caused a voltage leak at some mysterious point along the line, somewhere between the baton of the cartridge and the spring & rubber mounted 6K5 tube of the preamp, including the GE male plug, so that in the middle of the largo from the Beethoven 14th quartet, which is soft and slow, you get a noise like this: RAK GAK YAK HEH HEH ZZZZZZ POP FOOIE!!!! And then you rush over with an ohm meter or a whetstone bridge or at least a bent (unbent, to be more accurate) paper clip to Make Repairs and you find that the noise (this you find out starting at 8 a.m. and ending up at 4 p.m.) emanates from the failure of the way you had the cartridge ground lead, another cable entirely and long forgot, stuck under the bottom rim of your

electric toaster, and, since the electric toaster is on the stove, which is grounded via its gas pipe, to the Earth, you have shorted out five days worth of English muffins, and the RAK GAK YAK HEH HEH ZZZZZZ POP FOOIE!!!! that you kept hearing was due to the particles from the English muffins (properly pre-split, as advertised in *Life*) incinerating and falling down as a rain of fire-like fragments as from heaven to hell (or, as we ordinary prose writers say) into the guk-tray of the toaster, and now the whole thing, the toaster, the muffins, and your Fisher preamp and your low-mass magnetic cartridge and high hysteresis 7 pound metal turntable imported from Switzerland to replace the (ugh) domestic local ceramic product of only 3.5 pounds—it is all on fire, and while you are putting out the fire, desperately, by peeing on it, your cat Horace Gold has crapped on your \$5.00 watermarked E-Z Rase bond paper for final copy, while meantime John W. Campbell Jr. has overturned your mug of (cold) coffee onto your 9 tins of fancy (i.e. English hand-ground in 18th century store mortars) snuff tins. And in addition the coffee has saturated Herb Caen's column saved from last Sunday, which you hadn't read, and it's the one everybody, even Al Halevy, is talking about, because it's the only really good one Herb Caen ever did and already it's being scalped for \$50 a copy. And yours is a shapeless blob of coffee, burned muffin, and exploded \$25 magnetic cartridge, not to mention the chipped \$7.50 diamond .001 stylus for lps which you dropped in your fear while peeing desperately on the fire. This is Monday, which was yesterday (oh yes; also, while all this was going on, you were trying to (a) make a chocolate flavored Instant Breakfast and failing because you couldn't find a ferschluggimer spoon and (b) answer the telephone, which turns out to be a Kirsten someone telling you that you are a dirty old man and you shouldn't meet her 18 year old sister—unmarried—who is in Norway because she is so pure, and you recollect that Kirsten is 32 and you are 36 and you can see the "dirty" and the "man" part but it is the "old" part that sort of, well, unhinges you, because it is the first time in your life anyone called you an old anything, since, up to now, as near as you can recollect, everyone has been collectively saying, "He's immature; that explains it. And the transition from "He's immature" to "you're a dirty old man" is a bit abrupt, if you see what I mean).

Now, that was Monday (yesterday). And well TZCKWGS! Which is my quaint way of typing, "And well before that came Sunday, and usually on Sunday the mailbox is a dreary sleeping empty nothing yinnish foop, with no action, like a drive-in movie on a rainy night ... only THIS Sunday you happened, thru some flook fluke (flûke) of fate, to receive, in some arcane and eldritch manner, a peculiar document all o'rlain with red writing by the Oakland and East Harmony, Indiana post offices, plus a note on your door-knob which you assumed, on first sight, was a notice from the PG&E telling you that since your last 3 checks bounced they have cut off your lights, only this notice declares: FRENZIED ATTEMPT TO DELIVER SPECIAL AIR MAIL SPECIAL DELIVERY TYPE LETTER, ONLY YOU WEREN'T

HOME AND IT'S IN YOUR MAIL BOX, the latter you having perceived already, since all the money comes to you in the form of a whiteness showing through the slit in the mailbox and you can jolly well tell, goddam it, from 10 miles off if there's a letter within, even late on Sunday ... and it is late because you purposely spent the entire day away in another town entirely hoping that the special delivery man would come by and discern your absence and sense that you didn't WANT to receive the f---g letter, but however he failed to so discern, and due to his repressed polymorphic aggressions he has left it—plus the notice on the knob—anyhow. And then you can't get your key in the door lock because it's the key to the VW you wrecked two months ago, and then when you find your spare doorkey, gummed to the unstep of your right shoe with Scotch Magic Mending Tape, and do open the door, both cats run outside and are mashed to death by a Safeway wholesale inventory truck two blocks long so you shrug and say, "Oh gee," and proceed or procede (v. dictionaries) on inside the house, fall over that step, because who has a step inside a house? and then when you turn on the lamp you bought at the Salvation Army for \$1.25 the bulb shorts out and bursts, raining bits of molten glass all over you but oddly not incinerating the special delivery letter, as you had at first, in one wild intuitive satori hoped, and so you sit down in the kitchen WITH THE OVER-HEAD NAKED LIGHT ON, AND THE SINK FILLED WITH OLD FRYING PANS IN WHICH GRANIA HAS COOKED EGGS and you say, "Shall I open the letter or burn it first?" which is to say, as the King James Bible would put it, "Shall I read it at all and do like they say?" and you dally for six hours until the overhead light has caused you to go blind and has well scrambled your wits anyhow, and you recall—far too late—that you took the last Excedrin on Earth the night before, and then you reluctantly, because it's like the day you got the funny looking letter from the Bureau of Internal Revenue and it said exactly what you knew it would, as the other day when the Bank of America and Crocker-Anglo both together in a rather suspicious synchronicity notified you within ten minutes of each other that your checking account was overdrawn, you open this thing and you think, "It can't be as bad as they said on the fone phoon phóñé," and so you do at last read the enclosed letter, and well, aren't you surprised! They were right! You should have burned it! Too bad, fella! You were warned; you were distinctly told ten times via long distance direct dialing to burn it without reading it, but no, you had to read it. And you did (this was Sunday, the day of rest, as they like to say) and now what? Several witty lines come to mind, such as, "I'll kill myself," or "I'll stop eating forever," or "I'll go back to my wife," or, "I'll roll in the catbox and then turn myself in to the Oakland Police as a degenerate," and you go on thinking wittily and then you snuffle a little and blink a few times because in your teeny tiny little world you didn't really know that people could say such things to you, or to anyone, and then you say in a rather strangled croaking voice, "Aw, fuck it," and you put the letter away

and then you call Grania and ask if she'd come over and say like play about 14 hours of double solitaire with you to keep you from remembering, only when you call her the phone won't work because the cats crapped into it, withering the diaphragm forever, and the PT&T will probably sue you for malicious mischief, thinking you did it yourself. So you go into your bathroom and take one of every pill there is, including Enovid, and that was Sunday. Today is Tuesday. I wonder what *that* signifies.

Love (heh heh)

[TO TERRY & CAROL CARR]

September 30, 1964

Dear Darling Terry and ugh awful gak (heh heh) ahem uh as I recall—no, that's the girl at the Bank of America, or is it the girl at Doubleday who phoned to say "Why aren't the gallies—gallys, etc.—of THE THREE STIG-MATA OF PALMER ELDritch back yet? Wendy. Miss Wendy Weill. Okay. So:

Dear Terry and Wendy (I guess),

Well, see, well, let's call one of us A and the other (brilliant intuitive leap, what H.S. Sullivan calls the "aha" experience) B. A writes a gloomy or otherwise disgusting letter to B. Then B phones BEFORE RECEIVING THE LETTER and all is jolly. Then A remembers that B is about to get the gak disgusting gloomy "You did this to me or want to and I want to warn you that although I like you I never intended to," etc. type letter, which will cancel out all the jolly fun of the phonecall for B, but not for A, who wrote the letter before the phonecall. So A has two choices. He can (one) phone again and say, "Um, well, see, there's this ratfug letter I wrote when, ahem, drunk, and burn it or don't read it," etc., or he can mail a fast type special delivery air mail marked RUSH and make it funny—like this one—and hope it arrives before or during the moment that B gets the "you hurt me dreadfully or I hurt you or something, anyhow, God knows either I or you or Ted White didn't ever in God's name intend" etc. letter. However, A unfortunately, in a fit of splurging, sent the "cruelty toward a roach or dog, it isn't a thing compared to how I or you or Bob felt on Tuesday when he happened to manage to pry the lock on my secret desk drawer after much effort and his or her eyes happened to fall on all the documents, maps, Xeroxed and photostated coded material of a diary type nature which in my kindness out of love I was trying to hide or burn or anyhow disown but oh God, I failed; oh, God knows, I've failed," etc. type letter already by the fastest method possible, so he really only can phone, but unfortunately last night there was phoning, and A (one) couldn't hear what was being said by B, and (two) when he did hear, by mistake, I guess, he couldn't understand a word, and (three) he was stoned at that moment him-

self, and (four) the operator in Detroit, on instructions from Ron Goulart's mother, cut the wire. So fug indeed.

You see the picture (are you still there? Hello? Stop talking like a telephone switchboard girl). We are involved in a sort of time travel type situation, where effects come before causes (attention Dave Hume!). Every constellation of data-exchange is out of synch with the real Weltanschauung. Shannon and Weaver, at Bell Telephone, studied this phenomenon. (I put you on not.) It's called the "Correction of misdatum received prior to misdatum, resulting in attempt by receiver to correct without knowledge of misdatum involved, resulting in the phenenomoneonen of Horace Gold crapping on my new set of Beethoven quartets, especially Opus 135. The result of this is that all parties—assigned the nomens A and B—place the blame on Horace Gold and set him out in the street to be run over by a wild-eyed three year old Flexie without adequately checked brakes." At least so party A (myself) hopes. Does party B (thou thees, thou) hope so, too? Wire simulacrum of Horace Gold (cat model) to place in center of busy Oakland arterial during peak rush hour. Cost no object. Size can be any, up to two miles high or down to .002 mil. Just so long as it is the same cat Horace Gold who wee-weed on Al Halevy's lap the other day (haw haw; look what a PHD in biochemistry and a masters in psychology gets you: cats crawl up in you lap and wee-wee on you). But enough of this banter; I weary, as Shakespeare would say; I weary thereby and so grow to a point (Bottom to Peter Quince, MND).

Primus dictum. Wowie, gang! Guess what I have! Well, see, I had a real Derringer (.22 bore) and then They took it, and that depressed me and then at the Island Market when I was shopping for a 100 pound sack of kitty litter I saw this here Derringer cap pistol, including a whole box of round caps, two brass cartridges and iron sleeves, plus 25 red plastic pellets which, when the gun is properly fired (skill is necessary, plus long patience and experience) the pellet plops out and drops to the floor at your feet. Well, see, I eliminated the fugging pellet (the whole outfit cost 98c), loaded, so to speak, the gun (also so to speak) and put it on my mantel/mantle (cf dictionaries) resting on a box of genuine .22 shells that went with my quondam real Derringer, and wowie, gang, but does it not look real (for instance it even "breaks," that is, opens for loading and emptying and cleaning) as the actual Colt .44 twin barrel Derringer (my .22 shells won't fit it, so no chance of trouble). Well, see, Avram walked into MY HOUSE without knocking earlier today, and I shouted, "I knew They were going to get me," and I ran and grabbed the cap pistol, cocked it (it's double action, like the original real one) and fired it at him. And presently, Avram said, "Do you, er, have some—" And then looked at me hopefully; but unfortunately no, I didn't have any hard liquor around for him to take a quiet, contemplative sip of. (And in addition I showed him that he had his necktie on inside out; a good day!) His mother is visiting (mine lives in Berkeley and lends me pills). Anyhow, if you do come out here—oops. Visit here, you can enjoy seeing me shoot myself in the tempel/temples twenty times

a day. I fall to the floor real good. Honest. I've had experts in to watch, and they say I'm real realistic ... which is a lot better than being either just real (anybody can be real, even Winnie-the-Pooh), and I guess some fatheads are realistic (like my gak father), but how many of us, oh lord, can be both? Think on't.

Secundus dictum (or, as I now remember, secundum dictum). Any time I make a noise like I'm griped at you it's because I'm gassed, bagged, or On Something, and you're merely to say (or think), "It's because he's a dirty bagged old man," or "He's an immature dirty bagged old man," or how ever you prefer it (check one and return pencil). Really, however, I'm not gassed, as vide last night's phonecall from us to you, the (gak) tape recorder one (may Allah permit me to forgive myself for not telling Grania that it is mandatory to inform the party on the other end in advance and get their permission; the fault was mine, but I was so busy monitoring the signal level, what with Grania going "He he he!" an inch from the mike, and you fellas, 3 thou miles off going). The instant I realized what had happened I erased the tape without even playing it, although god knows I longed to hear it, because it was my only chance to hear you ... as I said, I guess, on the phone; I wasn't angry—on the contrary: embarrassed and chagrined and ashamed and disappointed because I had flubbed the vital bit of seeing that you were told. And it was not for the purpose of obtaining "evidence" vis-a-vis the (wowie!) rumor about me and some chick (double wowie!). It was so we could be sure, the connection being so bad, and Carol, I can't understand you even when you're in the same room with me, that, once we hung up, we really knew what had been said. Because, see, we are in a rather sticky-wicket type situation here, with nobody knowing what who said—let alone what who (myself and That Lovely Lady) did. If anything (sometime I'll draw you aside and dilate on that topic—but hark; I am letting myself waggishly jape jibe and joke Jack-Point-wise, and this seems to upset people. I guess I had better do a little soul-searching, here. Frankly, I can't keep from joking about serious ("serious? Now who's escalating the ferschluggimer thing?") matters. Sample (not by me): on wall of men's room, this quote, "God is dead. Signed Nietzsche." And below it in another hand, "Nietzsche is dead. Signed God." You see? (And remember I'm a fanatical religious nut; yet still I will joke about even sacred and holy topics (to cite a case: on Ash Wednesday one time I knelt at the rail and received the cross of ashes, traced on my forehead by the priest, as the priest said quietly, "From dust thou art come; to dust shalt thou return." Anyhow, later, after leaving the church, I stopped at the grocery store and the butcher said, "Hey mack, you got sumthin onya face." And I said, "I've been rolling in the Ash Wednesday box." I guess Zen did it to me; see, like Chaplin, et al. I find sorrow in humor and humor in sorrow, and not only in sorrow but in the mighty, the seriousness of life, the great weighty matters that assail us and determine our destiny ... vide a friend of mine who knows guns and to whom I showed my real .22 Derringer to. He shook his head, handed it back. "Should have got the .44 gauge Colt,"

he declared. "A .22 isn't going to even sever your frontal lobe." And I can top that, by god. Well, see, we were all high, a bunch of us. And I got suicidal (it was a Friday and you know Fridays, especially the light orange ones) and I covertly drew a pair of vastly sharp scissors quietly off to one side. Grania saw, rassled them away from me, then sat weeping. Ray Nelson, a beatific expression on his face, leaned back in sublime peace and said far-offishly, "I love to hear music while watching the movies." That broke us all up, and no more suicide attempts by me since then (FIVE DAYS!). Ray made us laugh until we cried, and not cry in sorrow but in a catharsis of utter relief and mirth; after all, I didn't want to dispatch myself; I just felt, samuri-wise, that I ought to. Duty and all: "It's not how you live that reveals what sort of man you are but how you die," and I got the idea from reading about Rome; you know, falling on one's sword and all. I guess I have a "we conspired against Caesar and lost so fug it; hand me my sword or if not that then a long fountain pen, or if not that then fill the bathtub with Metrecal (or chocolate flavored Instant Breakfast and into it I'll go, headfirst," etc. etc. I mean, see, like I want to be a DEAD TRAGIC HERO, instead of a resident of East Oakland who doesn't even own a cottinpikin car. Anyhow, I have weird experiences. To make up for not being yet a dead tragic hero. After I left my wife (this last time, after 36 hours) and was back here and asleep in my own tiny bed at 4:50, I was awakened by the odd noise of small feet on my chickinpluckin roof. Presently, as I stood miserably wee-weeing in the bathroom, reflecting that only 12 hours earlier when my little girl asked me, "Daddy, are you ever going away again?" I had promised, "No, never." then what do I see but this fugging little kid walking on my roof, an I stop wee-weeing and throw open the window and holler, "Get off my roof or I'll etc," whereupon he departed. Now the weird part. Fifteen minutes later, suitably dressed, I ventured out on the front porch into the hideous sunlight to pick up the hideous S.F. Chronicle with its perpetual headline SEX PASTOR SLAYS EIGHT. Whereupon a tiny voice piped, "Hey, Mr. Man, I want to apologize for walking on your roof." Same kid; he had stuck around to apologize (he's six, I learned later, and named Chris). I was touched by this (and believe me it's hard to be touched before having your goddam a.m. first c. of coffee, especially after driving back from Point Reyes at 3 a.m. the night before), and I thanked him and complimented him and told him he dint have to apologize, an I gave him a dime (I'm sort of nuts). And then I remembered I had a bunch of 5c return type coke type bottles, so I asked him if he wanted them an he said yes so I invited him in, and I began rounding up the bottles. An then he saw my model planes. And he said "Gee wow," and so forth, so I showed him the unbuilt-as-yet models in their boxes, one each of every World War One fighter, and then he asked, "Can I have one?" an I said no, see, because I was trying to assemble a complete collection (I'm a collector, and it's a hording-type instinct). And then he said, so help me, "But you have so many and I don't have any." Ever seen a stone melt? Especially a fucked up stone that just abandoned his wife and kids forever? I said, "Take any one you

want." So for an hour, while I ate breakfast, he studied and studied the contents of each box, and at last he selected one. And then it developed that he was too small to carry the carton of bottles to the store, so I went with him and carried them for him. And there I found a model kit of a Stuka dive bomber, which I had been looking for, and we bought a set of airplane dopes (colors) and a paint box and tubes of cement and stuff like brushes, and then we walked back with Mr. Mudgett, Grania's dog, going both ways with us, and then finally I had to tell Chris that I had to go to work, but it was 2:30 in the afternoon before he left; he stuck to me mustardplasterwise all day long, never ceasing to marvel and ask questions about everything concerning me and my house. And then off he went with his Fölke Wulf fighter kit, and I said,

"He'll never be able to build that because chriSSakes he can't even read," and then once more I saw him; it was the next day when he rang my bell to show me the completed model, including the wing and tail decals. So I gave him my set of dopes, because frankly I can't complete my Sopworth Camel; it's too complex for me. Now, what are the chances that a small child would show up the morning after I had to leave my wife and kids, stick with me all day, ask the kind of intimate personal questions that he did—in other words he never left me alone for a moment. Well, see, my church teaches that this boy, who I had never seen before although I've lived here 3.5 months, and whom I have not ever seen since, was, well, we call Him the Paraclete. When my VW rolled, and Grania was tossed out, He appeared or rather arrived in the form of a woman, also never seen before or after by either of us, who never left our side until the ambulance came; I remember kissing and clutching her hand as both of us bent over Grania, and the woman kept saying, "She'll be all right, I can tell; I know." (Oh, I told you about that. Well, so it goes.) Anyhow, as Bottom the weaver would say to Peter Quince, what's your point? My point is this: that sometimes at awful bad critical moments of utter despair and isolation in human life the Redeemer makes His presence manifest, in the most actual, tangible way—not raining white light from heaven, but in just such shapes as these two I've mentioned. And I did that once, too, for a woman in a car with five tough-looking college age kids; she was screaming for help and everyone stopped but no one did anything, so I got out and went over—I was still in my cast—and bodily lifted her out of the car and stayed with her and held both her hands and talked to her until the San Anselmo police came. I'll not soon forget the look in her eyes, the absolute terror, as if she were seeing something no one else could ... I know she really saw it, but I told her she'd be okay. I hope she is. I hope we all are, or will be, especially the Carrs of Lower Hominy Grit, Alabama, god bless their halfwitted neurotic but dearly beloved souls.

Love,

[TO TERRY & CAROL CARR]

October 4, 1964

Dear Terry and Carol,

Well, today I finally tracked down the body of libelous material which has been circulating about me, and which has closed one door to me after another. I should have understood all the time, because it was right there staring me in the face; in fact several people either told me outright or hinted at it—including Don Wollheim. Now, there is no doubt I am fucked up (who isn't?). But this could not be the reason, because the alleged factor clearly had to do with "trouble," and this, I learned from directly calling the closed door parties concerned, consisted of open violence, especially toward Avram but potentially toward anyone. I was "dangerous, very sick, unreliable, believed everyone was against me, was getting sicker rapidly and probably would become totally psychotic at a near time—in other words, probably while at someone's house, causing them no end of inconvenience. To invite me would be to invite a deranged killer with murderous instincts. Hence, the closed door. But this did not explain why Grania was also not wanted, and in addition there was another odd fact; Grania did not—in fact insisted that I not—call the parties concerned (who were growing in numbers every day; in fact consisted of everyone except those who knew me closely—it was in an exact inverse proportion: the better they knew me the less they held this libelous image. In fact a careful study of the situation showed that it was really only those who had slight—or in some cases really no—acquaintance with me that had bought this view. The Chasens, the Breeches, the Nelsons, Jack Newcom—people like that who saw me regularly expressed no belief in this odd, deranged, utterly baffling—and destructive—image. This, I think, is good evidence of how false this libelous image was. I did not learn, however, just how false—and how incredibly deranged—it was until at last I read one of the "poison pen" letters, as we used to call them, which had instilled in people's minds this image. And I must say that if I were told such things about someone I'd close my door to him as quickly as I could, because the picture was beyond doubt that of an advanced schizophrenic paranoid who believed everyone was plotting against him and so for whom anyone might become the enemy at any moment. (The very fact that this all bewildered me, that I could not imagine who would circulate such an image and for what reason demonstrates its falsity. And yet, in the midst of this picture of a dangerous and deranged man, there were odd little bits of correct detail of my most personal life, but placed into the narrative, so to speak, so that they seemed to mean something. Take for instance my gun (which, as you know, I got rid of when I realized that it had served its purpose). My wife is officially diagnosed as a manic and paranoid, with pseudo-epileptoid rages in which, with psychopath abandon, she destroys everything in sight. I had checked with the Alameda County DA's office as to my possessing it, etc. And, and I had expected, my wife attempted a forced entry

of my house; and, as I had expected, the gun kept her from doing anything and gave me time to phone the Oakland police, who took her away. (This is about the fifth time that I have had to call for police assistance in controlling her, and her behavior in Marin County, recently, resulted in the initial stages of the filing of a criminal complaint against her by the sheriff's office for vandalism; recall that one of the deputies told me that in twenty-two years in law enforcement he had never had to manhandle a woman so, that she was the most determined—as he put it—slimy creature he had ever run up against, and he privately urged me to fight her with everything I had. So my possession of the gun was not due to any subjective fears, etc. but due to a real, objective menace, fully documented in the Marin County files. And, having lived in the country, I am used to owning a gun; as a matter of fact my father owns roughly fifteen. Since I was at that time in a full upper torso cast I could not physically control her—I never had been able to anyway; manics have incredible strength and determination. I had, of course, no intention of firing the gun at her; in fact I had deliberately picked out the smallest bore hand weapon I could find; if I had meant to injure her I would have bought a .38 or a .44 or a .45. And not one shot but a revolver. And I probably would not have put the gun out on the mantel in plain sight and called my guests' attention to it. Anyhow, my anticipation was correct, and the gun did its job, and then I of course got rid of it. However, the libel, among countless other things (I have one of the letters here before me) utilized this fact, my owning this gun, as proof that I was dangerous to everyone, since I was so sick and getting more so. But let me quote:

... he is so sick. So very sick, and something will soon happen because he is so sick. So very sick ... he will, in a self-destructive mood, kill himself ... has begun to talk a lot about it ... is showing all the signs; making symbolic suicidal attempts like slashing his hands with a knife (this is all absolutely DNO) and has bought a gun ...

Aw, the hell with it; hardly anybody believed it anyhow, just those who saw and knew me so slightly that they had no opportunity to correct this sort of myth. The real point which she made, over a period of months, was expressed like this: "He believes everyone is against him, from all sides." Obviously, any person learning (ha ha; what a misuse of the verb "learn") this would be scared as hell to be in the same room with me, since this, coupled with the gun and the absolutely spurious account of knives and hand-slashing, etc. would imply that I was a paranoid with delusions of persecution.

(Later) She now admits that she set the stories going, and for a long, long time. Oddly, once I had the letter I read it to her over the phone, word for word, without telling her who had written it. Again and again I asked her, at each point, if it was in any way true. No, she said; it's completely libelous. I particularly asked her about the statement that "I believed everyone was

against me." No, she said; you've never in any way said or implied anything like that. Who wrote this? she asked. This terrible bunch of malicious crap that had the effect of making first one person after another get scared to either visit me or have me over. I said, "Come over and I'll show you; the person's name is signed at the end." Grania said, "I'll be over in a moment, but I have to do something first." I knew what it was; she would be looking in her desk frantically to see if the letter was still there. So I went down there, and so she was. So she knew it was she; when she pretended shock to hear such stuff she was still doing it, still telling me one thing after another that wasn't so. Even the "suicide attempt" at the convention was untrue, as well as the reasons she gave for doing it (shock at being rebuffed by Cynthia). The real reason was jealousy because I was trailing around the girl at the costume ball. So she not only got me out of there, she maneuvered me around so that I bawled out Cynthia—and Grania, instead of explaining why I did it, behaved so, told Cynthia nothing of the suicide attempt; in fact Grania told them that such behavior was typical of me, that nothing had happened, so to speak; it was just me being hysterical. Christ. But I still love her; I just feel bad. [ends here]

[TO TERRY & CAROL CARR, *a fragment*]

October 9, 1964

HOW TO WRITE LIKE LEIGH BRACKETT. FOLLOW SIMPLE INSTRUCTIONS (Note. Step one comes before step two. Bear this in mind.)

P.S. By Phil Dick. All the above is a bunch of misleading lies (as compared to the leading ones) and the fact of the matter is that I am moving in with the Tweens, and in East Oakland not only does your love organ fall off but your love intake valve shrivel up and die. This causes a lot of grumbling, but we figure in twelve centuries we'll get used to it. Also, Grania is conditioning me the other way without realizing it; every time she is ill I have to go back to my wife; we call that unconditional responsiveness or some such frud. Anyhow, the true facts, as distinguished from the either untrue facts or the true unfacts (yes, that's it; the true unfacts; natty phrase there) is this: Grania and my wife are carrying on an affair and I am too, with some fella; I didn't catch his name but he puts out a fanzine. In hecto. (He tells me that's the big time, and I believe him because I ain't been nowhere yet, so far; but hope never dies. Anyhow, whatever you hear from the West Coast is an unfact, including this unfact, etc., causing no end of dismay to people who like real facts, like Ron Goulart writes on the back of cereal boxes (I was reading mine this morning, you know, the Wheat Chex News) and it said, TERRY CARR STEPS ON SMALL BUGS AND MASHES THEM. And there was a coupon or cooopon or something which you send in for a Terry Carr kit (cardboard) and plastic bug, and you pull the string and it mashes away like hell. And further, my novel, THE RED SANDS OF VENUS, for Belmont, was 200,000 words, not what Terry Carr said, but who can trust people you get by sending in a coupon? I mean

it's a wonder he—it—can even mash, let alone count. (Your letters are wonderful, and I have first N.A. Serial rights. Prove me wrong.)

[TO CAROL CARR]

October 14, 1964

Oct 14, which is St. Nothingness Day. For free sample ("Don't you wish you did, too") rip Ron Goulart from back of Wheat Chex box, mail to God (who as near as I can tell has no reputation or popularity or whatever at all).

Dear Miss Carr,

Your old cloth type coat is now fully restored at the modest cost of ten thou. Aren't you glad you waited? Aren't you sorry you went back to Miriam? I am. Stop talking about pork; you sound like Marjorie Morningstar. Andy Main wrote me the other day and said nothing about his ankel, ankle, etc., so I guess it is all lies (like usually, especially on St. Nothingness and St. Darkness Days). (I'm undergoing currently a St. Sunlight month, so I am singularly unimpressed by acc'ts of how dark it is. See, Carol, if it's dark you can't see out so clear, you know what I mean, and that's good news in my book, you know, because of them things out there, like you draw cartoons—stuff, rather—of.) (Things being looked at.)

INFURIATING ITEM FROM S.F. CHRONICLE. (On the level.) "The current speedball mixture of drugs popular in California for thrill-seekers is a usage of Percodin and methedrine. If this is not available, the desperate and unbalanced thrill-seeking drug addict may turn to violence of a brutal nature or to sex, or to what is called an 'iron pot.' This consists of the following: denatured alcohol is rubbed with mothballs in the bottom of a galvanized iron tub, thus giving it a taste of iron, and then Clorox is added as a catalyst." (I tried this, but rubbed too hard, right through the bottom of the galvanized iron tub; I guess I was overly thrill-seeking; you know, too inexperienced and eager, etc. But the idea had maddened me to a state of near insanity, it looked so exciting and all. Wouldn't you?)

I didn't deliver my speech on acc't I got the flu (thank god, whose inanity is overly hearlded or some such made-up verb). The letters stashed away have worms in them because of eating uncooked garbage during their brief life-span. And wouldn't you, too? as Carol Carr would say. Boy I sure would; I can tell you that.

I went back to my wife again and it made her sick. Figure that out. So I (ahem, I almost wrote "came back") returned to Oakland. Grania is leaving Saturday. So what else is new? Try doing yourself in with a 98c cap gun, even with six caps, and see how you like it (it smarts). Anyhow, I still get to speak to Jimmy the butcher at the Island Market, and once a month the paper boy asks for \$3.50 and I get to say, "God bless you, sonny." It makes my month. I

mean, what more can you ask? Brutal sex crimes, like Thrill-seeking? Mothballs? What, are you depraved, you're not content with saying hello to the paperboy once a month, you got to have MORE?

My second wife is dropping by Sunday night to visit (she feels sorry for me because I left her for Anne, and I agree). Her present husband is a guy that Henry Miller—in print—said of, “Norman Mailer has written the finest first unpublished novel by any American.” I read it and it was okay. Maybe Terry can use it as one-half of an Ace double, with something by Leigh Brackett on the other side. It’s about a guy that imagines he’s in a submarine. I guess.

Calvin wrote me and the letter boiled down to him saying, “This is a stupid letter.” I wrote back and said, “God, that was a stupid letter.” We could go on this way for years.

Your acc’t about using your steel heel to demolish New York (or whatever you said) reminds me of Kirsten Nelson when one day at a party as I was sitting next to her—make up your own lies; use handy enclosed lie-form—I accused her of being filled with suppressed violence and hostility, and she whipped off her steel heel type shoe so goddam fast I saw nothing until it grazed my scalp as via reflex-arc of my upper spinal ganglia I ducked, while meantime she snarled, cum accent, “Don’t say filthy lying tings about me!” Well, that’s what I get for being mistaken. Lord, dwell momentarily on what she would have done if my theory had been right.

I registered at a mortuary the other day. It took two years. I get to die sometime in 1994. They send me a notice or something; that’s how I learn when. My casket will be of ground-up tape recorders pressed into an artful montage of lewd faces peeping out of Rorschach blotches. As we, I and the casket, hit bottom, the casket explodes and a sign rises, attached to a helium-filled balloon, reading, JUDITH MERRIL SLEPT HERE, BY INVITATION ONLY (one final lie). That’ll make my day. (No pun intended. I really so much enjoyed meeting Judy after all these years (thirteen) in which she bought one reprint right from me for \$65., or maybe it was \$14. And removed all the four-space breaks in response to my urgent letter asking her to restore one four-space break omitted by the magazine in the original printing. That’s what I call a swinging anthologizer. Wouldn’t you, etc.?)

Every time I get a letter from you I answer it because I’m afraid if I don’t the Bank of America will come in and take it away. Beat that.

Thank Terry for the fine Condon book, one small part of which I read prior to publication; I was vitally interested in the whole piece, so nothing could have pleased me more—with the possible exception of being able to say hello to the paperboy twice a month instead of once.

Maybe I’ll come (go, rather) to New York after all, because Jimmy at the Island Market is showing signs of becoming taciturn, and what then? The deluge, that’s what.

The trouble with feeling bad is you can always feel worse.
I feel worse.

The paranoid birds outside my window are sickening and dying; a bad harbinger. Got any special paranoid bird food I can give them? Wire hope (whose reputation is not undeserved).

L O V E (desperate spacing, as time runs out.)

[TO TERRY & CAROL CARR]

October 16, 1964

Dear Terry and Carol,

Well, today Grania moved and so that's that; it's been hanging over me since September 3rd. It was a very sad parting; Grania broke down completely and I couldn't do anything with or for her; fortunately Ray was on hand and I got him to talk to her; I had no idea why she was crying so ... it was beyond the usual; it was more than sorrow; it was closer to terror. He at once brought out the reason. "It's the pattern," he said to her. "Yes," she agreed. "I have to move because if I do things will be better." "Are they bad now?" I asked her. "No," she said, "but everytime I move they get better." Ray said to her, "The first time you moved was away from home." She nodded. "So," he said, "you're moving because a home-like situation has come into existence." She nodded; that was it. So it was ordained from the start that after four or five months she would go. I had already lost her anyhow, no matter what I did, and I guess I knew it. I kept trying to figure out why it wasn't working, what I was doing wrong (my relationships with women last generally like six or eight years; to me, four months is not ever knowing each other). I wanted stability, peace in which I could work; a non-crisis life. But I'm thirty-six; old. I don't want "action." Anyhow she found someone recently, someone who brought the action with him, a real nice guy whose friendship I value a great deal and who I hope will still drop by here even though she's gone. I think he will. I hope he doesn't get hurt; he's got a nice wife, and it could go blooey, much more so than it did with me. God knows I don't care that she was sleeping with him, back in her house, while I was here in the front house alone; I'm too old to begrudge anyone a little tranquility and sense of sanctuary. The next morning he dropped by, awkwardly extended his hand; I was glad to shake hands with him, and we sat and had coffee. Nothing will break up our friendship, at least nothing I do, because it is too valuable to me ... and it didn't change my feelings towards her, except that I knew once more in one more way that it was over for her and me, and that is sad because I love her as much now as I ever did, even more; she phones me all the time because she is so afraid, and I'm sorry about that; I gave her pills to help—I know how it feels. Anyhow I probably will leave here, soon; a friend of mine who owns a house in Berkeley is going to make it available to me, and most people understand how it feels to be left here (although actually it isn't so bad; the little kids who play around here are really nice, very relaxed and sweet; they play under the tree in my front yard, and sometimes they knock on the door to ask if they can. What's

so bad about that? And people visit me. Tonight my previous wife Kleo and her husband and baby visited me for dinner, and out of the clear blue sky my quondam mistress, Janet, and her husband stopped in. I never loved Kleo but I did and still do Janet, and that will never change; I am as close to her as I ever was, and her husband is the nicest guy in the world, and he and Janet have been worrying about me for months. So I know I have a lot of friends. More than ever before. Or am I whistling in the dark? But aren't we all. I don't feel alone. But maybe it hasn't hit, yet. Anyhow I'm at last writing again, a forty page outline for Gold Medal, who asked for it. And even my wife, whom I hate so, and who I guess hates me or some such fool thing, remarked that in reading THE SIMULACRA she saw, for the first time in my work, what she called "signs of true genius." For her that is a rather strong statement. So I guess I can take pride in my work. (By the way, Terry; Al Halevy agrees with me that THE MAN WHO JAPED, put out by your firm, was the best book I've ever done. Thank god somebody finally agrees with me; I honestly never thought MAN IN THE whatever was very good; in fact I wasn't even going to send it to Scott, but my wife browbeat me into it.)

Terry, please keep your goddam fat trap shut on this, but I have (one) told Scott that I am doing a sequel to MAN IN THE whatever, and (two) I want Ace to get first look. I can't force him to market it that way, but anyhow I've expressed my desires clearly on the subject. I really think Ace deserves first look, after what they've done for me. But you understand; marketing is out of my hands. Ace would present it properly, not the way Putnam's did. And I'd probably make as much—or nearly as much—money anyhow, if one includes foreign sales. And I have also told him that you know of the proposed sequel (on which much groundwork has been done). So maybe that'll goose him into doing what I want.

It's a wonderful feeling to be able to write again. Four months without writing, and now the outline for the Gold Medal and the groundwork on the sequel. Wunderschön. Like old times. Except that I have only the two cats to be here and care. Aber das muss genug sein; es gibt kein anders.

I feel too bad to write any more right now. Maybe I will come to New York after all (let's see. If my saying, "I'm not going to steal your wife" makes you nervous, how about this instead? "I am going to steal your wife." Logically, that ought to lull you into a false tranquility. But what the hell. I guess you ought to know by this time that I never intended any such thing; reflect on the calypso song:

*If you want to be happy and live a king's life,
Never make a pretty woman your wife.*

That's where you erred, fella. It ain't my fault (frankly, if I had such a pretty wife I'd be pleased that other men fell in love with her you want we should say breck, gak, etc.?). Just ponder this: I couldn't steal her even if I

tried. So there. Try and feel bad about that ... and if you can, gee, well, ahem, um, have you tried psychotherapy lately?

(All kidding aside I think you both are the cat's spats, or whatever it is you Americans say. And love to both of you. Und am nächsten Jahr in Brooklyn, bei Gottes Lomb!)

Strictly very truly unlyingly yrs,
Phil Dick

P.S. I just thought of something sneaky. This here 40 page outline ... I mean, you're a personal friend of mine. Maybe, before I formally submit the final draft, you'd uh, well, uh—hmm. Maybe I could send you the rough for um suggestions. If you catch my drift. Eh? It's called THE STONES REJECTED. We can ellipse it to STONES. And it could go to your home address; I mean, what harm would it do? (Plenty. But what doesn't? Or, as Carol would say, wouldn't you like to, too?)

[TO TERRY & CAROL CARR]

October 22, 1964

Dear Carol AND ESPECIALLY TERRY, because he is an editor

(one) god bless ye for the Nu York type care package. I am living off—or on—the bubble gum, looking at myself in the magnifying mirror, locating the mormon temple with the compass, or the compass by the temple, whichever comes easier. You made up that "quote" from the *Nu Yorker*, you know you did. Also, you made up the dime "thank you" machine—inspired.

(two) Well, I have an East Oakland care quotation, which is the brochure from the pills I've been taking for seven years (or is it nine? My mind seems oddly fuzzy somehow), semoxydrine hydrochloride, which I now learn is methamphetamine hydrochloride (i.e. another name for methadrine), because, see, this last refill time—I am up to six 7.5 mg of them a day, and 7.5 is their strongest dose—the druggist forgot to snatch loose the accompanying brochure, so after all these years I got to read about the side-effects, etc. of the pill. One sentence under the subtitle HUMAN TOXICITY particularly made my decade. It reads like this, gang:

Overdoses, may, in addition, cause hallucinations, delirium, peripheral vascular collapse and death. (Eeg, gak, wach, fug, gugh, whuh!)

Beat that as a side-effect. (The brochure does. After so stating it dribbles off to what seemed to me rather an anticlimax: prolonged use may result in habituation. Especially, I guess, after you're dead.)

Terry, as usual I lied to you; I am now so busy on this fugging goddam outline (starting at ten a.m. and working straight through to 4:30 a.m.) that evidently—but not certainly—I am going to bug out vis-a-vis the column for your zine; however, I will still try to get it in; honest. I am collaborating with Ray on the outline, so I'm not free to shelve it, if you see what I mean; Ray arrives

promptly at noon, being a pro, and, well, we both need money so fugging bad we just gotta keep at it. Well, that's our dear trustworthy type buddy Phil Dick, again. Anyhow, he hasn't as yet show peripheral vascular collapse and (near as one can discern) death. But time (bright new nothing saying) will tell.

Carol, at last I got the courage (why? I mean, what did I expect? i.e. to find?) your first letter, written on the—gak—plane. It is as good as Grania said, but for some reason all these weeks I've been scared to read it ... I guess I was afraid I'd hear (or rather see) something scary. Somehow I knew, anyhow, that fear was involved in the letter; I guess it was the fear-state you were feeling when you wrote the letter ... in other words it was what you felt that I picked up somehow, and also felt by a sort of osmosis. Anyhow, the affect I intuited was there. Yes, it is a good letter, but I am glad I waited; it overwhelmed me even at this date, as I knew it would. And the poems. That's why I mailed you fellas those poems in my previous letter; I reached deep into what I knew, to turn my personal terror into a portion of the human, general terror, for self-preservation. But I dilate too prolixly, I fear. Write. Sing. Play a uke. Anyhow do something. And don't get shorter, letter-wise, or I'll have peripheral vascular collapse, and we all know what that means.

LOVE.

[TO TERRY CARR]

October 23, 1964

Dear Terry (and you can go climb a tree, Carol, because you don't put out a fanzine, and in addition you're not an editor, not even at Belmont, and so forth, but, well, because you're so pretty and write such wonderful type letters, or typed letters, or whatever, you can read this, too; and won't you be surprised, because it—the enclosed MS, not this accompanying letter—reads like what you have to go over on your job. Gee. That's sort of too bad. Anyhow, I guess nobody'll ask me for a contribution to a fanzine again, not after reading this; I sure am full of hot air).

Surprise! Enclosed is a one million word article by me, for your fanzine. It's to be called "DRUGS, HALLUCINATIONS, AND THE QUEST FOR REALITY." Now, see, I have this contract with Scott that everything I write has to go to him first (in case he can sell it). In order to avoid any problems, when I write something not intended for sale but, say, as a contribution to a fanzine, I put it in letter form, in this instance addressed to John Brunner, because it is a genuine letter to him; he will receive the top copy, with you getting a corrected carbon. Set it up as follows:

DRUGS, HALLUCINATIONS, AND THE QUEST FOR REALITY
—PHILIP K. DICK

One long-past innocent day, in my pre-folly youth, I (etc)

See where to begin your column or article extracted from the letter. Now, you may make any cuts or corrections or changes you want; however, it

decidedly should include the James Stephens poem at the end, and should conclude at this (and including this) paragraph, page six:

One doesn't have to depend on hallucinations; one can unhinge oneself by many other roads.

—30—

Meanwhile, I am thinking about ordering Carol an Add-A-Part lp version of Bach's *Saint Matthew Passion* (you know; those type records with one instrument missing, like say the first violin, and you yourself play along with the record). In this case the missing part is Christ. So, with the discs, is included, in order for you to sing along with the other fellas, the following Christ kit:

One. Crown of thorns in polyethylene bag (to be placed on head during triple-chorus opening of work).

Two. Short whip to scourge self with throughout dull chorales, which in *Saint Matthew Passion* are all exactly alike (Bach wrote for a half-cent a note market).

Three. Styrohome patent pending light weight collapsable wood-colored cross to lug around apartment during recitatives; weighs less than four grams and can be stored upright in closet and needs minimum of care.

Four. Magik-magnetic nails which appear to pierce body (U.S. Department of Public Health approved, tested by Good Housekeeping Consumers' Bureau, sanitary, washable, safe for children; wide choice of colors).

Five. Blood. In throwaway packages, easy to open, in dry powder form but mixes instantly with water (no choice of colors available).

Six. Air-o-sol spray can to be used at section titled "Now At That Sixth Hour," number-coded 71 for your convenience. Cautiously shake can, then direct nozzle downward toward floor and at words, "In the ninth hour, etc.," press button at top of can so that spray of helium causes Add-A-Part participant (Christ) to rise to ceiling (can, if properly used, is adequate for sixteen performances. Replacements available at moderate cost; see enclosed order-form).

Seven. Gaily-colored harmless, non-toxic cardboard temple, to be assembled in simple stages (full, easy to follow instructions included). At section of performance number-coded 73, "And Behold, the Veil of the Temple Was Rent," tear part E from assembled temple (care should be taken that part R, the top of the temple, is not rent as well).

Eight (optional). Sponge soaked in high-protein low calory play vinegar (in choice of chocolate, coffee, banana or plain flavors) to provide relief during tedious long da capo al finé arias.

(Note. To perform the Christ part of this extensive work may require several days practice. Lighten tone-arm during practice sessions so as not unduely to wear our record in advance, and keep records free of dust and away from ants and check your stylus in that a worn or chipped stylus will produce faulty sound-reproduction and even damage to records. And lots of luck in your new role!)

This kit should arrive in a couple of weeks, Carol. (By the way, if you prefer, there's an Add-A-Part *Saint Matthew Passion* version with the Judas

Iscariot part missing. But the kit isn't as interesting. It includes merely 30 pieces of silver & a rope. However, if you'd prefer this instead, phone me long-distance at once.

LOVE

[TO TERRY & CAROL CARR]

October 26, 1964

Dear Carol,

Thanks for the Brecht poem; the last line is terrifying ("Dann ward sie Aas in Flüssen mit vielem Aas") - I have never seen the piece before. Do you have the one that begins, "Ich bin Bertold Brecht," etc., and something about "... Ich aus dem schwarzen Wald gekommen bin," I'm quoting from memory, having heard him read it; I'll never forget it, him saying that: "I am Bertold Brecht," etc.; that is the first line of the poem, you understand, not an explanation in prose by him as prolog.

Dear Terry,

Re my article for your 'zine. Ray Nelson, reading the carbon, made a good point, which perhaps should—you can do it for me—be inserted at the end somewhere: i.e.: if enough individuals separately and subjectively experience new, nameless entities, and what each person experiences is the same or to any reasonable extent the same, then these people, even though a small and limited group (v. such as the pot-smoking hipsters) can, among themselves, articulate and name these entities and experiences, so that, although the experiences admittedly remain mysterious, nonetheless what I feared is overcome: it resumes, for these persons, an interpersonal character, and the "windowless monad" of alienation and isolation is overcome. For example, the first Christian mystics who glimpsed what they, for lack of a better term, called "The Trinity," faced just this; the Roman world did not know what was meant, hadn't "seen" this archetype, but this small band of people had, and out of this grew a great group, for better or worse ... but in any case *someone* had to glimpse this new archetype first, and undoubtedly, until someone else did, it was for him what we now call a "psychotic" experience.

Carol, my quote, "Die alten bösen Lieder," is the opening line of the final poem, number 71, of Heine's collection LYRICAL INTERMEZZO, 1821-1823, which begins, "Meine Qual und meine Klagen":

All my anguish, all my rages,
I have poured and nought concealed here;
And, if you should turn these pages,
You will find my heart revealed here.

Schumann set sixteen of these to music for his song-cycle, *Dichter-liebe* (Poet's Love). You should buy an lp of this supremely beautiful song-cycle,

and/or own the text, both in German and in English (since Heine was half-Jewish you don't have to feel you're being pro-neo-Nazi, etc.). There's a new Modern Library title (Twenty German poets, or something, bilingual; might be in there); no good lp of the songs exists anymore in the Schwann catalog—possibly you can locate the older Aksel Schiøtz lp or even the HMV 78s ... wait—I now recall; it's available on an Odeon import lp, "The Art of Aksel Schiøtz," probably Volume two (MOAK 3, I believe); pressed in Denmark ... if you can't find it in N.Y. I know an import-rare-lp dealer here who I can pick it up from ... get Volume 1, while you're at it, too; one of the finest vocal collections—if not the finest—ever put together. While I'm at it, I recommend two other lps: the Handel oratorio "Solomon," on Angel. The Bach Guild lp of Bach cantatas 140 and 4 (or the Westminster of 140), and also the Concert Disc 5-lp set of the last Beethoven quartets (12 through 16, with both endings of #13); the price is low, and this set is incredible, especially with it set up so one can conclude #13 with either the original Great Fugue or the later Allegro, which was the last music Beethoven ever wrote and is beyond compare; worth buying the set for that alone. Also, a fabulous buy is the Westminster lp of the two Mozart Sinfonie Concertantie back to back. And I need not mention, of course, my own favorite life-saving but to me utterly terrifying set of Schubert's "Die Winterreise" on Phillips, with Gerard Souzay; the text alone has unhinged me steadily for four months, now. But at last I'm beginning to find my way through and out, especially past the most frightening of all, the last two songs.

Let me give you the full text (in English) of the Heine poem, "Die alten bösen Lieder":

*The songs, so old and bitter,
The dreams so wild and drear,
Let's bury them together.
What ho! A coffin here!*

*I have so much to bury
It never will be done,
Unless the coffin's larger
Than Heidelberg's great Tun.*

*And bring a bier to match it
Of stoutest oaks and pines;
It must be even longer
Than the long bridge at Mainz.*

*And also bring twelve giants
Of mightier brawn and bone
Than Christopher, the sainted,
Whose shrine is in Cologne.*

*And in the great sea sink it
Beneath the proudest wave;
For such a mighty coffin
Should have a mighty grave.*

*You know what makes my coffin
So great, so hard to bear?
It holds my love within it,
And my too heavy care.*

love

[TO TERRY & CAROL CARR]

November 11, 1964

Nov. 11, which is St. No-Mail Delivery Day.

Dear Terry and Carol,

Thank you for the one million Necco wafers (assorted colors). I pasted them all to my wall in pretty configurations; I now have an all-Necco wafer room, besides bedroom, living room, etc. You have to be a Necco wafer (any color) to get into it. It's sort of like the loyalty oath; you swear under fear of Wrath (Dies Irae, Dies Illa, etc.) that you are now and have always been a Necco wafer.

When I'm lonely (i.e. all the time) I go in and colloquize with the Necco wafers. It's sort of less lonely in there, sort of. But not much.

The phone calls, Carol don't cost that much anymore, because I researched it and found just how to do it; only 25¢ a minute. You wait until after nine p.m. and then—don't direct dial—go through a station-to-station thing with the operator. And then, also, and here's sort of the crux of it; when the operator asks you your number you give Ted White's instead, like I for instance gave Ray Nelson's.

Now, Terry, I want as friend to friend to discuss something of importance to my career as a—guk—writer. You will recall that when you were both here in early September, Ray Nelson and I were collaborating on a novel. I had wanted for years to collaborate with someone—this was one of my reasons for moving back to town from the country—but it had to be someone who was a pro, of course, but in that case, what would he gain, inasmuch (e.g. Rog Phillips) as he could do perfectly well on his own—or imagined he could? Personally, I believed and still do that one ought to try collaboration, no matter how successful one is and has been solo; both L. Sprague DeCamp and Pratt are (were) good alone, but so much better as a team; likewise Kornbluth and Pohl. One just never knows. I read some of Ray's published stuff and I was dumbfounded at the similarity of certain aspects of his ideas—hence thinking—to mine, and, in other areas, the utter polar difference. Ray has ideas as original as can be found in anyone's s-f work, but s-f writing is not his income

field, as you know, and he has never gotten into the chef d'œuvre of fiction: the novel (where would PKD be today if Marty Greenberg, in 1954, hadn't talked him into trying a novel—it was SOLAR LOTTERY, which Ace printed, and which sold around 149,000 copies; so there). As of this moment (what with my new sale to Doubleday) I've sold seventeen novels, and do almost nothing else; right? My reputation is based—not on the over one hundred magazine pieces I did—but on my novels. As Damon, in effect, said, "How would anyone expect that a guy who writes such commonplace stories would produce such terrific novels?" See, you never know until you try. Okay, so you recall and accept the premise that my collaborating with Ray is based on (one) my desire for a collaborator, in case something really new and stunning comes forth, and (two) my conviction of the originality, the unique talent, which Ray—alone—has. The reason I am rehashing this is as follows:

When Gold Medal asked me to submit an outline, I asked Ray's permission to make an outline out of the book we had been working on; he said yes, and then when he read my outline he saw a million flaws in it, two million ways it could be improved ... so what started as my 25 page outline wound up as a 77 page collaborative-effort of what I firmly believe to be of unprecedented merit, unlike anything either of us alone would or could do. In fact I am so impressed by the results that have now decided that I want to involve Ray in as much of my future work as possible; the sequel to MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE, which, I believe you know, we already recorded a two-hour tape of our oral plotting-session of. Scott, however, stated flatly that "it'd be unwise to engage in an outright collaboration" in my novels for Doubleday, and he adds, "In fact, I have my doubts about the collaboration on the Gold Medal outline." The issue seems to be the byline. Not the worth of the material. Therefore, since (one) you are an editor, and (two) you know Ray's stuff and my stuff, and (three) you are a friend of both of us, I am herein sounding you out strictly off the cuff, as to your opinion on this; first, on whether I should collaborate with Ray on any basis whatsoever, and second, if so, then how? You see, I think Scott has the idea that, in view of the nine assignments facing me, I have begun to farm them out, simply because I can't get them all done, but don't want to lose the money. So the assignments would get completed, but because of "ghosting." You, however, know that this is not the case; as a matter of fact it took three times the work to accomplish the Gold Medal outline in collaboration—and six times the time—than if I had done it alone. But the results are so much better, see? As to the byline, why would Ray's alongside mine cost any sales? It seems to me that the worst solution would be anonymous ghosting, my byline on work done equally by us both, because then editors and the public alike, in buying a book with my byline, might wonder if in fact I wrote it. So if Ray collaborates with me, his byline must be on it, not just mine. Ray has said he would ghost, if they (whichever editors are involved) want only my byline, but he would—frankly—make it known to both the fan world and the editors in general that he had fully collaborated.

Now let's get to Ace, which you may possibly have discerned, has published most of my novels. What would (again I'm asking off the cuff) Ace's reaction be? For instance, in the expansion of THE UNTELEPORTED MAN, what if Ray was brought in? And his name—despite the contract being in my name only—appeared with mine? (This would not apply to CANTATA 140, which is written already.) After all, I am dividing, as in the case of THE UNTELEPORTED MAN, the sum with someone else, cutting my earnings in half; obviously I must believe in Ray's intrinsic contribution to the piece, since as you know; I write fast, and escalating the piece from 20 thousand to 50 thousand would be easy for me ... but would it be as good as if Ray worked on it too? Ace, at no extra cost, would get the ideas of someone who you know to be extraordinarily original in his ideas, and I would provide the know-how as to shaping the novel-length structure, etc. In a sense, Ace would be getting Ray free. I would be paying out. And after his byline had appeared with mine a few times, wouldn't it then be easier for you to market novels done by him alone? People would say "Oh yeah; he's the guy that Phil Dick's been working with." Let's put it this way. Ace let the contract for THE UNTELEPORTED MAN to me, and if they want only my byline on it, etc., naturally they are entitled, legally and morally, to that; no question, there. I'm just arguing that it would be to their advantage to have both bylines. And both of us at work on the piece. Ray sees so many things that I don't; I picked him because of a comment he sent in to *Fantastic* about a short story of mine; I knew at once that I had hold of someone who "fused" with my mind—and then some. For instance, I have let him read the gallies of the *Fantastic* novelette THE UNTELEPORTED MAN, and he has already made several terrific suggestions—informally—as to how best it could be made into 50,000 words—and his basic suggestion would never have occurred to me. I can tell you this, for what it's worth: doing it along Ray's suggestion, there would not be a mere padding of the magazine novelette, no overwriting which really added nothing to the 20,000 piece; the additional 25,000 words would be new, original, and in my mind beyond dispute exceptionally good. (I don't mean that Ray would write the needed 25,000 additional words; I mean that he would, in plot sessions, mostly orally done, would interact with me—you know; what they call brainstorming. Then each of us, using the notes he had made, or perhaps a tape of the session or sessions, would repair to his study and conscientiously do an outline of the 25,000 word additional material. Then we would go over carbons of each other's outline and, from the two, find the best part and finalize on one joint outline; then this would be written, with me doing the final, so that style, pace, etc., would coincide with the already written 20,000 words. Now, who is being gyped by this? Ace? Hardly. As I say, it's me that pays out the money to Ray, not them. The public? By getting for 50¢ a better book? Hardly. And Scott makes the same commission. But it would have to have Ray's byline on it, or it would be a fraud morally. (Although of course we all know this goes on constantly. But that doesn't

make it any more ethical.) As my final plea, let me say this: if Ray Nelson, for all his talent, is going to get up into the stage of successful novel-writing, this is probably the best way, and maybe the only way; he underwrites, so, like Ron Goulart. And I know Ace wants Ray to progress up into the novel-field; there's gold there, and you know it and I know it. And not just gold for Ray but for Ace—especially Ace.

So, please, Terry, old U-No bar comrade, answer me, informally, in confidence (like the confessional) which I ought to do:

- (1) Expand THE UNTELEPORTED MAN solo.
- (2) Expand it in collaboration with Ray, but under my byline, and give him no credit (though he deserves it, and will let it be known anyhow, as I said before; and I see lots of trouble there).
- (3) Expand it in open collaboration with Ace's official approval, in that I would serve formal notification to Don, via Scott, etc.

Another thing. Am I just plain frankly making a mistake? Is Ray *not* as good a writer as I think he is—in other words, am I letting considerations of friendship, etc. warp my practical vision, so that, in actuality, what strikes me as a "good Ray Nelson idea" may not be so at all? In discussing this collaboration idea with a fan authority this fan pointed out—which I did not know—that Ray's s-f is controversial (especially TURN OFF THE SKY)—not as to its literary merits but, as this fan (and take my word he is quite ethical and scrupulous, not a gossip at all) said, "Many people reading TURN OFF THE SKY felt it was the product of a sick mind." Well, hell; that's what my wife said when she read the first novel of mine which Doubleday bought. And anyhow even if it could be demonstrated that there is some sort of morbidity in the material, it cannot be inferred that the person who wrote the work is "sick." And anyhow, some of the best material in the field have been open to the charge of being sick—Ray Bradbury's material alone, plus Dick Matheson. There is in s-f a grotesque, baroque, and gothic streak—any argument that Ray Nelson writes "sick" stuff and/or is "sick" isn't going to turn me off; no one could outsick Bradbury. And I know Ray well enough to know that he has about as sane and well-balanced an outlook as anyone I've met, and if that's sick, well, fuck it; I'm more determined than ever to collaborate with him, because, as they say, in the kingdom of the blind the one-eyed man is king; by which I mean, if to anyone Ray is "sick" then I've got news for that person; he's sick ... or so I see it anyhow. As a matter of fact I frankly think Ray can counter morbid trends in my work, add necessary perspective; as Ron Goulart observed in a review of mine a few years ago, "... the element of humor which was once a basic part of Phil Dick's work has disappeared, which is a distinct loss." And Damon Knight wrote me and said the same thing. So if anyone is open to the charge of writing "sick" writing (or more precisely, on the verge of it) it's me, not Ray. And, to repeat myself, even if each of us has defects in his individual work, I feel that in the collaboration so far I've seen validation of

my idea that we can act as a feed-back for each other and cancel undesirable elements out, by mutual analysis.

So here's where I stand. Scott flatly refuses to market my stuff that's a collaboration with Ray to Doubleday—the present work and all future work. (And as I probably mentioned in a previous letter, Doubleday's board has formally requested the Agency to place them as high up as possible on the submission-sequence list of my stuff, so it would appear that I will be doing a fair amount of biz with Doubleday.) Well, this may be; that is, that my "future" lies with Doubleday primarily, with, I suppose, Putnam's and Gold Medal next, etc. But this is speculation; who knows? You're aware of my opinion; my dealings with hard-cover houses have been uniformly bad, and they frankly turn me off. I am more concerned with Ace's opinion on this collaboration biz than any other house's. After all, I wouldn't be in the business today if it wasn't for Ace. Therefore I feel I can't make one step forward in this collaboration until I obtain from you some sort of advice—as I say, off the cuff, friend to friend. Just tell me what to do: (one) not collaborate with Ray at all. (two) Do some work with him. (three) Do as much as possible with him; bring him into all my works, major and minor, unless there's a specific legal or quasi-legal reason why I can't. I promised Kirsten that I would go on with the collaboration no matter what it cost me financially (if it did) or how much more work it was (which it appears it will be); in fact I promised her that, if publishers wouldn't buy work of mine done in collaboration with Ray, bearing both bylines, I would withdraw my stuff from the market and wait it out and see who could last the longest. She said at that point, that if that sort of situation arose, where it would harm my writing career, she would step in herself and insist that the collaboration be dissolved. It made her cry to think even of the idea that the collaboration might prove unviable, but she felt that even so, even though it meant the end of so many hopes, it couldn't be maintained at the cost of my career, or, even the potential cost. That's Kirsten; that's why I think so much of her. (That doesn't mean I'm no longer in love with your wife, too.) Don't get the wrong idea; you think I'm unreliable? I mean, when I fall in love with someone's wife I stay in love. That's my code, Anyhow, specifically, let me know, off the cuff, how Ace would feel if Ray were involved in the expansion of THE UNTELEPORTED MAN, because that's the one facing me—us—now; that's next. And tell Carol I will write her as soon as I can, and also that being 26 isn't the end; 27 is the end.

Love, hugs, low-blows, etc,

[TO CAROL CARR]

November 12, 1964

Nov 12, 1902 (*the day President Gump was done in by a rotting, poisoned carrot, right between the eyes*)

Dear Carol,

You must not feel bad. I know what you're feeling. What can I do to help you? I've been talking to Ray and Kirsten about it, but it doesn't seem that I could make any difference. I'd give anything if I could come. There's nothing for me here; you know that. Nothing holds me here; nothing means anything. No music, no poetry. No love. Kirsten is okay now; I did what I set out to do; I brought her back into the world. That's all I can do. That's finished. But, see, I could do that, so I did it. knew that from the start; I knew if I kept trying I'd draw her back. She matters. So do you. But I'd fail. Or maybe it's that if I did fail to cheer you up then that would finish me off because you know I wouldn't care about anything else, if that happened; I'm almost ready not to try or to believe anymore anyhow; it's not that I don't love you, it's that I have no faith at all in myself. I don't believe I exist. Once I did. Carol, I love you, dear. There isn't any great poem I can quote. I just love you. I miss you. There's nothing I can turn to, not my church even, for myself, so that I can be anything or have anything that would be of any value; it's gone. I've tried; I kept on two whole years after it shouldn't have been possible.

*If I take the wings of the morning
And remain in the uttermost parts of the sea;
Even there also shall thy hand lead me:
And thy right hand shall hold me.*

*If I say, Peradventure the darkness shall cover me:
Then shall my night be turned to day.
Yea, the darkness is no darkness with thee,
But the night is a clear as the day:
The darkness and light to thee are both alike.*

Carol, what can I do for you? Maybe just because I can't do anything to help myself I could still help you; isn't that possible? I could try. What else matters; nothing. One by one everything I loved or cared for I lost, I let slip away. I don't want to write any more books, sell any more books. My previous wife, Kleo, has a little baby now that she loves. Janet, who I loved so much, has a real nice guy for a husband. I want to do something more for Kirsten but there isn't anything more; I did it. There are so many good people. My life wasn't wasted or lost; I knew her. No matter what else, the void, losing my children, my wife, my friends and home and car—I still got more than I gave or lost; I know I helped her. But you, Carol. It's not so easy. All she needed was for someone to

take notice of her, as if she existed. Imagine, no one taking notice of her. I guess it was because she never asked for anything. She just waited. So many silent voices; Tillich says even the stones, if we listened, have their voices. What else matters besides hearing and not just feeling or loving but doing something; I don't want to just love you, dear; I want to have you not sad. I guess it doesn't mean anything to love someone if you can't do anything to help them, if all you can do is watch. When I took communion the last time I refused to say the general Confession: "We do earnestly repent, and are heartily sorry for these our misdoings; the remembrance of them is grievous unto us; the burden of them is intolerable. Have mercy upon us, have mercy upon us, most merciful Father." I can never go to the rail, now. Non credo. I refuse to confess because I did nothing wrong; I told my vicar I would not come to the rail, and the church can't order me to; I refuse the sacrament; I don't want anything, even mercy, even relief (as in "four-way cold relief," etc.). I want to do something for Carol Carr. Only one line of verse reaches me now, by an unknown librettist in 1748:

*What thoughts I trace each herb and flower
That drinks the morning dew;
Did I not own Jehovah's power,
How vain were all I knew!*

Once, not so long ago, another line reached me, but not any more, not now that I read your last letters; I don't even want to be happy; I wouldn't take it, not until you're okay.

*Sacred raptures cheer my breast,
Rushing tides of hallowed zeal,
Joys too fierce to be expressed,
In this swelling heart I feel.*

*Warm enthusiastic fires
in my panting bosom roll,
Hope of bliss, that ne'er expires,
Dawns upon my ravished soul.*

You think if I came to New York you would feel better? I can't believe I have anything to offer you, but I would come there and try; it would be better than sitting here thinking about you feeling bad. I wish you had let me give you that little book of James Stephens' poems. God, I wish so many things. Carol, dearest, I can't sit here and think about you feeling bad. I love you so much. Grania really did tell me that you asked her to make it clear to me that you didn't want me to come to New York, but I don't care any more; I didn't care what anybody said—I would like to take the chance; I want to come there and try. Please, Carol. Let me try. Okay, so I fuck it up; so I just make trouble. You'd take the chance, wouldn't you? I would. Only a nut would come all that way for such a little fruitless thing as to be a nuisance. My god, it can't be true; I can't believe that about myself. Catrap. Talk it over with Terry. Tell him no more

books if I can't come there and cheer you up; I'll pull my stuff off the market. You think I'm kidding. Want to bet?

[TO TERRY CARR]

November 20, 1964

Dear Terry,

I am most beholden to you for the complete and satisfying letter regarding my collaboration with Ray (by the way: as to my story HUMAN IS. If you prefer not to include it, by all means don't. The judgment is up to you fellas at Ace, not to me; I was merely hoping. Assemble, from all that I sent, what you consider the best; okay? I'm sure I'll be pleased, even if it's the same story twelve times).

True. Ray at this stage is basically supplying ideas per se, with me making up the final product (subject, at each step, to his very keen scrutiny, of course). Beyond doubt, it is his ideas, not his style or knowledge of plotting or dialog, etc. that interests me. And it is not that I lack ideas; far from it. It's just the fascinating phenomenon that Ray sees so much implicit in every idea which I do not; he, so to speak, gets me around and past my psychological blindspots. In other words; he is sort of a feedback system for me, a sort of "fail-safe" monitoring device, that, among other things, forces me to carry out both the full logic—in the classic deductive method—and also to see unconscious, only semi-articulated aspects which I more or less wrote in "automatically," that is, with a knowledge that they belonged there, but what they meant, why, and what they pointed to—I never could formulate it precisely (as witness my honest remark that I simply do not understand the meaning of the ending of MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE).

In other words, collaborating with Ray would force me to work out on a conscious level much of what I have "unconsciously" written.

It can, however, be argued that perhaps this is best; I mean that I "can write out of my unconscious." This seems to be the way MOBY DICK came into being, for instance.

I guess basically my work is not intellectual—in the sense of presenting ideas—or moral—in the sense of acting as a vehicle for the selling of some ideology which I hold—or even rational in the strictest sense. I know what ought to be there and how to accomplish it, but as to the what and why ... I guess I write the way many modern painters paint. What I write doesn't *mean* anything, in the sense that it refers to some reality in regards to which the writing is a sort of sign. The writing is not the map but the territory ... and this may be a good thing.

This line of thought has a powerful coercive aspect for me, in that when faced with this concept, I must in all candor affirm that I think the writing *ought* to be the territory, not the map; hence my aversion to the later Heinlein works.

When I do a novel, I am "there," within that world, among its people, involved in its idiosyncratic customs, etc. I am not thinking about it; I am participating. (I make almost no notes in advance: only the characters' names, for instance.) For me, the book occurs as I write it, just as air gets into the inner tubes within the tires of your car, so to speak, and not in advance. Like they say, my books don't signify anything; they simply are.

This issue came to my attention recently when Andy sent me an article on MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE, in which this fella (Seidman?) speculates on the meaning of this or that part of the book, especially the ending. He even speculates on the meaning of the title of Abendsen's book THE GRASSHOPPER LIES HEAVY, and has managed to discover (quite correctly) that this phrase or sentence is from Eccl. ch. 12. However, although this article is brilliant, and in this case the guess as to the title source is correct, the means by which Seidman "verified" his assumption has to do with other passages near ch.12 of Eccl; whereas in fact I had only that one phrase/sentence before me, in a literary, scholarly book ... I frankly had never even seen the passage which "verified" Seidman's guess. See? So it is always assumed that the writer "intended" what he did, which is a reasonable assumption—better than the rather cynical polar-assumption that he did *not* intend what he said; but here is an example where a critic saw more than I consciously intended ... but I must agree that his theory, as I study it, explains what may well have been my unconscious intent. I can't honestly say that Seidman is wrong, only that the meanings he sees were not in my conscious mind. Like Melville, when Hawthorne wrote his famous letter about MOBY DICK (in which he, Hawthorne, saw the now widely accepted "meaning" of the book), I will not gainsay this mass of high-falutin, sonorous implications—Seidman is probably, in the deepest sense, correct. Frankly, however, I am curious, and have been for some time, to learn what I do mean and did mean, and Ray can tell me, in open, verbal articulation; whereas, without him, I can *write* the stuff—but can't "explain" it. And perversely I'd like to be let in on the secret of its meaning firsthand, so that I know before the ms goes off what the hell I've really done (this is outrageously true of my new Doubleday novel, THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDritch; I not only cannot understand the novel, I can't even read it. Not that it's no good; far from it. What is wrong is that I can't catch the fugging meaning of it. At least right now. It's sort of full-scale "MITHC ending," that way from page one on. My unconscious, in this case, completely did the work. But it sold, and on the basis of it, Doubleday is interested in my further work in toto, and is already in the process of buying an outline of mine which—as I recall with a rather cold shudder—is even more mysterious than THE THREE STIGMATA. Now, see, Ray can come in, read the outline, and (don't ask me how) actually tell me what it means—not what he subjectively sees in it, but in an almost oracular or guru way, give a concise account of what it is. Katchum?

Gallegher plus (spelling?). Remember? That's Ray for me. The sunside,

while I am the twilight side (Seidman, for instance, advances the stunning notion that the name "Abendsen" was selected by me on the basis of Spengler's *Das Untergang des Abendlands* (*Decline of the West*). Well, hell, I knew (one) that "Abend" is German for evening or the west, and (two) the German title of Spengler's book. But consciously I had no idea of the Spengler title when I selected the character's name. But—hallo, dere, Dr. Freud! Komm' hin! Maybe I did "intend" it. Anyhow, on a personal basis, I long for Ray's deliberate, acute, conscious analysis of what I am—we are—up to. And I expect great results. I think I will sound him on your idea, that we do a major book together with no regard to one particular market. Ray already has the idea for it, a partial outline done, too. I guess, if we're to swing it, this—as you suggest—is the only viable avenue (or, as Ray would say, "the unshit uncreek up which we are with paddle.") We can call it *Das Untergang des Dichter Philip K. Dick* (the decline of the writer Phil Dick). How's that?

Love or what-have-you,

[TO CAROL CARR]

[November 21, 1964]

NATIONAL FUCK-YOU-SIGNS week
(Remember to pray for peace)

Dear Carol,

I showed the gang your Phila. con letter and told them I wrote it, being as how clever it was, and the type style matching my 1908 Singer. I said I forged your name on the bottom, because the Leiber line was too much a compliment to my wit that modesty, etc. No one believed me because as is well known my own style is dullness personified. Beliegered by the hoi polloi I then drove off in MY OLD STYLE BUICK HARDTOP CONV. CREAM AND RED WITH BLACK INTERIOR. (Old style, circa 1956. Cost me \$250.00. Anyhow now I can get where the action is, or if it's here, then leave.)

Sorry my being upset because you felt bad made you feel bad; now I feel bad, although I already felt bad because you felt bad, etc. Anyhow, it's been clearly established that everyone feels bad. I am working on a petition to abolish Oakland. Then I'll be free to drive East (unless you're working on a petition to abolish the East; let's not have any crossed signals here). (Fritz tells me he ghosted First Corinthians. Now he tells me. Keerist, as people in books say.) What else is nu? Well, half-witted Horace became crazy Horace for a while and then one day he happened to notice Kirsten, and then he became Ruthlessly Sane Horace, however now he's Portly Horace, having filled out. Maybe he's pregnant. Maybe Kirsten is the father. Odd. Why didn't I think of that before? No wonder Ray doesn't like me. (Or like you either. Or Jimmy the butcher, etc.)

Okay. That's in answer to your mineral oil convention letter. Now to more serious matters. I'll make a line, like you do.

_____ aw fuck it. Making lines is a drag; who buys lines, even at a half cent a word? Add your own goddam line. In fact add two. Six.

Let's see. Nobody can help you (that's nice. I sort of figured it would all end up that way. But gee, you don't have to get sore; I mean, this "You wrote us a letter that had us running to phone Ray" etc. is sort of defensively hostile. It's like you're saying, "You got a lot of nerve pleading if you can come East to help me, you fink, inasmuch as you write moan/groan type letters yourself, so you're another." The next step is for you to get mad because I (one) read your letters at all and (two) try in my dim way to answer. But I jest. I know how you feel. Lousy. No one can help, the m-----rs. Right? Who stuck me among such zwepps in the first place? Etc. And it's James Stephens. JAMES! Not Robert. Nor is it Robert Joyce, Karl Phillip Emmanuel Yeats or Orley G. Auden. Or for that matter Matilda Verna Sapho, of East Harmony, Ind. In fact (for my information) it isn't even Sapho; it's Sappho or Saphho or something; I forgot already.

Here are two poems, now that I'm reminded of such.

*I am the pure lotus,
Springing up in splendor ... etc.*

*I am the serpent, fat with years,
Who dwells in remote domains,
Who day by day dies and is born,
Even as I die and am born.*

Here is a portion of a poem of Lucretius (c. 75 B.C.), as translated by Mallock:

(*Sic igitur magni quoque circum moenia mundi, etc.*

i

*No single thing abides; but all things flow.
Fragment to fragment clings—the things thus grow
Until we know and name them. By degrees
They melt, and are no more the things we know.*

ii

*This bowl of milk, the pitch on yonder jar,
Are strange and far-bound travelers come from far.
This is a snow flake that was once a flame —
The flame was once the fragment of a star.*

viii

*Round, angular, soft, brittle, dry, cold, warm,
Things are their qualities: things are their form —
And these in combination, even as bees,
Not singly but combined, make up the swarm:*

ix

*And when the qualities like bees on wing,
Having a moment clustered, cease to cling,
As the thing dies without its qualities,
So die the qualities without the thing.*

xvi

*What is it there? A cry is all it is.
It knows not if its limbs be yours or his.
Less than that cry the babe was yesterday.
The man tomorrow shall be less than this.*

xvii

*Tissue by tissue to a soul he grows,
As leaf by leaf the rose becomes the rose.
Tissue from tissue rots; and, as the Sun
Goes from the bubbles when they burst, he goes.*

xix

*The seeds that once were we take flight and fly,
Winnowed to earth, or whirled along the sky,
Not lost but disunited. Life lives on.
It is the lives, the lives, the lives that die.*

And a John Dryden trans. of a later poem of Lucretius; majori parti

... From sense of grief and pain we shall be free;
We shall not feel, because we shall not be.
Though earth in seas, and seas in heaven were lost,
We should not move, we only should be tossed.

... We, who are dead and gone, shall bear no part
In all the pleasures, nor shall feel the smart,
Which to that other mortal shall accrue,
Whom to our matter time shall mold anew.
For backward if you look on that long space
Of ages past, and view the changing face
Of matter, toss'd and variously combin'd
in sundry shapes, 'tis easy for the mind
From thence to infer, that seeds of things have been
In the same order as they now are seen:
Which yet our dark remembrance cannot trace,
Because a pause of life, a gaping space,
Has come betwixt, where memory lies dead,
And all the wandering motions from the sense are fled.
For whosoe'r shall in misfortunes live,

*Must be, when those misfortunes shall arrive;
And since the man who is not, feels not woe,
(For death exempts him, and wards off the blow,
Which we, the living, only feel and bear.)
What is there left for us in death to fear?
When once that pause of life has come between
'Tis just the same as we had never been.*

And I have to include a fragment of my favorite Roman poet, Catallus, which I no doubt already quoted to you sometime before; anyhow:

*Thy laugh of love that snatched away
My soul and sense: for on the day
I saw thee, lady, voice could say
Not any word;*

*But tongue grew stark, and thro my frame
Fed unforeseen a subtle flame,
And rang my ears, and eyes became
Veiled, as in night.*

And always this, for me always; Herrick:

*Ah, Ben!
Say how, or when
Shall we, thy guests,
Meet at those lyric feasts
Made at the Sun,
The Dog, the Triple Tun?
Where we such clusters had,
As made us nobly wild, not mad;
And yet each verse of thine
Out-did the meat, out-did the frolic wine.*

*My Ben!
Or come again,
Or send to us
Thy wit's great overplus;
But teach us yet
Wisely to husband it,
Lest we that talent spend;
And having once brought to an end
That precious stock, the store
Of such a wit the world should have no more.*

And one tiny poem of Blake:
*He who bends to himself a joy
Does the winged life destroy;*

*But he who kisses the joy as it flies
Lives in eternity's sunrise.*

But, almost Zennishly, it is a fragment of Wordsworth that to me seems to wrap it all up, the stoic Roman poets, the sensitive and tender love quatrains of Herrick, every goddam thing, even:

*There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Appareled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been before:
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.*

As a matter of fact Blyth considers Wordsworth one of the two or three authentic Zen poets operating out of England. So maybe I'm right.

Looking back over the Blake poem I've decided sorry; it doesn't make it. Better luck next time, Mr. Blake. Don't call us; we'll call you. And excuse this printed rejection slip; pressure of time, etc.

Hey. By god, a great modern poet wrote a couplet to me, when I asked him to autograph a volume of his poems I'd bought (Robert Duncan, who is or was then part of the Nin-Pound Venice circle); he spent most of the morning trying to capture me in the fugging couplet:

*... The earth has tides
Of desolation and of bliss.*

You too, Carol. Or Charley. Whatever your name is.

* * *

I now have your November 19 letter(s). It makes more than a slight difference. Nothing ever made me so happy.

(What do you mean, "third side ... it's darkness and hopelessness and violence and hate, etc."? As Al Halevy says, "I'll break your nose."). Darkness, yes (which I didn't invent, and which you see, too; right?). Hi. Hopelessness—wait; I like my typo better. Hi! I'm your darkness and violence lady bringing you a free sample this morning! Whee! Anyhow, hopelessness. Okay. So I'm a poor loser. Already all right or whatever; I mean, you got huge medal extremities. "Medal"! Jeez. PEDAL. Wow, am I fucked up. Next it'll be metal extremities. And as they carry me off it'll be mental extremities; god, it could go on for ever. Mebble. Mezzle. Mekal. Mela, max fak. Mekal, mekal, takum ufartum, as it says in the bibble. I think I'm unglued. Wire glue. Or glue wire. Help! Anyhow thanx. blabble blabble brek-kek-a-ke-kex.

Love violence, hate, darkness, hopelessness

[TO CAROL CARR]

[November 30, 1964]

six-fifteen a.m. Monday morning, on acc't we stayed up all night again; we like it. 40 hours.

Dear Carol,

Hello. I am fine. Horace ate a thing. Then a thing ate Horace (joke). Well, see, I'm sorry you didn't like the mineraloilcon. Guess who "we" is. Jack Newkom & Margo are (surprise) moving in here, because I am lonely. I bought a '56 Buick and drove over to the Nelsons' and then it happened, but well: that's that (see fanzines for dull lying details; anyhow I'm persona non grata because I put too much pressure on Ray to accept my financial back-up to have Kirsten go to an internist, even though I was guaranteeing to pay all costs. Maybe Scott's answer to Ray's letter was responsible. Ray had this dumb theory that Scott was refusing to accept our collaborative work as a pretext to sign him, he—Scott—wanting Ray so much, etc.; the publishers had nothing to do with it, etc. Anyhow, Ray wrote and said as much to Scott, and Scott wrote back and said he'd be glad to accept Ray's own work on its own merits, but that he considered Ray a detriment to my career and that he would absolutely refuse to accept any joint work. I guess that sort of shot the collaboration; anyhow, Ray got sore at me, accused me of a bunch of stuff, then said the collaboration was over, and, several days later, handed me the letter. Well, so it goes. But golly, I'm not responsible for what Scott said. I hate to see it wreck our friendship, and both Jack and I have tried to mend the damn tear, unsuccessfully. And worst of all, it really horrifies me to think of her suffering because of all this; she seemed to enjoy talking to me. I felt so bad I gave my car to Jack ... but this isn't all, by any means; this just made it final in my mind as to who deserved the car; it was Jack who went to the door that night we were guarding the Nelsons at my house—waiting for a lunatic or rather "lunatic," inasmuch as now even Kirsten admits that, alas, we are right; there was nothing in all that, just some poor sick man who is now in S.F. General who never posed a threat to anyone; he simply fell in love with Kirsten. I couldn't understand it, all that stuff Ray told us; we really believed him, never doubted him ... you remember my holographic note. Sad, to think of that, because now Ray says he has a list of those "who hate him and want him out of the way." Jacques (their sick, frightened houseguest, probably hebephrenic forever, now, after what was done to him), then Richard Coney, one of the three of us who watched while they slept. And then me. I hate him and want him out of the way? Well, so it goes. Yes, that's why I sat up all night, with that loaded Derringer, waiting. And at ten-thirty next morning fixed breakfast for all of them. And so on. I gave Jack the gun, too; he deserves everything—that and more, for what he did. If he doesn't, who does? Even after all this—and much more I never want you to know about—I pleaded with Kirsten to let me try to get Jacques out of S.F. General, a ghastly snakepit; I couldn't endure thinking of

him there or her visiting him there; she said, quietly and simply to me, without evident emotion (but I know she feels it dreadfully), "He's like a little child now. He asked us to get him a copy of the ten commandments in Hebrew." It really broke my heart. I told her I knew I could get him into Langley Porter; I knew how. She said no; she doesn't seem able to escape Ray's shadow—when she's with Jack and me she plays and kids and smiles, and then Ray comes in and she fades and wilts; she seems to die right in front of us. Jack hadn't seen it before; I told him, but he knew we had to go together one last time, to try, to see them, to get everything okay. But it failed; they went off and left us sitting, and finally we got up and we left ... they had gone outside entirely, and then, as a meaningless, foolish final act, Ray hurled his car up his driveway and smashed into Jack's or our or whatever Buick, parked at the curb. I could think of nothing to say—what do you say?—and then Jack, who seems able to encompass everything, an adult, a man, said, "Thank you Ray Nelson." So we got through even that, and watched them drive off to S.F General. Tremens factus sum ego et timeo. The burden of them is intolerable; have mercy upon us, Have mercy upon us; forgive us all that is past. As my prayer book says. But ha. His Rambler bounced off our Buick like a cork.

Jack, in the other room reading all your mail, says in quote of Terry "Sometime, by the way, ask Ray Nelson to tell you the great story about the time" etc. "Go out and get yourself depressed out of your mind right away and then ask him to tell you the story, because I think it's one which may not be half so funny if you aren't feeling at least a little bit suicidal yourself." Okay, Ray. Tell the funny story. We're in the mood. We're ready. Cheer us up.

So, what else is nu?

Funny stuff now. Well, see, we're building a steam-driven solar system from a kit. (Cheaper than the Japanese miniaturized, transistorized models, which have two Mares and no Earth sometimes.) Ed Meskys says his is all fouled up; a ring around Venus, three planets retrograde, etc. We found the B-plus power pack had been left on all night and had run down, and so Jupiter wouldn't start up at all. Sad. Anyhow, we finally decided on a Plutocentric system, with a square sun. And Vulcan replacing Mars, only sprayed a gritty red-brown; no one will notice, because we set up the velocity control and it spins subtly too fast. Meanwhile, we're writing an article for a phanzeen called THE STEAM POWERED NOVA — WILL IT COME IN OUR LIFETIME? By Hugo W. Campbell,Sr. (pen name for Ray Palmer III). And Ed is opening a Livermore branch of my Stale Bagel factory, with its unique aging automated unit; we're doing a rush order biz on triangular bagels which fit into holsters for the U.C. rioters. We have a guarantee. If the bagel is fresh you get your money back. If when you throw it it kills a cop we write you up in Bagel Holiday Weekly. What else is nu? "It is not heartening to experience cardiac arrest." "The book business is hidebound." Etc. Jack Newkom is a fink. (Later on, in his part of this letter, he's going to pretend he said, "Synchronicity has failed us in our marital

lives." I said it. No, Terry, there is no Gretchen Schwenn. God ate her. "Does the world have to end simultaneously? Define your terms. Fuck."

Jack and I stayed up 42 hours talking.

My IQ is 127. His is 187. Together that's 314. Today East Oakland. Tomorrow Brooklyn! (In our Buick. It goes 90 mph in low range. Jack wrote out the enclosed taxi-trip receipts; it proves I was in Brooklyn on the 28th. However, the total trip used up all my grocery money (*vide slips*). But, Carol, as you remember, IT WAS WORTH IT! Synchronicity has failed us in our marital lives (J.G. Newkom, circa 1540). I asked the I CHING how come Jack and I aren't married to you? I got hexagram 65, Stupidity. Lines 3 and 5. "Six garbage trucks lined up / Feathers falling to Earth / The day is dry. (Here a handsome, rich, kindly-disposed s-f writer has fallen in love with a housewife in Brooklyn. But due to the fact that he forgot to go to the laundromat he cannot rise from bed but must lie cowering; bad cess." Etc. Look it up yourself, you're so smart. Synchronicity has failed us in our marital lives (G.J. Christ, circa 3).

Jack will follow now with a 2,000 page sentence (I broke the period on the typewriter. Maybe he could use the " or the ôr fuck I forgot to space; fûck dead keys.)

All the wit, gems, pearls, etc. which follow, Jack found in an old drawer under the cat box. Write. Love. Sex. Help!

(Jack just handed me back your letters; they're all sweaty. Now he's bringing in (one) his snuff box and (two) a bottle of Dant ten-year-old something. Milk, maybe. It's ten of eight. Fuk.)

P.S. by his majesty's voice (Sneaky Phil, a brand of cheap Chicago wine). I fed Jack breakfast and what he did, he broke a raw extra-large grade B egg into my Olympia typewriter. The collaboration is all in his mind. In point of fact I'm doing a cook book with Margo. Margo is funny. She rolls a pea across the table like it was a little green head and hides it behind the next saucer down the line. Then she says, "If you ate Horace Gold you'd cough up a hairball." That's one of our recipes, hairball and all. Ray Nelson is doing the illes with a poison pen. I hope he picks up the wrong end. Jack just now uttered the cryptic remark, "I'm going to stay up all day." I wonder what he meant by that. Up where? I opened my new tin of Bezer's Fine Grind snuff and it was full of ancient catbox contents. I opened a lettered marked RETURN TO SENDER and out fell Grania Davidson. I saw the Oakland Scavenger Co. truck go by and it didn't stop. Somebody stole my tenor sax. Another library book disintegrated in my hands. Jack ate all the soap in the bathroom and was halfway through the bathmat before I swatted him with a rolled-up *Pravda*. Two dogs ambled by my porch and one of them dropped a golden coin on the steps. When I hurried out to scoop it up it bit my hand. This all happened a long time ago; according to Jack's installment-plan wristwatch at 22:44 o'clock. An orange which I had overlooked in the cupboard sprouted wings and last year's onion hat [illegible]. The Bank of America deducted ten thousand dollars from my checking account on the basis

of some legal maneuver indicated by the exciting notation [illegible]. rev. OD [illegible] by S.S. and close," this followed by things in magnetic [illegible] I know because the slip dragged my typewriter across the table and plunged it to the floor.

I am made out of water.

God, there's a seed we missed; I just smoked it. Glag.

How can I explain to R. Nelson that I love him (make up your own rumor)? Okay, I hate his wife. I wish she was dead. We asked the *I Ching* for character-analyseses of various luminaries. (This is straight.)

Jack's nature. hex 33: RETREAT. The creative outside, withdrawn inside. The superior man keeps the inferior man at a distance, not angrily but with reserve ... by being as inaccessible as heaven; he brings the inferior man to a standstill. The power of the dark is ascending. The light retreats to security, so that the dark cannot encroach upon it. In this case withdrawal is proper; it is the correct way to behave in order to exhaust one's forces. Conditions are such that the hostile forces favored by the time are advancing. This (the mountain symbol) symbolizes the behavior of the superior man toward a climbing inferior; he retreats into his own thoughts as the inferior man comes forward. He does not hate him, for hatred is a form of subjective involvement by which we are bound to the hated object. The superior man shows strength in that he brings the inferior man to a standstill by his dignified reserve."

(PKD: a very favorable analysis. And to be expected.)

What is Carol (Carr's) nature? hex 30: THE CLINGING, FIRE. "Li (this hex.) stands for nature in its radiance. What is dark clings to what is light and so enhances the brightness of the latter. A luminous thing giving out light must have within itself something that perseveres; otherwise it will in time burn itself out. Everything that gives light is dependent on something to which it clings, in order that it may continue to shine. Human life on earth is conditioned and unfree, and when man recognizes this limitation and makes himself dependent upon the harmonious and beneficent forces of the cosmos, he achieves success. By cultivating in himself an attitude of compliance and voluntary dependence, man acquires clarity without sharpness and finds his place in the world. Thus the great man, by perpetuating this brightness, illumines the four quarters of the world." (PKD: one of the few feminine hexs, the essence of intellectual insight. (Appendix: "In Li creatures now perceive one another. What was vegetative organic life passes over into psychic consciousness.") I consider Li extraordinary favorable, although admittedly I am partial to it in that it enters into my own character hex also.)

What is Ray Nelson's nature? hex 29: THE ABYSMAL. "In man's world K'an represents the heart, the soul locked up within the body, the principle of light inclosed in the dark—light, i.e. reason. The hex has the additional meaning, 'repetition of danger.' Line 3: Forward and backward, abyss on abyss. In danger like this, pause at first and wait, otherwise you will fall into a pit in the abyss. Do not act in this way. Here every step, forward or backward, leads into

danger. Escape is out of the question. Therefore we must not be misled into action, as a result of which we should only bog down deeper in the danger; disagreeable as it may be to remain in such a situation, we must wait until a way out shows itself. Line 6: Bound with cords and ropes, shut in between thorn-hedged prison walls: for three years one does not find the way. Misfortune. A man who in the extremity of danger has lost the right way and is irremediably entangled in his sins has no prospect of escape. He is like a criminal who sits shackled behind thorn-hedged prison walls. For minor offenses, where repentance was shown, pardon was granted after a year, for more serious ones after two years, and for very grave ones after three years, so that here it is a question of an extremely serious entanglement." (The Legge trans: in three years he does not learn the course for him to pursue. There will be evil. The case of the subject of line 6 is hopeless. (PKD: no comment.)

What is Kirsten's nature? hex 52, KEEPING STILL, THE MOUNTAIN. In its application to man, the hex turns upon the problem of achieving a quiet heart. Keeping his back still so that he no longer feels his body. He goes into his courtyard and does not see his people. No blame. The hex signifies the end and the beginning of all movement. The back is named because in the back are located all the nerve fibers that mediate movement. If the movement of these spinal nerves is brought to a standstill, the ego, with its restlessness, disappears as it were. When a man has thus become calm, he may turn to the outside world. He no longer sees in it the struggle and tumult of individual beings, and therefore he has that true peace of mind which is needed for understanding the great laws of the universe and for acting in harmony with them. Whoever acts from these deep levels makes no mistakes. Ken (this hex) is the mysterious place where all things begin and end, where death and birth pass one into the other. The hex Ken has an inner brilliance, hence the saying, 'Their course becomes bright and clear.' The lesson taught in the Image is that of restriction to what is within the limits of one's position." (Legge trans.: Ken denotes the mental characteristic of resting in what is right, especially resting as it is expressed by Chinese critics, 'In principle, that which is right on the widest scale, and in the absolute conception of the mind. The back alone has nothing to do with anything beyond itself; hardly with itself even; all that it had to do is to stand straight and strong. So should it be with us, resting in principle, free from the intrusion of selfish thoughts and external objects. Amidst society, he who realizes the idea of the hex is still alone, and does not allow himself to be distracted from the contemplation and following of principle. He is not a recluse, however, who keeps apart from social life; but his distinction is that he maintains a supreme regard for principle, when alone, and when mingling with others. The superior man, in this hex, thinks anxiously how he shall not go beyond the duties of his position.") (PKD: beyond doubt this is the most sublime hex in the Book of Changes. I can only think in connection with this absolutely perfect reflection of this woman of the quintuple stanza 13 of Shelley's "To a Skylark":

*Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.*

And, sadly, also stanza 17:

*Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?*

And Hofmannsthal, once again, always:

*Es gibt ein eich, wo alles rein ist:
Es hat auch einen Namen: Totenreich.*

And:

*O rose, thou art sick!
The invisible worm,
That flies in the night,
In the howling storm,
Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy;
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.*

It should, in this case, be dark, secret hate, of course, Not love.

Interestingly, Ray, after he had heard some of these hexs, said for no reason that I or anyone else could see, "Death is always beautiful." I at once turned to the Oracle and asked if death was beautiful, as Ray says. Its answer:

*Horse and wagon part.
Bloody tears flow.*

The difficulties at the beginning are too great for some persons. They get stuck and never find their way out; they fold their hands and give up the struggle. Such resignation is the saddest of all things. Therefore Confucius says of this line: "Bloody tears flow: one should not persist in this." The six at the top is too far outside and remains isolated, so that the difficulty at the beginning is not overcome. In this case it is advisable to make a complete break and to begin a new situation." Legge says: "The topmost line shows its subject with the horses of his chariot obliged to retreat, and weeping tears of blood in streams. It is at the extremity of peril; the game is up. What can remain for its subject in such a case but terror and abject weeping?" I am afraid Legge is right; that is all there remains for Jack and me to do.

Love.

"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the season of light, it was the season of darkness"

I've been thoroughly amazed. I CHING is alleged to have an eighty percent positive factor; you are supposed to count on its being wrong twenty percent of the time. But not here. Not for us. It has yet to fail. It is almost as if it has been lying dormant for five thousand years—waiting for the feathery kiss of some dying princess to give it impetus

But that is not true.

This book is alive

And because it is, we have been waiting—watching—ready to jump whenever we were needed. Its kinda funny—I'm not religious; superstitious—up until now i have depended only on the few cubic centimeters within my skull. But this

It is not occult. It appears to work on probability trains based on the Binomial Theorem. Synchronicity. Uncanny. The hexagrams almost seem to light up pointing out the way. It is alive. At times, for the sheer and absolute helluvit we have pitched curve balls at it in attempts to catch it napping. It doesn't work. It chides us for playing with it at those times, like a young mother. But it is always there when we need it.

We used it to save a man from suiciding yesterday. And, sometimes, the Oracle floats two or three inches from the table.

Preceding analysis complete in and of itself. No comment necessary.

Other days will come. There is no end. But Bester said it better:

There has been joy. There will be joy again.

So endeth the writings from Gakville for the nonce

Vale, anon,
PKD/JGN

[TO TERRY & CAROL CARR]

December 2, 1964

Dear Carol and Terry,

The 16th is my birthday. The 14th is Jack's. Hence, divide the 24,000 tuna sandwiches into the following two packets:

For Jack. 12,000 sinister (in the medieval sense) extremities of flight with tidings of hallowed redemption expecting "good fortune," as the Oracle says, you catchum (as the gulla people say)?

For me. 12,000 oral exciting pellets not for rabbits, bee or pard, and; per-adventure, any other transcendental-state-evocing item of a dubious status within the confines of the establishment but much appreciated by the outcasts, the people who "walk in darkness," as Brecht puts it, not those "in the light." Ahem, etc.

I loved your letter explaining your letter. Maybe I'll get another letter

explaining that, and so on; more the better, in that each appears to be the product of a PERSON, not automated by a simulacrum or other weird device of insidious motivation (I must use metaphors, in that my typewriter is bugged; everything I write is fed onto the hot-line right to Moscow. And the President reads an abstract submitted by the CIA each day. Fuck you, Mr. President! You can be replaced! And furthermore I know how, too, and this is cmxpwosexetaoinscherdludaxgruknugqxzzqqzizzzznnig^{3/4} (they got to me, Carol; cyanide-type-cleaning brush in the back. Vale, as Jack would say. Or salve, as I would say. Vale Carol, salve, Deus.)

What you do is, you wire the cigarette lighter in his Cadillac to the spark-coil. He gets 10,000 volts (.05 amps, though; not enough). But he has a cardiac condition; might go into auricular fibrillation or whatever it is; fibrill McGee and mollification. I don't dig medical shit, as Jack would say. "Shit, I got all this garbage," Jack would say, phoning me at 5:00 a.m. from the Buick at a drive-to-the-curb, call-from-car phone he drove 7 miles to find, so he wouldn't have to get out (he came by last night at 4:00 a.m. but I had gone to bed. He rang. I lay in bed staring at the ceiling and thinking, "Is it God?" Then he left. Phone rang after a bit. Phone, however, in oven. Got up, found not oven, let alone stove; let alone kitchen—located kitchen by sound of drip in sink (drain all stopped up; no hope; landlord in Reno). Opened wrong side of stove, got out dead top-round steak frazzled into shoe-bottom; phone rang once more, then croaked. Carried it to bed; knew it would ring again. Jack would never give up, in case I was dead or sumptin. Waited, lying on back and staring up at laundromat. Phone rang again; reflex arc hopped hand onto receiver; voice, not mine but that of simulacrum inside, squeaked huskily in a shout or rather almost shout, "Whak! Whug!" Jack said, "I'm here getting the shit for this garbage and I split and shit it was a put-on; no one scored; what a drag; shit, I came by but shit. All that garbage. Cool it; I'm getting the garbage in the tank; man, it blasts me; I mean, let's cut. Chang." I said, "Gee." Jack said, "So what is it?" I said, "Well, see—" Jack said, "Wait; I'll call you back. I'm here getting this garbage; give me five minutes." Click. Wonderment. Went back to staring at laundromat, which had door shut and was lit with white overhead fluorescents; air full of no air, only moisture. Cats rolling around in dryers; ten cents a minute. Grania feeding in nickles that were fakes; made by Israeli secret police. Kickels. Nickels. Sorry; a tipro. Tyfo. Tiepo, Chinese poet or poetaster (2 b.c.). (By the way. Help! I am in the hands of the French Mafia. Or the El Cerrito Mafia. Or the Israeli Mafia. Or etc. By the way. Do you have a sister who married a guy who went to Israel named Skurnik? If not, wire 12,000 skurs to me, 12,000 niks to Jack. (Vital to know. Have one Shurnik here already; need another. Please answer. If you will, I'll tell you who walked up to a chick at the Cal campus and said, "Jeez, you look just like Joan Biaz." Ray Nelson. Guess who the chick was. Sally Flugel from East Harmong, Ind. But she SAID she was Joan Biaz. So does the newspaper. Everyone's lying. I'm Joan Biaz.

Serious. Do you have a sister named Sally Flugel of East-aw shit. I mean, are you Skurnik (maiden name?), or whatever.

Ray Nelson and wuggish French freak friend now gone (six-ten a.m.; everyone and-thing gone, except Bach chaconne in D, on guitar). What a long day; sorrow and fear, pain and all that is sad. Kirsten calls for Ray, says she is sick; Ray wonders who can stay with her. I volunteer, for Ray, says she is sick; Ray wonders who can stay with her. I volunteer, give up chance to meet girl named Mike Sherry; last chance, now gone, but who can leave Kirsten? Not me. Jack and I go to Nelson home; all dark, not sound, no motion in the leaves; only the empty tricycle. At last the dark door opens and a shape must be within; something opened, looked out, dark door opens and a shape must be within; something opened, looked out, but only a blur. There she stands, alone in the dark; there amidst the shadowy green the little things of the forest live unseen. Somewhere in the dark she lies down on the couch and we enter, into the dark; we see no one, because she is silent, and I know the couch; I find it and she says, "Sit by me." Okay. I bend to touch her in the dark, her shoulder throat; it pulses still, but in my heart fading: I listen, hear, but it is far off and frail and it does not stir; I bend over it, knowing it is she, I guess; somewhere her voice, empty and long, weighed on and listless and passive. Why no lights? "Wo find Ich eine Blute, wo find Ich grunes Gras? Die Blumen sind erstorben; der Rasen sieht so blass." I say to her, "Kirsten, I love you." Kein Antwort. I say "Kirsten, you are dead." I think, "Auf einen Totenacker hat mich mein Weg gebracht." The graveyard is my loved-one. She is not dead in the future; she is dead now; I see what I expect, but not so soon. She is recharging her batteries, she whispers. "I'm just tired; there's nothing wrong with me." I ask her if she's eaten anything. No answer. Kein Licht! "Von der Mannschaft keine Spur! A dream, as in Arthur. Jack turns on lights, ups the heat; he gets her coffee; he is so good, waiting on her, while I just sit by her; bent over her. Who can exhale the first breath into the future? Warm by touch; dead in the distance. So far. Will you have some soup? Yes. Some instant breakfast? Yes, if you'll fix it. How long, dear? How much longer. I go to the store; I buy her seven dollars worth of broth and soup and milk; I return and fix dinner for her child and Glenn and for Jack and me and her; she eats a little. Then I find the pills I gave her for her cold; twenty-four to start with; she watches as I count: she has not taken any, none since the day I came with them. "I don't need pills." Yes, but you-you what? Pills? Fine knacks for ladies, cheap, choice brave and new; a beggar's worth that money cannot buy. I keep a fair for the fair to view; a beggar may be liberal of love. Though all my wares be trash, the heart is true. The heart. Is. True. With in this pack-.

Empty. Nothing for little Kirsten. The world cheated her. The silence of the past which I saw into, she, alone, in Paris, dying and sick, losing her child; losing three. Starving. Who build beauty into the world and then let it sicken? Now I know what Muller saw.

*Hie and da ist an den Bäumen
 Manches bunte Blatt zu sehn,
 Und Ich bleibe vor den Bäumen
 Oftmals in Gedanken stehn.
 Schaue nach dem einen Blatte,
 Hänge meine Hoffnung dran:
 Spielt der Wind mit meinem Blatte,
 Zittr' Ich, was Ich zittern kann.
 Ach, und fält das Blatt zu Boden,
 Fällt mit ihm die Hoffnung ab,
 Fall Ich selber mit zu Boden,
 Wein—wein auf meiner Hoffnung Grab.*

*Here and there upon the trees
 Colored leaves may still be seen.
 And beneath the trees I stand
 Often, in thoughts enwrapped.
 Upon a single leaf I focus,
 Upon it I hang all my hope.
 And when the wind plays with it, trembles,
 Trembles my heart, like the leaf.
 Oh and when it flutters downward
 All my hope descends as well.
 I myself droop down beside it,
 Crying—crying over my dead hope's grave.*

But then later she revives, she has eaten a little. I kiss her, tousle her hair, brush her hair back; she seems to be sleeping, eyes shut but not quite, dozing, the princess of a thousand years; O ewige Nacht! And now I say it; die Himmel erzählen, die Erde antwort. Brushing her cheek I tell her I love her; no answer: kein Licht! Von der Mannschaft keine Spur! And then I kiss her on the mouth and all at once she breathes aloud and clutches me against her; the life is—was—there, buried; it rises, hope and heat, mouth learning and yielding, alive; I think of the Suave Mari Magno of Lucretius, quatrain xiii:

*Within the golden bowl, when the feast is set,
 It lurks. 'T is bitter in the laborer's sweat.
 Feed thou the starving, and thou bring'st it back—
 Back to the staring, who alone forget.*

Zittr' Ich; tremens factus; I tremble in the grip of her life, the clutch of love that is there, injured many times ago and left:

*Who lets his children wander at their whim,
 Choosing their road, as though not bound by him:
 But all their life is rounded with a shade,
 And every road goes down behind the rim;*

*And there behind the rim, the swift, the lame,
At difference paces, but their end the same,
 Into the dark shall one by one go down,
Where the great furnace shakes its hair of flame.*

*Oh ye who cringe and cower before the throne
Of him whose heart is fire, whose hands are stone,
 Who shall deliver you from this death in life—*

So it is there, Kirchen. Kirsten. I know you; I knew. "You are a goddam quitter," I told her the night before, and she snarled at me, snarled with life: "I AM NOT A QUITTER AND I AM GOING TO COME OVER THERE AND PULL EVERY BEARD FROM YOUR FACE!" And then she slams the phone. Good for you, my darling; Taubchen das so Flätte ist, still auf meine Seite ... If she hungers for me and love and life, why not come and take it? I am offering it to you, dear. Why not?

*I am a German Poet,
In German land well known;
When the best names are spoken,
They also speak my own.*

*And what ails me, dear maiden,
Makes many a German groan;
When the worst woes are spoken,
They also speak my own.*

And then she says, "My husband. He's coming." And sits up to smooth back her hair. Jack goes to the window, peeps. No husband, unless he's wheeled and dealed in S.F., and a good job, Jack says; a '39 Rambler for a '64 Ford. Jack, with his knife brought, to protect me. Not him.

*Let us roll all our strength and all
Our sweetness up into one ball,
And tear our pleasures with rough strife
Thorough the iron gates of life;
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.*

And I think, when she insulted him I told her she had to apologize. And she cried. I gave the phone to him; she cried because she had done wrong. And later she did wrong to me. I got a carbon of a letter from Ray, his to Scott; and in the last paragraph: I am taking my wife to Norway. Well. I phone her up; you're going to Norway? Yes. Oh. Good; you'll enjoy it. I hang up, fall into the wall and lie and scream and throw a bottle of pills like wedding rice everywhere, and then I drop down flat and then I get up and find the phone and I dial and say to her, "I'll pay for your passages, both of you. Can I come

along, if there's enough money for that, too? If not, then no; you two first." She will tell Ray. I wait. Six hours. No answer. At twelve they shut down over there; at ten of twelve I call. "Oh, we were so busy with other things," she says. "I haven't had a chance to—" "I'm talking into an empty tomato can," I say. "With a string. A toy telephone." And even next day he says nothing; he never will; she won't tell him. I guess it was there in the letter to hurt me but I bounced wrong; I wanted to pay their way. I fucked them up; confusion: harm done wrong, and backfire. Phil again, the fink. But the next day I am ready to try again; today. I call her and say, "The travel bureau researched it and there's no Norway. It's like Atlantas. But they do have some faded yellow old tickets to the Holy Roman Empire." But she is sick, too sick to talk. "I am sorry," she says, "that I hurt you. I hurt everyone. I thought with you I could be myself but I guess not. I'll withdraw again." Dim, far-off. "No," I tell her. "As a favor to me; hurt me but don't withdraw. That's worse." But she is so dim, now. It is hopeless. Suppose she dies. But, today, in that kiss all the life in the world there at her mouth; so she knows. The right, the real way. But only an instant. Where did it go? Wo find Ich—mein eigenen Leben? Ohne ihr bin Ich todt; ganz ohne Leben, in aller Eukunft. An allem Zeit. Bis die Himmel fählen. Und die Erde gestorben ist, und damit die alle kleine Tieren. Die Stimmung der Stummunglos. Shit, as dear, dear Jack would say. Shit. This garbage; I have to split. I have to cop out or it'll be too much, too much.

We drive to visit Grania, who has called me at the Nelsons'. She won't believe, on the phone, that I came because I was needed. "You like the Nelsons more than me." "No." I hand the phone to Jack. "Explain." He tries to, hands the phone back. Grania said, "I didn't call to talk to your personal secretary." I hang up, angry. So we visit her; she is so silent, and stares with hate, in silence. "I can't talk," she says, "with him here." Jack again. Bad, bad Jack. Go away, bad Jack. "I'll cut out," bad, bad Jack says. "Be back in half an hour." Away he goes in the Buick. Three a.m. She stares at me more and more; she says frightening things: "I didn't say that; you read my mind." I see she is ill and I am terrified; I leave, go outside onto the sidewalk. I am afraid; she has said nutty things. "Do you remember my name?" she asks. Jack does not come back and I am cold; I go back up the stairs, knock on her door. I see her; no answer. I knock a second time; two raps in all. She screams, "I'm afraid of you; you're going to kill me; I'm going to call the police. I stand, here her sobbing and screaming into the phone: "I don't know if he's still out there; he wants to kill me; I don't know what he's doing; come and help me." I run away; I find her car; I get in, switch on the ignition with my house key; I drive away, around the block; I don't know where to go. I come back, pull up as two police cars arrive. The police stare at me; I walk over to them, show them my identification; I am too frightened to find my driver's license; they find it for me. "What happened?" they ask me. "Nothing," I say. I tell them she is sick. I say Jack is coming back; I have no money, no way to get back to Oakland, no place to go. "Start walking," they say. Three-thirty: I am freezing; I walk. Where? Twenty-five cents in my pocket. One cop comes

with me; he is worried; he knows I'm telling the truth; Jack will come at last and knock on the door, scare her again. The police apologize to me; "I'm sorry," one says. "Phil, I'm sorry. But the sergeant says you have to go." I want to sit in the police car and get warm. They make me walk, and then Jack appears with the Buick. He sees four police cars; two more have arrived, to make sure they stop him, so they can tell him how to find me; I am supposed to walk down Spruce, but I see him and run back up the hill. He is afraid, too. We drive off, both afraid. What happened? What did we do? We go all the way to Oakland, open the bottle of Louis Martini wine we bought for Grania; we drink it and I fix T-bone steaks for both of us. We sit until five-thirty. "You've had too much trouble," he says. He wants to protect me. No one can; I'm okay; I don't want it; I feel fine. Home, with food, my cats, warmth. Thinking about him and Margo moving in. Thinking I have to forget Kirsten, even. I tried. Ray was right. "You think you can give her a better life than she has with me," he said. Yes. I can. Jack says I could. I never had a friend before. Never! This is greater joy than I ever knew. Man's love for woman wanes, but friend to friend; this doesn't end. No one ever drove me home to my cats and food and the heater before. What we've been through, Jack. The gun that fired the single shell like a land mine. The assassin from Canada, picked up at the border; he never got here, did he? But we didn't know. Not then, anyhow. And we didn't run; I wore the .38 special with its cartridge belt and holster all night, and my .22 in my pocket, and he never came, and at ten-thirty they told me I would be okay; I got through that night and I can get through any night, and the creature across from me talked about knives. Then he wanted a gun. He wanted to kill Ray Nelson, he said. So I held the .38 special on him and called the Oakland police. Irony; I on him, Grania on me. Within one week. I never was what do they say? rousted before. Scary; it's in the air. Now I can be alone, writing, listening; the day's here. What say, Terry Carr. It's almost midday for you, now. What's nu, Carol, dear? I wanted to come to New York to please you; well, Jack and I (surprise!) want to drive to Nu York at Christmas in the Buick. I've already opened a bank acc't in a Nu York bank; merry christmas!

Jack took the carbons of my letters to you two. He loves both of you as I do; he wants to have read and been as if here; to receive; he can give but not receive because no one ever gives him anything. Ray Nelson couldn't believe it when I told him how I gave Jack and Margo the money for their rent. Margo says I'm a fink. Merry christmas, fink!

Anyhow the Army has back its guns, in its arsenal. I drew on two people, a nut this time who wanted to kill Ray, and, before, on my wife who had my little girl with her. Strange. I feel glad. Little kids in the neighborhood come to my door for candy; they're not afraid. No one should be afraid, even those who did something. Who would I hurt? Who have I hurt? Darkness, Violence and Hate, Brokers. Carol Carr has eyes the color of last week's coffee cup forgotten behind the bookcase. Carol Carr smokes cheap cigars. Carol Carr spills her Cream of Wheat all over her Golden Treasury. Carol Carr giggles nervously. Carol Carr

picks up the phone and it says, "My nose ran off; what does that mean?" "Off what?" Carol Carr asks. "Off my face." "It means," Carol Carr says, checking through old tired ex-letters from Philip K. Dick, "that menopause is close at hand. Consult the Oracle." "What?" "Hex 3.5 Fnab. The neon-sign over the pizza parlor; the image; mangy orange juice falling on frozen Coke. Supreme lousy fortune. Everything that won't further. Farther Line 9. Cat and fur mix, for the superior man this is costly; for the inferior man one long loud sneeze. Here we have an innocent Ace books editor who goes to work every day not knowing his wife is writing to a famous (Hugo award-winning) s-f author in GAK! East Oakland. He frets, being a fink about mundane matters like packing. There will be shame. The superior fink, etc." Carol Carr hangs up because it is time to write to PKD again. She has nothing to say. Strange.

Quitter.

Oslo wouldn't be interesting anyhow. Who ever goes there? Ibsen, that's who. So read a book. Nu York, though. That's etwas Mehr, wieder. Jack and I, skimming the sky, nearing. Will you marry both of us, Carol? Me first. Jack first. We can live in Utah. Or in the Buick; we'll float it out to sea; I'll be captain and marry you to Jack, etc. Zeeg. Kwax. So what else is nu?

"Mr. Phil, your hand is cold and damp; you are not eating properly. You have cats; I smell them." Answer. "I'm from the Irgun." Silence. No sense of humor. Well, fug. How's Ottowah? St. Nothingsville? Bet you a dime. (Five minutes in the drier. Driar. Dryer. Fuggerity. Drat.)

Lugs of love. X X X X X

[TO CAROL CARR]

December 7, 1964

Dear Carol,

After talking to you Jack and I swooned. Gloriasky, as L.O. Annie frequently expostulated. We never meant to terrify, depress, etc., you; what we forgot was the rumors. I mean, our acc't was sourly morbid enough; wowie, how it was—and coupled with the usual noise, I mean, it sure is no wonder you slipped your trolley. (Hey, Carol Carr slipped her trolley; guess why; I wonder what it means, etc. Gilbert #2 Rumor Kit with Glass Blowing assist thrown in.) Anyhow, now ALL IS KEEN. NO ONE TRUSTS OR BELIEVES OR LETS INTO THEIR HOUSE ANYONE. PERFECT! WINDOWLESS MONADS! But I jape. On to more major subjects. The Freedom Loving Democratic Peoples' Republic Bagel Factory at Minsk. We're onto something big here. Attend. (Attend, or return letter; we'll mail it to Kirsten. So watch it.)

A Freedom Loving Democratic Peoples' Republic bagel is star-shaped, and also ruffles in the wind, flag-wise. During victory celebrations when we show our big new missiles the bagel is flown in triumph at full-mast. When our Glorious Heroic Leader (the new one, not the moldy old one) appears, the

bagel bursts into flaming sparks that shoot up into the sky and spell out his name (if it isn't too long; for polysyllabic names you need a blintz). When he's deposed for failing to (one) develop heavy industry and (two) consumers' goods simultaneously, the remains of the bagel are flown at half mast, and are already charred black, which is in keeping with the occasion. Only soft fresh bagels are allowed under law; hard, dangerous, toxic bagels are banned as instruments of terror of the anti-party faction, whom we hate as psychopathic liars, cheats, cutpurses, buggerists and swine. (Choose one.)

In Albania their bagels crumble at the slightest touch. Backward camp of reactionary nothingniks. Further, they're handmade.

The bagel was invented in 1938 by Lysenko. He grew the first one on a tomato bush. Nothing more is known. (That was in the bad old days of the "Cult of Personality." Each bagel had a name, like George or Bill. We did away with that on emotional grounds. Sentiment plays no role in the Democratic Peoples' Struggle for Freedom.)

I still have my "Cult of Personality" bagel. It's called Fran; it's like in Orthodox; you know, with gender. It's a girl bagel. I have to cut it with a boy fork and eat it with neuter teeth. Keerist. What you got to go through to be in politics. Still—I have the bona fide gift certificate from GUM, the big Moscow dept store, entitling me to become head of the KGB, the Secret Police, on every fourth Monday in July, until further notice (like for instance I'm dead or arrested). (I mean, you have to know if you're dead or arrested or both, if the latter obtains. And, under Parkinson's law, it will. Right?)

Jack is ordering walkie-talkies to foment the revolution on the U.C. campus. I suppose that depresses you. SEX PASTOR SLAYS ONE BILLION WITH HATPIN! WIFESWAPPING RING REVEALED IN GRAMMAR SCHOOL ... THREE HONOR ROLL PUPILS IMPLICATED. (In the Pinole police station frail, dark, pretty, sad-eyed Pohjola's daughter sniffling into her Irish linen hankie and choked out a few stifled words, imploringly. "God will never forgive me," she gasped, white-faced and stricken. "Here, at six, I've allowed fifty men to have carnal knowledge of me, and at Lent.")

I asked Jack when we were a bit groggy this a.m., not having gone to bed (start your own rumor revisited dept), why he thought Ray and Jacque fought over Kirsten?

Answer: Christmas.

Jack has a strange, strange mind. Twice of it works at once.

I paid for Kirsten's long telephone cord yesterday, since the phone company served me notice that if I didn't, she'd be unplugged. I reasoned with myself as follows, "Do we want Kirsten Nelson unplugged? No? Yes? In between?" We at last after great deliberation ("These are the times that try men's souls," etc.) we decided no. Hence I paid. Strange. (Heh.)

Merry-Long-Phone-Cord Day! (And may thy phone cord grow longer and longer, all the days of thy years.)

Before Jack thrashes his way to the machine I have some lovely poems (in

my and the world's opinion, anyhow) for you. First, by Po Chu-i, China, 772-846 A.D.: "Losing a Slave-Girl":

*Around my garden the little wall is low;
In the baillif's lodge the lists are seldom checked.
I am ashamed to think we are 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.
here tonight she lies none can give us news;
Nor any knows, save the bright watching moon.*

"Remembering Golden Bells":

*Ruined and ill—a man of two score;
Pretty and guileless—a girl of three.
Not a boy—but still better than nothing;
To soothe one's feeling—from time to time a kiss!
There came a day—they suddenly took her from me;
Her soul's shadow wandered I know not where.
And when I remember how just at the time she died
She lisped strange sounds, beginning to learn to talk,
Then I knew that the ties of flesh and blood
Only bind us to a load of grief and sorrow.
At last, by thinking of the time before she was born,
By thought and reason I drove the pain away.
Since my heart forgot her, many days have passed
And three times winter has changed to spring.
This morning, for a little, the old grief came back,
Because, in the road, I met her foster-nurse.*

Arabian, 13th century. "Death":

*Once he will miss, twice he will miss,
He only chooses one of many hours;
For him nor deep nor hill there is,
But all's one level plain he hunts for flowers.*

Paulus Silentarius. "No Matter" (on a third century B.C. tombstone)

*My name, my country, what are they to thee?
What, whether proud or base my pedigree?
Perhaps I far surpassed all other men;
Perhaps I fell below them all. What then?
Suffice it, stranger, that thou seest a tomb.
Thou knowst its use. It hides—no matter whom.*

Christina Rossetti, 1830-1894. "Remember":

*Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more, day by day,
You tell me of our future that you planned:
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve;
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.*

I can't get loose except through Catullus:

*My sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love,
And though the sager sort our deeds reprove,
Let us not weigh them. Heaven's great lamps do dive
Into their west, and straight again revive,
But, soon as once set is our little light,
Then must we sleep one ever-during night.*

Aw, for chrissake; I got now to give forth with the final parts of Yeats' "The Song of the Happy Shepherd":

*There is a grave
Where daffodil and lily wave,
And I would please the hapless faun,
Buried under the sleepy ground,
With mirthful songs before the dawn.
His shouting days with mirth were crowned;
And still I dream he treads the lawn,
Walking ghostly in the dew,
Pierced by my glad singing through.*

Now, dear, happy, jolly, sine parvor J.G. Newkom will regail you with jollify and jazz, fit to lay before a lady's bower, etc. etc. Atende! Um, I hope my choice of poems doesn't depress you. I mean, love & death is like you know like real, right? Say something. I love you. Whee.

[TO KIRSTEN NELSON]

[December 9, 1964]

Dear Kirsten,

National Stoic Poetry Week! Pray For Poetry To End Thermonuclear War!
Make Up Your Own Slogan Week! Start Every Word With Caps Week! etc.

Since you, like me, take to Roman Stoic philosophy, I'll try to dig up—it'll take a few weeks, probably—the writings of some of the Roman philosophers, especially the Emperor Marcus Aurelius; fantastic stuff.

We had in American history our own great Stoic, Tom Paine; also in the opinion of many of us our finest stylist. Here are a couple of quotes to give you a notion of Paine as a man, a writer and a Stoic:

"... Panics, in some cases, have their uses; they produce as much good as hurt. Their duration is short; the mind soon grows through them, and acquires a firmer habit than before. But their peculiar advantage is, that they are the touchstone of sincerity and hypocrisy, and bring things and men to light, which might otherwise have lain forever undiscovered ... they sift out the hidden thoughts of man, and hold them up in public to the world ..." "I love the man that can smile in trouble, that can gather strength from distress, and grow brave by reflection. 'Tis the business of little minds to shrink; but he whose heart is firm, and whose conscience approves his conduct, will pursue his principles unto death. My own line of reasoning is to myself as straight and clear as a ray of light. Not all the treasures of the world, so far as I believe, could have induced me to support an offensive war, for I think it murder ... but I should suffer the misery of devils, were I to make a whore of my soul by swearing allegiance to one whose character is that of a sottish, stupid, stubborn, worthless, brutish man. I conceive likewise a horrid idea in receiving mercy from a being, who at the last day shall be shrieking to the rocks to cover him, and fleeing with terror from the orphan, the widow, and the slain of America." Wow. (Paine is of course speaking of the then King of England, George III. This was our greatest patriot, Kirsten; listen to this, as Paine builds and builds:) "I thank God, that I fear not. I see no real cause for fear. I know our situation well, and can see the way out of it. While our army was collected, Howe dared not risk a battle ..." The American Revolution, at the moment Paine wrote this, *was almost lost*; this is the thing to realize. At Valley Forge, the Revolution Army, under General Washington's command, had spent a winter which had virtually destroyed it; only a few men remained, and they were sick and starving. Encamped under such awful and deteriorating conditions, Paine, on the actual scene, wrote the above, an article called "The American Crisis," on a drumhead by a campfire, in Newark, after the army had lost New York. The initial sentences of "Crisis" became the actual battle cry of the army when it returned to battle and won its first victory: "These are the times that try men's souls. The summer soldier and the sunshine patriot will, in this crisis, shrink from the service of their country; but he that stands by it now, deserves the love and thanks of man and woman. Tyranny, like hell, is not easily

conquered; yet we have this consolation with us, that the harder the conflict, the more glorious the triumph. What we obtain too cheap we esteem too lightly ..." Because of these words, we may have won the revolution; it is a historic fact that they appear to have turned the tide of the war. If nothing else proved the importance of words, this ought to have done it, and every American schoolboy is so informed. I'll now give you the text of the Yeats poem, because he makes this point about words, too:

William Butler Yeats, "The Song of the Happy Shepherd," 1889:

*The woods of Arcady are dead,
And over is their antique joy;
Of old the world on dreaming fed;
Gray truth is now her painted toy;
Yet still she turns her restless head:

But O, sick children of the world,
Of all the many changing things
In dreary dancing past us whirled,
To the cracked tune that Chronos sings,
Worlds alone are certain good.

Where are now the warring kings,
Word be-mockers? — By the Rood
Where are now the warring kings?
An idle word is now their glory,
By the stammering schoolboy said,
Reading some entangled story:
The kings of the old time are dead;
The wandering earth herself may be
Only a sudden flaming word,
In clang ing space a moment heard,
Troubling the endless reverie.

Then nowise worship dusty deeds
Nor seek, for this is also sooth, (sooth: genuine)
To hunger fiercely after truth,
Lest all thy toiling only breeds
New dreams, new dreams; there is no truth
Saving in thine own heart.*

*Seek, then,
No learning from the starry men,
Who follow with the optic glass
The whirling ways of stars that pass;
Seek, then, for this is also sooth,
No word of theirs — the cold star-bane
Has cloven and rent their hearts in twain,*

And dead is all their human truth.

*Go gather by the humming sea
Some twisted, echo-harboring shell,
And to its lips thy story tell,
And they thy comforters will be,
Rewarding in melodious guile
Thy fretful words a little while,
Till they shall singing fade in ruth (ruth: sorrow)
And die a pearly brotherhood;
For words alone are certain good:
Sing, then, for this is also sooth.*

*I must be gone: there is a grave
where daffodil and lily wave,
And I would please the hapless faun,
Buried under the sleepy ground,
With mirthful songs before the dawn.
His shouting days with mirth were crowned;
And still I dream he treads the lawn,
Walking ghostly in the dew,
Pierced by my glad singing through,
My songs of old earth's dreamy youth:
But ah! she dreams not now; dream thou!
For fair are poppies on the brow:
Dream, dream, for this is also sooth.*

This poem is the first poem the man wrote? Incredible.

Here is the section from "The Bacchae" which I love so much:

*Will they ever come to me, ever again,
The long, long dances,
On through the dark till the dim stars wane?
Shall I feel the dew on my throat and the stream
Of wind in my hair? Shall our white feet gleam
In the dim expanses?
O feet of the fawn to the greenwood fled,
Alone in the grass and the loveliness;
Leap of the hunted, no more in dread,
Beyond the snares and the deadly press.
Yet a voice still in the distance sounds,
A voice and a fear and a haste of hounds;
O wildly labouring, fiercely fleet,
Onward yet by river and glen —
Is it joy or terror, ye storm-swift of feet?
To the dear lone lands untroubled by men,*

*Where no voice sounds,
And, amid the shadowy green,
The little things of the woodland live unseen.*

Now to Lucretius. Stanza capo from "Address to Venus," translated by the superb 16th century English poet Edmund Spenser:

*So all the world by thee at first was made,
And daily yet thou do the same prepare:
No thing on earth that merry is and glad,
No thing on earth that lovely is and fair
But thou the same for pleasure (sic!) did prepare:
Thou art the root of all that joyous is:
Great God of men and women, queen of the air,
Mother of laughter and welspring of bliss,
O grant that of my love at last I may not miss!*

("sic" is Latin for "yes," meaning that an unexpected word is correct. Not an error.)

"Beyond Religion": (and prepare yourself; this is strong stuff):

*Whilst human kind
Throughout the lands lay miserably crushed
Before all eyes beneath religion — who*

[Text possibly missing.]

Euripides: "The Bacchae":

*When shall I dance once more
With bare feet the all-night dances,
Tossing my head for joy
In the damp air, in the dew,
As a running fawn might frisk
For the green joy of the wide fields,
Free from fear of the hunt,
Free from the circling beaters
And the nets of woven mesh
And the hallooing on
Their yelping packs? And then, hard-pressed,
She sprints with the quickness of wind,
Bounding over the marsh, leaping
To frisk, leaping for joy
Gay with the green of the leaves,
To dance for joy in the forest,
To dance where the darkness is deepest,
Where no man is.*

*What is wisdom? What gift of the gods
Is held in honor like this:*

*To hold your hand victorious
Over the heads of those you hate?
Honor is precious forever.*

*Slow but unmistakable
The might of the Gods moves on.
It punishes that man, infatuate of soul
And hardened in his pride,
Who disregards the Gods.
The Gods are crafty.
They lie in ambush
A long step of time
To hunt the unholy.
Beyond the old beliefs
No thought, no act shall go;
Small, small is the cost
To believe in this:
Whatever is god is strong.
Whatever long time has sanctioned
That is a law forever.*

[TO KIRSTEN NELSON]

[Undated, 1964]

Here are two poems of Herrick which haven't survived in any anthologies, and for good reason. One is typical of the bawdy sense of humor left over from the Queen's reign, before the Puritan power took over completely. (There are, in Herrick's 1,600 poems, dozens like this.):

Upon Umber. Epigram

*Umber was painting of a Lyon fierce,
And working it, by chance from Umber's Arse
Flew out a crack, so mighty, that the Fart,
(As Umber swears) did make his Lyon start.*

The other, although a superb poem—in its own time—no longer is read because it isn't interesting to us; it's a "fantastick" poem, with the usual 17th (and 16th) century conceits (i.e. flights of fancy). Anyhow I like it; here's the first part (it goes on and on). Notice the frank sexual theme; this was decidedly pre-Victorian:

*After the Feast (my Shapcot) see,
The Fairie Court I give to thee:
Where we're present our Oberon led
Halfe tipsie to the Fairie Bed,
Where Mab he finds; who there doth lie
Not without mickle majesty.*

Which, done; and thence removed the light
We'l wish both Them and Thee, good night.

Full as a Bee with Thyme, and Red,
As Cherry harvest, now high fed
For Lust and action; on he'l go,
To lie with Mab, though all say no.
Lust has no ears; He's sharpe as thorn,
And fretfull, carries Hay in's horne,
And lightning in his eyes; and flings
Among the Elves, (if mov'd) the stings
Of peltish wasps; we'l know his Guard.
Kings though they're hated, will be fear'd.
Wine leads him on. Thus to a Grove
(Sometimes devoted unto love)
Tinseld with Twilight, He, and They
Lead by the shine of Snails; a way
Beat with their num'rous feet, which by
Many a neat perplexity,
Many a turn, and man's a crosse-
Track they redeem a bank of mosse
Spungie and swelling, and far more
Soft than the finest Lemster Ore.

C.f. A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM, and also Milton. But there's no theme in such a fanciful work to interest us; the three great themes of the 17th century poets are all missing, here: love, death, the shortness of life, the hope for redemption. The great triumph of 17th century verse consisted of a fusion of all three in one single poem, so that besides being beautiful—i.e. aesthetic and pleasing—there is a deep theological & philosophic meaning, valid for us ... all this is missing in the above type poem; so it's vanished into obscurity.

pkd

[TO KIRSTEN NELSON, page 2 of above]

[Undated, 1964]

Still out of Doores,
descries
Within them nought.

The skinne, and shell of things,
Though faire,
are not
Thy wish, nor pray'r,
but got
By meer despair

of wings.

To rack old Elements,
or Dust
and say
Sure here he must
needs stay,
Is not the way,
nor just.
Search well another world; who studies this
Travels in Clouds, seeks Manna, where none is.

Also, by way of contrast to the 17th century English pseudo-sonnet form, good as it was, here is an excerpt from Lucretius' *De Rerum Natura*, trans. by the 17th century English poet John Dryden (who lived about the same time as Vaughan); it shows how much more solid Roman verse had become, and why so many 17th century English poets took interest in it. This is not to put down 17th century English verse, though. They're just different. And it shows that one can read too much English verse; there's a lot more besides that, just in Roman verse alone—not to mention Greek.

AGAINST THE FEAR OF DEATH

What has this bugbear Death to frighten man,
If souls can die, as well as bodies can?
For, as before our birth we felt no pain,
When Punic arms infested land and main,
When heaven and earth were in confusion hurl'd
For the debated empire of the world,
Which awed with dreadful expectation lay,
Soon to be slaves, uncertain who should sway:
So, when our mortal frame shall be disjoint'd,
The lifeless lump uncoupled from the mind,
From sense of grief and pain we shall be free,
We shall not feel, because we shall not be.
Though earth in seas, and seas in heaven were lost,
We should not move, we only should be toss'd.
Nay, e'en suppose when we have suffered fate
The soul should feel in her divided state,

[TO NANCY HACKETT]

December 15, 1964

Dear Nancy,

Like, I can't express how pleased I was just now to hear you say you'd—as the phrase goes—be willing to receive me on Thursday; I mean, otherwise it's bombsville (i.e. nothing, nowhere, the pit, darkness, rain of frogs, etc; name

your own metaphor of despair). Hence, away, vain deluding melancholy! Forward, outstanding joy! (However, then I recall that my rent is due today. \$115—a lot of money. But one must live somewhere, as the ancients put it. But at what a cost ...)

Anyhow, wow; we are going to have fun on Thursday (unless thermonuclear war breaks out first, and, as we know, it often does; drat World War Three; it's always showing up untimelely, or whatever the adverb is).

... Let us roll all our strength and all
 Our sweetness up into one ball,
 And tear our pleasures with rough strife
 Through the iron gates of life;
 Thus, though we cannot make our sun
 Stand still, yet we will make him run. (Marvell, 1650)

Also, to quote my favorite poet Catullus:

My sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love,
 And though the sager sort our deeds reprove,
 Let us not weigh them. Heaven's great lamps do dive
 Into their west, and straight again revive,
 But, soon as once set is our little light,
 Then must we sleep ever-during night.

One more poem, Chinese, by Po Chu-i, 800 A.D.: "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 know, save the bright watching moon.

And a small Arabian poem, 13th Century. "Death":

Once he will miss, twice he will miss,
 He only chooses one of many hours;
 For him nor deep nor hill there is,
 But all's one level plain he hunts for flowers.

I guess I better quote another bit by Catallus, to end this group of Poems I Never Get Tired Of Having Read Aloud To Me At Bedtime:

... Thy laugh of love that snatched away
 My soul and sense: for on the day
 I saw thee, lady, voice could say
 Not any word;
 But tongue grew stark, and thro my frame

*Fed unforeseen a subtle flame,
And rang my ears, and eyes became
Veiled, as in night.*

This rather well expresses—better than I could in my own words—how I felt about you, dear, when I first met you. But of course I couldn't say anything then. But it has changed, now. Has it not?

Anyhow, in my own words, I do love you, very much, very deeply; and, being old and infirm and all that jazz, I think by now I can tell the real thing: the real woman, the real feeling. Eh? And tomorrow I'll be even older ... and filled with these spirits, as written by an unknown poet of the 18th Century, England:

*Sacred raptures cheer my breast,
Rushing tides of hallowed zeal,
Joys too fierce to be expressed,
In this swelling heart I feel.*

*Warm enthusiastic fires
In my panting bosom roll,
Hope of bliss, that ne'er expires,
Dawns upon my ravished soul."*

When you get here I'll play this for you; it's in an aria in Handel's opera "Solomon." Okay?

Now to the Add-A-Part lp version of Bach's "St. Matthew Passion." As I explained, the part missing in this case is Christ. So, with the discs, is included, in order for you to sing along with the other people on the records, the following Christ Kit:

One. Crown of thorns in polyethylene bag (to be placed on head during triple chorus opening of work).

Two. Short whip to scourge self with throughout dull chorales, which in "St. Matthew Passion" are all exactly alike (Bach wrote for a half-cent a note market).

Three. Styrofome patent pending light-weight collapsible wood-colored cross to lug around apartment during recitatives; weighs less than four grams and can be stored upright in closet; needs minimum of care.

Four. Magik-magnetic nails which appear to pierce body (U.S. Department of Public Health approved, tested by Good Housekeeping Consumers' Bureau, sanitary, washable, safe for children; wide choice of colors).

Five. Blood. In throwaway packages, easy to open, in dry powder form but mixes instantly with water (no choice of colors available, at least not until next year; see following catalog listings, etc.).

Six. Air-O-Sol spray can to be used at section titled "Now At That Sixth Hour," number-coded 71 for your convenience. Cautiously shake can, then direct nozzle downward toward floor and at words, "In the Ninth Hour," etc., press button at top of can so that spray of helium causes Add-A-Part participant

(Christ) to rise to ceiling (can, if properly used, is adequate for sixteen performances. Replacements available at moderate cost; see enclosed order-form).

Seven. Gaily-colored harmless, non-toxic cardboard temple, to be assembled in simple stages (full, easy-to-follow instructions included). At section of performance numbered-coded 73, "And Behold, the Veil of the Temple Was Rent," tear part E from assembled temple (care should be taken that part R, the top of the temple, is not rent as well).

Eight (optional). Sponge soaked in high protein low calory play vinegar (in choice of chocolate, coffee, banana or plain flavors) to provide relief during tedious long da capo al fine arias.

(Note. To perform the Christ part of this extensive work may require several days of practice. Lighten tone-arm during practice sessions so as not unduely to wear out record in advance, and keep records free of dust and away from ants and pheasants and owls, especially See-Owls, which are the very worst kind, in particular the female ones, and check your needle in that a worn or damaged needle will produce faulty sound-reproduction and even damage to precious records. And lots of luck in your new role!)

If you're interested, this kit can be ordered in time for Christmas, which seems appropriate. By the way, as I mentioned, there's also the Add-A-Part Judas Iscariot kit. But, as I explained, that part isn't so interesting, since the role is rather meager—being limited to such lines as, "Is It I, Rabbi?" and so forth—and the kit includes only:

One. Thirty pieces of silver.

Two. A rope.

So you can see what I mean. Right? Wrong? Inbetween (as they say on those fugging psychology tests)?

(The above reminds me of a funny that a fella I know in L.A., a wag named Calvin Demmon, well-known in science-fiction circles, uttered in an article which was an interview with God; the article began this way:

God's reputation is not undeserved.)

Anyhow, see, witness and observe the type half-wit letters I write, and take notice for the morrow. Morbid poems, poems about love, feckless humor, dreary philosophy, bits and patches of personal feeling ("I love you," for example; "Why didn't your crazy sister Ann take her bath first and then go to bed?" etc.). (I mean, wow; what a strange sister you have. Well, she's cute anyhow. But mean. Boy, is she mean! I bet she could beat me up (but not Jack. He can handle her. I hope).

I'll see you Thursday in my gaily-colored non-toxic Buick. And in the meantime God keep you, and lugs of love, dear. Be good (or be bad or indifferent, whichever you want; in any case I love you very much, all the same; be whatever you want to be—whatever it is, it's right; I know.)

Love,

[TO NANCY HACKETT]

December 16, 1964

Dear Nancy,

One more thing (this is letter II of the two I've sent, in case you have both before you right now). I've been thinking. Realize, I love you for what you are now, what you can give me and have already given me, not what you might or will give me—in other words, don't think about the future in your relationship with me; don't worry about some form of eternal ultimate commitment. It's not a question of me or someone else whom you have loved and do love and will go back to eventually. What exists between you and me is *now*, not in the past or the future; in the *now*. And "now" is as long as you want it to go on, and in any direction; anything's okay with me, as you know. I'd like you to live with me, were it up to me; at least for a little while. Here in Oakland, if only for a few days or a week or so. But of course I won't make a Big Scene if you're not interested; you realize that ... I'm only stating what I'd like, so you'll know. I know darn well you'd enjoy it. I know you'd be happy. And you could leave any time, any day, any hour; I can take you back or if you were sore at me, you know you could get your sister or Maren to come get you. I really do love you, Nancy, and I can't help wanting to live with you, temporarily, at least, things being what they are; that is, you being committed to someone else ultimately.

And, as I told you, so in a sense am I. Your boy is in Paris somewhere; my girl is married, living in El Cerrito, thirty and beautiful and (I'm afraid) very ill, perhaps dying; I've been told that, without enormous medical care, she'll live only a couple of years more ... I've offered her the medical care, of course, but she's turned it down; she won't see a doctor, either because she knows or doesn't know and is afraid—if you see what I mean. In any case she admits she is sick and has been for a matter of years ... at one point she weighed only 78 pounds; there are all sorts of things that I know about her that she's told me, things even her husband doesn't know. Evidently when she had an illegal abortion performed years ago, when she was eighteen, she was severely damaged, and from this she is sick, from a deteriorating kidney ailment that is terminal, or will be; every day she loses ground to it, so it is very sad, because I love her terribly, and I understand she is in a great deal of pain ... but of course she won't admit it. Too much pain, in fact, to go anywhere or do anything, even to eat; she lies on the couch in the living room, smoking, drinking black coffee, in the dark, not even a light on. And once she called and begged me to get her pain pills, codeine of some sort—I can never stop thinking of her, but the point is this: despite my love for her, which, like your own for this boy in Paris, is eternal, will never end, there has to be a life for me in the meantime, as there has to be for you; my love for Kirsten is hopeless and we both know it. Yesterday, when I kissed her goodbye, she began to cry; I asked her why and she said fiercely, "Because you're being cheated." I knew what she meant. She

is in love with me but there is nothing she can give me, just an empty kiss, filled with fear, now and then ... she tried to leave her husband two years ago—she hates him and he is positively the worst bastard alive—he stopped her by threatening to hire witnesses to swear falsely that she was an “unfit mother,” and so she’d lose her little boy. She stays with him out of fear ... she’s not an American citizen, and he could get her deported any time, and keep the boy. This is awful, this dear, lovely, injured woman chained to this bastard. But I can’t change it; I can’t even get her to go to a doctor. And so it continues, for her and for me; and meanwhile I’d like to live: for her it isn’t possible; she can’t phone me except when he’s away—she can only see me on the pretext, once a month, that she’s “shopping in Berkeley”—she can’t write me or anything ... and yet, as she says, I’m the only person in the world she can talk to, and she says she loves me as much now as she did originally, and originally, as she said to me in anguish, “Why didn’t you come here two years ago?” Meaning, as she said, that she would have tried to leave her husband for me then, but now it’s too late; now she’s “reconciled”—that is, too weary and resigned and ill. I’m told that with adequate medical aid she’d live eighteen more years. I approached her husband directly and offered him the medical aid; I wanted to get it for her through him. “She’ll never agree,” he told me. I told him—truthfully—that she had already agreed. He was astonished. And then he refused; he wouldn’t “get involved,” which meant that he wouldn’t allow her to get it. And sure enough, she declined. The one single small finite instant when she had yielded, tried to help herself through me—shot to hell. Gone. And it won’t return. So you can see, Nancy dear, that I’m very deeply committed, too; and yet as I say, I have to live, and I think so do you, in the meantime, and I do love you, and I do want you and like to be with you, and admire and respect you; really, you are quite lovely and sweet and dear, and to me you represent life, whereas Kirsten, for all my love for her, and all her beauty, is in a sense death, for herself, for me, for everyone who loves her; and quite a number of people do; I’m not the only one, and we, or anyhow a number of us, have discussed what to do, if anything, to help her; I’ve even written an attorney, asking what I can do, as regards getting her to a doctor.

Life, darling Nancy, is long. People are often together just a little part of it. But why not? That is, why not be together during that little part? Anyhow everything ends; life itself ends, finally. What is an episode is an episode within a greater but still finite episode. “Our little light,” as Catallus says, will go out someday; so for god’s sake, we must live *now*, with someone genuinely near, someone we can hug and kiss and touch without restraint. There is nothing else. In two days you’ve given me more kindness, more love, more consideration, more life, than Kirsten has in all the time I’ve known her ... she would give me more, but she can’t; she doesn’t have it for anyone, me or herself, anyone, except perhaps for her little boy, and I see it dimming for him, too, as she dims, she herself becomes more frail. God bless her; god, she is lovely, but—well, you see what I mean. She is a shade, a shadow, gliding toward

death; you and I dear; we are both really alive and here, in the now, the moment, living in the present, full of things for each other, ready to exchange body warmth and affection, without reservation, despite our ultimate commitments to someone else ... you see? I hope this account of my difficulties doesn't make you sad. Maybe someday you'll meet her; I hope so. I wanted Maren to meet her. She is so goddam beautiful. But so are you. And you are as warm as a new loaf of bread. And Kirsten is cooling rapidly, and it frightens me; her death terrifies me. What happens when she is gone? Where am I? "All is new," as James Stephens says. "And we are bound out to the storm of things. Where are we? Take my hand ..." Take mine, dear; give me a hand; I know I can give you a hand back—it won't be a one-way exchange; I know I can give you something, too. Temporarily, maybe, but still real, for us both. Love doesn't have to be eternal to be real. You're real; I'm real; and we both are here. Okay? Does that make sense? And god bless you until I see you again; I can't wait until Thursday. Nothing matters besides that; nothing, anyhow, that is real and alive for me, in this world.

Love,

[TO NANCY HACKETT]

December 19, 1964

Dear Nancy,

I guess I said all the words in existence. Now to write a few. Please move in. Reasons: we can drive you to Marin County, for instance to see your psychiatrist; if you're in S.F. it'll be much harder. But, more than that, consider the job business thing. Maren and I talked, and she uttered the remark that she thought what you needed was—not a place to live—but to Get A Job. Fug. I can't agree. It's Maren who ought to be out getting a job; this is a clear case of projection, in my opinion. I doubt if you'd be happy right now in the sort of nebbish jobs which would be open to you ... I recall my second wife who looked for jobs, and the awful chores she was offered—you're an artist, not a waitress or a file clerk or a telephone operator or a salesgirl. And recall, I managed two retail record stores; I hired—and fired—girls, and I can tell you right out flat that you are too good for the nothingnik jobs that'll be offered you. If you do go ahead, do this: apply for a U.S. Civil Service rating; take the tests, etc. That's the best bet; honestly. And it's not much. Can you take dictation? Type professional copy? Fug. Let it go. Think of other things; let Maren go get the job. What you need is peace and quiet, where you can reflect and think and produce (e.g. paintings, poems, etc.), and also see a few people who, as you put it, transmit on the same frequency as you: you need companions. Why not the crazy nut bunch who hang around here? Jack and I, plus about one dozen fellas and their girls—Mills College girls—who are always in the back house. We love you; we allow everything excepting shucking non-fuds. If

you rent an apartment you'll be stuck for two months (lease arrangement); why not just move in here first, try it, for god's sake, and if it doesn't work, well, christ, then move out? But mainly, as I said, I want you to move in here for my sake, because otherwise I will go clean out of my balmy wits, take more and more pills, get less and less sleep, eat worse, sleep not at all, be all hung up—and do no real writing. Since I left my wife I have done nothing of importance; I want to get going, and I need you as a sort of incentive and muse ... someone to write for, because of ... see? I want you to read my stuff as I write it and tell me if it's any good; if you like it, then it's good, if not, then not; I need someone Out There to whistle back into the dark chamber. If you don't move in, I'm afraid I'll have to search for something else to keep me going. But what or where—god only knows ... it seems unlikely that it even exists. But one must try.

Love,

[TO TERRY & CAROL CARR]

December 19, 1964

Dear Carol and Terry,

Once again let me thank you for the records. The poem of Herbert, "Miserie"—that moves me more than any of the rest ... and it is interesting how few of the poems I know. The last line of that one—the way Sir Cedric Hardwick reads it: "My God, I mean myself." I hope you got a chance to hear it. And the Brecht play—it has the humor if Ionesco and Beckett—Bket? Bekket? Anyhow, superb. Bless you both.

I'm sorry I didn't get a chance to talk to you on the phone the night of my birthday. I knew you'd want to call, but gee ... I always feel so bad after we hang up; I did something terrible: I deliberately stayed out of the house—can you understand that? I was afraid that, if I talked to you, what with the records already, and then Kirsten coming over with a birthday cake she baked for me—Christ, I would have broken down, and at 95 cents a second, who can break down? Forgive me. The real underlying sorrow is, of course, that Jack and I had planned—and I mean really planned—to drive to N.Y. this Christmas, but we ran out of money; I had to borrow from Scott, for the first time ever. Well. So it goes.

Horace Gold, in stealth, lapped up all the frosting from my cake except the HA from HAPPY BIRTHDAY, PHIL. I guess he still loves Kirsten; for chrissakes, he never showed any interest in sweet stuff before. Love is love, as one says (wittily).

Carol, of course anything Jack might want to use from your letters would be sent to you first for approval; wasn't that the deal? You don't need to worry; Jack is very scrupulous about everything, and especially such matters as that. Anyhow, fanzine stuff is off for a long, long time.

Did you see Don Wollheim's letter in Ed Meskys' fanzine in which he called MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE "irritating, outmoded and sick"? Well. I have only one word for Don. Anti-Semitic!

On the home front, Jack and I have fallen in love with two sisters, step-daughters of a friend of mine ... my girl's named Nancy and his is named Ann. "Ein Madchen odor Weibchen wunsch Papagano sich ..." Sigh. Nancy says she's in love with me, and isn't that fine? She's in the bedroom right now sleeping ... we stayed up all night, reading poems; we listened to the record of 17th century lyrics which you sent, and she was quite touched.

Carol, what did you think of my poem to Kirsten? How come no answer? No good? Gee. (One more item; I'm including the great final speech from pt 2 of Goethe's "Faust," in German and then in my own fugging translation, the other versions not doing it properly. I'd be interested in your reaction to it; it's not in couplets, but is absolutely accurate. And I think fairly strong.) Write! Finks!

Love,

[TO MAREN BERGRUD]

December 20, 1964

Dear Maren,

I wanted to add a couple of things I didn't get a chance to say to you tonight (Sunday night). First: it may seem to you that my attitude toward Nancy is irresponsible. If so, then what would be a responsible attitude toward her? Loving her surely isn't irresponsible ... you yourself have made your own agreement on this matter—at least in the abstract—clear in past times. Treating her like an adult; that is, assuming that she is capable enough to know what she is doing? Well, here we have the "first stone" problem; none of us are utterly capable; none of us are totally without some sense. I think one should assume capability (and reputability and reliability, if not stability) in general, for all men, for all living things in fact ... until of course proved otherwise, and I see in Nancy no palpable indication of an otherwise—not really, not in any basic sense. Perhaps she is too trusting. Ah. Well, then I am too trusting, too, by the same logic, since I trust her; I trust her willingness to trust—to trust me, Jack, people on every side. Mental illness is an inability to trust, to love, to believe: faith, hope and love are the three sides of sanity, and she has all three, thank God; I wish I had as much of these as she; I wish everyone did, yourself included, if I may say so. I wonder why you, who have known me some long time, have insufficient trust in me, whereas Nancy has that trust; it was not very many days ago that you trusted Jack and me to deal with the police for you, on your behalf, and I think we did fairly well, did we not? What has happened since? Let's spell it out. I fell in love with Nancy. That does not imply instability in me, or a peculiar, warped or "beat" nature—unless you believe

either (one) that she isn't worthy of my love or (two) that I am somehow misleading her: that what I call "love" is a cover for something dark, or something ominous. But ominous how? I want to see her enrolled at California Fine Arts; I want to see her begin serious, concerted training for a life-long career in the visual arts; I know she is gifted; surely you agree on that. If she wants to write instead of paint, surely I can be of help to her there. If she lives over here, as I've urged, she can be transported to Marin, to S.F., to a psychiatrist, etc.; we both know that. Or do you think that after some meager time-period my love for her will change, go away and vanish, that I pick up girls like grapes, spit out the seed, go on to the next grape? Absurd. You yourself, my dear, urged me six months ago to, as you phrased it, "play the field," not tie myself to one woman. I declined; I stayed with that one woman until she left—note: *she* left me. Not me her. And before that, Anne for almost six years—until, as you perfectly well know, it was impossible for me to stay with her; god in heaven, are you going to argue against *that*, say that I abandoned Anne? And before Anne I lived an eight year marriage. Eight years; a long time. Back to when I was twenty-one: Nancy's present age. See? In six months in Berkeley and Oakland, after leaving Point Reyes, I have been involved with only one woman ... is that one too many—surely not, if "playing the field," as you advised, was indicated. One too few? Yes; maybe that; maybe my failing is that I get too deeply involved, and hold onto the relationship too long. I know that I trusted Grania goddam too, too much—so there it is again: the vice of trust. I trust myself, for instance. I'm thirty-six years old or some such absurdly huge figure ... I've seen a number of sorrows come and pass in my life; I lived a long time with a woman classed as "manic, hypomanic and paranoid," and that was no fun. I trust that having passed through that, and survived, I can probably deal with rather difficult and even brutally heartbreaking human relationships; I can take a hell of a lot and still grin and get by—without retaliating, or becoming bitter, or wanting to hurt someone back. Is Nancy's life none of my business? Idiotic; of course it's my business—as it's yours. The life of anyone you love is your proper business, and if my plans, hopes and schemes conflict with what you have in mind for her, perhaps you should ponder the absolute certitude you seem to feel about your ambitions as regards her, in as much as what I want is rather obviously healthy: to see her free to work, creative work for which she has enormous talent, for her to live among people who can and will take the trouble to listen to her and notice her—notice that she's exceptional, worthy of vast notice—as well as love, infinite love, in fact. I'm injuring her? California College of Fine Arts? Living here in East (Gakville) Oakland? Going to either her present doctor or to Dr. Lipsett in Berkeley? Reading poetry to her, encouraging her to write and paint, listening to Gilbert and Sullivan with her? Introducing her to what I consider (in fact know to be) good people ... some of whom she already knows? Taking her places, laughing with her, discussing weighty—and useless—matters with her all night, fixing breakfast for her, loving her? Maren, let's not play wicked

games with words; I am not a "beat." A fourteen year career is not usual in beats; nor is a world-wide reputation, stories and novels, scripts and TV material, awards, reviews, mentions in editorials in Harper's, in the largest-circulation magazine of the USSR, in a lecture at Princeton by Kingsley Amis, etc. Do beats receive mention in *Scientific American*?

In *The Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists*? In reviews in the *New York Times* and *Herald Tribune*? And before that, seven years working for one employer, working my way up until I managed the store, had five girls working for me? When I was twenty-five I not only owned my own home, I had paid off the mortgage. Does a beat correspond with Bertrand Lord Russell? I'll show you a letter to me from Chief Justice Warren sometime, his comments on my expressed views on the U.S. electoral system; I have never quite gotten over that one letter, and never will ... it is deeply moving for the Chief Justice of the United States to tell you that he has never seen such a full and articulate expression of comprehension of the basis of American democracy put forth before him. If this is being a beat, then what are the rest of you up to? Do beats belong to the PTA, the ACLU, the Anglican Church? As my Jewish friends say, "So what have you done for me lately?" meaning, in this case, what, if I may ask, are *your* credentials for merit—for application of membership into the commonwealth of the land? In Point Reyes I led, fought and won the fight for a pure water system; I was co-chairman of the West Marin Citizens' Committee for Better Education—I wonder if you recall Fred's page one, columns one and two article MEETING TOO HOT FOR FIRE HOUSE, which I chaired. Do beats earn up to \$2,200 a month, have \$5,500 owed them in New York? Bail out their friends to the tune of hundreds of dollars when their friends need help? And I don't mean lend; I mean give—as I gave you money for your citation. One day in a bar an old whiskered wino, whom I bought two drinks, said to me, "You're honest; you never lie to anyone." He trusted me; what's your problem? Is Nancy back home damaged or intact? Did you actually believe I wasn't going to "return" her? Did you call me and inquire, if you were worried? Why, if you are nervous as to my deeds, character and intentions, don't you talk to me direct on the phone or when I'm with you? I'm glad to declare my aims as regards Nancy; I've done so continually. I have nothing to be ashamed of; what's your story? I love her and I want to be with her—all the time, if possible. Is this destroying her? Lord. Oh ye of little faith, Maren. Were I to want that of you, would you decline it as an act of destruction toward you? I rather doubt it.

Cordially,
Phil Dick

[TO CAROL CARR]

[December 25, 1964]

*Christmas day (fud christmas, anyhow; the day
the fuds celebrate. Ours COMES LATER! After
death, I guess)*

Dear Carol,

God bless you, dear; like I mean, maybe you're sleepy, but you're okay. We just couldn't figure out why we haven't been hearing from you; we kept expecting to, and we kept trying to figure out what we'd done wrong. Maybe we wrote our hearts out too openly and it was a burden to you. We told you our frights, the terrors at night, our suspicions, and of course our loves. Naturally; why not? We knew you'd understand. But it wasn't fair; you have so much to do, as you pointed out on the phone; what makes me feel bad, though, is that you won't be out here in July, but congratulations on going to London. Say hello to John Brunner for me.

It is such a shame—I guess I'm sentimental, and grief comes too easily to me; I mean, I ought to be stronger, like Kirsten with her contempt for self-pity—but anyhow, all the beautiful, wistful, funny and marvelously original and delightful letters from you—I'm keeping them for the rest of my life, they won't see print; they're mine ... they belong to me and I get to read them over and over, any time I want, as I do, when I feel bad. And someday I'll give them to my little girl and I'll tell her, "This was a very dear, dear, pretty lady with whom your father was in love and still is; this is what your father kept of her, after he had lost the rest, and then, because that's what happens; each river, hill and plain has to end, so why not letters?—then he lost those, too. And he couldn't figure out why, because, as Santyana says, an animal dies with its mouth still open, expecting the nourishment which had always kept it alive but which somehow, mysteriously, for no reason which the animal could explain, stopped. And never resumed." But in this case the food that came so regularly—searched for in the mail box every day, with terrible excitement, before any of Scott's little yellow envelopes were bothered with, check or no check—has been carefully preserved, not lost. "And you, Laura dear—read them, love them, imagine her, think how it might have been if she, and not anyone else in the world, had been your mother, your father's wife. And someday give them to your child. Because they will be just as fresh then as they are now. As they were, in those lovely past days, when they first arrived. And all the world was fresh. And your father loved her, Carol Carr, as he still does, because no one stops loving Carol Carr; that is what she is. He won't see anyone like her again; he will love again—in fact he did—but it was not the same. How could it be? And he did get to kiss her once, back in days so long ago, so far in the gloom that even he, your father, now has trouble remembering ... but he knows it was so. He did kiss her. And she kissed him back." He remembers

that. Life is good. But the trouble is, it ends. Again and again. And it always takes you by surprise; you're never ready. I guess no one is.

I told Nancy (as much as I possibly could) all about you, Carol. I told her that (before her in time) I love two women and always will and that pleases her because she knows that I'll continue to love her, too, after we're separated, as of course Nancy and I will be, eventually, inevitably. Nancy is waiting for a guy from Paris to show up and reclaim her; she belongs to him, and this, for her, is waiting, this period with me. But she enjoys being with me; she finds me nutty, puzzling, foolish, helpless. She can't imagine why I do the crazy things I do—and Jack does—like driving alongside their car, hers and her sister Ann's and her stepmother's, Jack driving our Buick and blowing our Calcutta taxi horn at them at the top of its voice, waking up all S.F. at three a.m. Blowing that awful loud startling, mind-shattering device to show our love—gee, she says. What a really crazy way to show you like someone. But she smiles because it amuses her; those dark large eyes sparkle. And she's been so sick, and absolutely alone. Six months. She has an incredibly lovely body. I think she must be Celtic, a sort of miracle, something from the days of the lithe tall hunters reborn into our world—she's five eight, and she stands with her firm, smooth legs always slightly bent, as if she's going to spring into the chase or fierce flight, out somewhere, out where it's wild and unknown; she will go anywhere; she has no fear of anything, even death, even absolute isolation and pain; she is sublime. She came back, she tells us, from her state, Nirvana, as she calls it, because she missed her friends; she wanted to talk to them again—she missed them. Christ—she'd leave Nirvana because she loves us so much that she wouldn't want to abandon us. I guess she pretty well understands how it would be—is—here without her, once we've known her. But she still will go away again someday, and she won't come back; she knows it and I do, we all do. I can't get it out of my mind, sad to say, even when I'm with her, hugging her, kissing her—she loves to be hugged and kissed; it always makes her smile.

She never condemns. Once, after I had been playfully smooching with her pretty sister, she—Nancy—said, "It must have been awful. You married to someone who, you know—wouldn't let you do that. How could you have stood it?" It never occurred to her to be jealous; she knows what love is composed of, that to love one person is to be capable of expanding your love to another and then another; it is cumulative, and all involved share in it, like the sacrament. She would be very bewildered if I suddenly announced, for instance, that I had stopped loving you, Carol; it would make no more sense to her than to me, that I could do that. Any more than I could ever stop loving Kirsten, who, like Ray, has talked to her on the phone and wants to meet her very much.

Someday she will break me. I love her too much.

I haven't told her you've stopped writing me. A number of times (I hope you don't mind, but I'm so proud of them, I derive so much from them) I showed a letter or two of yours to her, the very best ones. She was enchanted. I guess she expects more to come, as I did. In some ways she's a little child,

believing and trusting, absolutely without guile. She tried to write me, since she knows, for instance, what your letters meant to me. But she couldn't do it. She can't use words as well as she'd like. When she goes away, as you did in September, there will be no letters.

It is a cold Christmas. Six a.m. I'm tired. Just Jack and I; we aren't going out. We're a little afraid, after the experience at mass, at Grace Cathedral, all of us taking communion together, and the kiss of Christ by each to the person at his right. That great high hall of love, with Bishop Pike telling us to keep depending and believing. Later, at the bar at the Fairmont, they asked Nancy for her I.D.; they didn't believe she was twenty-one. I don't know; she's so much wiser than I. I wish I could keep her with me. But I wanted that with you, too. One can go on losing forever, I guess; I hope Bishop Pike knows about it. Maybe I'll ask him; maybe he can explain it to me.

[TO CAROL CARR]

January 10, 1965

Dear Carol,

It gave me pleasure beyond compare to receive letters from you again. May thy camel never spit in thine eye! May thy increase prosper, etc. And other ethnica. Fapp on London. Who do you know there? Horace Gold? Reconsider. Isn't it, basically, status-seeking to go to London, whereas going to East Oakland—well, no need to spell it out. We all know the situation. I mean, take this example of home-made instant local wit: "This is a recording. Your phone-line has been traced and the police are at your door." (I've been rereading bits of yours in *Lighthouse*, and I can see what we out here are up against. Do you really make up all those funny remarks yourself, or do you copy them out of old Mark Twain potboilers? Be honest. No one can go on and on like that, being funny day after day. I can now see why Terry, when he was out here, spent so much time messing over old moldy fanzines; research, as Tom Lehrer called it).

As for what we've been doing, it is as follows: on New Year's Eve we (Jack and I and the Nelsons) went to the Ellingtons' party. We would have had nothing had it not been for the Ellingtons. Kirsten was all dressed up, ready to go to the Breen's party. That afternoon I called her and she was furious, which is rare with her. It took me a good deal of time to find out what was bothering her. "The same old ting. Does factions. Ve can't bring surtin people to de party; day already gif us a list." It developed that I was on the list; in fact, Kirsten had been phoned and told not even to let me know there *was* a party—that really set her off. "An de Ellingtons," Kirsten said. "Day mus be de uter faction." She was afraid to call them and ask if we could go there; for her such an experience is enough at the rate of one a year: two in one day would be the end. I was absolutely sure that the Ellingtons were beyond such petty stuff as exclusions from their party, especially on New Year's Eve; Jack was even more sure (if such can

be said), so I called Pat, and all I had to do was say, "It's New Year's Eve and I'm—" before she said, "Come to our party." I asked if I could bring "certain people" with me and she said yes before even knowing who they were—how about that? One can't ask for much more than that, not in this life. So we had a party that Kirsten, all dressed up with silver in her hair, could go to. I'll never get over it; I really hadn't known how wonderful the Ellingtons were—Jack was already aware of it, but I just hadn't gotten to know them that well. Now I do.

After New Year's I went back to the expansion on THE UNTELEPORTED MAN and so, except for my relationship with Nancy, there isn't much action in progress, here in East Gakville ... except of course for the Mormon Temple turning on and off all night. Nancy is very restless and wants to go away somewhere else; she was in London and then Paris and then Barcalona, and to her five months in the Bay Area is just plain dumb. I think she's right; she's quite active, very shy and undemanding, but incredibly brave, hence willing to undergo anything. She and Kirsten have become friends, and Nancy likes to go over there; Ray is very good with her and has many contacts and interests in common with her, due basically to his own stay in Paris. Both of them are hooked on pata-physics, for instance. And he can speak pathically to her, instead of abstractly, and this helps a lot; she needs to be around people who can do that (pathic communication deals with the articulation of emotional states rather than ideas per se). (I guess you know that). (Beg pardon.) Anyhow, it seems almost certain that she and I will be leaving here, probably for the East Coast, most likely as soon as I finish the work on THE UNTELEPORTED MAN for Ace. I'd like you to meet her; I think you'd like her. I do. I like you as well. Lots. Well, so it goes. Maybe when we get back there you'll fall in love with Nancy and I'll—aw hell; that isn't it. Anyhow some new combination that delights the senses, etc. Wire instruction manual. Or instruction automatic. Better, wire list of all possible combinations embracing four people. Or five, if you still know Ted White. Or six, if you know Carol Pohl or Don Wohlheim or whoever that is up there in the king's seat.

There is, also, a new insanity in Berkeley fandom. I am accused (the police were actually called in) of stealing five dozen dirty diapers from Walter Breen's front porch. A neighbor saw someone "resembling Philip K. Dick," except that "he had no beard." After studying this evidence, Walt and Marion and Grania decided that both the nature of the theft and this testimony of a witness pointed toward me, and, as Walt said on the phone to Jack, "He's okay if he's got a good alibi." Well, fortunately I have. All that afternoon I was with Nancy, going from the Bank of America to one retailer after another picking up bad checks which I had written. Ha to YOU, Walt Breen! Try and bust that alibi!

(I got all the checks back and everyone was real nice. This is a friendly sort of town. Drop by. Have some apple pan dowdy sometime. Bring all your kids. Come as you are.) (And if you're going to London instead, maybe Nancy and I will be in New York before you take off. Can we stay with you guys? Eh?

Nancy is very good at doing dishes, and I sweep keen or clean or whatever; write your own folk-idiom.)

Love, and twenty-six bear-type hugs, and gee, you sure do still write really wonderful letters, and Horace says so, too, and his judgment, in my judgment, is absolute. And my judgment re Horace is absolute. And so on.

[TO CAROL CARR]

February 28, 1965

Dear Carol,

I think I am including some pictures. If so, then so; if not, not (I can't be sure because things are strange these days. My cat mumbles. Often I find myself thinking about Pocatello, Idaho. Why is that? Nancy says I'm a senile old man (it's true; I am. But pretty). Grania and Calvin Demmon took LSD. Whee. Gak. Glank. My old—ahem—ex-mistress Janet told me I ought to reconcile with my wife. Old is right. A little more of that and dead would better depict it. Her. Whatever. Meanwhile, I have more thingisms: (one) "His interest in photography was undeveloped," which I heard on a radio commercial, and (two) "Magna-vox was instrumental in developing the solid-state chassis," which I uttered unintentionally. My wife has asked for a divorce (I wonder why. Anyhow that's that, the old bag. I hope she steps on a crack and breaks her mother's back, etc., as the ancients said now and then. As Avram would say, what do you say now and then? Oh, one more interesting item; see, I used always to take like \$75 worth of tranquilizers a month. Now I don't take any. That's because of Nancy. She can pull me out of any state I get in, except Alabama and Corny Puns, Arkansas. You'd love her (watch it). (Notice all the () I'm using, now (that's to please you (because you said you liked them). Does it?) (I've used so many I can't figure out how to close this paragraph.)))) (How's that?)

(This paragrapj (sic) begins with a (mark. Right?) (My reason for all this is as follows (but before I explain, let me explain something else first (it's really a lot more important). (Look, a (mark off the line; I wonder what that means.) I left the fucking church. That's what's important (why? Why important, not why did I leave it? Because they cq (sic) can't help me. It's a lot of ground-up people-bones, nothing more. I hope God overhears and strikes me dead. (This is Nancy. I'm finishing Phil's letter because he sort of died. It's real neat. Now I can get some painting done, and I inherit everything he owns, including Jack. I'm learning to drive the Buick which Phil got back from fat Jack, as he is called locally. My sister looks like you, Phil used to say; boy, he sure was dull. Didn't you find him dull, and sort of senile? He used to mumble. His cat Horace is still around. He's pregnant. John waxes his mustach. Phil says that they're named for magazine editors, but who cares. My cat is naed (sic) named for a religion. Phil's wife thinks he's having an affair with you. Boy, is she nutty. She thinks you coj (sic) come out here on the plane or something (I learned to use open and close quotes just like Phil. I used to consider

him a god or something, but then I left the fucking church (what the fuck is a "churck"?), so then before he barfed himself to death I sort of considered him just a fud. I called him Phil the Fud. He didn't like that. My boyfriend Speed thinks Phil's a simp. Phil can't even dance the twist. He never does anything, especially now that he's dead. Except he used to say I had pretty hair. I don't think so; I think I ought to wash it. He bought me some neat sandals. And he's teaching me to drive, or he was. I guess he can't now. Well, goodbye. I think your elbow in that picture you sent was real neat. Is there any more of you?). That wasn't really Nancy, Carol. That was me. Ha ha. (Groan.) By "me" I mean Phil the Fud, as Nancy the Gnurl calls me (I like it. It's real neat. Gak! I can't stop! Stop! (Sounds of fight; hoarse breathing, thumping, a lamp being knocked over, Horace running as usual—to his dish.) Anyhow, now that Nancy stopped me from writing those real neat sentences pret'n (gak or sic, whichever) alleging to be by her, I can continue. Ahem (sounds of man taking snuff. Sound of Norace (Norace! Hancy? Gleeg!) finding nothing in his dish, having his usual two a.m. convulsion.

(Soberly.) I see Bill D. has a short acc't of the Great Diaper Theft in the FaPha or whatever mailout. Did you receive it? Is there more? Bill says there is; if so, what? I may do a lampoon thereon for Ed Meskys. Or then again maybe I won't. (I think I already forgot to include the pictures. Are there pictures enclosed? If so or not so, write and tell me. If not, don't, etc., if that's the way you feel.) The fellas in the back moved out today, so tomorrow Nancy can move in. Gee, I miss her already. I sort of liked her (see enclosed or not-enclosed pictures). Horace has a triple chin. At night I dream of Ace putting more and more horrible titles on my works and thereby selling more copies. Only nobody talks to me. Wonder why. I can see it now. GODLFINKLE. Or rather GOLD-FINKLE. "I'll have to brush up on my painting." Another thingism. I stopped the war in Viet Nam, but everytime I start eating, the war breaks out again. Why is that? Cause & effect, most likely. As Aristotle would say.

Angle or angel, take your choice: This is a recorded message. I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all people—

Phil: Get the prefatory remarks over and get to the facts.

Angel: I am a robot. That's the message. This is a recorded announcement or whatever I initially said. I bring you good—

Nancy: Barf.

After I kicked Jack out of here he drew unemployment by claiming I had employed him to write MSS for me. I was his employer. They wrote me and asked me to verify that. What I wrote back was unprintable. Somehow, he did not draw any more money. Nor did I have to pay into the fund. Now Jack will have to get a job. See Jack. Poor, poor Jack (heh heh). He had already drawn several weeks' worth on the basis of his spurious claim. Well, hoeing potatoes isn't so bad. And the climate down there is nice, so they tell me. Doubleday uses the titles I write (but the whole book is changed. Aye, there's the rub). Berkley books wants a title from me, but I don't live there anymore; I'm

waiting for Oakland books to approach me. Grania is selling a sub (sic) sugar cube with one drop of LSD on it for ten bucks. That's highway robbery. And it's probably type C polio vaccine anyhow, or however you spell it. Tomorrow night Nancy's sister Ann is coming over to stay. Wowie! It's true! (Fun and games year here in East Gakville). One night Nancy and her sister and their friend Francesca wrapped me up in pink toilet paper and squirted me with Rose. Then Nancy climbed the tree out front and got stuck. Then she and Francy fell in a mud puddle. Ann and I had a pillow fight and I won, but all the company (other than her and Francy) left, out of fear. Good. Ann bit me so hard on the hand that a permanent scar remains to this day (I just now looked). When queried about this, she always says, "That's because you had me down on the bed, flat, with both my arms twisted behind my back, so what else could I do?" I wonder what she means by that. Everyone remembers things strange. But funnily. It sure sounds furnish, anyhow. (Did you know the hw sound is dying out in English, as in "what"? It's becoming wut, not hwut, phonetically. This began in 1701. I wonder how come I just heard about it. Well, that's East Gakville. Write, and enclose picture, including funny sayings on reverse. "After 50 years he wound up his retail watch-repairing business—" Aw, fuck it.

Love,

[TO CAROL CARR]

March 7, 1965

Dear Carol,

Well, it is strange; the universe is eerie, can become so suddenly, but I guess some design and purpose underlies it, eh? (High faluten type thoughts; gak.) Anyhow, I've been working hard to get Nancy's little place in the back (3921) set up for her—I knew that what I could do would have to come before she decorated it, made it hers—or "her," as they say. I mopped, offered various items; I gave her my big desk, for instance, and built her bookcases and picked out India fabrics for her couch and bed and offered little things like a lamp here, a wastebasket, bamboo mats, lantern coverings for the lightbulbs, etc. And yet I knew that nothing I did would stamp it with my idiosyncratic quality, and I didn't want to so stamp it; I didn't fear I'd lay down such a thick layer of myself that it would be a sort of apartment manufactured by me for her use. And sure enough: when she moved her really very slim possessions (store thereof) in, all at once it was as they say her. Amazing, almost a miracle. A print here; a candle there. Suddenly her, not me, and just as it should be. I quit at about five-thirty this afternoon, ate dinner, went over to the Nelsons', got back around two. The front house was dark and cold and empty; I found her in her bed in the back, all asleep. Candles burning ... and a sort of lovely, tranquil beauty everywhere, with such taste and simplicity. On one wall a handkerchief with many folds was

tacked up. "The Holy Ghost," she explained to me when she woke up. I was almost afraid to go in, but I wanted to be sure she was okay; she hadn't said anything about sleeping there tonight, but there she was, and it was so goddam beautiful; without a word all at once she inhabited it, and it became hers, all in silence; she didn't write me any note of explanation, nor, even when I appeared, was it necessary for her to say, "I'm sleeping here tonight and you will be sleeping in the front house in the usual bed." She was home. Her own home. So sweet, so dear; with the jar of instant coffee she had "swiped," as she put it. Never in my life did I give so little and see so much back, such completeness; what an investment of my time, my concern. She has now, I think, what she wants. Her paints, her prints, the big desk with her typewriter ... I know that it is completely hers, there, and I love that. I cut her loose, as they say a parent does with its child; she's not a child, and I'm a fucking lousy parent—I forgot my little girl's birthday last week—but this is much more; this is simply stepping aside and letting and gentle, sweet creature breathe and live. She asks for nothing. And yet she appreciates what I did so goddam much, without saying very much to me; I know it. I finally did something good in my life; she wouldn't have that little place or any place; she wouldn't in a sense exist per se—no longer a member of a quasi-family of strife and trouble which she desperately wanted to escape from, in fact from which she's run all her life, except that she hasn't had any place to run: Paris, Germany, Rome, finally Spain where her tragic episode of mental illness overtook her and the Spanish authorities tossed her into what was more or less a prison until the U.S. Embassy got her out and back to this country. "All I want," she said the other day, "is to be insane." She was even afraid to make this last, vital move, back to her own little apartment. Anyhow, now she has. It's done. Have I lost her? No one "has such a blithe spirit in the first place; she never pretended about that. She does not have to see me to love me, and although that hurt at first, I can feel that, now; she has to go her own way. Nothing need be proved to anyone; her presence does not mean she's here and her absence does not mean she's gone. She simply exists. It's a privilege to know her—and I always will. But she's captured by a fate, internal mostly, that no one, not even she, can control; she goes where it takes her and I'm positive it's the right place. It's like blood drawing her, and words are water which she hardly hears. She will never be, never was; she is. Life for her is death and the opposite; sleep for her is waking, waking is sleep. No one can shape her or move her. But something does; she is very much in motion, like a planet or star. I couldn't lose her and I'm not afraid; I'm glad, because, goddam it, I did it; I got her in school, I broke up the awful quasi-family she lived in, I got her into her own little place with her own possessions. I love her. I wish her well. God bless her. I could cry.

Meanwhile, poor Fat Jack has been busted, this time really badly; picked up by the police while driving with (one) an open bottle of liquor, (two) amphetamines, (three) a knife-in-holster at his belt. In California it's automatic revocation of license to be found with an amphetamine in a car, using it or "addicted"

to it. And he seems to have no prescription. He's in jail now; can't raise bail, nor can any of us. Three counts, and possibly a sentence. He's so tired. Maybe it's the way it ought to be; he tried so hard to stay out of jail, but at the same time he was begging for help, from them, the fuds. The establishment. Maybe they really are the only ones who can help him; I couldn't. Anyhow, I'll be seeing him tomorrow and I have an ACLU lawyer giving me information to give him as to what to do and if necessary the ACLU will step in. But it's open-and-shut, no contest. God, I don't want to go that way, though, drifting into doom step by step until it's really the best to capitulate. He doesn't even want us to try to raise bail; I can understand why (it's said to be about one grand, according to the police). He was here shortly before he was arrested; he kept shaking my hand and kissing Nancy goodbye. "Once I lived here," he said, and then he looked at my Buick and said, "I wish I could drive that one more time." I gave him two tins of snuff. And then some fatassed guest got angry at him because he used the word chickenshit; "You're calling me a whore by using that word," this guy's wife said. The guy said, "Language like that is used only around prostitutes." Jack apologized. Underneath he is so totally harmless and sweet and kindly; he's very fond of Nancy. Anyhow, I gave him three pictures of Ann, Nancy's sister, before he left; she wouldn't (Ann, I mean) give him one. "I still love that girl," he said. "Is she maybe going to move to the East Bay?" Anyhow, the ACLU lawyer is a friend of hers, whom I got hold of by mentioning her name; Jack won't ever know that, but it's a good thing anyhow. Who's treated him right? Not me. Maybe Kirsten. But it's too late. I wonder where the rest of us will wind up, or as in the 3¢ Opera: "I wonder where we'll be on Coronation Day." I surely wonder; is there a Coronation Day? As John Webster muttered it:

... Sweetest breath and clearest eye,
Like perfumes go out and die;
And consequently this is done
As shadows wait upon the sun.
Vain the ambition of kings
Who seek by trophies and dead things
To leave a living name behind,
And weave but nets to catch the wind.

Pardon me for sorrow. It goes as fast as it comes. Eh?

Much, much love,

[TO CAROL CARR]

March 8, 1965

Dear Carol,

I think I somehow got into a wrong universe. I'll put it in drama form, because I have to think of it as fiction, only it isn't.

(Situation. Friday night (like I said) Jack has been arrested for possession of

dangerous drugs, dangerous weapons, open bottle of liquor in his car, has been taken to the Berkeley jail. Saturday Ray and Kirsten come over to see me, and after some time cheerily mention all this. Wryly, I guess would be the adverb; you know, with a wry shake of the head and a half chuckle. I'm dumbfounded and frightened. Who knows what he had beside the dex? (I realize I mentioned much of this in my last letter but bear with me.) I suggest that the Nelsons go through all his stuff at their place and make sure nothing illegal exists that might get them into trouble. I also suggest that later that evening I come over and look and see if I can spot anything they missed, because if I can the narco squad can. Ray agrees (because Kirsten is not an American citizen any count against her involving drugs would be a catastrophe; she'd be deported). Meanwhile I get hold of an ACLU lawyer, as I mentioned, and also learn the visiting hours at the jail. That night I drive to the Nelsons', as agreed.)

Phil: Can I glance around for pills, etc.?

Ray: No. Jack wouldn't like it.

(So we discuss schizophrenia and then I tell them finally that I'd like to write out a copy of the information from the ACLU lawyer for Jack's use, so in case I couldn't get to see him Sunday—before the arraignment—they could deliver the news. Someone had to. And the next day.

Ray: Okay, get a Xeroxed copy of your list.

Phil: I can write it out in five minutes.

Ray: There're those Xeroxed machines at Greyhound bus stations. (It is about one in the morning.)

(I copy list, which is short, leave. Sunday I visit Jack. It is awful. Fifteen minutes only. Speak through tube, hear from tube; see only dim bit of face. Have to sign book, who you are, what relation to the prisoner. He wants cigarettes, which Nancy goes out to get. Matches. He has no money to phone, but the jailer won't accept any from me to give to him. I leave books. Jack gives me list of what he needs; I tell him what the ACLU lawyer said. Later I talk to desk sergeant. Bail: \$660. Mostly on the drugs (\$550).

Cop: If you leave him in until after the arraignment the bail will almost certainly drop, so it won't cost you so much. These aren't charges against him; these are just to keep him here until the arraignment. (I don't have the \$76 for bail bond anyhow, so I have to leave him in. Problem—it is late Sunday—is how to raise money by 2:00 p.m. Monday, the arraignment, so that he isn't remanded to the County of Alameda.)

Cop: It's really awful there. No wonder he wants right out. He probably's been there before. Just wait until they reduce bail, then put up the bond instantly, before he's transferred.

Phil: Thank you, officer.

(All Sunday after that until midnight, me at cold phone booth in shut up gas station, calling people to get aid for Jack. Idea: Friends of Jack pool money for bail, then for attorney.)

Ray: Jack doesn't have that many friends. Give up.

Phil: When I saw him he asked for a clean suit, change of clothes, comb, etc., for the court appearance. (After visiting Jack at jail I had driven to the Nelsons' to say what happened, as agreed; arrived, found no one home. Could you bring them? Kirsten put on wire.)

Kirsten: I won't visit anybody who's in jail. Hospital yes, jail no. And you better not go; you'll be implicated. Stay out of it.

Phil: I told Jack you'd bring his clothes Monday morning before the arraignment. (Call terminated, while I try other people. The Ellingtons. Pat immediately offers help, gives me name of attorney who specializes in drug raps. Thank god. But he's in S.F and I'm almost out of money. I call the Nelsons back because there is a guy coming up there with \$44 to pay off a traffic citation of Jack's, and Jack has asked for that to go toward his bail instead. I get the guy on the phone.)

Phil: I have the name of a lawyer for Jack; will you call him?

Guy: No. I don't want to get involved in anything legal (sic).

Kirsten (again on line): Ray says he'll take the clothes to Jack tomorrow.

Phil: Could you come over to my place tonight, maybe bring this friend who has some money, and we can confer and see what we can do to raise bail—about \$75, according to the police.

Kirsten: No.

(I ring off. Two dimes left. No way to call S.F. to get lawyer, because of toll. So I call my ex-wife Kleo. I explain situation.)

Kleo: (After getting all facts. And not ever having met Jack in her life.) Okay, I'll start calling this lawyer tonight, and then start again tomorrow at eight a.m. And I know several inspectors at the Berkeley Police Dept; I'll ask them what your friend ought to do. Call me before the arraignment.

(I ring off, call my mother. I give her Bob Chazin's number, tell her the situation, ask her to ring him early in the morning, etc.)

My mother: What should I tell him to do, after I've told him the situation?

Phil: When Bob knows the situation he'll know what to do.

(I ring off, walk home. What is there left? Not even a dime to phone. Nelsons won't help raise pool of money; Kirsten won't even go to see Jack. I'm broke. Next morning I get up, put on fud suit and tie, drive to Berkeley to my folks' place. Call Kirsten, tell her I'm going to write bail check; can the \$44 the guy left be put in? She says yes and that Ray took the money with him to the jail because Bob Chazin called. My mother got hold of Bob at eight-fifteen a.m. Since then Bob has been working to raise more money; will be at arraignment to get \$44 from Ray.) (I then call Kleo. She couldn't get hold of the lawyer, so she left her office and drove to the jail. Talked to inspector friend, who told her what to tell Jack to do ("How'd you wind up on the *other side?*" he asks her). Kleo not knowing Jack, tries to give Ray the information to give to Jack. Ray doesn't know who she is, won't accept it. Bob Chazin there, too. She finds he can comprehend the inspector's advice; gives info to him, but he has already visited with Jack; can't again. All leave.)

(I phone around, locate bail bondsman who agrees to be present at the arraignment. Time to leave; Nancy and I drive to Court House. Find Chazin and Ray there. Chazin has raised money; now has \$75 in all, enough to spring Jack even if bail isn't reduced at arraignment. Also, Bob has Kleo's info written down for Jack, but it's illegal to speak to a prisoner. Asks me if I'll try to get bailiff to give it to Jack. I do so. Bailiff reads note, then takes it to Jack. Jack pleads as note instructed. Arraignment suspended, since he has no lawyer. Bail cut in half, now \$330. Bondsman, a Negro, has entered courtroom just as Jack comes up. As soon as bail is reset, bondsman glances at me (forbidden to speak); I nod. He goes to bailiff, informs him; Jack set apart from everyone else, all who are going to the County Jail. Bondsman negotiates everything as to Jack's release. All on basis of nod by me, whom bondsman has never met before in his life, with no money exchanged, nothing in writing; court just has his word that bond will be placed. After court recess bondsman remains until Jack is released and truck to Alameda County Jail has left without Jack, so there can be no slipup. Jack emerges and goes off with Ray. Bob Chazin departs; Nancy and I depart. Bailbond cost: \$43. And, on Jack's plea, arraignment postponed until he can obtain a lawyer. Meanwhile, Jack knows exact charges; knows there were no narcotics among the pills in his bottle (he had not known about any but the dex for sure). End. For now.)

So Jack is out, at a cost less then for one of his many traffic citations. Free to get lawyer, plan defense, etc., Who were his friends? Bob Chazin. Al Halevy, who put in ten dollars (don't tell anyone; Al doesn't like his good side known). The Negro bailbondsman, who without ever having met me or Jack before, on the basis of a single nod from me, halted the sheriff's office procedure of transferring Jack to the County Jail, stopped what Jack feared most. My ex-wife, Kleo, who got the info from the police inspector she knows. Pat Ellington, who dug up this lawyer who undoubtedly will be the one for Jack, maybe even free. My mother, who managed to contact Chazin. The desk sergeant who advised me not to try to put up bail bond until after the arraignment (boy, was he right). Nancy, who got Jack cigarettes, talked to him, the only woman who visited him. "It's almost as bad," Nancy remarked regarding the jail, "as the mental hospital in Spain." The guy who brought up \$44 for Jack. Ray, who took his clothes to him, co-signed the bond contract with me and Bob, and who sat through the three-hour court session ... and of course who transferred the \$44 to first Bob and then to me, for the bond. Strange, that people like Kleo, who never even met Jack, would go to so much trouble to get help for him. In the other direction, strange that the Nelsons, when they came over and tell me the news Saturday, had no plans at all to visit Jack or try to raise bail or get an attorney or anything. And then Kirsten even warning me not to "implicate myself" by visiting him. "I hope he didn't give our address," they said. And Jack was carrying a note from me to Ray when the police picked him up; the main reason for Ray's visit was to find out from me what was in the note; i.e. to find out if it "implicated" him. When Nancy and I

visited Jack in the jail he (Jack) said he couldn't believe it, that anyone would come to visit him. So he viewed it that way, too. He had ceased to exist; it was over. Something about the whole situation makes me feel worse than I ever felt in my entire life, and in an entirely different way; I mean, it isn't depression, guilt, fear—I just feel physical pain, like when I was under LSD. Partly because it's so fucking awful, there in the jail, talking into that tube, not even being able to see the other person. And the dreadful things you hear visitors say while you're waiting. "I only have 70 cents," a woman was telling her husband. She wondered how she should spend it. A Negro was taken into custody because he didn't have a dollar to pay a traffic fine. I watched a middle-aged Negro prisoner looking at his wife and child as they left; she couldn't see his face, because her back was turned to him, but I did. The baby was crying, and the jailer lifted his window and stopped the woman so he could comfort the baby. "I wish I was home," the jailer said, a big, tough, young cop. "With my own child," he said. He didn't demand that Nancy sign the book; he let me tell him her name, "The young lady's name," as he put it. I watched the public defender trying to reassure a terrified young Negro being charged for the first time in his life. But—it's the weird things that really get me. Like when I was phoning fifteen minutes before the arraignment time, still trying to get a bail-bondsman who could get there soon enough, and my stepfather said, "Philip, we'd appreciate it if you didn't make any toll calls; we're a little short, this month." And the Nelsons being gone when I drove over after visiting Jack at the jail, and them trying *not* to have to visit him this morning, in fact Ray alone doing so, and only because Jack's clothes were at Ray's house, so I couldn't do it. And Jack's own peculiar confusion; he thought it was his trial coming up, not the arraignment. But most of all my own strange anxiety, practically an outright terror, by the end of today. I have the feeling that I'm the one shut in a little metal cage with a little glass window with a wire mesh over it, trying to talk through a tube but not hearing or seeing, not being able to communicate. And then again in court, when we weren't allowed to speak to him, and if the bondsman didn't act, they'd cart him off in a van like an animal. I felt I was him. It was me. Literally. Physically. I can't seem to hear clearly even now; Nancy says things and I can't figure out what she said, and I say, "What?" and there's no answer, and I ask her something and no answer, or I tell my stepfather something and he hears something else. In the courtroom Bob said something strange: "This is a Van Vogt novel. Minds are switching from body to body." He pointed to everyone, spectators, the accused, the court officials. It was exactly what I felt; I was a spectator now, but a minute ago I had been elsewhere in the same room, and soon I'd be elsewhere again, everywhere at last, judge, public defender, the accused, each spectator. And words had no meaning; no matter who I was I wouldn't be able to talk or if I did there's be no one. I'll write more later.

Love,

[TO NANCY HACKETT]

[Undated, 1965]

Nancy:

Yesterday I stopped knowing what I wanted and told you that now I wanted to do what I wanted; now it was now, finally. Everything here was dead. I wanted to be born in another place, new. I could accept the death of the entire world because, since you were with me, a new world would soon arise. You and I were going to start it in the morning, together. But the morning came and there was no you and no new world and I found myself within the utterly destroying old world and not able to do anything except know that I had arisen and waited for us to begin but we had not begun. And tonight you are going to the movies. But that's later. Last night I looked over the horrid old world I had inherited and saw that even though I had given it everything and it had turned dark red, slowed and died, taking me along, there was something left; if I moved with efficiency even though the new world which was promised me—promised this way: that you would come along with me when I invented it; you would be there and that would make it not a dream, but possible—did not seem to be there, I could reconstruct the old world by force of arms, force of my strength and arms; I had enough strength for that, and look: I had to cast out my best friend in order to make that old world keep going, in order to be here to receive you and go there to meet you, I having to receive because you did not live here, you having to be there for me to go and meet, my not living there either. And so I began to remake with both hands, like a potter. You watched. I thought you knew why, as Dryden said, "The trumpet's loud clamor doth call us to arms." It hurt. I had to do terrible things. But what else could I do? The new world hadn't arrived. Perhaps it never will, perhaps I can't ever find a new world: I have to manufacture it here where the old one is. So I worked in pain, very hard, unhappy, with you watching. And then you told me that here I was doing it again, like your father; this was the one thing, the sole thing, that made you unhappy, this, what I was doing. I had gotten that way again, as I had been long ago, before; a way very bad. It had even made your sister cry. I made your sister cry and you run from the house out into the street. So, when I tried to remake the old world, I lost everything. Why? Don't you understand where I am and what I have to do? I am trying to make a place for us to be happy; if I don't do it soon there won't be any money to do it. Am I not trying to protect you and your sister—I love you, I love your sister; I want to take care of both of you. I was promised something. You promised it to me. But you didn't keep that promise. What do I have left? I can't remake the old world; that makes you cry. You won't go ahead with what we agreed on: beginning a new world together, somewhere else, you and I, the two of us. I look everywhere and see nothing. I've tried very hard. I give up. I wish I was dead. I am dead. What's at the movies? Write me a review. I can't see the movie myself; I am blind and I don't want to see again. There isn't

anything to see, only the old world which if I try to remake it you cry and the new world which was promised me but which never came into being; I guess maybe it's because I put on my fud suit (I put it on to try to get money to live). The question, Is Phil a fud? probably ought to be answered Yes, if by "fud" is meant someone who tried to turn the love for you by him—and the love by you for me—into a way by which we could live. "You sure know how to hurt people," you said to me. Maybe you're right, dear. But it's sad that this is the judgment on me; I deserve something better.

Love,
Phil

[TO ANNE DICK]

March 1965

Dear Anne:

Your note distressed me very much, the note as to your very difficult financial situation. But obviously, if I had the money, I would already have sent it. My own financial situation is so grave that it now appears I won't be able to keep my house here on Lyon; my last rent check bounced (it was due on the 15th) and so far I haven't been able to get any cash at all into the account so my landlord could put it through again. So I guess he can send me to jail. However, he knows that in jail I'll have less of a chance at making the check good, in fact none at all. Also, I haven't been able to pay my PG&E bill for three months, and they've notified me that they're turning off both the electricity and gas on Monday (which is probably the day you're getting this letter, so it's today). I have no money to buy groceries, so I'm not typing this at home; as usual I'm sponging off some friends, eating at their place again, using his typewriter, etc. And what really makes me sore is that I didn't have the money for the 1965 registration for my Buick, nor could I afford to have the smog filter put on. And I have a leaky muffler. Anyhow, the Highway Patrol caught me and gave me two tickets, one for the muffler, the other for not having the current registration. And I can't pay the fine either. So my car will be impounded, and unless I can raise money for the two fines, I'll have to serve time. (The court appearance is on April 7. I'm out until then.) The only way out I can see is for me to borrow some more money (nothing I've written since last June has sold; all I've earned is residuals on previously-written material). I don't know if Scott can help me anymore or not, but anyhow he's the only person I've been able to borrow from so far (I've been living on borrowed money since the end of October). I've written him, asking if he can lend me anything at all, any amount on any basis whatsoever, and I'm including your note now that I've got it, to show him how serious the financial situation here is. I should hear from him next week, and if he can loan me any more, I'll send it right on to you. The only other possibility would be for me to give you my

early U.S. collection (stamps) and let you see what you could raise on it. I hate to sell the collection, but it's all I have that's worth anything, and groceries come first. But I would prefer to at least wait until Scott answers me one way or the other. I haven't told Frank, my landlord, that I'm giving up the house, but I guess I have to next time he comes by. Oh well. So it goes. What else is new?

Love,

[TO NANCY HACKETT]

[*Undated*]

Dear Nancy,

I can see you without my glasses (right now you have them). This is Saturday night; isn't that strange? It looks more like sometime in the morning, and later than Saturday, maybe Monday or Tuesday. Anyhow, it may be the L.S.D. that makes me think it's Saturday. More on this topic later, if there is a later). I'll bet you've been wondering what happened to me since I moved to this side of the Bay. Here is my story, with every detail authentic and true.

I met a very gentle, wise girl. She is tall and pretty and very dark, but that is not the main thing about her. Nobody knows what the main thing about her is, because she keeps it hidden. And that is part of being so wise; it has a forlorn and sweet texture, whatever it is, and it belongs only to her. Perhaps she is the only one who deserves it. Perhaps she is the only one near enough to protect it. Perhaps it is very small and tiny and only she can see it. Is it the mustard seed of truth? She never gets mad, but when she is she really is. She can turn herself into her opposite; she can be anything she isn't. So what is she? A person who can be nothing but herself, no matter how hard she tries. See? Do you understand her, now? No? That's right; that's what she is.

I love her very much. I wonder when she is. I wonder without her what wouldn't be, such as the sun. The steam-powered sun! Here it is, as she told it to be (you know, forever):

I wonder what color we will all turn because of it. Darker and darker as it bakes us? Or lighter as it evaporates us? Both. None. I bet she knows, but she won't say (that's because she tells everything, and since she did so, there is nothing for her to say; see?). She is spiteful. No sysygy is ever anything else (I made up that word). But we put up with it because—hmmm. I wonder why. I'll ask her; she'll know. (I'll also ask her what her real name is. Nobody knows that either; maybe I'm the first one she ever told, or will tell, however you Americans say it.)

I'll write you more about this side of the Bay if you'll promise to marry me. I bet you think I'm joking. (You know everything!)

Love, dearest sweetheart,

[TO NANCY HACKETT]

[*Undated*]

Dear Nancy,

Much to everyone's disadvantage (I guess, as you would say) I've been THINKING. Consider. The basis of profit-making in what is called quaintly "Slum Rentals" is to divide a house into separate apartments, so that whereas the house would have rented for, say, \$115, the total rent of the place when divided into, say, three apartments becomes, say, \$75 plus \$65 plus \$100, or \$240 in total. Catchum? Consider. Our total rent for the two apartments comprising the top floor of the Trask place comes to \$140. Divided or not, we are renting one floor of a house for that sum. For \$140 we get two big rooms (the two living rooms), two kitchens, three bathrooms, two bedrooms, various closets and cupboards. In essence, we get four rooms, both kitchens being technically not rooms but gallies. And of the four rooms, two are very small (both bedrooms) and one of the living rooms (yours) is not quite full room-size. The only really full-size room would be my living room. Whereas in contrast, this front house here, for \$115, provides two large rooms, plus three smaller rooms (bedrooms) plus gally type kitchen and one bathroom which is a full size room, whereas all three bathrooms at Trask are gally size. But what is more important is the weird dilapidation at Trask. Missing drawers, old furniture piled up waiting for the salvation army—over a period of between three weeks (Frank's figure) and two months (from the guys downstairs). Aw fuck it. The Trask \$75 apartment is a fucking hovel. A slum. Missing pane of glass, fixtures not working, etc. Filth everywhere. The kitchen—GAK! The (Gleep) so-called stove—compared to the one I have here. The fireplace here, which is real, compared to the gas-converted one there. Bedroom can't be shut off from the rest of the house—in contrast to the neat two-entrance bathroom here. Lousy closet space there. And we'd always know that the fellas downstairs have the really good pad, with hardwood floors, etc., and undoubtedly pay far less than we for what we'd have. What I propose is this. I have disassembled everything here in the front house; I'm as packed as it's possible to be. I suggest you move here and we paint and fix up this place, INSTEAD of the Trask places. With less work we'd achieve more results here. New drapes, here. My bamboo blinds up. Everything done a new way, with you supervising; whatever prints, etc., you want where. We convert my bed to a Hollywood bed (boxed springs, mattress, but no frame). Surveying my possessions I can see that they won't fit into the Trask St. place. Bluntly, I think you ought to put some decorating into this house and move in here; you can be as segregated from me here as there. Less money, more space, and we can throw away various unsightly items such as coffee tables, bookcases ... in other words, restructure this house along your lines, which we can do, now, since all my stuff has been plucked and packed. Come in here and look at this place fresh, not as a place I've lived in, or you've lived in, but a place for rent for \$115. (Which, if we divide, comes

out \$57.50 for each of us, plus about \$5 utilities per.) And we have a driveway to park in. We can drive down to the ice cream place—after all, the car is now fixed up, which would make us much more mobile; the saving by living here over Trask is enough per month to maintain the car.

And, after all, this was the original idea.

Love,

[TO SCOTT MEREDITH]

[Undated, 1965]

Dear Scott,

Thank you very much for your letter notifying me of the anthology sale of OH, TO BE A BLOBEL to Ace. Yes, things are rather rough here financially. I wasn't able to pay my rent last time; the PG&E has notified me that this coming Monday (probably the day you're receiving this) they're turning off my gas and electricity because I'm three months behind in payment; I'm two months behind in my child support payments to my wife, and she's beginning to press hard; and most disgusting of all, I wasn't able to register my car for '65, and the Highway Patrol gave me two citations, which, if I can't pay—as well as registering my car and fixing the muffler—I'm going to be jailed on April 7th, because of, or however you end a sentence like that. But I can't see borrowing any more, even though the advance from you is down now to \$750. What I'm holding out for is the Johathan Cape money from the U.K. Do you think it'll be coming through soon? I think that good news about that would really cheer me up. That is really quite a lot of money, when you think about it.

I guess if the J.C. money won't be in for a while I'll have to consider trying to borrow some more. Keerist. How dismal.

If something extremely good happens you can now reach me by phone again; not my own, since the Bell people took it away, but on my girl's phone: 415-534-1880. That's a bit less dismal.

I'll hope, then, to hear from you as to the U.K. sum.

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

[TO LEGAL DEPARTMENT, California State
Automobile Association]

[Undated, 1965]

Dear Sirs:

I received two citations from the Highway Patrol on Monday night, March 22: 27154CVC (muffler not maintained; i.e. leaking exhaust fumes and noisy) and 4000CVC (1965 registration fees due). I am supposed to appear in Oakland Municipal Court, April 7, 10 a.m., Dept 8. And so I am asking:

(one) Can you represent me there, appearing for me?

(two) Can you advise me as to what I should do before April 7th—should I be sure to have the muffler fixed and the fees sent to Sacramento? Or will they fine me on the 7th anyhow? Or will they at that time order me to get the muffler fixed and the fees sent in? And if there is a fine, how much will it be, and is there any reasonable basis for argument on my part? I had just acquired the car, had sent the pink slip to Sacramento with the two dollars, and had just received back the notice that I had to send them eighteen dollars, get a bill of sale from the previous owner, get the smog control device put on, whereupon, before I could comply—I had no prior way of knowing what the registration fee was until I got their letter—I got the two citations. I certainly can argue that it was reasonable for me to have the muffler fixed at the same time I got the smog control device put on, which were my intentions. (The car came to me in its present condition.)

I'll hope, then, to hear from you shortly. My phone number: 534-1880. Your number: DM-2875. Thank you very much.

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

[TO NANCY HACKETT]

April 2, 1965

(I am a snail)

Dear Nancy,

Welcome back to the Papa Fizeek Capitol of the Universe! (Grüss Gott dab Sie zurück nach die Vater Urteil Grobstadt des Kosmos wieder gekommen sind!) How pretty you look (or ugly; check one). How ice (sic or rather non; how nice) to see you (or how awful; check three). We have good news, the cats and I (or bad news; check an infinitude). (Or the russian wolfhounds and I; check none.) Anyhow, here is the news:

your kitty cat Zen (or Mrs. H. Gold, as she prefers to call herself) is Almost completely well. This is demonstrated by the following: (one) She eats tuna fish with gusto (a rare exotic sauce, of Italian origin, circa 1600). (two) She meauuws (sic et non) in a loud type voice in order to attract attention to the fact that she is hungry. (Three) She purrrrts so loud that the house shakes, and for the purpose of being noticed. (Four) She rubs. (Five) She sits on lap, having hopped up on on same. (Six) She notices the other cats. (Seven) Her eyes look as lovely as before. (Eight) She kicks herself in traditional fashion, designed to scratch itchy type places. (Nine) She obviously feels fine. (Ten) She takes an interest in everything, including what's going on outdoors. (Eleven) When you call her, or in fact any and all cats, she comes with the other two.

In order to celebrate this extremely fortunate and joy-provoking event, simultaneous with your august return from The Big City, Where You In Many

& Diverse Fashions Did Busy Yourself With Vital & Pertinent Chores, Tasks, Outings, Spirits-Quaffing, Alone & With Several Certain Personages of Class Fitte for your Company, I have done the following:

- (a) I emptied the garbage.
- (b) I washed the dishes (dirty from use).
- (c) I cleared off the desk.
- (d) I washed dishes recently arrived from outside sources.
- (e) I cleaned top of stove.
- (f) I put away old newspapers.
- (g) I put fresh piece of newspaper under cat bowls.
- (h) I did something else, but I forget what it was.

Anyhow, welcome back, dear little Nancy. And many hippy pappy returns of the day, as Wol would say (cf "The House at Pooh Corner"). I am sorry to say that no letters arrived from your Many & Diverse Several Gentlemen Acquaintances Both Domestic And In Foreign Lands, but perhaps this meager (sic) self-typed letter (squishy, like an old grapefruit, with much love & esteem) will be of more than nothing interest to you. Take care of yourself in your walk from the mailbox to your dear little house, and sit before the fire, licking yourself dry.

Love, Liebe, Amour, Amor,
Phil

[TO NANCY HACKETT]

[*circa April-May, 1965*]

Dear Nancy,

Well, after lying awake I still am not sure what "doing what you want" from now on means. I'm not sure what's so terrible about what you have been doing, because it pretty much has struck me as doing what you want already, if you want me to speak bluntly. You mean our joint existence is going to be more built around you and your needs? How can that be done? Well, forget it. Anyhow, I take it that you want to move to S.F. and live with Speed and around those guys, and continue along the lines you were heading when I met you. While I guess the best thing for me is to move in with Boris and Bev. So be it, if that's what you want; frankly, I was fairly well strained to the end anyhow, as regards what I could do to accomodate you and your family and your friends, culminating with your dear sis's, "Phil, go off now, because I have something to discuss with Nancy about something we're going to do, and you're not invited." Okay, consider me not invited, which I presume you do, inasmuch as—as in each time before—you showed scarce little protest, and fell to with a will. And in connection with that, I guess the irony is that for you the really revolting thing I'm trying to do ("She might get angry," as you put it) is for me to tell my wife that I love (or rather loved) you and want to

make you may wife ... which is impossible anyhow, because, as you say, you're "too young."

Let me know when you want to be carted out of here and I'll be glad to oblige.

Yrs,
Phil

[TO SCOTT MEREDITH]

May 22, 1965

Dear Scott:

Don's reaction to the expanded UNTELEPORTED MAN must have been as great a surprise to you as to me, in view of your earlier remark to me that I had nothing to fear; in fact, "that my fears were unfounded," a rather ironic statement in that my fears were justified. Anyhow, be this as it may, we are stuck with the fact of Don's reaction; but, if you will recall my fears, you will see at once that basically I anticipated this. I did so on the basis of two events; one, his stricture-letter on MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE in which—as I recall—he called it "irritating, sick, outmoded and not even science-fiction," and "it should not have won the Hugo," and two: the absurd title which I am informed he has tormented me with on my Ace novel to be released next month, something on the order of DOCTOR BLOODMONEY OR HOW WE LEARNED TO LIVE AFTER THE BOMB, a title which will ring down the chambers of time as long as I am so unfortunate as to exist. There is, also, a third fact involved. Each of my recent books which has been truly original and important was not published by Ace; I mean Ballantine's MARTIAN TIME-SLIP, Belmont's THE PENULTIMATE TRUTH, Popular Library's MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE, and now McFadden's THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDritch—not to mention Belmont's reprinting of my older novel TIME OUT OF JOINT (when I mentioned in September this latter event to Don, he retorted, "They'll print anything," hardly a friendly remark by an editor to an author most of whose books have been printed by that editor's house). So what I see is this: the direction of my serious original and creative s-f has passed Ace by; or, put another way, what Ace wants is what the Coasters in their lp call "the same old shoot-'em-up, the same old rodeo." We call that "space opera," do we not? And it has been some time since I was capable of turning space opera out; THE UNTELEPORTED MAN, in its original form in *Fantastic*, was just about it; the end of the line for me in that direction. However, when I went to expand it for Ace, I did not pad it—a suggestion which is, at best, an insult as to my integrity—but to transform it from what was actually not a novel at all but a long story into a true novel—which I did. And the "far-out" elements which I added, which were not there in the original, i.e. all which Don objects to, were necessary if the

piece became a true novel and not merely a longer story. There is real irony here, too, because a much better case could be made against my additions than the one Don chose to make; fundamentally, the additions follow the lines laid down in my Ace novel THE GAME-PLAYERS OF TITAN, which Don nominated for the Hugo.

I wish, too, to complain of something else: Don's tying in the purchase of my story collection with the completion of the contract for THE UNTELEPORTED MAN. This is a club held over my head, entirely unnecessary, since I frankly worked my goddam ass off over the expansion—as everyone who knows me is aware of. If Don sees fit, in view of his rejection of the completed—and to my mind satisfactory—UNTELEPORTED MAN, to reject the story collection as further punishment, then I will insist that the Agency take note of this violation of what Rick Prindle called a "quasi-contract," by that meaning that Ace's statement that they wished to buy a story collection of mine did in no way originally hang on the purchase of THE UNTELEPORTED MAN as a separate expansion; nor, in fact, did such a separate expansion even exist. What has happened here is that by failing to satisfy Don on THE UNTELEPORTED MAN I may find myself facing the loss of other sales which have absolutely no connection with it. In professions other than fiction writing a good strong union generally can take care of fink tactics like this; unfortunately we s-f writers do not have a union. I can only do what the poor laborer did in the old days before unions existed, then: I can take my work off the market—at least as far as Ace is concerned. I must admit that the idea of no longer writing for and selling to Ace fails to displease me, especially in view of the ugly and revolting title which Don placed on my most recent work.

As far as the threat of cancellation of my contract and request for a return of the advance—Don is pulling out all the stops, is he not, in threats of force to bring me into line? Well, so be it. I'm sure he can get the money back, and the contract-fulfillment is long overdue. It does seem a shame to me, however, that Don takes the attitude, as he appears to, that I have somehow knowingly or deliberately turned in a piece less than satisfactory: that if enough threat, bluster and intimidation is brought to bear on me that I will shape up. Sorry, Don. All it does (since in the expansion I did the best work I know how, whether you appreciate it or not) is to make me damn glad that, as it stands, my business relations with Ace books appear at last to be at an end. What a relief.

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

c. c.: Don Wollheim, Ace Books, Inc.

[TO ANNE DICK]

[Undated summer 1965]

Dear Anne:

The reason I didn't answer your previous letter is this: I've been in bed the last ten days with a respiratory infection, and haven't been able to get out for stamps or to the mail box. However, now I'm better, so here's an answer—to your later, longer letter.

page 3. I'm glad Tom is going to be important. It's nice to be important.

page 3. Nice, too, that you "really love to give and do things for other people." Sounds as if you're becoming a wonderful. Too bad I'm not on hand to drink in the deep, tiny experience of the New You.

page 3. Lovely, simply lovely, that men pursue you. Cheers.

page 3. The plural of "Hudner" is "Hudners," not "Hudner's."

page 4. I'm looking forward to seeing your new orange suit at the divorce hearing. Sounds like loads of fun. Congratulations. Myself, I have purple sneakers and a propeller beanie for the occasion.

page 4. Yes, the documents pertaining to the divorce are terrible. But so is your seven page letter, if not more so.

page 5. I guess you're going to have to keep on not being "loving and reassuring and kind and strong," inasmuch as I'm keeping my attorney.

pages 6/7. "Being left, being ignored, being deprived of affection, consideration, tine and attention ..." etc. What a hard life you have led with me. Makes one soberly ponder the meaning of it all, if not the meaning of your aggressive, abusive, hateful letter.

page 7. "I think I would be free to withdraw now if you decided you didn't want to participate." Please do; i.e. withdraw, since I do not wish to participate. In reading your letter I see so very clearly why I left you. All the animosity—it's incredible. How can you bear to live with yourself? If I had such malign feelings I'd shoot myself.

Cordially,
Philip

[TO JACK NEWKOM]

November 17, 1965

Dear Jack,

Nice to hear from you, ol' J.G. Thank you for the quotations of your and Ted White's remarks. Good ol' Ted. Good ol' everybody.

So you and Ray are going around with no clothes on. Sorry we missed Bill's party wherein you & Ray were so cunningly displayed. Well, next year perhaps. Likewise the getting shot at. Too bad you were not there, on guard

with your trusty rifle, and I with my (?) trusty pistol. Ah, we would have given them a time, eh?

Speed came over again, this time with two caps of acid. He took one, and I like never to have seen such goings-on. He seemed to feel that he was God, or, at other times, greater than God. I recorded the dialog and it went like this.

Speed: I am God. (Pause) Am I God?

Phil: No. You're a gifted human being, not God.

Speed: I'm resting. I'm God.

He had a lot of trouble getting down or back, whatever it is. In view of a severe virus flu which he had at this time, it was probably not such a good idea for him to have taken the acid. He said, after he came out of it, that he had had weird thoughts which were difficult to dispel (this was at the tail end of the trip). Amusingly, he continually referred to the entity Speed as a "vehicle," and occasionally as a "torso." What he meant by this I could never fathom, except that he had evidently risen to a realm of pure spirit (Gak). (Chang.) Also, he became rather paranoid and suspected my motives for trying to keep him related to outside reality; he suspected that I was trying to "prevent him from breaking free" or some such thing. I guess I am a party pooper at that. Toward the end he became nauseated and weak, and stayed in bed all next day, very troubled and dispirited and ill. Finally he managed to crawl out of the sack and return to S.F. He left the other cap of acid for Nancy and me, and that night we divided it, each of us taking half a standard dose (I suppose about 75 mg). I had a theory that if you took such a small amount you might not go so deep into it, would retain more of a sense of reality and meantime enjoy colors and sounds, etc. I was right; at least for myself ... I saw all manner of joyous coloration, especially pinks and reds, very luminous and exciting, and I had several great insights into myself (e.g. that I had had two attacks of schizophrenia, one when I was six, the other when I was eighteen, and that my basic fear was of a return of this). Nancy, it would seem, experienced nothing at all except a sense of well-being—which I also had, before the color sensation began. I wonder why it didn't affect her more; I wonder, then, what a full dose would have done. Frankly, I'd like to get hold of some more; it was an altogether pleasant trip, one which I was sorry to see slide into the oblivion of the past.

Other news. Nancy got her job at the postoffice, which pays \$2.57 an hour, which is not bad, I would say. More than I make, anyhow. She just started yesterday, and it is of course too early to know whether she is going to like it or not. The work seems to be very hard; for instance she is required to be able to lift an eighty-pound mail sack. The foreman is very tough, so she is under a great deal of pressure. Item. We ran out of money again, and once again my rent check bounced (sounds like old times, does it now?). Guess who lent us the money to make the check good. Lovely lovely Annie K. Borg, bless her sweet lovely heart. She is doing okay, these days; she's dropped her ugly

stupid boyfriends and is busy taking her legal stenog. courses. I discover to my surprise that each one of them inherited several thousand dollars from their mother's estate; Nancy's is due next month; we're going to put the sum in a savings account and later use it to go to Europe. It would seem that between Nancy's job and her inheritance our financial problems are virtually over. And all due to her, not to me. It's an ironic universe; who would have thought when I met her that within a year she would have gotten a driver's license, passed a hard postoffice test and gotten a job? She looks fine and feels fine, which is more than I can say about myself. For reasons unknown I have been very depressed, in the last few weeks. It's sort of lonely over here; we don't get to see very many people except Annie—and also Annie's friend Lynn, who reminds me of my ex-wife, except that I like her a lot (but then I liked my ex-wife at first). As regards my work: Terry says that Ace is buying my collection of short stories at last, which is darn welcome. Carol's cat died and she was quite sad for a time; I think she's better now. (Carol, not the cat.) She and Terry sent me two cans—cans!—of a fine English snuff which I had never tried before; they also sent me a book of lyrics to various Lieder, which is much appreciated. When you are up here next I will sing you one of the Lieder and let you sniff the snuff.

I spend most of my time scratching, taking snuff, reading the newspaper and feeding the cats. Not very interesting, I guess; certainly not interesting to me. What I love to get is fanzines; I've become addicted to them, whether they mention me or not. I'm beginning to feel as if I actually know the people; e.g. Diane Pelz. What is Diane Pelz doing, these days? I continually ask myself. And Red Boggs; what about good ol' Red Boggs? (Do these people really exist? If not, then I am very much disappointed, to say the least.)

The main difference between living here and living in Oakland is that at eventide when it begins to get dark it looks lovely here, with the trees and fields covered with mist; whereas in Oakland eventide was just plain the time when various carpenters from the Oakland Navy Base got home for their dinner, parking their fuddish Plymouth cars along Lyon Avenue and suchlike. You remember; it was approximately the time of the day at which you rose from bed, wearing your IBM torn gray bathrobe and carrying your nearly-empty bottle of Swiss-Italian sherry (Gak Gak Gak). In many ways I miss those times we had; we were certainly busy, hatching out our various schemes, building our fantastic intellectual edifices, eh? Well, as Euripides says, "... Will they ever come to me again, the long long dances?" Etc. And so it goes.

Write again soon, ol' Jack. Yours in the left
tit of the Blessed Virgin whose milk sustained
our Beloved Savior, I am, sir,
Obediently,

[TO JAMES PIKE & MAREN BERGRUD]

February 17, 1966

Dear Jim and Maren,

For grief such as we all feel, there is virtually nothing that can be said; you must already be aware of that. Anyhow, Nancy and I would like to say something. Nancy, especially, was very fond of Jim Junior; his death upset her more than anything I have seen affect her. This poem, "Der Wegweiser," has seemed to me for some time to sum up the awful condition of life—when I experience it as awful, which is frequently—and to express it so well that once you have read the poem you can't feel this condition ... because one of its components is isolation, and the poem makes it clear that at least one other person—Müller—experienced it too. I really think this is something on the order of what Jim Junior must have felt.

*Why do I find myself avoiding
The roads on which the others go,
Looking ever for hidden paths
High up through rocks in ice and snow?
For nothing I've done need I hide my face
From people and feel ashamed.
What kind of strange and insensible longing
Draws me deep into solitude?
Signposts stand on all the highways,
Pointing to the towns the way.
Alone I wander on endless journeys,*
Restless, yet it's rest I seek.
There I see a signpost standing,
Inexorable before my eyes,
A road I shall have to follow,
A road by which no one returns.*

**Und Ich wandre sonder Massen,
Ohne Ruh, und suche Ruh.*

There is a metaphysical condition which is not either philosophical or theological, it seems to me, a sort of mood, in which the above (?) of reality becomes more and more real. I personally doubt if it falls into the clinical province of the psychiatrist; it has such deep historical and cultural roots. Alienation is the word they give it now. Before that it was melancholy. In my experience, especially two years ago when I was very depressed, it seems to me that it is more a sense of fate. Of being called on to do something, a very special something that once more links one up with fate; as if one had lost destiny, as well as purpose; that it is not what one becomes or does but more where one goes. As in the Muller poem, it is experienced as a road which must be followed, a journey. It is

not exactly a road to death. But it might appear to be. What I think has happened is that the distinction, the division, between living and being dead has become dim. You feel dead now. And you seek the opposite. But what is the opposite of being physically alive and feeling dead? Is it to be physically dead and spiritually alive? Not exactly, but in any case, with the distinctions gone, this isn't relevant. What is relevant is the feeling that a destiny lies ahead *which will take over and make the decisions*. It is an affirmation of the presence of a superior deciding power or entity—although perhaps you feel divorced and separated from that entity. Still, it seems to me an affirmation. Everything may be distorted, but basically the realization is solid. If one submits to an ultimate destiny one regains reality—which I suppose would even include the condition which Lucretius asserts to be the case after physical death: "From sense of grief and pain we shall be free. We shall not feel because we shall not be." Well, to not feel because of not being is after all a truly absolute state; the awful relativity of everything, the dream-like flickering, is abolished. Opinion is gone; certitude, even a certitude arising from personal extinction, exists instead.

Santayana once described life as "dreaming under the control of the object." Sometimes the control on the part of the object—or objects—gets too strong and then you have to close your eyes to the object and try to dream in its absence. I sometimes feel the power of the object growing around me, and myself diminishing. What one wants to destroy then is not oneself but the thing. The trouble with LSD is that it lets us in on a secret: the power of the object can be enormously diminished. And then the dreaming can ascend to a higher—really much higher—order, on a par with divine inspiration. This indicates to me that the non-object life, the dreaming away from the power of the object, will be experienced at least subjectively (which may be the sole way anyhow) as enormously real. The *Tibetian Book of the Dead* describes this: the kind gods and the wrathful ones, both so real. I have a feeling that in the instant after death everything real will become apparent; all the cards will be turned face-up, the game will be over, and we will see clearly what we have suspected only ... and unfounded suspicions will be erased. We will have no questions lacking answers. For myself, I feel that before I can understand Jim Junior's death I will have to participate in death myself. Now it is a mystery to me, a black glass. I have no expectation of understanding it—during this life. But it seems to me that one day I will understand it, so I will have to wait and hang onto that belief—which I admit is unproved. But, as I see things, nothing is proved; everything is to some extent murky and perplexing and painful; life itself is all that. Behold, Paul says. I tell you a mystery. We shall not all sleep. Or something like that. I believe that; in fact it is virtually all I believe. But even that, unproved, will have to wait for its test, like everything else. But even if I'm wrong and Lucretius is right, I'll be content; I'll have no choice. Either way, I will have no capacity for feeling resentment or oppression.

There are many topics we want to write you about, and we will do so in

another letter later on, when we feel better. Right now all Nancy and I can think about is this. Love to you both, and we hope you are better. Everything will get better.

[TO JAMES PIKE & MAREN BERGRUD]
[draft of previous letter]

[Undated, from 1966 file]

Dear Jim and Maren,

For grief such as we all feel, there is virtually nothing that can be said; you must already be aware of that. Anyhow, Nancy and I would like to say something. Nancy, especially, was very fond of Jim, Junior; his death upset her more than anything I have seen affect her. I have thought of everything I know, which presumably I could say, but none of it seems adequate. That which has been of use—not much but a little to me is this passage from *De Rerum Natura*:

*We, who are dead and gone, shall bear no part
In all the pleasures, nor shall feel the smart,
Which to that other mortal shall accrue,
Whom to our matter time shall mold anew.*

*For whosoe'er shall in misfortunes live,
Must be, when those misfortunes shall arrive;
And since the man who is not, feels not woe,
(For death exempts him, and wards off the blow,
Which we, the living, only feel and bear,)
What is there left for us in death to fear?
When once that pause of life has come between
'Tis just the same as we had never been."*

To me, the most comforting lines of the poem are:

*From sense of grief and pain we shall be free;
We shall not feel, because we shall not be.*

What strikes me as most comforting in this poem is that even though it assumes no idea of rebirth or immortality—it takes the classic (?) view—it still is able to give a strong affirmation for the situation which has confronted us: death to someone important to us. It places death in its genuine place in the progression of life; it tells us something about what this specter should properly make us feel—both when it happens to us and when it happens to someone we love, or even when we are aware of it in general. Now, this classic Greek-Roman view is too pessimistic as regards afterlife; so if it is wrong—if there is afterlife—then we should be even more comforted. What the poem presents is in a sense, the worst possibility: "We shall not feel, because we shall not be." If this is false, if we still are after death, then presumably we will be under the condition of a return to the Ground and Source out of which we were initially spun. That this is good

must be assumed; that it is out of our hands is obvious. During life we have to bow to the activity of reality; we always were impotent, relatively speaking. We trusted, we still trust, the Ground and Source as we experience it now, veiled and indirect for the most part, as Paul points out. The attitude through which we survive during life is probably the one we all adopt after death; since the Ground and Source—in other words God—are second-hand now, we have what amounts to a choice of attitudes toward it—degrees of trust, of suspicion, faith. But I believe that after death what we now experience as veiled will be absolute and total, and certitude on our parts will be unavoidable.

The most important aspect of afterlife, to me, has seemed to be certitude. Even if we are, as Lucretius says, no longer in existence, even this brings certitude—at least finality, and a permanent suspicion to disagreement. To die and not relive will still be to know for sure [illegible] million fears will, even in this case, automatically cease. Lucretius is right in what he argues from his premise. Even at worst there is final freedom from what makes us "ohne Ruh," as the German poet Wilhelm Müller puts it. This poem, "Der Wegweiser," has seemed to me for some time to sum up the awful condition of life—when I experience it as awful, which is frequently—and to express it so well that once you have read the poem you can't feel this condition ... because one of its components is isolation, and the poem makes it clear that at least one other person—Müller—experienced it, too. I really think this is something on the order of what Jim, Junior must have felt.

*Why do I find myself avoiding
The roads on which the others go,
Looking ever for hidden paths
High up through rocks in ice and snow?
For nothing I've done need I hide my face
From people and feel ashamed.
What kind of strange and insensible longing
Draws me deep into solitude?
Signposts stand on all the highways,
Pointing to the towns the way.
Alone I wander on endless journeys,*
Restless, yet it's rest I seek.
There I see a signpost standing,
Inexorable before my eyes,
A road I shall have to follow,
A road by which no one returns.*

**Und Ich wandre sonder Massen,
Ohne Ruh, und suche Ruh.*

There is a metaphysical condition which is not either philosophical or theological, it seems to me, a sort of mood, in which the above [illegible] of

reality becomes more and more real! I personally doubt if it falls into the clinical province of the psychiatrist; it has such deep historical and cultural roots. Alienation is the word they give it now. Before that it was melancholy. In my experience, especially two years ago when I was very depressed, it seems to me that it is more a sense of fate. Of being called to do something, a very special something that once more links one up with fate; as if one had lost destiny, as well as purpose; that it is not what one becomes or does but more where one goes. As in the Müller poem, it is experienced as a road which must be followed, a journey. It is not exactly a road to death. But it might appear to be. What I think has happened is that the distinction, the division, between living and being dead has become dim. You feel dead now. And you seek the opposite. But what is the opposite of being physically alive and feeling dead? Is it to be physically dead and spiritually alive? Not exactly, but in any case, with the distinctions gone, this isn't relevant. What is relevant is the feeling that a destiny lies ahead *which will take over and make the decisions*. It is an affirmation of the presence of a superior deciding power or entity—although perhaps you feel divorced and separated from that entity. Still, it seems to me an affirmation. Everything may be distorted, but basically the realization is solid. If one submits to an ultimate destiny one regains reality—which I suppose would even include the condition which Lucretius asserts exists after physical death: "We shall not feel because we shall not be." Well, to not feel because of not being is after all a truly absolute state; the awful relativity of everything, the dream-like flickering, is abolished. Opinion is gone; certitude, even a certitude arising from personal extinction, exists instead.

Santayana once described life as "dreaming under the control of the object." Sometimes the control on the part of the object—or objects—gets too strong and then you have to close your eyes to the object and try to dream in its absence. I sometimes feel the power of the object growing around me, and myself diminishing. What one wants to destroy then is not oneself but the thing. The trouble with LSD is that it lets us in on a secret: the power of the object can be enormously diminished. And then the dreaming can ascend to a higher—really much higher—order, on a par with divine inspiration. This indicates to me that the non-object life, the dreaming away from the power of the object, will be experienced at least subjectively (which may be the sole way anyhow) as enormously real. The *Tibetan Book of the Dead* describes this: the kind deities and the wrathful ones, both so real. I have a feeling that in the first instant after death, everything real will become apparent to us; all the cards will be turned face-up, the game will be over, and we will see clearly what we have suspected only ... and unfounded suspicions will be erased. We will have no questions lacking answers. For myself, I feel that before I can really understand Jim Junior's death I will have to participate in death myself. Now it is a mystery to me, a black glass. I have no expectation of understanding it—during this life. But it seems to me that one day I will understand it, so I will have to wait and hang onto that belief—which I admit is unproved.

But, as I see things, nothing is proved; everything is to some extent murky and perplexing and painful; life itself is all that. Behold, Paul says. I tell you a mystery. We shall not all sleep. Or something like that. I believe that; in fact it is virtually all I believe. But even that, unproved, will have to wait for its test, like everything else. But even if I'm wrong and Lucretius is right, I'll be content; I'll have no choice. Either way, I will have no capacity for feeling resentment or oppression.

There are many topics we want to write you about, and we will do so in another letter later on, when we feel better. Right now all Nancy and I can think about is this. Love to you both, and we hope you are better. Everything will get better.

From sense of grief and pain we shall be free,

[TO ANTHONY BOUCHER]

[Undated, Christmas 1966?]

Tony—

I hope you're feeling better. I just sold another book to Doubleday & I'm feeling very good. And I sent off my first children's novel, with many high hopes. Call me one of these days so we can get together: 479-4825.

May the Blessings of Christmas
be with you through all
the New Year
Phil & Nancy Dick

[TO DAVE SCHILLER]

February 6, 1967

Dear Dave:

Enclosed you will find my inventory of the contents of our home. There are several items which I would like to call your attention to; viz.:

(one) The stamp collection. I have put a purposely low value on it, because the resale of stamps by individual collectors back to dealers is at a low pay-rate, usually no more than half the listed catalog value. The main worth of my collection is in Early U.S., however, and these are sought for by dealers. When you bear in mind that three stamps in my U.S. collection list at \$150, you will see how low a total net worth of \$300 is.

(two) Most important of all are my two collections of rare old magazines, my collection of *Unknown Worlds* (which is complete) and my collection of *Astounding Stories* (which is complete from Oct. 1933 up to 1943). I bought these collections in 1951 as an investment, and since then their value has gone up considerably. Bear in mind that very few complete files of *Unknown* exist anywhere in the United States; even individuals issues are hard to

acquire. The last sale which I've heard of involved \$500 for the *Unknowns*, but I understand that now no collections are for sale at any price. If you want to obtain an outside estimate of the worth of my collections, you could consult Ben Stark, a Berkeley rare-magazine dealer, or Forrest J. Ackerman in Los Angeles, or Terry Carr (35 Pierrepont St, Brooklyn N.Y.) or Harlan Ellison (3484 Coy Drive, Sherman Oaks, Calif). If you do ask any of them for an estimate, be sure that you stipulate that the *Unknown* file is complete; every issue of the magazine is there. The older *Astoundings* are highly valuable, too.

(three) I have not listed an "estimated value" for our new Britannica because it is covered against fire and flood for its first year by the dealer. Next year I will have to list it with you. In any case, I don't know its estimated worth. It is the new edition and certainly worth close to the purchase price.

(four) I have given no "estimated value" for certain rare old 78 record albums. If you need an estimate I can supply you with a list of the albums involved, and Tony Boucher (2643 Dana St, Berkeley) can assess their worth if any.

(five) One more item should be mentioned. As you know, I'm a professional writer. Most of the time I have a manuscript in the process of reaching its final copy. If the rough draft were destroyed by fire (or whatever) and no carbon existed, I would be losing anywhere from \$1500 to \$8000 (assuming, of course, that I couldn't remember enough of it to write it once again). I have made no mention of this in the inventory, not knowing how to list it or how to assess an "estimated value." I guess, however, we can tackle this particular problem when and if it arises, which I pray it will not.

Thank you very much for contacting me about insurance of this sort; I had the idea that it would be too expensive for me to afford. If there is anything more you want from me in the way of information my phone number is 479-4825.

(If you do get an estimate on my collections of *Unknowns* and/or *Astoundings*, could you let me know what the amount of their respective worth comes to? If it's enough, I'll put them on the market, since that was my purpose in buying them in the first place.)

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

[TO CYNTHIA ———]

February 27, 1967

Dear Cynthia,

Having received several letters from you recently, I have become spoiled; I want more. So I am writing you to get more, a very selfish motive, to be sure, but you do write such nice letters.

Things here are going strangely. Nancy is now about a week away from

having the baby, and we have planned all manner of clever plans, such as having a cashier's check for \$200 ready to give the hospital (without it they won't let her in). Also, we have an envelope full of cash so that I can hire a cab at 4:00 a.m., which of course is when she will go into labor. We have a cradle, clothes for the baby, even formula in cans (no pun intended). But there has occurred a sad side to our events, one which we did not expect. I don't remember if you ever met my two cats (I guess you did at that, when you and Lou visited Grania and me in Oakland). Anyhow, little Horace, the one we loved the most, died last week, evidently from eating rat poison (the vet wasn't sure). In a way, I suppose, this was the "best" time for it to happen, if it had to happen, inasmuch as we can keep our thoughts turned ahead to the baby, and not back to him. He was so much company. He had such odd little habits. Well, this is what happens when you love an animal. "They have such small lives," I read once in a book, "and so they lose them so easily." I only had him with me two years. It was not long enough.

Meanwhile, my writing career creaks on. My Berkley book, COUNTER-CLOCK WORLD, just came out, with a very nice cover—which shows a girl who looks exactly like Nancy. What is more, the girl in the story, Lotta, is based on Nancy. I keep wondering if by any chance Terry and/or Carol Carr gave Damon Knight (the editor at Berkley Books) a picture of Nancy (they have several which I sent them). Otherwise it must be chalked up to psi, I suppose.

I wrote a script for the TV show, "The Invaders." I wonder if they'll buy it (of course they will. It's superb).

Did I tell you about the therapy group which I (and now Nancy) go to? It's for "well" people, and we act, interact and react, from 8:00 p.m. to 1:30 a.m. An ordeal, but worth it. Awful things get said back and forth, but we're getting strong, and all of us are getting loyalty and powerful ties to one another. The psychiatrist in charge is a good one, and keeps us informed as to the mechanisms and purposes we are making use of (e.g. "You said that because you want her to like you.").

Other news. The day after little Horace died I went out and bought a huge fire-proof file case (four drawers) because I knew I couldn't stand to lose anything more; when I lost him I lost too much then and there; I couldn't have stood any more. For days now I've been busy; I've never stopped: I've gone through all my boxes of papers, sorting, deciding what to put in the file (where, according to my hope and faith, they will be safe forever). I've got my complete set of *Unknowns* in it, my *Astoundings* from '33 to '43, all photographs, letters, rare books of poetry, rare tapes (such as Bruno Walter's performance of Mozart's *Magic Flute*, a copy of each of my books, plus a copy of each story I've ever done that I think is worth preserving, reviews of my books, articles from fanzines, your letters to me, as well as Carol's, my collection of early U.S. stamps, MSS in progress—just every damn thing I can cram into the eight cubic feet of space. Without the drawers, the file-case weighs 700 pounds, and it took four men to hoist it up, on a dolly, three steps. I was one of the four men, and I got a hernia for my

trouble, which annoys me, because it's as if God is saying, "You can't do it, Phil; you can't save any of the treasures of this world." Anyhow, I am wrapped up in a cloak of pain; I know that much of it is hysterical and psychosomatic, due to fear about the baby and the responsibility it'll mean ... I'm getting all sorts of physical stress-symptoms, despite the tranquilizers and codein I'm taking. Babies remind me of my previous marriage, I guess, and the awful life I had and the awful wife I had—who still calls me and writes me, trying to get me to come "home". Anyhow, with my hernia I'm weak, paralyzed and filled with nausea—and, above all, with dread. But I must stop crying on your shoulder; it's not very cool of me. I wish, as in earlier times, I could quote some sweet bit of poetry to you, a fragment which would help us all, whoever and wherever we are. Wait: I can quote the quotes from COUNTER-CLOCK WORLD which open each chapter. Ahem (I'm looking; bear with me). Ah. Here's one.

You and I, when we argue, are made in each other. For when I understand what you understand, I become your understanding, and am made in you, in a certain ineffable way.—Erigena

I feel sad. I feel as if life is passing, is going rather than coming. Here's another quote:

So then when they rise and tend to be, the more quickly they grow that they may be, so much the more they haste not to be.—St. Augustine

Write me; okay? And I hope we can all get together, one of these days. Lots—quite lots—of love to you, and wish us luck with the baby. A bit of luck helps, especially from a bright spirit like you.

[TO TANDY RUBENSTEIN]

March 3, 1967

Dear Tandy,

How nice to hear from you! It sounds as if you've been very busy, these days. Yes, I have heard of The Animals. The group I like best is the Mamas and the Papas. Do you know of them? It's so strange; one of the mamas is fat and awful-looking, and the other is thin and beautiful with long blond hair—somewhat the way you look, as I remember.

We have been rather unhappy, here, during the last few weeks. Our dear cat Horace (do you remember meeting Horace?) died from eating rat poison. The vet did everything possible, but it was no use. Anyhow Horace didn't feel any pain. He just became more and more tired until at last he went to sleep. But he was our favorite cat of all those we have.

On the brighter side, we are going to have a baby any time now (or rather Nancy is going to have it; all I get to do is drive her to Marin General and back). If it's a boy, I'm going to name him Walter, after my spider (remember my spider named Walter?). If it's a girl maybe I'll name her Tumpina, especially if she has a

long black tail. We are very excited, and we've got a cradle already, and lots of baby clothes and stuff like that. The cats have been sleeping in the cradle, so they are going to get a rude awakening in another week or so. I suppose the cats will be very angry when we bring the baby home and put it in their sleeping-place. Imagine their indignation!

I hope that you and Laura can get together with us soon. First I have to get well from my injury, but that won't take too long (I hope). At present I can't reach up or down or pick up anything, even a paperclip. The doctor wants me to go into the hospital for an operation, but I can't yet, for some time in fact, because of the new baby. I have to help take care of it. Remember how much trouble Laura was, when she was a baby? I remember the day the ladder fell on her. I'll bet you don't remember that.

Lots of love, and write me again. Goodbye for now!

[TO HATTE RUBENSTEIN]

March 3, 1967

Dear Hatte,

I was so glad to get your letter. Which book of mine did you find confusing? I have two new ones out, COUNTER-CLOCK WORLD and ZAP GUN. Was it one of these?

Your interest (and obvious ability) with German delights me no end. Lessing I don't really know; Kant I could never understand, either in English or in German. My favorite German poets are Goethe and Heine. I've never found a good translation of Part Two of "Faust," but I do have a good edition of Part One, both in English and German. As a matter of fact I translated a part of Part Two myself, a section which I consider to be the culmination of the whole work. Maybe, if you're interested, I could send you the translation.

Perhaps you would enjoy the modern German writer (and poet) Bertold Brecht. In fact I'd urge you to get hold of the paperback edition (in both English and German) of his selected poems (Grove Press). I especially like the one which begins:

Ich, Bertold Brecht, bin aus den schwarzen Wäldern.
Meine Mutter trug mich in die Städte hinein
Als Ich in ihrem Leibe lag. Und die Kälte der Wälder
Wird in mir bis zu meinem Absterben sein.

The most powerful of his poems is probably "Vom Ertrunkenen Mädchen." It has some of the most stark and brutal lines in all modern poetry, especially the ending:

Als ihr Leib im Wasser verfaule war,
Geschah es (sehr langsam), dass Gott sie all—mählich vergass
Erst ihr Gesicht, dann die Hände und ganz zuletzt erst ihr Haar.
Dann ward sie Aas in Flüssen mit vielem Aas.

I advise you not to translate that; but anyhow, there it is, and it's up to you; you would know best.

If you read Heine I'm sure you'd like him, and he's an easy poet for a non-German-speaking person to read; his poems are deceptively simple, but they contain bitter irony usually following a tender passage. Take for instance his famous "Ich Grolle Nicht":

*Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz auch bricht,
Ewig verlorne Lieb! Ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.*

*Das weisz Ich längst. Ich sah dich ja im Traume,
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,
Und sah die Schlang, die dir am Herzen friszt,
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.*

Another awfully good poem of Heine's is "Der Atlas." Schubert set it to music, as he did with many of Heine's poems ("Ich Grolle Nicht" was set to music by Schumann.)

Of all poetry, in any language that I know, the best is this short medieval poem (I don't know who wrote it; maybe your German teacher could tell you.) It goes:

*Ich sih die liehte heide
in gruner varwe stan.
dar sühn wir alle gehen,
die sumerxit enphahen.*

It's really impossible to translate something as direct as this, but never the less I did; as follows (and it's so weak, compared with the original German):

*I see the light-filled meadow,
In green it stands complete.
There shall we all be going,
The summertime to greet.*

Why don't you see if you can't perhaps do a better translation of it? If you do, send it to me, because this poem means so much to me.

Thanks so much for writing me, and do so again!

P. S. Schiller is very good, too; especially his three-part play "Wallenstein." I have it both in English and German, so sometime if you want to you can borrow both or either. I know you'd find the play highly exciting; it builds to a terrific climax.

[TO LAURA DICK]

March 3, 1967

Dear Laura,

Thank you for the lovely picture. Probably you're going to grow up and become a famous artist, and everybody in the world will come to see your wonderful pictures. You'll probably even get a letter from the President, who likes good pictures. I'll be eagerly waiting for that to happen.

As I recall, you just had a birthday, and so I'm enclosing a check for ten dollars for you, since because I hurt myself, I have not been able to get out and buy you anything—at least not yet. Maybe I will be able to later on.

It won't be long now before you and Tandy will be coming down here to visit us. I think you'll like our house, because of it being on the water. There's fish in the water, and people fish, and they also go by in boats (the people, I mean; not the fish). As a matter of fact I did see a fish, one day, rowing a little boat up the water. The fish looked very cross, as if he felt that he was being made to do something he didn't feel like doing. Or maybe the other fish were jeering at him. I never saw him come rowing back, so maybe he rowed out into the ocean and drowned. On the other hand, it is a known fact that fish can't drown, so I guess there's no point in our worrying about that. We also have owls, here, who talk back and forth all night. One of the owls says, "Who? Who?" The other one says, "What? What?" I guess they're having trouble making one another understand what they're saying. Owls have good eyesight but bad hearing. Maybe they could buy hearing-aids, such as elderly people buy when their hearing gets bad. But owls don't have any money, so I guess that's out.

Take good care of yourself, and send me another picture. I'll look forward to seeing it, and also seeing you and Tandy.

[TO ANTHONY BOUCHER]

April 2, 1967

Dear Tony,

Here is a more complete list of what I'd like to give you in the way of 78s. Check the ones you want and mail back this letter; okay?

Albums:

Siegfried (excerpts) Vic DM 83 (Leider, Melchior, etc.)

Parsifal (excerpts of 1927 Bayreuth Festspiel Haus) Col MM337 (Siegfried Wagner, Karl Muck, Alexander Kipnis)

St. Matthew Passion (condensed version) HMV (Hüsch, Lemnitz, Erb, St. Thomas Kirche Chor)

Beethoven 9th Brunswick Gold Label c. 1928 (Bruno Kittel Chor)

Dido and Aeneas HMV Plum Label (Isobel Baillie, Joan Hammond, Dennis Noble, Constant Lambert)

Beggar's Opera Vic DM 772 (Sir Michael Redgrave, etc.)

Verdi Requiem Vic (Gigli, Pinza, etc.)

Singles:

An Die Ferne Geliebte (Hüsch)

Lucia: Final Scene Vic 8096 (Gigli, Pinza)

Barber: Dunque Io Son HMV DB 6387 (Carosio & Tagliabue)

Tristan & Isolde: Love Duet Vic 7273-4 (Melchior, Leider)

Hansel & Gretl: Suse, Liebe Suse English Col LX 1036-7 (Schwarzkopf & Seefried)

Ich Will Bei Meinem Jesu HMV (Schiötz)

Also, I have several G. & S. sets: Pinafore, Patience, Pirates and Yeomen of the Guards, but I'm sure you have all of them already. As well as Acts One and Two of Walküre on Victor and a beautiful, perfect mint 78 set of The Magic Flute, which I have been keeping, meanwhile playing an earlier copy. I know you have the two-volume set, but keep in mind that my set has never been played and hence should have good surfaces. And of course I have a copy of Vic DM 496 (Monteverdi), but I assume you have that, too.

I'll expect to hear from you, then.^X

Cordially,
Phil

^X But of course there's no rush.

[TO HATTE RUBENSTEIN]

April 8, 1967

Dear Hatte,

Thanks for the lovely letter. Your German is perfect, needless to say. The trouble for me is that although I have a fairly larger German vocabulary in my mind, it's been so long that I took German that I have trouble with gender and forming plurals. Hence I can read German better than I can write it. True, I can write, "Meine Katze is krank," but for more complex stuff like, "My cat has had hiccoughs for the past two hours, due to the fact that he has gotten into my snuffbox," that it out of the question. So much for that.

Rilke is certainly very good. Do you know his "Das Marienleben?" Peter Altenberg isn't too bad either. For instance:

Über die Grenzen des All blicktest du sinnend hinaus;

Hattest nie Sorge um Hof und Haus!

Leben und Traum vom Leben—plötzlich ist alles aus.

Über die Grenzen des All blickst du noch sinnend hinaus.

And surely you are encountering Rückert:

Oft denk Ich, sie sind nur ausgegangen!

Bald werden sie wieder nach Hause gelangen!

O Der Tag ist schön! O sei nicht bang!

Sie machen nur einen weiten Gang.

The power of the poems of which this is a part derive from the fact that these are Kindertotenlieder—songs on dead children:

... *O du, des Vaters Zelle,*
Ach zu schnelle
Erloschner Freudenschein!

In some ways I like Wilhem Müller the most; vide:

Was vermeid Ich denn die Wege,
Wo die andern Wandrer gehn,
Suche mir versteckte Stege
Durch verschneite Felsenhöhn?
 ... *Und Ich wandre sonder Mapen,*
Ohne Ruh, und suche Ruh.

Be this as it may, I've decided that I like Heine's "Der Atlas" the most of all; vide:

Ich unglückseliger Atlas! Eine Welt,
Die ganze Welt der Schmerzen muß Ich tragen.
Ich Trage Unerträgliches, und brechen
Will mir das Herz im Leibe.
Du Stolzes Herz, du hast es ja gewollt!
Du wolltest glücklich sein, unendlich glücklich,
Oder unendlich elend, stolzes Herz,
Und jetzo bist du elend.

I can't imagine a more perfect poem, written in any language or at any time. But, as Schiller says, "O Freunde, nicht dies Töne. Sondern lassen wir ..." etc. I'm very pleased to hear about your grades. Good that you don't have to take Subject A; I managed to pass myself out of that, too, when I started at Cal. There is a very good course given at Cal on the German Romantics; it goes quite deeply into their work, and it had a great influence on my tastes. I can see already, however, that your own interests are toward more modern poets. Basically, though, you and I agree; the German poets are the best—although I'm fond of some of the Latin poets, in particular Catullus, whom I'm sure you'd enjoy reading (there is a new translation of all of his work put out in paperback; you might look for it). Also Lucretius.

The seeds that once were we take flight and fly,
Winnowed to earth, or whirled along the sky,
Not lost but disunited. Life lives on.
It is the lives, the lives, the lives, that die.

(This is one stanza from a long poem.) Here is a stanza from Catullus, as translated by the great English poet Thomas Campion:

*My sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love,
And though the sager sort our deeds reprove,
Let us not weigh them. Heaven's great lamps do dive
Into their west, and straight again revive,
But, soon as once set is our little light,
Then must we sleep one ever-during night.*

I would think that if you like Rilke you would like W.B. Yeats:

*The woods of Arcady are dead,
And over is their antique joy;
Of old the world on dreaming fed;
Gray truth is now her painted toy;
Yet still she turns her restless head.*

*... I must be gone: there is a grave
Where daffodil and lily wave,
And I would please the hapless faun,
Buried under the sleepy ground,
With mirthful songs before the dawn.
His shouting days with mirth were crowned;
And still I dream he treads the lawn,
Walking ghostly in the dew,
Pierced by my glad singing through,
My songs of old earth's dreamy youth ...*

Bitte, schreib mir wieder, und bald. Sag guten Tag an deiner Mutter und ihrer Schwestern. Mit Herz voll Liebe,

[TO EDITORS, *Cosmopolitan Magazine*]

April 8, 1967

Dear Sirs:

Dr. Lolli's article, "Do Be (Creatively) Immature!", is in some ways the most compelling and convincing piece I've read in months—if not years. He is contrasting two basic styles of life, and shows the vital importance of the one over the other ... the danger, in fact, of living the other: the so-called "mature" life-style—dangerous, because it is such men as he describes (always business-like, always somber and hard-working and adult, without a sense of humor) who drop like flies, during early middle age, of unexpected coronaries. God save us from that, from pentup hostilities and hates which eventually the "mature" person turns onto himself. Dr. Lolli is right: better to fiddle and fritter and jape away one's life; better to play the grasshopper than the ant. And live twice as long everafter.

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

[TO EDITOR, *San Francisco Chronicle*]

April 18, 1967

Dear Sir:

Your article "A Memorial To Nazi Horror" states three times that four million persons died at Auschwitz. In fact, however, the total killed at Auschwitz was closer to two-and-a-half million, which is bad enough—if the meager word "bad" can be stretched to cover such an unspeakable place and that which happened there. Bear in mind that Auschwitz was only one of a great chain of death camps maintained by Nazi Germany from 1939 to 1945; these were: Dachau, Sachsenhausen, Buchenwald, Mauthausen, Flossenbürg, Ravensbrück (these set up in 1939); then, between 1940 and 1942, were built Auschwitz, Neuengamme, Gusen, Natzweiler, Gross Rosen, Lublin, Niederhagen, Stutthof and Arbeitsdorf, plus Belsen-Belsen, which was one of the worst. The total number of Jews murdered by the Nazis is generally set at six million, and since these were divided among a number of camps, it is highly unlikely that Auschwitz could have single handedly dispatched half that huge and awful number. In a way my objection to the figure in the article may seem a quibble, but it is important to remember that Rudolf Hoess, the commandant at Auschwitz, was not the sole guilty party; there were other camps and other camp commanders, equally vile. Hoess' distinction is that at Nürnberg he did not try to hide what he had done, or blame someone else, saying that he had "only followed orders." Hoess felt he had done a good job, and he was glad to tell the world about it. Something like our bomber pilots in Viet Nam who show us fifty square acres that they've dumped napalm on, a vast area of death at which "hundreds of bodies have been found," as CBS news narrated proudly.

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

[TO SCOTT MEREDITH]

April 24, 1967

Dear Scott,

Here is a new outline for a new s-f novel, which I am in the process of working on. Terry Carr at Ace wrote me recently and asked if I had anything for them, and I mentioned this particular novel and that I would shortly be preparing an outline. However, I really don't think Ace would be right for this one, in spite of their loud noises of all at once being in the market for "adult" science fiction. If you want, try this on them, but primarily I'd like to see you submit it wherever you think best.

Did you get my script for *The Invaders*? I never received an answer from you. Could it have gotten lost in the mail?

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

[TO AVRAM DAVIDSON, *a fragment*]

April 27, 1967

Dear Avram,

I'm awfully sorry that my outline wasn't anything you could use. I sort of had it in mind that maybe you could send it off qua outline, more or less as it was, and maybe land an advance thereby. This is what I've done, now, by the way—sent it off as it stood, with that hope in mind. I'm sure, if you had wanted to write it up you could have done a wonderful job, certainly better than I could (or can, if the outline does sell).

As to my end of things, I've been having a good deal of trouble, too. I started on a new book the other day (for which I've been making notes for four months straight), got 16 good pages done, and then—bam. Nothing. What followed was just awful. Naturally I blamed (one) the baby and (two) Nancy, with my own self a last (three), if at all. I've been raving about "moving out and finding a rented room and working there, where all of you, including your cat, won't bother me." Etc.

We've lost another cat, now; Horace's brother Johnny seemed to want to be gone, ever since Horace passed away, and last week Johnny tanked up on food, went out, and never returned. I guess he never will. The Oracle says he's alive and living on "tender meat," which indicates to me that he's found someone who feeds him better than we do, the bastard. The Oracle also says "he's feet are tied," which suggests that his new owner (if indeed he is alive and being fed tender meat) is attempting to keep him from wandering back to us. I really feel sure Johnny's alive, and not run over or poisoned (poor Horace was poisoned, as I may have mentioned).

I've also been very depressed lately, for reasons unknown to me. Maybe our house is too small, what with the new baby. I tend to hate babies. The competition, I suppose. Anyhow we're reading want ads with the idea of getting a bigger place—here in Marin County, however, rather than Santa Barbara as we were formerly talking about.

It seemed to me on the phone when I talked to you that you already sounded better; there was that evil, educated chuckle that I admire so much about you (as well as admiring so many other things about you). I think every writer who is at all sensitive has one or more periods like you're going through. In fact I feel I'm going into one myself, soon. (I like to think of myself as sensitive.) There is nothing worse, I think, than the point you seem to be at. It will get better. God sees to that, as he sees to it that our digestive system keeps going no matter how badly we feel. The biological processes keep on: a signal that we're still alive. [ends here]

[TO RICH BROWN]

June 24, 1967

Dear Rich,

Yes, I would very much like to become a part of the group which you've written me about. Please let me know who the other members are, if you will, and I'll of course honor your desire to keep it sub rosa.

Since my article in *Lighthouse* I've had many experiences and many thoughts which, it would seem to me, fall within the area you all are interested in. For some time now I've been examining various new theories (emanating mostly from Switzerland) that deal with the hitherto unexpected range of subjective worlds in which each of us lives. It would appear that the variety, the different formation and deformations possible, are greater than had been expected. In other words, it is not only the person in a trip into hallucinogenic regions who experiences a worldview which he can't communicate to others; it is also the person who is depressed or manic or slightly schizophrenic—so slightly that he is able to function in a reasonably effective fashion and not fall within the official range of the term "psychotic." As an example, the depression-experience presents the person with a world of decaying forms: the power of the anti-eidos, the Form-Destroyer. He is aware of dust and kipple and decay; in addition he feels gravity in a manner which we do not: its strength is so great that he is *physically* unable to police up his environment so that decay is pushed back. On the other hand, the manic person experiences gravity is meager; he is light in weight and is able to—in fact must—flit about and do many things, all of which he finds quite easy. He perceives objects as less dense than we do; the objects within his world can readily be altered and manipulated, and his power to change them is great. As for the borderline schizophrenic, the worldview may be such that he sees objects as hard and sharp and dangerous, moving at an unpleasantly and far-too-fast velocity ... in worse schizophrenic states the person may experience the world (or rather *his* world) as a giant hole which swallows up everything, eventually including the person himself. In such a condition, he may eat enormous quantities of food in order to try to fill up this vacuum inside him; then, when depression supervenes, he may starve himself, out of the conviction that it is not possible to halt the growth if this great void—a void which he does not merely believe in but actually sees.

More later. But you can see how these states relate to the more extreme states grouped under the rubric "psychedelic." What I am trying to say is that the problem is there, psychedelic or otherwise; it is just a condition of *degree*. Thank you for the invitation to join, and I will hope to hear from you again shortly.

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

A postscript. Recently a friend of mine, a girl, referred in disgust to her very lovely and very long hair as "dead hair." This, to me, is an interesting observation, and shows that we do not differ merely in belief, attitude or association. To perceive one's hair as *dead* is an experience not connected with one's earlier associations, but with an overall worldview—after all, technically hair is dead, but generally we do not perceive it so (that is, it does not look dead to us or strike us as being dead). This view is a quasi-schizophrenic world-impression. For example, in contrast, a depressed person would invariably experience his hair as dirty—rather than dead. But he would feel too torpid, too weighed down by gravity, to do anything about it. A more balanced worldview would enable him to experience it as clean—if clean—and dirty if dirty ... and, if dirty, he would be capable of washing it. A manic would on impulse simply cut it off—or rather phone up a professional and a great cost have the professional come right out to the house and go snip-snip then and there—with the idea of paying for this service not occurring to the manic, who would later on be surprised to find himself deeply in debt for obeying this and other manic whims.

PKD

[TO RICH BROWN]

July 18, 1967

Dear Rich,

Have received ILLIGITIUM NON CARBONATED SODA #1. Very interesting. What am I supposed to do? I can't publish but I can write. Maybe someone else can set up what I say for printing purposes. Anyhow, here goes:

A big question (to me, anyhow) is this: how does the LSD experience resemble an actual, authentic psychotic interlude? and how is it different? Lucky me, in that a couple of weeks ago I had a short psychotic episode (it lasted about eight hours, which, oddly, is about the length of time an LSD experience lasts). As to cause, God only knows. The death of both my cats and the death of my wife's mother, whom I was very fond of, probably triggered it off. Plus many, many financial worries—including a series of bitter letter-exchanges with Terry Carr. Anyhow, it was much like being under the effects of LSD: severe distortions in perception, specifically a vast augmentation of perception, especially auditory. All sounds were loud and close by; they took place at my ear, rather than at various external loci. Sense of smell and taste augmented; a dish of ice cream became a transcendental experience, bordering on mystical fusion with All Reality. I took notes. Here they are.

Saw the baby as horrid vegetable—pulpy, like a mushroom growing up and then sinking back, again and again. Vivid horrible tastes and pain of a trigeminal sort. Inability to spell words or to type (much confused). Loss of memory—found snuff tin mysteriously in kitchen cupboard. Lost important IRS documents which I had previously carefully assembled (they still haven't

turned up). Had Nancy (my wife) hide my .22 pistol. Bees in head. Helplessness. I couldn't cross the room; it was at this point much as if I had gotten thoroughly drunk ... which is an acutely alarming experience if you *haven't* drunk anything. I thoroughly enjoyed a dish of ice cream. My prolepsis factor (time sense) went out completely. Had no idea how long I had been doing something (this very much like LSD). Delusion that an alien outside force was controlling my mind and directing me to commit suicide. Couldn't tell from which direction sounds were coming, or how loud they were. Also like LSD. Acute terror while feeding the baby. Fluctuations throughout the day of terror and anger.

An interesting point, now that I look back on that day, is the amount I got done. At nine a.m. a T-man (i.e. a fuzzy from the Treasury Department) showed up and demanded the back taxes I owe. I reached a settlement with him. Later on, Sears Robuck delivered our new air conditioner. In company with Nancy's brother I uncrated it and installed it. I wrote to Bishop Pike. I visited my psychiatrist. I got very manic; I could read a whole newspaper article in one or two seconds. I managed to stay cheerful, for the most part, even though I felt demoralized at becoming overtly psychotic—and without any idea of how long it would last or how much worse it could get. The doctor thought it was remarkable that in such a state I could deal with the T-man, since I fear them above all other life forms Terran or otherwise.

Basically, I think it was a redemptive psychosis, a breaking into consciousness of a great power of feeling (in the sense that Jung means: the feeling function as opposed to thinking, sensing and intuition). For a while I inhabited a lurid, active world with much going on, a world in which a dish of ice cream was a stunning positive experience, never to be forgotten (and some others which I would prefer to forget; e.g. seeing the baby as a fungiform). What a psychosis of this sort does is as follows (according to Jung and also his pupil, John Weir Perry): the narrow, meager, stingy, torpid self which has formed in consciousness has proved inadequate, has refused to grow. It meets life from a buglike standpoint, without true feeling; one goes through the motions of living but is really slipping day by day into apathy ... which is extremely serious. It had been for me a subtle, slow form of suicide; my world had become reduced and vacant. It needed the feeling function, dredging up vast psychic energy from the unconscious, to compensate for it, to break down the old self and fashion a new one on a broader basis: on a basis which affirms life rather than avoided it. For example, the next day I found that I could drive my car with my old enjoyment, a sensation which I had lost for the last 3 years. Life became new; life became vivid.

I am lucky. I value this break, these eight hours of greeting the world afresh, without the layers of petty compulsive-obsessive neurosis which had formed over the years. All the things I didn't do, such as coming to New York in '64—all the unlivable life ... all the avoiding of this or that, and the fear of this or that. "But some would use no wing," as Henry Vaughan put it. "The

fearful miser on a heap of rust sate pining all his life there, did scarce trust his own hands with the dust."I now have the possibility—and the psychic energy—to reconstruct myself and hence my world into a larger, warmer form.

In conclusion: *it is very much like LSD*. Incredibly so. Containing the same possibilities for insight and growth—plus the wonder of such a world: almost a child's view, with everything exiting, big and fresh and alive ... and seen for the first time.

What's new with you?

Added comments:

—What about asking Don Fitch to join?

—I like "Null-Q Press/Uncertain Publication etc." Maybe this ought to be the perpetual name for the group (but what does the "Q" stand for?)

—I suggest that everyone in the group read THE TIBETAN BOOK OF THE DEAD compiled and edited by W.Y. Evans-Wentz, Oxford University Press, 1960, New York. Reason: the LSD experience resembles the Bardol Thödol existence (i.e. the period immediately following one's physical death). Same brilliant, colored lights, same time-sense, etc. Question, then: is the LSD experience a sort of premature post-mortem journey? And, if so, does this tend to indicate that reincarnation is a fact, that we've lived lives previous to this, and, after this, we will pass on to other lives? And can we verify this—and experience this—via LSD? So far I haven't come across any account of the LSD experience in which this aspect is considered. To see a relationship between the LSD experience and former and later lives. Added point: when I took LSD the first time I believed myself back in Rome, during the Punic Wars; I hallucinated a Roman iron ax buried in my side (I may have mentioned this to you before; if so, well, hmm). And I found myself able to use only Latin (oh, I told you that, too? Well, well). Anyhow, it's a point worth considering, even if only to discard it.

PKD

* And, if the LSD experience is a chemical-induced psychotic episode, then a psychosis is perhaps a sort of premature death—mental death, with the body living on ... death and then rebirth (at least in some cases). A person becoming psychotic often believes that he is dying, or is being reborn. Deteriorating psychotics (such as those afflicted with hebephrenia, for example) may be merely dying, dwindling away, without being reborn. Let me add another thought. Can it be that if we die (physically, I mean), we are reborn—but not at a future time, but rather in the same time-period, but in another body, in another place? A recurring present, without past or future! A world into which we move time and again, and leave time and again, only to return in another place, another "local habitation and a name". This would be rather a different form of reincarnation that is usually envisioned—to say the least.

[TO ANNE DICK]

July 29, 1967

Dear Anne:

After hanging up on me you should feel lousy. Obviously, the basic reason for my wanting to move back to West Marin would be to see the children, and on a regular basis. It's now clear that beyond any doubt certain other factors are more important to you than my seeing the children—which I've long since suspected. What is so threatening to you in their visiting with and staying with me and Nancy? Are you that insecure? And if so, then why? I think I can guess. Once they see what a really happy home, filled with mutual love and respect and consideration, consists of, they will be hard put to subsist in the environment which you create: that of rigid anger and repression and a continual pattern of compulsive activity.

It is not really that you fail to acknowledge my marriage, my wife Nancy; it is the *nature* of our marriage which is threatening to you—obviously. Laura has a legal right to spend a week or so each year with us, and in our own home, away from your malign influence. Obviously you have gotten no better since I left you; it is the same old mechanism of hate and suspicion and the denial of major parts of reality that still operates in you—the mechanism which caused me to leave. After talking to you on the phone, after you hung up because I wanted to discuss my moving up there, I felt once more, after these several years, the frigid sterility of your personality, your need to make people—especially children—into objects which you control. Naturally I can move up to West Marin whether you like it or not; I wasn't asking your permission, only your opinion. I can see that in order to have Laura with me for any reasonable length of time—and this including a prolonged visit to my home, with Isa and Nancy—I will have to go to court. But you know I don't have the money for any court action, so for the present you have me. What are you defending? Cruelty? Oppression? The killing off of the smaller souls around you? "You're the greatest love of my life," you've told me, but you react violently to the idea of Nancy and Isa and me moving up to West Marin. The greatest love of your life has a new family, one full of permissiveness and kindness. You, though, are the same as always. Anyhow, we will abandon the idea of moving up there—at least temporarily. After all, we are as anxious to exclude your noxious presence from our lives as you obviously are—to exclude a warm and viable family from your environs. Anyhow you made your point; we will have to think a long time before moving into an area where something as odious and squirmly as you dwells. In comparison, our present house speaks of far more pleasant times than we can expect to find up in West Marin. But I regret that we won't be able to see the children, even if this doesn't matter to you, it does to us.

Cordially,

[TO ANN ———]

August 6, 1967

Dear Ann,

This is probably my only opportunity to write to you, and you can't write back because Nancy gets the mail; the same applies to the phone. What I have to say is not very long, and probably less important: probably it is a yelling into a hollow drum where no response returns because there is nothing there to allow a return. When I first met you, in early December of 1964, I knew that if I did not hold on tight I would fall violently in love with you, and it would be another hopeless love, one emanating from my side only. You could never fall in love with anyone like me. We are too different, but that only seems to make my feelings stronger (probably a self destructive streak in me). Therefore I have never tried to get anything going with you, and my sentiments toward you—I have them stronger and stronger as time goes on—get harmlessly emptied out into the open air as mere flirting. One of the reasons I married Nancy was to have you as a sister-in-law; I knew that that way I would still see you, still have a relationship with you, still love you. And you could love me, in a sense, as your brother-in-law (but not "be in love with" me). But now Nancy has clamped down on the flirting through which I harmlessly released my feelings toward you. This leaves me with two possibilities: (one) I can bottle up *all* love for you, deny to myself that it exists, or (two) I can come out in the open and frankly state to the world at large, including you and Nancy and Mike, that I do love you, and that a life—I should say a marriage—in which I can't feel or express that love is one which I can't live. I am what I am. To me it seems reasonable that a person can love more than one other person. I love Nancy; my love for you does not lessen that love. I do not feel disloyal to her, or that I've "betrayed" her. She thinks so. "Do it when I'm not around," she says. But I say, "If there's nothing wrong with it, I will do it when you're around; as soon as my conduct toward Ann alters when you're *not* around, then I am up to something." My rule of thumb, my sense that what I'm doing is on the up-and-up, lies in the fact that I guilelessly do it when Nancy is present, but she sees this as a deliberate act on my part to humiliate her. Nothing could be further from the truth. So what is the answer? I may leave Nancy, not with the idea of taking up with you—after all you are not only not in love with me but you're in love with someone else—but to begin a new life again somewhere else with entirely new people. This is all a great defeat for me. I will lose Nancy and Isa and you and Mike, but I can't live a life where I can't express my love when I feel that love. I would rather live alone, unfettered; I will not be fettered in that matter. I refuse to be ashamed of the love I feel for you, and if I can't flirt with you then I do not have the kind of marriage which I must have.

Don't try to answer this letter. I'll call you at your office one of these days and see what you have to say. Maybe you and I and Nancy and Mike could get

together and discuss this; I had a long talk with him the other day and he had some very good ideas. (And he thought my flirting with you wasn't out of line. But you see, Dr. Gillett does think it's out of line, and insists that Nancy complain loudly).

[TO RICH BROWN]

August 21, 1967

Dear Rich,

I've received High Flown Verbiage v1 and it is a thing of beauty. The wheels seem to be flowing as the platitude (an animal that lives in [illegible] goes. I see that my idea about the LSD trip having some relation to the TIBETAN BOOK OF THE DEAD is not new, so too bad for me re contribution of a new Idea. I will now try once more. In the Seventeenth Century a group of mystic religious poetry was produced in England; e.g. Herbert, Marvell and especially Donne and (my favorite) Henry Vaughan. These men considered, of course, that the supraordinary reality which they encountered consisted of the Christian God, but we ourselves don't have to assume that merely because they did. In any case they were very far out—much more so than the typical English-major might believe. Consider this:

*There is in God (some say)
A deep, but dazzling darkness; As men here
Say it is late and dusky, because they
See not all clear;
O for that night! where I in him
Might live invisible and dim.*

And this, from *The World*:

*I saw Eternity the other night
Like a great Ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright,
And Round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years
Driv'n by the spheres
Like a vast shadow moved, etc.*

And then in the poem *Man* life is perceived even in rocks:

*... He knocks at all doors, strays and roams,
Nay hath not so much wit as some stones have
Which in the darkest nights point to their homes,
By some hid sense their Maker gave;
Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest
And passage through these looms
God order'd motion, but ordain'd no rest.*

And of course there is Blake, whom I hardly need mention. In any case, if

you read a great deal of Seventeenth Century verse, you begin to get a "trip" picture; it's not located on any one particular poem, but is there throughout, from Donne on. The general term which is given to these poets is "metaphysical." But, as I've said before, such terms mean nothing now that we have psychedelic drugs. There have been two times when under the influence of such drugs I have had a clear picture of God, or whatever you want to call It or Him. In the first experience I saw Him as a vast, awful, evil, brooding entity hanging over the landscape, with slots—empty slots—for eyes. (I subsequently wrote it all up in my book THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRITCH), which is a "trip" book. For days He hung there above the landscape watching me with those empty-slot eyes. Finally He (or It) went away, for which I am most glad. The second time (under LSD) I perceived Him as a pulsing, furious, throbbing mass of vengeance—seeking authority, demanding an audit (like a sort of metaphysical IRS agent). Fortunately, I was able to utter the right words: "Libera me, Domine, de morte aeterna, in die illa tremenda, quando coeli movendi sunt et terra, dum veneris judicare saeculum per ignem. Tremens factus sum ego, et timeo," etc., and hence got through it. I also saw Christ rise to heaven from the cross, and that was very interesting, too (the cross took the form of a crossbow, with Christ as the arrow; the crossbow launched Him at terrific velocity—it happened very fast, once he had been placed in position). And as to other happenings vis-a-vis LSD, I have already narrated.

One point re the above. I don't feel that it "proves" the Christian religion to be correct. I saw a metaphysical reality in the terms I was accustomed to; right? But I did see something, although another person seeing it might differ with me as to what it was (somebody got hoisted onto a bow and then got shot upward, but I assumed—repeat assumed—it was Christ. There was no label attached, such as "Here's the World War One ace flying up from his airbase to meet the Red Baron," etc.

As to Mike McInerney's thought of admitting Walter Breen into this group, I emphatically blackball it. If he comes in, I go out. Breen, in '65, turned my name over to the cops, complaining—without any evidence—that I had committed a certain (gak) crime. The cops laughed it off, and I laughed it off, and I understand that later on, Walter laughed it off ... but good old Walter never quite managed to make any sort of restitution or apology to me of any kind. I think our group does not need someone in it who calls in the fuzz every time he gets sore at someone. In fact it disturbs me that good ol' Walt knows about our group at all; if he's blackballed he just might drop a word to the fuzz about us anyhow. To sum it up: Walter Breen has bad vibrations. And I'm not convinced that he's changed.

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

[TO CYNTHIA ——]

September 14, 1967

Dear Cynthia,

Immediately after talking to you on the phone I had a complete and utter depression. Here is why: one talks on the phone for ten or twenty minutes, and it's like physically being together, and then all at once—clink. It's over. I used to feel that way when I talked to people on the phone who live in New York. Instead of my feeling closer to them I felt even further apart—but I tend to get depressed around this time of the day anyhow; as Snoopy said in Peanuts a few weeks ago, "Maybe my metabolism is low." And then ZZZZ. Back to sleep. However, it does seem to me that when you're talking on the phone you have the feeling that you're with the other person, and then after you hang up it seems as if it's been an illusion; that's what I mean, an illusion. But I always have trouble telling what's illusion and what's reality anyhow. I guess that's why I can write fiction. I really don't know the difference!

I think I would define reality—my reality—as everything and anything I feel strongly about (or rather toward). I don't mean ideas, though, such as, "Let's fire LBJ." I mean toward lives and the needs and fears expressed in all the various lives, including those of animals. When I see some small bug making its way across the table I think to myself, "It wants as strongly as I want. It is as capable of feeling afraid as I am." Do you know Robert Frost's poem about this? Here:

... This was no dust speck by my breathing blown,
But unmistakably a living mite
With inclinations it could call its own.
It paused as with suspicion of my pen,
And then came racing wildly on again
To where my manuscript was not yet dry,
Then paused again and either drank or smelt—
With horror, for again it turned to fly.
Plainly with an intelligence I dealt.
It seemed too tiny to have room for feet,
Yet must have had a set of them complete
To express how much it didn't want to die.
It ran with terror and with cunning crept.
It faltered! I could see it hesitate—
Then in the middle of the open sheet
Cower down in desperation to accept
Whatever I accorded it of fate ...

And then these lines:

Since it was nothing I knew evil of
I let it lie there till I hope it slept.

I have various spiders who live both inside the house and outside, for example along the path, and sometimes, especially at night, I notice little spiders with little webs—about the size of a teacup—and there at the rim of the web the spider waits, hoping something will come. In some cases something does come, but often nothing comes. Days go by, day after day. I wonder what the spider thinks. Does it begin to lose hope? Is there a point at which it realizes that it's too late, that it's all over? That nothing is ever going to come? I think to myself that every day when nothing comes the spider begins to become afraid. Each day it's more afraid, until finally its fear turns to despair. The idea of something that small feeling fear and then despair ... and no one notices it. One day finally it's dead.

If only I had your sparkle and optimism! You seem to brim over with health and creativity; you have a bright golden aura that shimmers (you didn't know I could see auras, did you? Well, I can. Ted White's for example is pale green, a disc as thin as a cutting blade). (My own aura is a dark, smoky red, I've been told.) (Dark, smoky red indicates violence and power, passion and the physical, rather than spiritual. In the TIBETAN BOOK OF THE DEAD that color light represents a carnal womb, to be avoided. It's the bright white light that you should head for.) You are an ascending soul, what in THE SECRET OF THE GOLDEN FLOWER is called a Yang spirit, lifting toward change, growth and newness; it continually restores itself. I'm a Yin spirit, descending toward the ground, in the grip of chthonic power, the force of the subworld. Your destiny is sky; mine is earth. The value which you receive is to be eternal; mine is the opportunity to sleep.

Do you remember the James Stephens poems I copied out and sent to you? Well, for fifteen years I've been trying to get hold of more of his poems, and at last a rare bookshop in New York has located three tiny volumes—long out of print and terribly expensive—for me. I will be getting them in about a month. If there are any good poems in the three volumes I'll copy them out for you and mail same to you. They are later poems. I have no idea what they're like. Did I send you the poem called LITTLE THINGS? It goes;

*Little things that run and quail
And die in silence and despair;
Little things that fight and fail
And fall on earth and sea and air;
All trapped and frightened little things,
The mouse, the coney, hear our prayer. Etc.*

Give our love to Lou, and write me again one of these days.

[TO SCOTT MEREDITH]

September 18, 1967

Dear Scott,

Thanks very much for the loan.

Something bad has come up. In the current issue of Terry Carr's fanzine *Lighthouse* there is some actionable material about me, a letter stating that I "appear to have brain damage," and this is reflected in my books. I am starting litigation; i.e. a suit charging libel, defamation on the basis of malice. I am letting you know, because obviously from here on you will want to conduct any business with Ace through Don Wollheim rather than through Terry. I'm sorry this has happened, but it wasn't my doing. Terry's been after me for a long time, but this isn't legal.

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

*Any business, that is, pertaining to me.

[ADDRESSEE UNKNOWN, *a fragment*]

[September 18, 1967]

as in this country, and in Germany, Brazil, Italy, Japan, Spain, Holland, France, and even in the U.S.S.R. My publisher here in the United States is Doubleday, which is highly reputable, and in the U.K. it's Jonathan Cape, which is the finest publisher in that country. I have published 23 novels and well over a hundred magazine-length stories, and I derive all my income from the sale of my writing. It is therefore a matter of keen importance to me—not merely personally but economically—that such libel and defamation should appear in a magazine as widely read as *Lighthouse*. I believe that there is a good possibility that we could show malice. In any case, is this actionable? And, if so, should I try for legal action through you? Or should we settle for a printed apology, via a letter from you to Terry Carr?

That the general policy of *Lighthouse* is nasty can be seen in this quote directly beneath Mr. Hansen's letter; it is by someone named Elinor Busby, who seems to know something about the magazine (I really don't see it often, but someone called my attention to Mr. Hansen's letter):

"...Terry, I'm not surprised that *Lighthouse* doesn't receive as many letters as you think it should. *Lighthouse* is, of course, an excellent fanzine—but in my opinion it's not a friendly, likable fanzine. Consequently I don't like it."

One more point, if I may. I'm not interested in taking any action against Mr. Hansen; I think that a person ought to be able to say such things in letters. It's the printing of this letter that I object to; hence it is toward the editor Terry Carr that I want to direct any action. Would you agree? For example, Mr. Han-

sen could claim that it was merely a personal letter which he did not intend to have printed; I'm certain that Terry did not ask Mr. Hansen if he—Terry—could print the letter.

If, after reading this, you think we should take some kind of action, please let me know and I will of course come into your office. In any case, thank you very much.

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

P.S. I am not seeking free legal advice by writing to you through Ann ———; I want you to bill me for whatever is involved in your reading this and making a decision on what I—or we—should do.

This goes without saying. Oh, and one more point. Terry Carr can't plead ignorance of the law; he's also an editor at a regular, paperback publishing house, Ace Books, Inc.

[TO CYNTHIA ———]

October 20, 1967

Dear Cynthia,

Among the poems you sent me is one which I have looked for for almost twenty years, without knowing the name of it or who wrote it; it is Edna St. Vincent Millay's *Dirge Without Music*, and its viewpoint became my own—such happens when you read a poem as powerful as this at exactly the right age. Thank you so much! And for the others, too. I believe I like Frost's *Stopping By Woods On a Snowy Evening* the most. Pound's translation of *The River-Merchant's wife* is the one I'm familiar with, and it certainly is beautiful. *Pruſſock* I'm very familiar with, so if you haven't typed it out I can get hold of a copy easily, and it is such a long poem for you to have to type. I can't find my copy of the poems of D.H. Lawrence; besides *The Snake* do you also have *The Fox* and *The Hummingbird*? I would like those two also very much. Wait a miunute. *The Fox* is a short story and I have it in my PORTABLE D.H. LAWRENCE book. And so is your poem *The Snake*. I forgot I had the book all this time. I'll now read *The Snake*. (Later.) It is supreme poetry. So good. Especially the part near the end when he makes the snake—the king—hurry in an undignified fashion! And knows his own pettiness because of it. I love it. Do you know his *A Young Wife*? I'll try to remember to include it either this time or next time. Anyhow, included are several poems of James Stephens' and they are not in any of the anthologies so you won't have come across them already. I think you'll like them.

Write again, and thank you for the poems, especially *Dirge Without Music* and *The Snake*.

With much, much love,

P.S. Not all of the Stephens poems are superbly good, as for example *On a Lonely Spray* or *The Pit of Bliss*. But they have some value, and they are absolutely unavailable. *The Lark* I think is the best of them, and after that *The Crest Jewel*. Also I'm especially moved by *The Snare* and *Little Things*; I have his sentiment toward animals. Notice that a number of his poems (e.g. *Te Deum*) are dated rather late: 1938. These are from his final book, *KINGS AND THE MOON*, his last poetry, hence not in the *Collected Poems* (1926). Lawrence's *A Young Wife* contains perceptions which I feel in regard to Nancy; she is so young (22), and when I look at her I feel my own age and death—exactly as in the poem. It always surprises me when I discover some unique feeling of mine captured in a poem by someone else—and years ago! *Tempus non fugit!*

[TO ROGER ZELAZNY]

October 26, 1967

Dear Roger,

I have leapt out of my pelt to learn that you're interested in a collaboration with me (in fact, as you can see, I can't even type). But first of all thank you for the eerie book which you sent me. It is indeed strange, giving rise to a variety of farout thoughts. I must mull for some time before properly seeing the application re a novel or story.

Anyhow, about the collaboration. Yes, I do have an idea in mind, or possibly several, if they won't all fit into one novel (I tend to put everything into my novels except, as Damon Knight observed, the kitchen sink. And someday I'll get that in, too). (My reasoning is very simple: the buyer of the novel deserves for his fifty cents everything I can give him. I do not see any rational reason for holding anything back on the vague basis of, "It'll go into my next novel.") A brief outline of the work has been shown to Larry Ashmead at Doubleday, and he said he'd sign a contract on the basis of the outline except that they signed a contract on a previous outline of mine, a novel from which never emerged (true). "I'm sure Phil can write rings around this idea," Larry observed as he sent it back. So, for Doubleday to buy it (they're now my regular publisher) it's got to reach the finished form of an actual novel, rather than merely an outline (often in the past I've sold on the basis of outlines). Care to hear this idea? Okay, here it is:

A tyrant, in the future, is about to retire and turn over the 3 or so planets he controls to a younger aspirant. The young wife of the tyrant, however, wishes control to go to her, and to prove to her husband what a dreadful leader the aspirant would make. All time-travel experiments have failed, but there is a theoretical possibility that alternate presents could be reached. Instigated by the tyrant's wife, a research crew begins the job. MEANWHILE, the aspirant has let no grass grow beneath his feet; he responds to Project Alternate by hiring one of Earth's largest industrial corporations to build a *fake* alternate world, in which he rules, and all is wonderful. Now

comes the tour de force. The tyrant's young wife learns about the constructing of a fake alternate world. Her response: she engages a team of clever experts—along the line of that in MISSION: IMPOSSIBLE—to worm their way into the fake alternate world and plant fake fakes there, which will give it all away when the tyrant is brought to visit it. All seems clear at this point. The aspirant is having a fake alternate world being made; the tyrant's wife is busily subverting it. But—aha! Everyone's scheme is brought down in a great crash when a *real* alternate present is reached. The tyrant sets out to visit it—naturally. But it bears no relation at all to their own world. It is a "board-game" world, with squares and the possibility of moving from one square to the next. Each square is a sort of alternate world on its own; the squares differ that much from one another in tone, structure, mood, color, with the characters themselves altering to fit into the Geist of each square. On one square, for example, all food tastes marvelous. On the next square, milk is a deadly poison. And so on. Ultimately, the characters discover the nature of this world: each square represents a particular mushroom, and that of a poisonous mushroom is a poisonous micro-world ... the morel square, of course, being nearly on a level with heaven.

I have pages and pages of notes on this novel, including a full list of well-developed characters. What I do not have is any sort of final part—i.e. resolution—of the novel. In other words, I have half a novel, with no insight as to how it will progress after their return from the mushroom world—and what knowledge, etc. they picked up while there which will be of use back in their own world again. Obviously, they should learn something; otherwise the excursion into the mushroom world is a pointless meandering merely filling pages, a sort of unrelated extra novel-within-a-novel. And who, in addition to the tyrant, go to the mushroom world? His wife? Yes, I suppose. The aspirant, too. Maybe a representative from the huge corporation that's building the fake world. Maybe also one of the "Mission: Impossible" team-members, so that the whole basic cast of characters is there. Maybe the final resolution should take place there, in the mushroom world, be decided before they come back to their own world. But if decided, in what direction?

You can see I need someone to collaborate with me on this. Query: do I have too much in this thing already? Have I gotten the kitchen sink in at last? For example, should the mushroom world be a novel in itself, sans all the rest? But the rest explains why they—the characters—are there, and how related to one another, and without the larger canvas, the mushroom world episode although perhaps interesting would have no meaning.

Think on't and let me know what you decide. But can't you just picture it: the antagonisms and ambitions, hates and loves of these people all worked out in this weird mushroom world?

Cordially,
Phil Dick

*For example, the coup de grace might be administered at the mushroom world; the tyrant's wife might manage to kill the aspirant or he her. Or the tyrant them both. Or they him. Etc. Or the head of the big industrial firm making the fake alternate world might come out on top—or it could even turn out that this, the mushroom world, is a fake alternate world, unknown to the tyrant's wife; known only to the board of directors of the firm ... they wishing to Take Over, and have lured everyone here to do them in one by one, a sort of "Ten little Indians and now there were nine" development, with of course the constant question among the still-living as to which of them is doing it? Doing it and trying to make it look as if the nature of the mushroom world is responsible; viz. the milk-poison. One character might manage the death of another by enticing him into momentarily entering an amanita square—it would kill him instantly.

[TO ROGER ZELAZNY, *a fragment*]

October 26, 1967

[*fragment begins here:*]

initially set in the year 2019, with a futuristic base built up before the game begins (i.e. before the Event which tumbles the characters onto the board). (The characters could know one another before the Event, or they could meet afterward—e.g. they could all be aboard a particular rocket ship or some such accidental proximity-creating device.)

Added touch: possibly the move to the next square occurs when a character comes across a Latin word or words plastered onto or recorded into a constituent of the square he is already in. The words are such as these: *suillus albipes / lactarius aurantiacus / dentinum umbilicatum / pholiota kauffmanii / verpa bohemica*. But what do these Latin words mean?

The reader can, of course, cheat at this point by flying to his dictionary. These are the formal names of mushrooms. Each square or zone (or whatever) is an expression of the diverse characteristics of a specific mushroom. For instance *amanita muscaria*. This mushroom is deadly poison, so all elements of its square would exude poison—in both the figurative as well as literal sense (e.g. someone tries to drink a milkshake while on this square; it kills him horribly, whereas a milkshake on the *clitocybe alba* square would cause hallucinations). So the characters (and especially the protagonist) pass from fetid, black, evil, toxic environments to a variety of other possibilities, ranging from benign to mildly nauseating to hallucinogenic.

Also, the shape of the elements within a given square share the physical appearance of the mushroom involved; for example, on the *inky cap* square, the tops of buildings are turning into mushy black sludge. In another square, flies gather everywhere (this is the *fly agaricus*).

(For research purposes I can lend you an adequate guide to mushrooms; no problem there.)

Once the characters figure out the underlying logic of the makeup of the various squares, they would of course head for the morel square, since the morel is the finest and most tasty fungus known (with the exception of the French truffle). Now, at this point, a new phase of the novel can begin: Forces From Above impede their progress toward the morel square ... or perhaps one of the Forces (i.e. game-players) impedes (the evil one) and the other (the benign one) facilitates—since, in most games, there are opposite players.

Then, too, there is the problem as to how the squares are laid out; in other words, just how do you get to the morel square?

Various other plot combinations are possible. For example, one or several of the characters could ally themselves with one of the Cosmic Game-Players; other characters with the opposing Player. The Game-Players could possibly manifest themselves, either directly or indirectly, on the board itself—or one or more of the characters could be transported to, or catch a transcendental glimpse of, a Game-Player. In other words, the two realms (the board and the Players) could merge in several ways. There could be this: one of the characters could change progressively until he becomes unhuman—reveals himself as one of the Game-Players, rather than a "pawn." (Vide my Ace book, THE COSMIC PUPPETS.)

As to characters. I suggest a slice-of-life motley clump of them, from university professor to car-hop, or futuristic versions thereof. Half the fun of writing the novel will be first to assemble the right cast of extreme-type characters, who offset one another, are proper foils for one another and so on.

If you write it as I intended to, I would have a multiple viewpoint approach working; i.e. more than one protagonist going; I would shift back and forth between two diverse types of men, or possibly three or two men—say, one young, the other old—and a girl.

And I suggest keeping the "alternate worlds" down to a few basic, radically different mushrooms: possibly four to six in all—then returns to squares (i.e. mushrooms) formerly visited. "Christ," Ned expostulated testily, "we're back on amanita muscaria again. Taste this orange juice; it's like hydrochloric acid." Bob stared at him as if not believing his ears. "*Like* hydrochloric acid?" he said slowly. "Not *like*, Ned. *Is*. For god's sake, drop it; it'll kill you!" And so forth.

So that's the theme, plot, idea, etc. I think you'll agree that as a game-board novel it's different. You like? Eh? (I'd be glad to collaborate on this, if you want, or, as I said on the phone, you may have all this for your very own. You decide; okay?)

Love,
Phil

P.S. If you don't want to use it, let me know, & then I'll go ahead with it.

[TO SCOTT MEREDITH]

November 3, 1967

Dear Scott,

Here are the three signed contracts back, to be given to Berkley Books for their signatures. (The contracts are for the outline called THE GALACTIC POT-HEALER.) Now, I notice that the contracts specify "sample chapter and outline form." They do have the outline, of course, but no sample chapter. Therefore I have written a sample chapter, plus excerpts from other chapters, which you will find included. They total thirty pages and should give Tom Dardis all that he needs.

However, if Mr. Dardis will sign the contracts *without* seeing these thirty pages, then let him do so; i.e. you might merely send the contracts back to him, retaining the thirty pages in your own office. Then, if he asks for the sample chapter, send him the thirty pages. My reasoning is as follows: he might not like the thirty pages, so if we can get a signature without them then by all means lets do so. Would you not agree?

By the way—thanks from the bottom of my heart for this sale. We are almost out of money and couldn't have made it another month. God bless you. You are the best agent in the world.

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

[TO MR. SAPIRO]

December 9, 1967

Dear Mr. Sapiro,

I can't thank you enough for sending me the copy of *Riverside Quarterly* Vol. 3 No. 1. It is a lovely magazine, and I would hesitate to call it a fanzine; it is too professional for that. Possibly I could induce you into letting me write a piece for it. Do you suppose so? Now as to the review of my book, THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDritch. Every review of it is different. However, the hallucination-environment is always mentioned and the theological symbolism is ignored. Yours is the first really to tackle the latter. The novel is not quite a dream, or even an hallucination; it is a state entered into by the characters, a stage of transformation into another level—possibly a supernatural level—and their attempts to find their way back to "sanity." It consists of a war between Palmer Eldritch (who is absolute evil) and Leo Bulero (who is not exactly "absolute good" but rather the benign form of nonevil life with which we are daily acquainted). In a sense, the novel depicts *relative* good attempting to combat *absolute* evil—and in the end the relative good, in the form of Leo Bulero—triumphs. I think it is important to note that this man, with all his failings, does triumph, and the record of his triumph is

found not in the body of the novel but in the paragraph coming before it, his memo dictated after his return from Mars to Earth. In a sense, that paragraph is the real novel, and the rest is a autopsy, if you follow my meaning. Leo has come back to Earth and he is his old self; Eldritch did not destroy—or rather consume—him, and he at once dictates a memo in his usual manner.

You, in your review, are quite right. The whole book is a struggle between what one might call a "white" mass and a "black" mass. This is the real point, and the victory is achieved by a "small" man, a man (Leo Bulero) who is, shall we say, the mere salt of the Earth. He is not a titan. But he is determined to remain himself, to achieve victory over a curse or contamination. It is a curse, really, the Palmer Eldritch figure, the curse that hangs over all life. But there are small men who can withstand it, and that was what I tried to show. Relative good—good as we know it here in the compromised state—is able to survive even a direct assault by the power of evil. Read the paragraph which comes before the novel proper and you'll see what I mean.

With much appreciation and thanks,
Philip K. Dick

[TO MR. SAPIRO]

December 18, 1967

Dear Mr. Sapiro,

Good to hear from you again. Of course you can print parts of my previous letter, and if you wish, of this. I wonder if you might possibly have a copy of your magazine containing Kris Neville's letter about my work, which you quote in your letter. If not, so be it; your quote is gratifying enough. (Add the work "Extra" to the above, so it comes out, "Possibly you have an extra copy of your magazine.")

As to the Palmer Eldritch book. The passage which I refer to, which is, as you put it, "The essence of the novel," does not lie in the final chapter but comes before the book; i.e. even before chapter one. It is a squib which goes as follows:

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

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

Now the thing is, you see, the memo is in Leo's style; it is idiosyncratic of him, and this fact—plus the content of the memo, as contrasted to the style—proves that Leo did indeed beat Palmer Eldritch ... so, by reading this squib, we know that Palmer Eldritch was defeated, and Leo Bulero went on being himself. Which, when extrapolated, means that we—or if you prefer, the characters in the book—go on being themselves or ourselves or however the grammar goes in a sentence like this. But you see my point (as Leo would say).

Very cordially yours,
Philip K. Dick

[TO SCOTT MEREDITH]

February 28, 1968

Dear Scott,

I am very anxious to get back from Ace the outline for THE STONES REJECTED (retitled by Ace, THE GANYMEDE TAKEOVER). Could you get the outline for me? Thank you.

Second. I have finished the novel for Berkley Books, the outline of which is called, THE GALACTIC POT-HEALER. All that is left is doing the final draft, which usually takes me no more than ten days to two weeks. I can't find my copy of the contract with Berkley Books, and I am not sure whether the novel is due on the first of March or the fifteen or the thirty-first; all I remember is that it's due in March. Could you check over your copy of the contract or Berkley's and then let me know. If it is due on the first, then ask them for two more weeks or until the end of the month. The novel came out quite well, I think. If Berkley doesn't buy it I'm sure Doubleday would. By the way—I got a letter from Larry Ashmead at Doubleday asking for another novel. This is a good sign, I think. Wouldn't you agree?

I have decided not to sue Terry Carr for libel. When you're talking with Terry or with Don, tell them this if you will, please. Terry is too nice a guy to be sued.

Thank you.

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

[TO BERTRAM BERMAN]

May 21, 1968

Dear Mr. Berman:

I am enclosing some material I've done relating to DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP? upon which you have a recent option—this done after our phonecall earlier this month. Thank you, by the way, for your kind words about SHEEP; they were much appreciated, and I have done a

good deal of thinking about the novel, as well as making an objective study as to exactly what it contains. Hence you will find enclosed:

(One) Notes on the novel re aspects pertaining to a very new and unusual film-treatment of it.

(Two) A short abstract derived from the novel, with all events placed in their correct sequence.

(Three) For technical purposes, a three-page list of exact places for the source of the material in the abstract.

You will doubtless see by my notes that the second time around in my viewing *The Graduate* I was somewhat less impressed than before. Or perhaps the cause of my dissatisfaction comes in part from the rather searing review of the film in the *NY Review of Books*. I don't mean to put the picture down, but I do think we can do one better, however good or however bad (or in between, as the psych tests have it) the picture was.

I am, of course, anticipating with rabid interest your proposed bit of time in San Francisco, at which place we can confer face to face. The more I study the book the more I foresee in it a genuinely good film, and when we can assemble together I hope to show you why.

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

PKD/ab

Notes on DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP? by Philip K. Dick.

The initial question: who is the viewpoint character? It must be either the bounty hunter Rick Deckard or Jack Isidore. Since Isidore is younger, were he to be the viewpoint character we would perhaps have something on the order of *The Graduate*, in which everyone over thirty is corrupt and an instrument of the Establishment, and young, free, innocent love wins out—an oddly corny theme for such a supposedly adult movie. In the novel, Isidore has a naive love directed toward the androids; Rick Deckard's view is that the androids are vicious machines which must be destroyed. These two different (and mutually exclusive) views, running parallel to each other in a twin-plot scheme, merge toward the end of the work when Isidore is confronted by the cruelty of the androids as they cut the legs off the spider. Rick Deckard's view has won out, and the proof of this is that Isidore tells the bounty hunter where the androids are within the decayed apartment building. Since Deckard's view proves to be correct, perhaps he should be the viewpoint protagonist. We cannot come up with "love & innocence & faith conquers all" as was done—and I think wrongly—in the movie *The Graduate*.

But if Rick Deckard is the protagonist, then we are faced with a difficult problem (or perhaps I should say a problem which must be solved): the love which the bounty hunter feels toward animals, in contrast to his heartless murders of the androids. To love an animal more than a person is a deranged or

cynical view—or so it might seem. We must learn very soon *why* Rick holds this view, which means an early proof for his view contrasted with Isidore's. Or is not this the major theme, this struggle between the two views—with proof *only at the end* that Rick Deckard's view was correct. In the novel we are told that androids lack human feeling, warmth and empathic sensitivity, but we are not shown this in action until the meeting of Isidore and Deckard. But perhaps this is a good way to handle it; the contrast between Isidore and his views, in contrast to Deckard and his views, in some ways is the primary story. Notice I say "story" and not theme. The theme of the book tends to cluster around the religion of Mercerism and its emphasis on shared pain and mutual compassion, a rebirth of the primordial Christian view. Or is the basic theme the broad background, the total world in which they live, with their collective and general worship of animals, the decaying huge apartment buildings, and the "specials", like Jack Isidore—plus the running thread of their mutual empathy.

Casting is a vital question. Rick Deckard could, for example, be played by Gregory Peck (which makes him powerful and sensitive and wise), in contrast to Richard Widmark (which makes him a psychotic killer), with several lesser possibilities such as Martin Balsam (which makes him virtually into an archetypal father-figure) or someone like Ben Gazarra (which makes him bold, and a man of action).

As to Isidore. He could be played, for example, by Dean Stockwell (which makes him sensitive and an introvert, living in a lonely world of his own making), or possibly Wally Cox, which makes him into Wally Cox. My theory (*supra*) calls for Deckard to be the protagonist with views which the audience may not quite at first share but which at the end win out morally, psychologically, dramatically, and in all other ways. Hence I would favor someone like Gregory Peck to play Rick Deckard, and then Dean Stockwell to play Isidore. It seems to me that with each casting change—or decision—you have a whole new ball of wax. Think, for example, of the strong factor introduced if Rachel were played by a vibrant, hard girl such as Grace Slick (a bit of casting I would really plug for).

Of course there is also the question of the tone of the picture; is this a touching story (Isidore protecting the androids and then, at the end, seeing what they are really like—his soap bubble world suddenly collapsing) or Isidore as funny (via Wally Cox, etc.), or gunplay action, as Deckard shoots one android after another, or as a broad general picture of a whole & entire world which is *ethnic* fundamentally, with many quaint & odd customs practiced with great solemnity by the natives, customs which include murder on a logical basis: "people" (i.e. the androids) without any legal rights of any sort. Also, the film could be pro-cop or anti-cop, which reverts as a question to the deeper, earlier question of what age-group is the protagonist going to be?

I personally feel that the bizarre, the odd, the eerie, should be played up, the pataphysical quiddities of this world in which they live. One finds this, for example, of the whole element about fake live animals, and the new animal

dealers who have replaced the new car dealers of our own time. The strange, the dreamlike (as in the time-lapse and space-lapse camera-work in *The Graduate*). It is a sort of pretend world ... up to a point. And then the murders of the androids begin, and suddenly it is all real, all for keeps, and very much grim and unfunny.

One additional oddity: the fact that there are two Rachael's, the one whom Rick meets, and then the one Isidore meets. These are the same android, and some kind of imaginative camera work—superimpositions or few-frame blinks back and forth between the two androids—is much needed, and could be a major attraction of the film. What must be made clear to the audience, however, is that these two Rachael's, each with its human colleague, are functioning at the same time; these are not a flashback but a simultaneous double life. For example, the android talking to Rick Deckard could say a phrase, and then when we pick the other Rachael up with Isidore, she could repeat the exact words—an audio track superimposition, with the voice echoing itself as in a sort of electronic echo-chamber, much improved on our own. I think that (one) it is going to be hard to get across the desired effect, but (two) it will be worth the effort.

The small plot-element of the Other Police Station could be eliminated entirely.

I am not sure that the Mood Organ should, as in the novel, begin the piece. Perhaps instead we could have Jack Isidore driving his electric-animal-repair truck setting out at dawn.

Technically, I think there should be a weapon, used in particular by the bounty hunters, that isn't merely another laser tube, such as one sees in *Star Trek & The Invaders*. Here again, something of imagination rather than cliche is needed. This includes the sound made by the weapon; it must be new and unusual, too. A sound, for example, that a champagne bottle makes when it pops its cork.

It seems to me that one strong point of the novel is the fact that it provides space for many moods and tones: there is the dramatic search & destruction of the androids, the tenderness felt toward live animals, the weird deserted apartment building in which Jack Isidore lives—opportunities for humor, the peculiar, the very frightening, and of course the awe felt when Mercer is encountered. We can have a many-sided film ... or, I would think, some of the moods (and plot, etc.) can be eliminated entirely, however important they are to the novel ... and then remaining elements, such as Isidore and the Mercer theme, can be retained and built up more. But I do think that both the search & destroy androids theme must be retained (because of its connection—contrast—to Isidore's view), and because it all throughout the novel adds the quality of violence, of the chase ... although, in regarding this, I wonder if the empathy test which Deckard gives prospective androids is adequate in the visual medium. Perhaps an entirely new type of test should be made up for this, or perhaps no test that is a question and answer test, but

perhaps a measuring of brain-wave rhythms. This, too, is a vital area to be there with imagination, as with the kind of weapons used.

There could be room for more sex. E.g. Rick Deckard making love to Rachael and then to dissolve to Isidore, trying same on his Rachael android, and fouling it all up, ala Peter Sellers. The possibilities here are enormous ... to cite one reason, there is the exact duplication of sentences uttered by the two identical androids. Sentences to which Rick Deckard gives one kind of reply, Jack Isidore another. The Isidore romance could be a chilling travesty of the successful Rick Deckard makeout with the girl.

And this brings up the whole underlying subject: sexual relations between humans and androids. What is it like? What does it mean? Is it, for instance, like going to bed with a real woman? Or is it an awful, nightmarish bad trip, where what is dead and inert seems alive and warm and capable of the most acute intimacy known to living creatures? Isn't this, this sexual union between Rick Deckard and Rachael Rosen—isn't it the summa of falsity and mechanical motions carried out minus any real feeling, as we understand the word? Feeling on each of their parts. Does in fact her mental—and physical—coldness numb the male, the human man, into an echo of it?

In the novel it is treated on page 165 in its most acute form, when, as Rachael and Rick prepare to go to bed, Rachael says to him, "Androids can't bear children ... is that a loss. I really don't know; I have no way to tell. How does it feel to have a child? How does it feel to be born, for that matter? We're not born; we don't grow up; instead of dying from illness or old age we wear out like ants. Ants again; that's what we are ... chitinous reflex-machines who aren't really alive. I'm not really alive! You're not going to bed with a woman."

And then a bit later Rachael says,

"I understand—they tell me—it's convincing if you don't think too much about it. But if you think too much, if you reflect on what you're doing—then you can't go on. For ahem physiological reasons."

Rick then bends and kisses her bare shoulder.

Now, this is about the extent of this subject as handled in the novel, but there are more possibilities which might come out vividly in a film-version. For example (to name the first which comes my mind): Is this a way he can cheat vis-a-vis his wife Iran—in other words, is it all right to sleep with an android? It doesn't count, etc. In any case the key question comes up in page 168, where Rachael asks, "Would you ever go to bed with an android again?" His answer to this is gracious, very politic and yet somehow evasive. "If it was a girl," Rick says. "If she resembled you." But Rachel has already made the point that she is not a person; she is a type, a subform of androids in general. His relationship, by having intercourse with her, has melded him to—not an individual, human or android—but to a whole type or model, of which, theoretically, there could be ten of thousands. To whom, then, has he *really* given his erotic libido to? An army of rachael rosens, a horde of them, all identical? This undermines the meaning of love—at least sexual, erotic love—because the basic parity is undermined, one

man for one woman (or at least one at a time). But he has, in effect, made love to them all!

Here, I think, the critical question of What is reality and what is illusion? comes up strongly. The whole sexual scene with Rachael (and, if used, the one between Isidore and Pris) could be dreamlike, but not in the usual sense, not the wishful daydreaming contemplations of infinite women, infinite prowess, and so forth. This could not be—not a vague dream—but a horrifyingly *mechanical* episode of half-dream, half-reality, with Rachael melting superficially—but by doing so, exposing a steel-and-solid-state electronic gear beneath. The more Rick strives to force her to become a woman—or more accurately to play the role of a woman—the more he encounters the core of unlife within her. In subtle ways (certainly not in gross ways) it should be shown that his attempt to make love to her as a woman for him is defeated by the tireless core of her electronic being. I don't mean that he opens a door in her chest, thus swinging her right breast away and exposing a maze of sensationally advanced solenoids and servoassistants and transistors. This is not the discovery he—and the audience—is making; this is already known. What is shown is just how far both the android woman and the human male can manage to force back the artificial and mechanical and smother it in their mutual yearnings. They are both pretending ... but a good deal of ordinary, today and now sex is handled this way; during sex the faculty of judgment in many ways is suspended, by both partners. The question here is: How far can this go? Will that which both of them desire be successfully maintained, or will it, because of her makeup, recede farther and farther the deeper he goes—much to the bitter disappointment of both of them?

It seems to me that after the soothing, endearing words, a very hateful conclusion—or aftermath—could spring up between them; their mutually-arranged act has made each worse off than before, and this could be well expressed by the mutual hatred and disappointment each now feels for the other.

With this miserable outcome, perhaps the segue to Isidore and Pris, from time to time, could reveal a more optimistic scene than would be expected. Ironically, it might be Isidore who succeeds—due to his worldly ignorance. And this would provide an augmented basis for his grief when the three andys die.

The failure of the sexual act between Rick and Rachael could, in the end, amount to a complete collapse of understanding between them, a theme on the order of *A Passage to India*. And, if this deep and final estrangement aids Rick in his search and destroy mission again Pris Stratton—makes it possible, in fact, for him to kill her—then the sex theme will have served a vital purpose in terms of the book's plot (which up to now it really hasn't done; it was, in the printed form, sort of an interlude only). Yes, it could well be that Rick's recoiling from being close to Rachael—or trying his damn best to be close—may be vital in his determination—and success—in destroying the last three andy's.

I will stop speculating at this point, and hopefully wait for a response, however slight it may well be, to what I've added here in the way of further analysis of the novel.

Abstract of DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP? by Philip K. Dick.

Mood organ: the day begins.

"Crude cop's hands."

Rick Deckard introduced.

"Poor Andys." Iran, his wife, introduced.

Buster Friendly TV show.

Lead codpieces & radioactive dust.

Electric sheep.

Love & \$ value & status value of real animals; and attempt to pawn your false animal off as real.

Specials—gene damage—vs regulars.

Specials can't emigrate.

Chickenheads, antheads, etc.

Androids as slaves for colonists.

"People" in Isidore's deserted apartment building.

Introduction of Isidore.

Animal row, like auto row.

The nexus 5 brain.

Mercer, the climb up the hill.

Andy's can't fuse with Mercer.

Empathy measuring.

The Killers of Mercer (*important*; may be androids).

Rick's call to Happy Dog Pet Shop & call to false animal shop.

Voight-Kampff altered scale.

Rosen Organization. Rachael tests out as an android.

Isidore visits his new neighbors, & the description of Pris Stratton is that of Rachael.

Isidore driving malfunctioning cat to shop—discovery it is real.

Polokov. First andy gotten by Rick.

Luba Luft the opera singer. Second andy.

Other police station unknown to Rick. Meets Phil Resch, also a bounty hunter Garland—third andy killed. "Pris Stratton," Isidore's new neighbor, is joined by Irmgard & Roy Baty. So the remaining three andys have been located.

Rick buys goat. Fracas with his wife about high payments. If he can get the three remaining andys he'll have the \$ he needs.

Rick & Mercer.

Rick calls Rachael for assignation. Sex scene.

Isidore finds spider.

Expose of Mercer on Buster's TV show. The three andys are pleased. Pris begins to cut the legs off the spider. Crucial moment; Isidore's reaction to the cruelty toward the spider, & his now realistic realization about the nature of andys.

Rick & Isidore meet—Isidore tells him of the three andys inside.

Mercer appears to Rick, warns him as to deployment of the three andys. Rick confronts "Pris Stratton," & he recognizes her as Rachael. Kills her. Cry of anguish from Roy Baty when Rick kills Irmgard Baty. Then Roy dies. Isidore weeps at the sight of the three "retired" andys.

Home again, Rick is told by Iran that his goat is dead. Pushed off the roof by Rachael. Rick drives off into desolate area, "the place where no living thing would go. Not unless it felt that the end had come for it."

Rick, climbing the hill, becomes Mercer.

Rick sees toad, captures it.

Viewpoint by Iran: Rick comes home with toad—we see him through her eyes & understand her love for him.

Iran gently shows Rick the toad is false. Rick is too tired to care any longer & goes to sleep.

Novel ends with Iran phoning in an order for "flies" to feed the toad. The day is ended.

—Philip K. Dick

[TO ANDY ———]

May 21, 1968

Dear Andy:

Was glad to get your card, sorry haven't answered sooner. It was a rather brief card, I think you will admit. Give me more news! If not news, then gossip. If not gossip, then lies. Please?

YI^m mention seeing my name in the NY Review of Books. Could you by any chance copy out what's said and mail same to me? Or, if you can spare it, the original page. I've looked through all my copies of the damn thing & can't find it. Likewise with F&SF, but that's not quite so important. I imagine both dealt with my new Doubleday book, DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP? By the way—a film option has been bought on this book, the first in my career. (They pay \$1,500 for the option, the first year, then \$1,000 the second year, and if they go ahead with the film the minimum pay to me will be \$25,000 with a maximum of \$40,000, should the budget of the film go over \$2.5 million. They've already called me from NY and made arrangements to come out here to San Francisco to meet with me (which is fine with me; I don't want to go east to NY). With the \$1,500 option money I bought an Avram Davidson Papa Archetype suit: wool, color of snuff, vest; plus gold pocket watch which I carry in my lower right vest pocket. Including the trousers and vest there are thirteen pockets in the suit. Dressed in this—with \$40 shoes, new tie, new yellow shirt—I think I can hold onto my sense of Equality In the Face of the Mighty. Without the suit I would be too scared to advance any ideas of my own, so you can see that buying the suit isn't selling out; it's a device to *keep from selling out*.

As to other news (but seriously, folks, etc.): we are buying a house here in Santa Venita. It is I-beam shaped, with three bedrooms & bathroom at one end, then open-plan living room, eating area & kitchen, then at the far end, a second bathroom and MY STUDY. Now everyone is agitating for me to buy a (gak) desk (we haven't moved yet; will do so at end of June). A big executive desk, costing over \$300. With formica surface, rounded corners, typing stage, file drawers, and so on and so on. Who cares? I'm using my deceased grandmother's little old wooden desk right now and it's fine.

The love of money is the root of all evil. The scent of possible big money is the root of all manic insanity.

I did a novel under contract to Berkley, and they haven't yet said if it's satisfactory & they're buying it. They received the MS in mid-March, so you can see why I'm irritable at them. Avram says they did the same to him, once; the time-interval was two years, & the answer was NO. What a way to make a living.

One other item of interest. Roger Zelazny & I are going to collaborate on a novel. The basis of it is an outline I did back in 1964 which Doubleday bought. I was never able to actually write the actual damn book, and had Ted White take a look at the outline. He in turn, having decided (I guess) that he couldn't do it either, or didn't want to, gave it to Zelazny, with whom I was already discussing a possible collaboration. I did not remember the outline, however (it's called DEUS IRAE and deals with a future religion). But when Zelazny wrote to say he had possession of the outline and LIKED IT, I went mad with joy. You see, I think very highly of his work and evidently he thinks the same about mine. He really is a great writer, I think; not only in terms of sf standards but those of regular literature as well. As an example I quote this interchange from his story "For a Breath I Tarry":

"You do not perceive any beauty?"

"Perhaps none remains after so long a time," said Frost.

"It is not supposed to be the sort of thing which gets used up," said Mordel.

And this:

After a decade he had accumulated portions of several bathtubs, a broken statue, and a collection of children's stories on a solid-state record.

After a century, he had acquired a jewelry collection, eating utensils, several whole bathtubs, part of a symphony, seventeen buttons, three belt buckles, half a toilet seat, nine old coins, and the top part of an obelisk.

When I read his stuff some dim and unhappy fear touches me, saying, "You can't write like that." I know it, but I can help in the dialog, character-development (especially that of women characters), subjective pataphysical

worldview experiences of a quasi-psychotic sort, & anti-utopian satire. But I can't do the poetic stuff that Zelazny can do; viz.:

Dead skytoads were washed along the gutters, like burntout fire-works. (From *This Moment of the Storm*.)

Well, so anyhow, write again, please, and like I say: more & more details of life in foreign countries among odd & eccentric peoples.

Best to you both,
Philip K. Dick

[TO LAWRENCE ASHMEAD, *Editor,*
Doubleday & Company]

September 7, 1968

Dear Larry:

Thank you for your letter. Yes, I will go along with calling the novel UBIK, with the spray cans shown as you describe, plus the quote on the back cover from the text. I'm sure it will work out fine, and I am very pleased. Thank you for keeping me informed. And thanks, too, for saying you like some of the little touches. I usually think that I have a harsh, strict style which does not allow for much poetry, for similes and metaphors. Hence I find it nice to be complemented in a such an area.

I attended the Baycon, and met Roger Zelazny. He and I got together in an abandoned room and talked business for many hours—e.g. our collaboration on DEUS IRAE, which he has told me he likes very much. I am reading LORD OF LIGHT, by the way, and find ample reason for it winning the Hugo; it is a superb book, and the religious elements convince me—if I wasn't already convinced—that he can do quite right on DEUS IRAE. He is a great person; we got along wonderfully, and our interchange was, for me, the meat of the convention. (I do not mean of course to put down the importance of my meeting Ray Bradbury, Fritz Leiber and Phil Farmer, not to mention Norm Spinrad and Bob Silverberg. But it is with Roger that I will be working, which makes a difference.) Alexi Panshin (sp?) stopped by a moment to tell me that the two finest s-f novels of the decade are LORD OF LIGHT and THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRITCH, so all in all I found myself being uplifted. I hope it won't sound boastful, but I do think my status as a writer has climbed since '64 when I attended my previous convention. At that time STIGMATA hadn't come out, and for some reason that book went over well, despite the fact that it did not win a Hugo or even get nominated for one. The interest and reaction in response to it seems to have come gradually ... but it was about that the fans said the most, rather than MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE. I may have broken the mould with that one. It may be my transition to the "new wave" writing (as Judy Merril says, I seem able to do both the old s-f and the new, perhaps, as she says, the only one who can). Of

the two types of writing, I would like to do the "new wave" stuff; I greatly admire Spinrad, for example, and thought DANGEROUS VISIONS a great book (as witness the number of stories in it which got nominated for Hugos and how many did win one). As Spinrad said in his speech, the "new wave" writers are better writers than those who have gone before them. Better styles, more flexibility, experimentation, use of mainstream techniques. They have thrust s-f forward by a giant step. I am glad that, thank god, I do not appear to have been left behind.

As to DEUS IRAE, which I know you want to know about. Roger wants to do the next fifty or so pages, and I agreed, because as you know I myself am stopped dead. However, contractual obligations have him tied up until January, but at that time he will begin on it; he will carry on where my initial fifty pages left off. I am sorry that we can't do it sooner, but I can't do it at all and Roger is committed for the remainder of the year. But consider: a novel by me and Roger Zelazny. Shouldn't that be quite something? God help us if it isn't. I know it will be good. I think that ultimately everyone will be glad that I pooped out after the first fifty pages because that gave Roger a chance to enter (I typed "end" a Freudian slip!). What it all boils down to is that our work, his and mine, (and of course the work of many others in the field) is really oriented toward the future in the sense that its time is at hand. I think that the "new wave" is going to remake s-f and do what even people like Ray Bradbury were not capable of, not to mention Heinlein who, in my opinion, has been left in an antiquated and no longer useful storage vault, a relic of a past which was not good enough—good enough then, of course, but not good enough now. Again, I don't mean to sound boastful. Actually, my attitude means that I must write much better than I ever have if I am to keep my head above water; the tides in s-f are now running deep, deeper than ever before. To fail now is to die vocationally. Do you agree? I feel it very strongly especially so as I read LORD OF LIGHT.

Meanwhile, I have started on a novel which I think is a giant step forward for me. I am not going to do an outline on this one. It is, I think a totally new sort of novel for me, one in which the nature of reality is firmly stated; there won't merely be layer after layer of illusion. I had the idea before the Baycon, and when I came away from it I had a totally new piece of material emerging, perhaps because of what I said there and what was said to me. Perhaps I was too timid in the past to dare to say what reality was; I only felt competent to say what was illusion. My confidence in myself is much greater at this point than it ever was before in my seventeen years of s-f writing and selling.

Of course this new novel will go to you first; I firmly conceive it as a Doubleday book. Keep your fingers crossed; I will be working—and have been—harder than ever before, but I need luck.

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

[TO ARTHUR J. HILLEN]

December 5, 1968

Dear Mr. Hillen:

Thank you for your nice letter, and I am very sorry that I haven't been able to answer it sooner. I'm afraid it would be next to impossible for me to list everything I've written—my stories go back to '51 and there are many of them ... but if you look in the new Doubleday book I've got out (*DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP*) you will find a list of all my novels. Maybe that will help you somewhat. In seventeen years of selling I've had a great deal come out; frankly I wouldn't be able to compose a complete list even for publishers who've asked (as a French publisher did very recently).

I'm terribly pleased that you would think of me in the same terms as Thomas Wolfe. A writer doesn't get things like that said about his writing very often. Thank you.

SOLAR LOTTERY should be available from Ace by direct order.

Yes, I did use the I CHING to write *MITHIC*. Every hexagram in the novel is the actual one which I obtained by throwing the coins and asking the Oracle the character's question.

You know, a few letters like yours now and then are enough to keep a weary and discouraged writer going another six months. I do appreciate it, very much indeed. And I am truly sorry that I can't put together a bibliography of my works for you. But the stories alone number in the hundreds. And there are something like thirty novels. By the way—Ace, in their Special series, will soon be bringing out a collection of my stories. I'd like to know your reaction to it, if you do read it.

With much thanks,
Philip K. Dick

[TO PETER FITTING, St. Michael's College,
University of Toronto]

February 18, 1969

Dear Mr. Fitting:

Thank you for a very interesting—in fact extraordinary—letter. Nothing could have pleased me more than to know that of my work which you have read you liked DR BLOOD MONEY the best. I had written eleven literary novels (as opposed to s-f), none of which had sold, and in BLOOD MONEY I tried to write in as many truly literate themes and techniques as I knew how. I have always felt it to be my best book, and I have been disappointed that there has been so little reaction to it—and no awareness, up until your letter—that it really represented a novel qua novel set up in an s-f framework. In terms of specifics, I am delighted by your individual comments, because they show that

I have been successful in doing what I set out to do; your letter is like a mirror held up to me and my book reflecting back what we are ... and apparently we are as we hoped to be.

I wonder if you—or anyone—realizes how much a letter such as yours means to a writer. It is really the ultimate response, the ultimate answer to the writer's gnawing curiosity—and fear—as to whether he has done what he set out to do. If you were, say, the only reader who saw what you saw in it, I would still know that I had been successful—because response cannot be measured in quantitative terms but qualitative terms rather. I will put your letter away in my fire-proof file and keep it there until the end of us all comes, so to speak; in any case I mean that I appreciate your letter more than any other which I've received over the years, and thank you again. (By the way: my "literary" interest is in French novels, and I followed in their wake in my own sadly unsold literary works.)

You have made me very happy. Thank you—and your analysis of the novel is superb. I'm glad to know that you're teaching; obviously you ought to be.

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

[TO RAY BROWNE]

March 6, 1969

Dear Mr. Browne:

I have your interesting letter of February 27 in which you ask for "manuscripts, correspondence and other related material." Before I send you anything I want to be quite sure as to what it is you want. I can send you holographic notes which comprise the first basis of a novel; then random pages, most of which are discarded in the final copy; I can send you outlines; I can send you rough drafts of novels; I can also write and send you a brief statement as to the stages through which a novel of mine goes until at last it becomes the final—and hence printed—copy. Is this what you are interested in? Please advise. My qualms stem from knowing that you will find my notes (mostly holographic) very hard to fathom, but it is on them that I base the novel, so you can see that if you are using such material to trace the creative process you will have to have them. As to correspondence. Do you mean business letters which pass between me and editors and my agent? Or do you just mean informal letters to other writers in which I discuss a variety of topics?

I will hope to hear from you soon.

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

[TO LYNNE HUDNER]

March 21, 1969

Dear Lynne,

In Nancy's letter you'll find all the gossip. We're having just a terrible time trying to be friends with Nancy's brother & wife on one hand, and Steve and Louise on the other, since the two parties hate each other so. Louise is very beautiful and I have a crush on her, so I'm willing to do just about anything to keep her around. I know, deep in my mind, that she's a gutter rat and that we really ought to rid ourselves of them but I can't. Louise can say things to me and not hurt my feelings that even my analyst can't, and which Nancy never would.

I bought a new, huge, expensive tape recorder (a Sony). It is so damn complicated that I'm still not able to work it entirely; it keeps doing strange things, such as when you record a track of the Jefferson Airplane you get back a performance of a Bach cello sonata. (Really.) Every time it does something strange I panic and say, "A \$400 tape recorder and IT WON'T WORK!" whereas in every case I've used it wrong. On a single reel of tape costing \$3.39 I can record five stereo lps. (Or is it five mono lps? You see? I just don't understand it, except that I know it has four tracks running parallel, and they can get mixed up in weird ways because each track is so narrow.

But enough of that. I've been trying to work on the books which I owe Ace and Berkley and I can't seem to write. I have periods like this every now and then, and they've always ended. I have a theory: I can't sit and write one novel following another; between each I have to emerge from my shell and be with people; otherwise my novels resemble one another too much. Doesn't this sound reasonable? Every time I've gone back to writing after such a period I've written differently and better. At least that's what I keep telling myself. We're almost out of money again, by the way; the \$3,500 which Doubleday was supposed to report on its current royalty statement "came in too late to be included." Well, maybe in a month or so they'll lend me another thousand. I'll sure as hell try to pry it loose from them, since the book (DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP?) is now out in paperback, and Signet's contract with Doubleday calls for them to pay in another \$3,000 at the time the paperback is released, then \$3,000 within the following sixty days. The money is there somewhere, and I'm determined to get it. After all, it's income tax time again (gak).

I have picked the next new great pop singer. Susan Barrett. (I like to do that, and I'm always right.) She has one record out, unfortunately mostly torch type songs and show songs, but you should listen to it. See how I spend my time when I should be writing? And in addition I've been reading everything I can hold of concerning the Dead Sea scrolls. The Book of Enoch seems to be important, but I can't find a copy of it. There's something they've found about the Sons of Light fighting and defeating the Sons of Darkness, obviously a Persian-influenced inclusion. Maybe I'll hijack a Boeing 707 and fly to Israel. Write. Love.

[TO RAY BROWNE]

March 21, 1969

Dear Mr. Browne:

I am sending you under separate cover a mass of material including the rough draft of a novel (which, by the way, Doubleday has bought), typed notes, holographic notes, letters to me and from me. I think they comprise what you want.

In addition, I'd like to describe briefly the steps I go through in composing a novel. The work goes as follows:

A premise or idea, call it what you will, pops into my head for no reason. For example I suddenly think, "What if there were only nine men in the world and all were blind except one. And an attempt is being made by the other eight to see which of them is becoming sighted." This premise lies there, sometimes untouched for weeks or months—or forever, as in some cases. But if I do continue, the next step is, "Why? Why only nine men left in the world? Why are they blind? Why does the one who is developing sight need to conceal it?" In other words, what sort of a world or society would contain this as a cardinal—if not absolutely basic—factor? So the second step is to justify the first step. Answers come to me such as, "They are not men; they are superior entities from another star system, and they have never developed sight. But if that is so, how can one of them become able to see? Perhaps it is a technological matter; all nine are working on ways to see—as do the Earth people whom they rule." Then a further premise occurs to me. What if all the people in the world are divided into nine groups, each controlled by one of the nine entities? Would they be blind, too? Would that be the law? If that is the case the novel could open with a scene where the protagonist, who is blind, discovers to his horror that he is becoming able to see. The reader would be interested; here is a world in which a man is horrified to learn that he will shortly be able to see. And he must take desperate measures to keep the police from knowing. But then it occurs to me that *all* the people controlled by this one particular entity of the nine would also be gaining—or regaining—sight. But at first each might think himself unique.

At this point in the holographic notes minor details would begin to occur to me. Electronic devices made by which to function in a pseudo-sighted fashion, something on the order of radar sweep screens. Lacking sight, the society would place a high value on music as an art, ignoring—obviously—the graphic arts. TV would be replaced by radio. Sculpture would be partially of use, insofar as they could touch the artifacts in question ... whole new theories about art would arise. And the question of beauty would have to obtain a redefined answer.

By this time I would have enough holographic notes, and I would begin typing the notes into sequence as the ideas occurred to me, not according to their dramatic order. Certain items would contradict others; i.e. later thoughts, second thoughts, would replace earlier thoughts of lesser value.

Then the most difficult step: the creation of the characters. By now I would have a premise, a world deduced from the premise (or the metamorphosis of that premise) ... but without the absolutely right characters I would have nothing. First, I would cast around for the protagonist, the viewpoint character through whom either all or most of the novel is seen (or rather touched, in this particular novel). I would review protagonists from earlier novels which I had written, trying to avoid merely duplicating one of them. Basically, I would consider various people in real life whom I know; I constantly ask myself, when I meet people, "How would he be in a book?" Ultimately, the protagonist would emerge as a composite of several actual persons ... but he would need to have certain traits in order to act as the protagonist; to cite one aspect, I would have to be sure that he would understand events well enough, and act logically enough, for the reader to go along with what he says and does. To a lesser extent, the other characters would be put together the same way, but their natures would tend to be designed by the plot of the book, rather than intrinsic considerations.

An exception to this would be found in the forming of the female counter-protagonist. It is a special wish on my part for my major female characters to be expertly developed, with many complications, contradictions—in other words, real women.

The plot would come last, and I would do little work in outlining it before beginning the first draft. It is my practice to let the plot evolve out of (one) the premise, or society, and (two) the nature of the characters. I would go so far as to say that I plot in advance only the first chapter or so of the novel, and the further I go into it the more I tend to depend on the inspiration of the moment (which sometimes never arrives, or arrives too late, say after the novel is in print). The disadvantage to this method of working—i.e. developing the plot as you go along—is that you may be completely carried away from the original direction of the novel. The advantage, however, is that you are allowed, or rather allowing yourself, to take advantage of new ideas as they come to you during the writing. For me, knowing the characters comes only when I am actually writing the novel; I need to hear them actually speak, actually do things, react, etc. Because of this I find myself saying, "Would he do that?" when it is called for in the notes for that to be done, and if I must honestly say, "He is not the kind of person who would do that," then he will not, and the plot must suffer ... if anything is going to. No matter how good the premise, the details, the plot, a novel is no better than the protagonist (and to a lesser extent the other characters, especially the woman). Thus, I frequently find myself arriving at a point in the novel where, for example, the notes (and if there is an outline, then the outline) calls for the protagonist to say "Yes," where in fact he, being what he is, would say "No," so "No" he says, and I must go on from there, stuck with the fact that that is the way he is ... which fouls up the plot-line terribly. But I think a better novel comes out of this. Other writers would not only disagree with me; they would be horrified.

I would like to say one thing about "messages." Novels are supposed to have a theme and also a message ... the latter, I suppose, being the personal beliefs held by the author, who writes his own political etc. ideas into the talk-sequences of his characters. I no longer do this. Perhaps it is because I am now forty years old, not twenty-two any longer, as I was when I began my career ... but in all candor I admit that I have no messages to offer. The best I can do in a novel to "educate" a reader is to introduce him to some area of knowledge (e.g. the nature of schizophrenia, or of child autism) which he may never have stumbled over.) But all in all, I am really writing novels on the basis of "What if—" and from there on it rolls—usually—all the way to the bottom of the hill, that bottom being the end of the opus. So in a sense my novels have a deductive process (deductions from the premise) plus entirely unexpected turns of events which *are* not deductions from the premise, although they may grow organically from the relationship of the characters to one another and to their environment.

A final point. I do little revising, now, although in the earlier years of my writing I revised a good deal. Generally speaking, the momentum of the characters' personalities and the nature of their world—plus sudden inspirations on my part—keep the novel going until the end.

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

[TO DONALD A. WOLLHEIM, *Editor-In-Chief,*
Ace Books]

April 14, 1969

Dear Don:

Great news. Although I am a little late, I have finished the novel, OUR FRIENDS FROM FROLIX EIGHT, which, as you will recall, I am under contract for (sometime last month it was due). All I need do now is simply type up the final draft; there will be no further revision, that having already been done.

The novel runs longer than my others. They all came out at about 215 typescript pages; this comes out to 268, which I would estimate as between 70,000 and 80,000 words. I hope that that length is satisfactory to you; i.e. the contract called for 70,000, rather than the usual 60,000, so I assumed you wanted a longer novel; hence this length, which was most carefully planned on my part; it didn't just happen that way.

Not since EYE IN THE SKY have I so much enjoyed working on a novel. Usually I get up at noon; while writing this I got up at seven a.m. and tottered my way to the typewriter, my mind filled with dialog. There is nothing about reality-versus-illusion in it, no hallucinations, etc. I did depart from the latter part of the outline, but the book remains as the outline described it; I think it is fair to say that it is true to the outline.

Please write me and let me know if the length is okay. But I really don't want to trim it; I would appreciate it very, very much if you let me leave it at its present length. Okay?

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

[TO PETER FITTING]

April 29, 1969

Mr. Fitting,

Again, thank you for a superb letter. Yes, beyond any doubt I am writing over and over again about a universe; it's very clear in my mind, and although the details change, the universe is still there. I have been criticized for this, specifically by Terry Carr who is the s-f editor at Ace Books. Exotic, far-off "sword and magic" s-f does not interest me; I am interested in the *near* future, specifically that which would be an outgrowth of the world we are now living in.

Again we come up against the fact that I have been influenced by French novelists. (and by the novels of the students of Tokio University circa 1952, who were themselves in the French department, and hence influenced by the French.) You might enjoy a recent novel of mine, DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP? which is now in paperback (or you could try for the hardcover edition at the local library). My most recent novel will be out May 9th, published by Doubleday, called, UBIK. It is a very strange one. And a full and successful collection of my stories, ranging from those written in 1951 up to the present, is being brought out by Ace in a week or so; I'm very proud of it (it's called THE PRESERVING MACHINE, and the editor has so carefully combed my 150 odd stories so as to make it appear that I'm a good short story writer, which I am not).

It would be very nice if we could get together in August; I'd like that very much. We'll mutually look forward to that.

Thank you for writing me again. And if you do read MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE, I would very much like your comments on that.

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

[TO PEDER CARLSSON & BERTIL MÅRTENSSON]

May 5, 1969

Dear Mr. Peder Carlsson & Bertil Mårtensson Esq.,

I have received your delightful letter, and I must say that I enjoyed every last bit of it (to turn a neat phrase, there). In all seriousness, it is an enjoyable letter, and I'm ready to receive any more that you might like to draft and send. The proposed convention sounds wonderful, much better

than the ones we have here ... all mod and farout and like that. Now, You say, What is MARTIAN TIME SLIP to the Skylark series? Nothing. Nil. Nada. But, on its own, I hope you'll admit it's not bad. I like it.

The drugs sound alluring. I am tempted, yes, severely tempted to come to Sweden just for that alone. (By the way, how did you find out about my consumption of drugs? Wire answer immediately! Am I known throughout the Western World as a mass consumer of drugs? I paid off a \$500.00 pharmacy bill one day recently, so you can see how much I take, but all legal; repeat: all legal.

I'm glad you like THE THREE STIGMATA, and I agree: the novels for Ace are written by someone who is not really Phil Dick, but only bears the name (I am using a joke about Germans: a German professor says, "Shakespeare didn't write Hamlet; it was only someone by the name of Shakespeare"). Let's see. What was I saying. Oh. so you like the THREE STIGMATA? Did you read MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE? Didn't you like that? Wire instructions. But that's right; World War II didn't occur for Sweden. It's probably not mentioned in your history and/or text books. But it really happened; honest.

Earl Gray's tea is good smoked. If rolled properly, which means including a pinch of catnip.

Ah, could you only imagine, as you live there in Sweden, what it is like for a s-f writer living in California. First, there is the lack of money. Second, there is the noise of the squalling brat & wife. Third, there is the fact that my brand new expensive Sony tape recorder cuts off at about forty cycles, not twenty, as expressed in the manual ... its frequency curve (of reproduction being shrill indeed), all this to ruin my ears & make me go back to listening to the noises of children again (plus my cat). (If I came to Sweden could I bring my cat? He's my muse. One yowl out of him and I've gotten started on a 50-page marathon.)

Where did you two learn such absolutely perfect idiomatic American? Half the people in this country—hell, four-fifths—speak less idiomatically. Wire instructions.

In all seriousness I just can't afford to come to Sweden, but I am touched by the request, and hope to hear from you again. I have a movie option on a book of mine, and if they go ahead, I promise I will come to Sweden (it would mean \$40,000, so you can see the logic of my assertion). Try to get hold of a copy of my new Doubleday novel UBIK; it is, like THREE STIGMATA, a trip book, but one into death.

With all best wishes,

P.S. I enjoyed the enclosed material very much. The pictures, et al.

P.P.S. I'm in love with Grace Slick. Are You?

[TO ANNE DICK]

May 7, 1969

Dear Anne:

Enclosed is some money. 150.00. It is the best I can do, but I will try to send you something regularly. That is my promise.

There are several things I wish you would understand. The first deals with my driving up to West Marin. I don't drive any more, so the only time I can come up is if some friend will drive me. My phobia about driving just kept getting stronger and stronger until it became complete. I'm sorry, but there it is. It all goes back to my accident; I never recovered psychologically from that. I especially can't drive at night; I become completely disoriented.

Secondly, about money. I am beginning to do better on income, I think; a movie company has renewed its option on my novel DO ANDROIDS DREAM OF ELECTRIC SHEEP? so there remains the chance that they will do a film of it, this being the second year of the option, and Scott says "They are developing the property." In addition, I am owed a large sum by Doubleday, and when they pay it, I will be able to pay you much, much back child support. The money is a certainty; it comes from a paperback resale of the above mentioned novel, but when is the problem. I will make a trial in about a month to see if I can get at least some of it.

Thirdly, about the children. I want to see them, not you, and I will never budge from my position. You will have to let them see me at some third person's house, or suchlike; I will not come to the big house while you are there because to me you are an unperson, a figment from a dream that didn't work. I have no relationship with you, only with the girls. I will never change. A whole new life exists around me; I am surrounded by people I love in numbers too great to count. And that is enough.

Fourth, I have suffered a severe mental breakdown during the last year (as witness my driving phobia). I saw Dr. Peak until you asked for the money (you had said, "Spend it on a good analyst rather than sending it to me," and so I did). Hence I am not now seeing anyone, and I am in deep trouble. However, out of this, I have written a novel which I think is a good one, and Ace is very interested in it (they have seen sample chapters).

I have out, now, an omnibus of stories called THE PRESERVING MACHINE which is a superb collection; I hope you'll get it. If you let me drive up there with someone I can bring you a copy; it sells for 95¢ and runs over 300 pages. It covers 17 years of writing.

Please consider the points I've raised. They are all true, and define my position, whether you—or I—like it or not.

Cordially,

[TO TANDY RUBENSTEIN]

May 7, 1969

Dear Tandy,

I'm sorry I haven't written to you for a long time, but it's because I'm involved in writing pulp novels for Berkley Books and Ace Books (a pulp novel is just an adventure story with nothing important in it, and I just hate grinding them out one after another; they're always the same—that's what pulp novel means: everything the same), but we have to pay our rent and keep our car running. I haven't been able to do an important book since 1964, and I feel very unhappy about it. I do have a collection of short stories coming out any day now, and I'm very proud of it; the stories represent my best over the past seventeen years, and someone reading the collection would say, "Hey, Philip K. Dick is really a good short story writer," whereas I'm really not, if you take my average story. It's just that the editor has done such a good job selecting the ones to put in.

How is your guitar playing coming? I am very anxious to hear it. Maybe you, or you and Laura, could come down here and stay overnight; we have an extra room which is our guest room, and when we fixed it up we had you two in mind. Isa is a little older than two, now, and I want her to meet you; she says whole sentences, now; she's very advanced for her age, as were both you and Laura. She is a little quieter than Laura; she's more like you.

We had a scary winter, what with all the rains; we're below the level of the bay, you see, and all that keeps the water out is a big dike. Well, a section of the dike crumbled away, and the tide crested over the top, so we very nearly got flooded out. Anyhow, we survived (for more details, read my letter to Jayne). So now it's bee and flower time again. We have 3 plum trees, 2 peach trees, 2 fig trees (all small, but fruit-bearing). All the little colored kids in the neighborhood come by eight times a day during summer and ask if they can have some plums. I wish they'd take all 3 trees away with them; you know how plums get all over the ground, and attract bees and wasps.

I'm very interested in your mother's sports car; I'd love to drive it, except that I don't do any driving any more, because of the accident I had back in 1964. I just never regained my confidence. Maybe Jayne could drive you and Laura down here. It's an easy house to find. I could record your guitar playing on my tape recorder. Have you ever done that, recorded yourself? That might be a lot of fun. Or, if I came up there, I could bring the tape recorder with me. Write me and let me know if you've heard yourself on tape before, and if you did, how did you like it?

Try to get your mother to let you and Laura come down here and stay for a night; we'd love very much to have you.

[TO JAYNE RUBENSTEIN]

May 7, 1969

Dear Jayne,

It's been a long time since I've written to you, so I have a lot of news to convey. As you know, we moved. We were living in a little old house on the Las Galinas Creek, which—the house, not the creek—became too small when the baby came. Rents in Marin County are awful; we were paying \$115 a month for that little place, and they raised it to \$150. The house we finally found is \$143 a month, which, by Marin County standards is very low (we were very lucky, and it took us six months to find it). It's in Santa Venetia, too, so we can still shop at Northgate, the huge shopping center in Terra Linda. Our new house (I still call it "new," although we've lived here ten months) has three bedrooms and a study where I work. It has a garage, where we put the cats at night (we have the little female Joan Stevens gave to Nancy four years ago) and my big red tomcat Willis. We have two bathrooms, one which is mine; it goes with my study, and a patio overgrown with ferns. It's a tract house and looks exactly like all the others around it on the outside, but inside it's different; we have a lot of pictures up, and gods' eyes, stuff like that. And kid's toys all over. Isa had her second birthday a month or so ago; I'm enclosing a picture of her taken about six months ago; she's older now and beginning to say whole sentences. I'm very anxious for you and the other girls to meet her, and for her to meet you. I guess technically she's Laura's half-sister.

We had a terrible time during the rains this winter. Santa Venetia is below the level of the bay sometimes (where there is a high tide). One day we had a 7 foot tide, plus heavy runoff and hard rain and lots of wind. The bay crested over the top of the dike and poured down the streets, flooding houses. It came up on our lawn, almost to our front door. We were terrified, and there was nothing we could do. In a while, however, the water went down. In the backyard it floods from rain water (ponding, it's called), and we have to have a pump ready to pump the water out before it comes in the back door. One night, during a terrible downpour (4.8 inches!) the electricity failed, which caused the pump to turn off. We had to cut the pump loose to save it, and drag it to higher ground. At 4:30 a.m. the power came on; a friend and I went out to restart the pump and found the water so high that we couldn't lower the pump into it. So we had to hold it, knowing that if we dropped it into the water it would short out and electrocute both of us. Anyhow, we finally got the water down, and went to bed. The pump can get rid of all the water that builds up, if the power doesn't fail. I wonder why we moved here; I really wonder.

We have roses and glads in front, and a lawn, and evergreens. And a fairly large lot (it's at the end of the block, so there are no neighbors to our right). I hope some day you can come down and visit; we'd love to have you,

especially if you could stay all night. We have one room for overnight guests. Do you think you could? I can get someone to do the driving, or maybe you could drive my car. It's old, but it still works. Love to all of you.

[TO LAURA DICK]

May 7, 1969

Dear Laura,

Well, how are you? I enjoyed the pictures you sent me. I wish you'd send me some more, and maybe also write a letter. Is everything going okay?

Laura, I love you very much, and I miss you terribly. I just wish there was some way I could see you, but your mother and I can't agree. Isn't that awful, that two adults can't agree over a thing like that, like me seeing you? I want to bring you (and also Tandy and Jayne) down here and show you our house, and let Isa meet you. she's a little over two years old, now (her full name is Isolde Freya Dick). She's your half-sister, just the way Tandy and Jayne and Hatte are your half-sisters. You would like Isa, and I know she'd love you.

We're living close to a park, and Nancy takes Isa over there all the time. It has tennis courts and everything, and I was thinking of taking up tennis again, but I guess I'm too old. I'm forty years old now, which is too old for tennis. I guess I'll try golf, just to get the exercise; I'm getting rather plump around the middle, mostly from lack of exercise. We have a huge garden, both in front and in back, and I ought to be out roto-tilling it, but instead I sit inside the house, reading the newspaper, drinking coffee, and feeding my cat Willis. You would like Willis; I want you to meet him, too. He's yellow and white, and has a huge head. He's all battered up, from having been in fights. He's so big that I thought he won all his fights, and then one night I found out that he is a loser. He loses his fights, because one night I went out to separate him from the black cat—whom he hates so much—and as soon as I had separated them (with a broom) Willis ran and hid under a chair. And he was glad I had come, and just in time. He is in and out from the vet's all the time; he is a very costly cat, because the vet charges a lot of money to fix him up. Well, I love him anyhow. It's easy to get to feel that way about certain old tomcats; they're so big and proud—on the outside—but if you know them well, really well, you know they're cowardly and silly and like to play with the baby's toys when the baby isn't looking.

This winter the rain almost washed us away. We were very frightened, and the water came right up to the front door and the back door. But I guess this was a very bad winter, so maybe it won't be so bad next winter. Anyhow we'll stick it out and try one more winter. If we got through this one we can get through any.

Let's try to get your mother to let you come down here and visit. I've asked her. You ask her, too. Just overnight, and maybe Jayne could drive you. Okay? And lots of love to you all.

[TO JACK NEWKOM]

May 8, 1969

Dear Jack,

I've been thinking about my insight into you: that you're a snob. Now, I like you and all that, but I wonder if you have the proper knowledge to be a snob. To be a snob (except, specifically, a wine snob) you have to know many things about many subjects. If I am not mistaken, you lack in several categories vital to snobism (one might be wine; I'm not sure. You seem to prefer medium to good wine, but not great wine, such as Buena Vista's Zinfandel). The two main subjects which I am thinking of are: poetry (especially historical) and music (especially historical). To these two I would add, but on less certain ground, history and literature, meaning by this, prose. I intend therefore in this letter to query you and see if you have enough knowledge in these areas to classify as a genuine snob—rather than the false snob, seen so commonly these days.

(one) Who was Theophrastus Bombastus, and what did he write that you've read? (Clue: he wrote under an assumed name.)

(two) One single piece of music, written before Bach, is considered the finest piece or tune both before and after Bach. What is the name of it, and how does the name translate into English?

(three) Is the poem, of which this is a stanza, modern, or a translation from Greek or Latin:

*I must be gone: there is a grave
Where daffodil and lily wave,
And I would please the hapless faun,
Buried under the sleepy ground,
With mirthful songs before the dawn.
His shouting days with mirth were crowned;
And still I dream he treads the lawn,
Walking ghostly in the dew,
Pierced by my glad singing through.*

(four) Is the replacement movement which Beethoven put in as a fanale to his 13th quartet (and by the way the last piece he wrote) the possible beginning of a fourth period? Is there any other final works of his that tend to indicate that?

(five) What famous and most wonderful composition was discovered by Mendelssohn in a meat market, the sole score being used to wrap meat?

Now to more general questions:

(six) Which was the most devastation war in modern history (i.e. back to the 16th century)?

(seven) The discoveries of the Dead Sea scrolls reveal that which particular book, cast out of the Bible, may be one of the most important (during the first four centuries A.D.)?

(eight) Why did there come an abrupt end to the use of red stained glass in the Middle Ages? After all, it was—and is—considered the finest stained glass color?

(nine) Who wrote "The Guide to the Perplexed"?

(Ten) Isidore of Seville takes credit for one thing, in which he was unique. What was that thing?

(eleven) Recently from the Mediterranean they fished up a computer, very rusted, but complex and well-built. What do you believe this computer was made? 600B.C.? 200A.D.? 1200A.D.?

(twelve) Recently an article in *Playboy* (one which, by the way, *Playboy* asked me to comment) contained the word, in italics, "Götterdammerungs"—and by using italics they copped out that it is a foreign word. But "Götterdammerungs" is not the correct plural to the word. What is?

(thirteen) In recent times, what major league pitcher for the Yankees had the worst batting record among all the clubs, including the minors?

(fourteen) Live slaves were put in the ancient Egyptian tombs to *consume the air* (i.e. use up all the oxygen) so that all the artifacts—and mummies—would not deteriorate as they would in normal, regular air. Is this a good theory? Would you expect it to be accepted by archeologists in general?

(fifteen) Name one animal—and there is only one—that, in the country, outside of town, say in West Marin, a dog can catch? There is only one.

(sixteen) If you buy a rare and expensive bottle of wine, and you feel the cork, should it be wet or dry (if it is dry, on opening, it will crumble and make the wine "corky.")

(seventeen) Who was Hermann W. Mudget?

(eighteen) What is your opinion on Bettelheim's THE EMPTY FORTRESS? Have you read it?

(nineteen) Can a cat chew its food?

(twenty) Why isn't Grace Slick currently singing? A tiff with the Airplane? Better offer elsewhere?

(twenty-one) Could Peking Man stand erect, or was he, like his Neanderthal cousins, bent-legged? And how large was his brain capacity (Neanderthal, I mean). By the way, what does the word mean? Why was it used to identify that type of subman? And how did Neanderthal evolve? On a straight line upward? In other words, if you found an early Neanderthal skull and a very late one, what differences would you notice?

(twenty-two) Columbus was not the first aboard his ship to see the new world; i.e. to sight land. Who aboard the ship was?

(Twenty-three) What German established as close to a science of aesthetics as possible, and in doing so founded all modern criticism of art?

(Twenty-four) What great dramatic writer wanted to be known—not for his writing—but for his color theory (a theory, opposed to Newton; and yet, at this late day, the Land corporation is beginning to prove true throughout).

Permitting Land to do what? A vastly important study of primary colores leading to what startling conclusion?

(twenty-five) Who were the Catherists? Why were they persecuted, especially by a pope (identify the pope)? Did they constitute a Christian heresy? Or did they constitute another like of heresy, and if so, to what religion, and how did they get mixed up in it?

(twenty-six) What is the largest, heaviest duck?

(twenty-seven) Define the difference between the word "regress" and the word "retrogress."

(twenty-eight) At the end of the universe a specific condition will occur. What is that condition, and as a principle or factor is it already at work? Can it, by extension, be applied to life, human life?

(twenty-nine) Define the difference between a sperm cell and pollen grains? They both do the same thing.

(thirty) Who wrote this line: "Heaven's great lamps do dive into their west, and straight again revive, but soon as once set is our little light, then must we sleep one ever-during night"? And is the credit for the entire poem properly that of the translator, or did his translation improve it? And if it improved it, how? Why? Who is the translator in terms of poems of our own language?

(thirty-first) Who made the additions to Kyd's play THE SPANISH TRAGEDY when it was revived circa 1601? Kid couldn't write that well, and Shakespeare didn't do it. Whom is now suspected—on the basis, at last, on strong evidence ... the additions being some of the finest poetry of that period?

(thirty-second) What is the inscription on the grave at Thermopylae for the troops from Sparta lying there, after single-handed stopping the Persian advance?

(thirty-third) What great 18th century English poet went mad, saw blood in the gutters, was committed—and then interviewed by Samuel Johnson, who pronounced him sane? Here is a excerpt of one of this unfortunate fellow's poems:

For I will consider my Cat Jeoffry.

For he is the servant of the living God, duly and daily serving him.

For at the first glance of the glory of God in the East he worships in his way.

For is this done by wreathing his body seven times round with elegant quickness.

*For then he heaps up to catch the musk, which is the blessing of God open
his prayer.*

For he rolls upon prank to work it in.

For having done duty and received blessing he begins to consider himself.

For this he performs in ten degrees.

For first he looks upon his forepaws, to see if they are clean.

For secondly he kicks up behind the clear away there.

For thirdly he works it upon stretch with the forepaws extended.

For fourthly he sharpens his paws by wood.

And so forth. The ending, coming a long time later, is beautiful:

... For God has blessed him in the variety of his movements.
For, tho he cannot fly, he is an excellent clamberer.
For his motions upon the face of the earth are more than any other quadrupede.
For he can tread to all the measures of music.
For her can swim for life.
For he can creep.

Now, these are data of information which float around in my mind ("How is the War of the Spanish Succession coming?") and I can only tolerate, as a *true*, AND THEY ARE RARE, snob. You should also have it fairly clear (one) when the Big-Little books came out, and which was Mickey's best ("The Air Mail Pilot,") and you should be trying to find "Buck Rogers & the Doom Comet" et al. Remember, we see as through a glass darkly, so there is room for improvement. Let's see how many of my snob-type questions you can answer. And until then, dear sir, I would deem it rather perceptive not to call or come over until we can see your triumphs & failures on these questions; whereupon I will either admit you are an *authentic* snob or merely one of these one-of-the-mill fake snobs. I await your answer urgently, and I think you are a nice guy to put up with this foolishness. Say hello to Gaylene or however it's spelled (it's now 6:35 a.m., and I have typed one thing or another all night. Gak!

[TO LAWRENCE ASHMEAD]

May 11, 1969

Larry:

Thank you for the telegram. Your statement that you are "very proud to have another novel" by me on the Doubleday list lures me out into the open in admitting the following: I am thinking deeply and long about a *major* novel specifically for Doubleday, one which is decidedly better than those which I have been doing (this is not to knock them, but—I yearn to do something which would be my *apologia pro mea vita*). At this point I have no conception of what this novel would be like, so I can't tell you more about it, except to say that I intend it to be in relation to my previous novels what MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE was to my novels before it.

Currently I am in financial difficulties again, and am forced to write two adventure novels for two paperback houses. I find it very discouraging, but it's income tax time again, and the full amount is due. Anyhow, I'm spurred on by my dream of a really good novel for you, possibly written this coming fall.

The book UBIK looks fine. I wonder if it will start up the kind of reaction that STIGMATA did; it is, after all, what is called a "trip" book. Have you noticed how religious themes seem to enter more and more in my novels? And Roger is going the same way (I don't know how he's coming with DEUS IRAE, but on the basis of a single postcard I know he's hard at work on it.)

Wish me luck on my "Slowly he raised his laser rifle and lipped, 'There's

room in this galaxy for only one of us, Smith." In writing this kind of stuff I feel as if I've slipped back seventeen years, and it keeps me from doing the experimental new novel I want to do for you; I have to get these two novels out of the way first (I've finished the rough draft of one. It was due in March. Ah well.)

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

[TO NEAL CONAN, c/o "Of Unicorns and Universes,"
Pacific Radio]

May 17, 1969

Dear Mr. Conan,

I know what you mean about response—i.e. feedback. Every writer faces this problem. I have published novels that got me not even a review, let alone a letter. I have a thing about letters. First of all, their contents are usually superior to most professional criticism—note that I say "most," not "all." I am thinking of Judith Merrill in particular, who always reviews my novels and always finds things in them that are not there, so it is a monolog of Judy talking busily to herself about something which does not exist. Tres strange, eh?

No, I did not receive a copy of your review of *UBIK*. Perhaps you could send a Xerox copy to me direct; I think the publisher might not be going to pass it on—unless you sent the letter to Doubleday, who will of course pass it on. I was thinking of Ace.

It is an incredible thing, how one can labor away, turning out novels—as in my case—and reviews, as in your case, and get so few letters. Nobody writes anybody any more, evidently. In the seventeen years I've been selling I've received about two letters a year. Oddly enough, only one was unfavorable. So that's a bit nice.

Let me ask you one question about *UBIK*. I considered again and again leaving off the final chapter, the part about Runciter finding Joe Chip money. Do you think it would have been better to have done so—i.e. left the chapter off?

Did I say I didn't like *UBIK*? (You say, "... which I like a lot if you didn't.") I love *UBIK*! The one I don't like is *STIGMATA*, which I find deranged (I wrote it while I was getting a divorce from my previous wife, and I think I was a little off my cork at the time.)

Your productions (e.g. the one by Chip) sound wonderful. Yes, I can pick up KPFA, and I will join right away so that I won't miss your program.

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

[TO TED PAULS]

May 17, 1969

Dear Mr. Pauls:

The word "kipple" is in common use among s-f circles here in the Bay Area. It means, as in ANDROIDS, useless junk which reproduces itself when you're not watching it. I asked around as to the origin of the word and learned that Miriam Knight invented it, the idea coming from the joke, "Do you like Kipling/I don't know; I've never kippled." Anyhow, that's as far back as I could trace it, and I have no reason to doubt the word of many that Miri Knight invented it.

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

[TO NEAL CONAN]

May 18, 1969

Dear Neal Conan,

I'm having a terrible time with this rented typewriter (my Olympia is in the shop), but I wanted to present to you several meandering ideas concerning science fiction. Mainly this: that the general public is not interested in it and won't buy it. Doubleday gets excited when they sell 2,300 copies of one of my novels. I asked them whether they wouldn't sell more copies if they advertised the book (in this case UBIK). They replied no, it wouldn't make any difference. The market just isn't there. Well, an idea occurs to me that explains why "they" won't buy s-f. The general public is not interested in the future. S-f is like the Sierra Club trying to get conservation measures passed which will save beautiful forest and beach areas; nobody is interested in looking ahead. But why is this? Doesn't the whole Protestant ethic require people to look ahead, to live for tomorrow? To deny oneself something for today in favor of having it tomorrow? Well, I have a theory to explain this contradiction. The changes envisioned by s-f are too great for the average Protestant, forward-looking as he is, to accept. S-f imagines a world that is far too different than the one we knew in the 'thirties and 'forties. I don't think the average person, even the highly educated percentage, believed we'd ever land a man on Luna or Mars: i.e. do, in fact, what we've already done. But do you notice what I notice, that despite such events as the project to land a man on the moon, the general public goes its way, uninvolved. It's like someone in Spain in 1493 saying, "So what if you've discovered a New World. How does that affect me?" Well, the answer is: it can affect you precisely to the extent that you want it to. You can emigrate, found a new colony on alien soil, or you can go on as you have for centuries." One could say this now. Except that now things are happening very much faster. Space stations are on the USSR's time-table (on ours, too, I suppose). There will be domes on Mars in

which people will live. In short, we are already in the world that s-f, over the years, imagined, and the general public isn't any more interested than when Hugo Gernsback printed his magazines about it in the 'twenties and 'thirties. Now, I am very much in sympathy with the militant left, but I think—for good or bad—they are going to obtain their revolution; Che is one of my heroes, but—ultimately, social problems here on Earth are going to divert so much attention and funds from the interplanetary projects that the latter will slip, for a long time, into near oblivion. The entire system of higher and highest education is being torn down; high education is the real entrance-key to power in this country, and those who do not have power now realize this; to gain power they must gain control of the universities. They must literally seize them, physically. The militants are not trying to change the universities; they are trying to get hold of them. Once they have control of them they will induce educators sympathetic to them to teach them how to gain, hold, and exercise power. In other words, how to become the new elite. Now, s-f writes about this sort of thing, too (for example I did in COUNTER CLOCK WORLD), but again the general public does not want to hear about it. They want only to hear about a world which resembles the past; knowing this, I wrote UBIK with the deliberate intent of confronting everyone with the 'thirties, both s-f reader and the general public. A s-f novel set in the 'thirties is a sort of Zen phenomenon, if you see what I mean. It could be a bombshell in the field or it could be the most ignored s-f novel in the last ten years (make that twenty).

I once asked John Brunner how he defined s-f. He replied, "I don't define it; I just know it when I see it." I, myself, would define s-f as Any fiction set in the future. I can't see how this definition can be upset, even by UBIK. (In UBIK the 'thirties are a sort of hallucination, or something akin to it, possibly something for which we have no word.) Conversely, I defy anyone to show me something set in the future which is not s-f (this might include the doomsday movies, FAILSAFE and all those; they are s-f) ... but they don't look like it; the world is our world with a fictitious president played by Peter Sellers or suchlike. But no one is using vidphones or other futuristic gadgets. After all, in my novel MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE there were no futuristic gimmicks, and it was accepted as s-f.

However, I foresee a complete victory for s-f in another decade or two. Much "general mainstream fiction" will have to be s-f in nature, as will virtually all experimental novels (we've seen the start of that already). It would be interesting if we could see ahead a whole century, to see how the s-f of the 'thirties et al are evaluated. Like GULLIVER'S TRAVELS, they may be required reading in school; the "Skylark" series may be accepted as the fiction of the 'thirties. I doubt this, however. But I'm inclined to pessimism ... makes me think of Enoch Soames. Anyhow, I put out \$388 for a fireproof vault to keep my old Astoundings (complete back to October, '33) and my complete file of Unknowns in. I consider that I'm sitting on a future fortune. And I love the damn things; I couldn't stand it if they were destroyed.

One thing I am sure of: to write a s-f novel you must make a total break with the world around you (such as wife and child, the garden which needs watering, the phone bill). But this is probably true of all novel writing. In any case, when I'm doing a novel I live in its world, not my own—my objective own—and I have great difficulty making the transition back to the objective one. And when I finish a novel I have a post partem break for a while. It's the characters I miss. In fact I miss the whole darn world I've created.

I hope these meanderings haven't unglued your mind. In any case, if you have any responses to what I've said, let me know. Otherwise don't feel obliged to reply. I'm sort of thinking to you out loud.

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

[TO JANNICK STORM]

[May 26, 1969]

May something, 1969

Dear Jannick:

First let me say that I have instructed my agent to sell you the STORY TO END ALL STORIES FOR HARLAN ELLISON'S DANGEROUS VISIONS for the sum of one dollar—just to make it a business transaction and to pay for the postage of sending this letter. How did you know I'm writing to Sweden? Is Denmark a colony of Sweden? Or are they both the same country, under different names?

I'm reading over your delightful letter while listening to electronic music, of which I have a full record library. I am also typing on a horrible rental machine while my Olympia is in the shop. Where my back-spacer goes there's an = instead, so =s keep getting into my letters.

Thank you for your kind words about EYE IN THE SKY (original title, DAS AUGE IN DEM HIMMEL).

I'm afraid I can't match the mad-mod quality of your letter; I am, I'm afraid, too old-fashioned (too old period, for that matter). I'll love to, however. How is it that you and the Swedish fellows I wrote to speak—or anyhow write—perfect hip idiomatic English? Were you all born here, circa 1965, and then migrated? I have a high regard for Denmark in that I use Jespersen's seven volume set on English usage as my basic reference source. (It cost me \$35.) (I offered them a photograph holding my cat, but they wouldn't go for it, because both the cat and I had whiskers. Which I guess is bad.)

I would think you could go ahead and print the above-mentioned story without waiting for my agent to contact you, inasmuch as he left the whole thing to me, and I'm going for that dollar. You just don't know—or maybe you do—how an American feels about and will do for a dollar. And at the mention of two dollars he becomes unglued. And at three—well, enough said the better.

Thanks for your wonderful letter and do write me again. Could you send me a copy, when the above story comes out? Thank you.

Cordially
Philip K. Dick

[TO DONALD A. WOLLHEIM]

June 6, 1969

Dear Don,

I have been stewing and fretting about completing the final copy of OUR FRIENDS. First, when I began typing the final version, I discovered that I had to change some of the material. Then I came down with Hong Kong flu, with complications. And, as the coup de grace, my Olympia typewriter broke down and had to go to the shop for repairs. They have torn it down, but haven't been able to get hold of the part; evidently it has to be ordered from Europe. I've asked the repair people to send me a statement saying that my machine is currently torn down and that they're waiting for the part because I know it doesn't really sound likely. As they said, "Why not use the loaner (i.e. the one I'm typing on now)? The answer to that is that it is not good enough, it has a keyboard different from my Olympia, and typing 80,000 words on this damn thing is next to impossible (it's a 1941 Royal). I have to have my own machine, and when I get it back I'll resume the typing of the final draft (which I had gotten well into before the troubles began). I am very sorry and I know the novel is overdue, but the revisions have been made, and had I not contracted Hong King flu and then had my Olympia break down (it has something to do with the escapement) I would be done by now. I will wait another week or so for my machine to be fixed, and if it isn't I'll rent a good enough machine to go on with the work. This has never happened to me before, a chain of circumstances like this. I hope to god it never happens again.

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

[TO CHARLES McCABE]

June 6, 1969

Dear Mr. McCabe:

Your article on women who drink martinis explained to me why my former wife got the way she got from time to time. She used to say things to me like, "You're a homosexual," and I'd say, "What makes you say that?" And she'd reply, "Because you watch those baseball players so closely, especially the pitchers; you like to see them move about." And I'd say, "But Johnny Antonelli is pitching," and she'd go back and drink some more of her martini. I never could figure out why she'd say things like that until I read your article.

Thank you. (And you know, I still feel guilty every time I watch a baseball game, even though she and I have been divorced five years?)

One further point. I think that the woman is like that inside already, before she touches a drop; I think the martini just brings it out. But why a martini? Why not, say, a black russian? Very odd. Anyhow, when they've had a martini they know exactly what to say to you that'll really make you crumble. It's too bad there isn't a drink men could drink that would cause them to have a reply to such remarks as "you have been queer since you were in fourth grade, you bastard." Let's work on perfecting that (it may, however, already have taken shape: i.e. a punch in the mouth.)

Cordially
Philip K. Dick

[TO TED PAULS]

June 6, 1969

Dear Ted Pauls,

So Terry Carr, my old enemy, invented the term "kipple." I say "my old enemy" because as of 1964, when I met him, we hated each other at sight—due to the fact that I instantly fell in love with his wife Carol (I still am, but not as much now). Terry took our snooing as a sign that SERIOUS THINGS were about to happen; I pointed out to him that this was a convention and everybody snooed with everybody (were you at the '64 convention in Oakland, by the way?). Anyhow we sort of patched that up, and Terry started sending me Lighthouse, and I found myself reading long stretches of supposedly humorous dialog, which I did not care for (you'll notice I use your exact words; they can't be improved upon). I did not like Lighthouse; it seemed to me that it had—still has—an ugly quality. I remember in one issue someone wrote a letter in, and Terry's comment began, "What prick would say—" and so on. I don't consider this within the tolerable range of editorial reaction to criticism. Finally Terry printed a letter which alleged that I had suffered brain damage, which showed up in my writing. I wrote Terry and pointed out that to print such an assertion is actionable, and to beef up my point I had my lawyer talk with him, a little friendly talk in which my lawyer explained the libel laws to Terry. Naturally Terry never forgave me for that, and, as far as I know, never printed a disclaimer re the material. So much for my relationship with Terry Carr. Unfortunately, I had been corresponding with Carol throughout the years since '64, and that put an end to that. But for some reason it annoys me to read in print that I have "evidently suffered brain damage" and that it shows up in my writing. Freud, at this point, would probably say, "Ach, es würde machen jedermann zu glauden dasz Sie fürcht dasz Sie haben wirklich, die Beschaffenheit behaupt by dieser—" etc. A sort of Viennese "Where there's smoke there must be—" etc. Oh well. What can you say.

I'm afraid I don't quite understand "Retreat Syndrome" entirely myself, but it seems to have something to do with hallucinations. I understood it when I wrote it, and Terry evidently understood it when he selected it for the collection (or did he? Maybe not). If you do review it, could you send me a copy of the review? Thank you, sir.

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

[TO JOHN JAKES]

June 8, 1969

Dear Mr. Jakes,

Am I to understand that you are the John Jakes whose writing I so much enjoyed in the 'thirties and then later on—but I especially remember the 'thirties, because I was a true fan, then, although the word hadn't been invented yet.

In any case, it is a great honor to receive such a letter from you, because you would know what is good s-f and what is not. If I can meet your standards then everything is fine. Sometimes I think of quitting writing and getting a JOB, but letters such as yours keep me alive as a writer (I know you know how little we get paid, compared to what the average citizen *thinks* we make).

In para one I should have made it clear: you are one of the writers who influenced me.

A good deal of credit for PRESERVING MACHINE should go to Terry Carr, who rounded up all my stories (about 150), read all of them and then made what I regard as a superior choice as to what ought to go in the volume. He makes me look better than I am (I guess, too, you're familiar with the doubts a writer has from time to time as to whether what he's doing has any value—but, as I said, letters like yours restore the old morale).

I am beginning to get a good deal of recognition in Europe, now, despite Mike Moorcock's campaign against me as "an old-time pulp writer" and "not part of the new wave." Judy Merril thinks I can do both, but I really don't understand the "new wave." As far as I can determine it consists of poetic prose, or poetry alternating with prose. Well, Sir Herbert Read in his book on English prose style says, "Poetry and prose—they just ain't gonna mix," and what was bad with most prose was really that it was bad *poetry*, not prose at all. This, I think, is the weakness of the "new wave." They will bad-poetry themselves out of business.

Thank you again for the letter (by the way, as usual, Ace split the envelope to see what the contents consisted of, which is a felony. But I don't care. Especially in view of what you said. They'll probably run off a Xerox copy and use it in a blurb for my next book.

With great good wishes,
Philip K. Dick

[TO BRUCE GILLESPIE]

June 8, 1969

Dear Bruce,

You've raised a number of questions in your letter which are difficult to answer. "What exactly do your worlds consist of?" you ask, for openers. "Are they the essence of Anti-God (Palmer Eldritch), of chaos? Behind the frightening rigours that tear apart your worlds, is there a unifying principle lying there all the time?" this is sort of the ultimate question that could be asked about my novels. Your question is well-put, and I'll do what I can to answer it. I have been very much influenced by the thinking of the European existential psychologists, who posit this: for each person there are two worlds, the *idios kosmos*, which is a *unique* private world, and the *koinos kosmos*, which literally means *shared* world (just as *idios* means *private*). No person can tell which parts of his total worldview is *idios kosmos* and which is *koinos kosmos*, except by the achievement of a strong empathic rapport with other people. (The schizophrenic lives solely in his *idios kosmos*, by the way). When a person dies his *idios kosmos* dies with him, but the *koinos kosmos* lives on. The *koinos kosmos* has, in a sense, the support of three billion human beings; an *idios kosmos* the support of only one. Now, a person—any given person, well or sick—cannot tell what part of that which he experiences is the *idios kosmos* and which the *koinos*—in fact virtually no one even asks, because this theory of plural worlds is not generally known (the idea parallels Jung's concept of projection, by the way, projection of unconscious archetypes onto the "real" outer world), and in all of my books, well virtually all, the protagonist is suffering from a breakdown of his *idios kosmos*—at least we *hope* that's what's breaking down, not the *koinos kosmos*. As his *idios kosmos* breaks down, the objective shared universe, the *koinos kosmos* emerges more clearly ... but it may be quite different from the *idios kosmos* which he is in the process of losing. Hence, strange transformations take shape (it must be obvious to you by this time that Kant's concept of the *Dinge-an-sich* has influenced me, too).

There is, too, another factor at work: entropy. This is the real and ultimate force which is destroying the protagonist's private world; it is called the anti-eidos, or "form destroyer." This is a principle which is universal, but I don't suppose I need to tell you that. Now, I personally conceive the form destroyer as personified, as an active evil the evil—force. I also conceive of it winning, at least in the short run, although perhaps not ultimately. Yes, it is an Anti-God, if by "God" you mean the "form creator," which is how I view Him. I am with Luther in his belief of an active satan who is at work all the time ("His knowledge and his power/increase from hour to hour," as he put it). The Palmer Eldritch book came out of an actual mystical experience, lasting almost a month, in which I *saw* the face of evil hovering over the landscape, and the three stigmata were aspects of him that I *saw*—I mean objectively, literally—in particular the slotted, empty eyes. It was a true trip, before I had seen any

LSD, much less taken any. In an effort to help myself I became a convert to the Anglo-Catholic Church, but their teachings do not include that of a real, active, evil power who has control—or near control—of the earth we live on. I even took the rite of unction, but it didn't help, and I wandered away from the church. The point is this: if a person's idios kosmos begins to break down, he is exposed to the archetypal or transcendental forces of the koinos kosmos, and if the time comes that he lives *only* in the koinos kosmos he is exposed to powers too great for him to handle (this part of the theory is *opposite* to Jung's theory of projected archetypes, I just realized. Hmmm. I'll have to look into that. But my view would accord with Kant's theory that each of us needs subjective constructs—such as space and time—as a framework structuring "reality"). In other words, we *must* have our idios kosmoses to stay sane; reality has to filter through, carefully controlled by the mechanisms by which our brains operate. We can't handle it directly, and I think that this was what was occurring when I saw Palmer Eldritch lingering, day after day, over the horizon. Something should have stood between me and it—and the Anglo-Catholic Church wasn't enough (neither was psychiatry, needless to say). My first LSD experience, by the way, confirmed my vision of Palmer Eldritch; I found myself in the hell-world, and it took almost two thousand (subjective) years for me to crawl up out of it.

At this point a quote from the Bible comes to mind (Book of Job?): "It is a terrible thing to fall into the hands of the living God." Draw your own conclusions, re what I've said above.

In summation, let's put it this way: in my novel the protagonist's comfortable private world is disintegrating and an awful, mystical, puzzling, enormous world is expanding—from elements already there—to fill the void.

I'm glad you liked ALL WE MARS-MEN (also called MARTIAN TIME-SLIP). Remember the part near the end when the man is reading the newspaper and the gubble-gubble words appear. It is entropy at work, decay of the meaningful (form) into the meaningless (entropic formlessness). This force, intruding itself, is objectively real; this is not the hallucination—and much of what in my books are regarded as hallucinations are actually aspects of the entropy-laden koinos world breaking through into the little warm living room with the dog sleeping before the fire, the wife sewing, the husband reading the newspaper—which begins to say, "Gubble, gubble" all at once. Kant's space-time-etc. structuring mechanism of the psyche has begun to fail.

Actually what I'm proposing is a radically new theory as to what is "real" and what is not. Maybe H.P Lovecraft affected me too much; I read his stories as they came out in Weird Tales years ago. On the other hand, I'm merely repeating Kant when he says that we—i.e.—our brains organize incoming data in order to structure it in a way that we can control. I said earlier in the letter that the schizophrenic lives entirely in a idios kosmos. After working this out a little better, now, I would say the opposite; he's lost the protective shell of his idios kosmos and is faced with the Absolute—including absolute good and

absolute evil—of the *koinos kosmos*. I'm thinking out loud, now, so I'll conclude this ramble; thanks for sticking with me, and write again. Lots of luck & thanks.

Cordially,

[TO HARLAN ELLISON]

November 8, 1969

Dear Harlan:

Sorry I haven't answered your letter (of September 15) sooner than this. Fact is, I've been in the hospital, with acute kidney failure and pancreatitis. I'm back home, but I still haven't been able to shake the damage done to my kidneys. But enough of this. On to your letter.

As to your criticism of Scott. Other agents, including one you mention, refused to handle my stuff back when I was not so well known. Only Scott would market it for me. I owe him a great deal, because in addition to marketing my stuff he drew me through the ringer of producing really professional material. Frankly, before Scott got hold of me, I wasn't much good ... which would explain why the other agents wouldn't handle me. In any case, I have made a good living in the 19 years I've been with Scott. And, as far as Ace goes, Donald Wollheim was the only editor who risked buying SOLAR LOTTERY; no one else would take it, and if Don hadn't, you wouldn't have been able to identify me as a novelist at all. Had SOLAR LOTTERY not sold, I would have abandoned the attempt to write novels, and would have gone back to stories. So I owe Don a lot, too.

I can't quit on Scott. He has done, I think, well for me over the years. His sale of MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE to Putnam's was the turning point of my career. Again, had he not sold it to Putnam's, but had Ace or any other paperback places pick it up, I wouldn't have won the Hugo Award. Sold to a paperback house, MITHC would have disappeared, would have dropped into the void. Because of the Hugo Award I sold thousands and thousands of dollars worth of stuff during the following year.

At one time, a few years ago, I did leave Scott—I bet you didn't know that, eh? Yes; I left him, and this was later on in my career, after MITHC, and no other agent would handle my work, at least none of those I tried. So, simply, I went back to him. And now he has sold one of my "literary" novels, which has taken years to do. But he kept trying; he held onto the unsold MS for years, and at last he placed it.

Thank you anyhow for the advice. I'm glad you were as frank as you were. Keep in touch ... I enjoy your letters almost as much as your fiction.

Cordially,
Phil Dick

[TO ROGER ZELAZNY]

November 8, 1969

Dear Roger,

I am afraid that 3/4 % % #&\$—hell, what a way to begin a letter. So, Dear Roger, I haven't been able to complete the reading of the pages you sent me, pages of the DEUS IRAE novel, I mean. The reason is that I have been ill, with pancreatitis, or however you spell it, plus acute kidney failure. I spent eleven days in the hospital, but the ailments followed me home after I got out of Marin General, carrying a bill for \$1500 with me. And I am still having blood tests to find out what is the matter with me now ... something about my blood calcium level being too high. It's all very dreary, and my desk is covered with unanswered letters, including one from Mexico, one from Denmark, one from Sweden. This letter to you is the only thing I've been able to write since I got back home, and you can see how many typos I'm creating as I go along. I did manage to read part of what you have written, and as soon as I feel better I'll read the rest. It looks to be magnificent (ant?). Thank you for the high praise you had for DR BLOODMONEY; It's my favorite of all my novels. I never saw any review of it ... the thing seemed to drop into an abyss. You're the first person to tell me anything about his reaction, and, since it comes from you, it's worth a million favorable reviews.

I should be able to finish reading the pages in another few days. I just wanted to write you this so you'll know the situation, and not think that I didn't read, or didn't want to read, what you've done. (I just now noticed that I also have an unanswered letter from Australia. Ah me. I feel I'm lost in one of Herrick's poems, the one to Ben Jonson. Ah Ben, it starts out. I know you know the poem. Ah Roger. Say how, or when shall we thy guests meet at those lyrick feasts, Made at the Sun, the Dog, the triple tunne? I really am sorry, terribly sorry, that I haven't been able to work—in particular work on the DEUS IRAE novel, but it's only temporary; I'm sure of that. I go in for more tests on Tuesday, and there is a good chance that at least the pancreatitis has simmered down. Think on't. Or however you spell it. My brains are scrambled due to my illness. Promise me you won't ever get pancreatisis; okay? Okay.

I'm very glad to hear you're now full-time vis-à-vis your writing. The field will benefit from this. Fine and good. A word of advice: there will be bad months, now and then, but finally the money shows up. There are wildly good days, too. It's like working a one-armed bandit at Vegas. Eh? Right? Right.

You will hear from me again soon, and as I say I'm very sorry.

[TO JUDITH M. GLUSHANOK, *Doubleday*]

January 13, 1970

Dear Judith:

Comes now the plaintiff saying (as the legal phrase goes), "I am not satisfied with your revised page 131 of IN A MAZE WITH DEATH, and herewith I am enclosing my revised page 131. I hope you'll be able to print it this way. I'm sympathetic to your needs, here; it's not your fault if the passages have to be changed. But do you think we could use my revision? Thank you."

I, too, prefer MAZE OF DEATH, but I think a THE should start it; i.e. THE MAZE OF DEATH (or possibly A MAZE OF DEATH). So go ahead.

I guess that's about all there is. Oh, one more item. Recently Ted White at *Amazing Stories* has printed a novel of mine (in two parts) called A LINCOLN, SIMULACRUM. It is, in my opinion, one of the few really good things I've done, and I wonder if I could get you people at Doubleday to read it. It's somewhat experimental, and it is odd that it should appear in *Amazing Stories*, but there it is.

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

[TO ROGER ZELAZNY]

January 17, 1970

Dear Roger,

At long last I've been able to turn to the DEUS IRAE material: what I wrote, the outline, and what you wrote. What you wrote is so good that I can hardly believe it, and if this thing goes no farther than that it remains an overwhelming experience for me. To have my characters think and say and act out what you've had them do ... it is almost a mystical experience. Thank you.

Thank you.

One thing did not please me, and that is my own outline. The part with Shuld (or Lufteufel) is okay, but that's about all; in particular when Tibor and Pete meet him and Tibor does not know who the man is, but we know and Pete knows—that's fine. But the rest; nothing. I can see why I wasn't able to finish it; there is nothing in the outline by which to construct an ending, in fact even a middle.

The 50-odd pages of narrative material, presumably the first 50 plus pages of the novel, strike me as okay, especially the opening two pages or so. Almost but not quite as good as what you've done ... I think we can keep it, however.

I hope to god you're not turned off because of the length of time it took me to read the material. Because, in addition to various other considerations, I think our combined novel is/will be great. What I plead is physical illness, augmented by various worries ... in the words of Heine, "Eine Welt, die ganze Welt

der Schmerzen muss Ich tragen. I trage Unerträgliches, und brechen will mir das Herz in Leibe." (Perhaps that's overstating it, but the idea's there.) What I want to know mostly is whether you have written any more, and if so, I'm perishing to see it, as my ex-wife used to say. I really am, Roger, very lucky to have you working with me on this difficult but brilliant novel. My part is good; your part is good; what do we need when we have that?

It has been raining insanely here in Marin County; a good deal of areas have flooded. The water got up to our backdoor and frontdoor but I talked it out of coming in, for the moment at least.

I especially liked the part dealing with Alice. You have caught a true religious element, here. I can only marvel. How do you do it, Roger? I can't ... but I almost can. Maybe in another life, then.

Let me ask you this. Would you like to finish the novel singlehandedly? And, for this, get all monies which will come later, such as the rest of the advance, paperback royalties, foreign sales, etc. I think that the part I did will stand up, but I see little chance that I will be able to carry on further ... except, perhaps, if you hit a snag and can't (or don't want to) go on. Then we can get hold of xxx Phil Dick (I can't spell my own name!) and see what happens.

I am sending you this letter via Doubleday because I believe you changed address recently, but I can't put my hands on your Christmas time notification.

You know, of course, that we will be damned by Don Wollheim and his "old wave" compatriots. Well, you and I both won a Hugo in spite of the old guard. We can do it again, I believe. Yes, I think we have a very good chance to win us two more Hugos with this, and possibly a Nebula award as well.

Oh yes—in your letter you said you're missing some pages. I have my copy and it may include the pages you're missing. So let me know. I will have Xerox copies made (a masterful idea, worthy of a great talent, as the field speaks).

Alas, I am tiring. Since my hospitalization I haven't had any stamina. But at least I can eat pretty well what I like. I had bacon this morning, the first time since July.

Bacon and theology, the first of this world, the second possibly not. In a way I think that's what made *LORD OF LIGHT* as great as it is: the interaction between mystical, arcane elements and the ordinary-as-we-know-it. The plumbing section ... as you know it's terribly good. (You do know, don't you? I hope so.)

I am listening to *Parsifal*, and outdoors it is raining. I hope it doesn't get in (the rain, not the *Parsifal*). Listening to *Parsifal* is a way of carrying on with our theological novel, so to speak. At least it's more of a saving thing than The Rolling Stones would be right now. Eh?

With great agape,
Philip K. Dick

P.S. I tried to phone you. Nobody by your name listed anywhere in Baltimore. Maybe they gave me the operator at Baltimore, Utah. Why? Help! If you have a phone, send me the number. Thank you.

[TO PETER FITTING]

June 11, 1970

Dear Peter,

Nice to hear from you again. I'm glad you said, "Its justification comes ... from the hero, from his story, from his vision of the world, from his situation." That is the way I wanted it. Here is why: each of my major novels describe a person—or persons—whose world is beginning to deteriorate, much in the manner of the world of a person entering a schizophrenic episode. I take the view that a good deal of each person's world consists of projections from his own unconscious, as the existential psychiatrists in Switzerland (and Jung) believe. But, for dramatic purposes, I can't leave it at a psychological level; it would be like saying, "... And then he woke up and it was all a dream." What I must do—what I strive to do—is give objective validation to the deterioration, insofar as it's possible to do so. Take for example MARTIAN TIME-SLIP. In it the worlds of several characters begin to show what I'll call, for want of a better word, schizophrenication, if you follow me. It is not, however, that I am interested in mental illness per se; it's that I believe that world-deformation in the active schizophrenic gives us—all of us who are not schizophrenic—vital clues as to how our worlds are constructed ... and what can happen to them; maybe to a lesser degree than to our schizophrenic brothers, but much the same thing. The subject matter of my books is not illusion but reality; I tear down the world of the protagonist to find out what is not mere projection but what in fact objectively exists. The process is of course painful for the character in the novel. But that adds dramatic value, again as in MARTIAN TIME-SLIP, or in MITHC when Tagomi momentarily leaves his irreal world and enters ours (the scene with the piece of silver jewelry). Basically, I am writing about a man or men who have lost control or are losing control of their worlds. By making this my subject I am denying that the world really is as we see it; I am following Kant to a great degree. Except that I have faith that the thing-in-itself can be known, or at least glimpsed. *Something* is real: it can't *all* be illusion. If it were, the term "illusion" would have no meaning, and it would become our sole and total reality.

I like your response to UBIK. It shows that I'm getting through to at least one person, and I don't blame you, by the way, for being baffled by what goes on in the novel. I set up my character; I set up his world; then I have him begin to lose his world as he knows it, finding himself at last in an alien world, which has replaced the former one (not "real" one but decidedly former). Each novel of this sort that I do describes a trip by someone going from familiar territory into what in German is called *fremd*—uncanny, strange. For this there can really be no "explanation," in the usual sense, certainly not from the standpoint of science—hence hardcore sf. What I am writing is really psychological fantasies, on the order of L. Ron Hubbard's FEAR, which impressed me very much, and still does. Without FEAR I would never have come up with

what I do. Does this make any sense to you? On one level I know what I'm doing and on another level I suppose I don't; I'm fascinated (I must admit) by what develops in one of my novels that really works (about one in four), and when I read it, it's like reading the work of someone else.

Good to hear you're working with your hands vis-a-vis the farm. Thanks for your letter and keep in touch. My phone number is 415-479-4244. God bless you and keep you, as the expression goes. I mean it.

Phil Dick

[TO SANDRA MIESEL]

June 27, 1970

Dear Sandra Miesel,

I would like to say something about your letter in Science Fiction Review #38 concerning my work, but I do not have the ability to really say it as I feel it. Once in a writer's lifetime, or perhaps twice—but seldom any more—he is given a comment on his work which makes it all seem worthwhile. Because a lot of the time it does not seem worthwhile. You don't get much money; only a hundred thousand people in this country read science fiction; your brother-in-law started on a book of yours but could never quite finish it. And then a letter like yours comes along and tears come to one's eyes. I don't care how many people misunderstand me as long as there is someone here and there who do understand. No one that I know of has understood me as well as you do, as expressed in your letter. It's a short letter and there is so much there. You mention Leo Bulero. He is everything I believe in; as you say, "The victory is achieved by a 'small' man." Mr. Tagomi in MITHC is a small man, too. I believe in him. I have faith in both of them. In my writing, all of it, they are what I believe in the most, and no one seems to notice—except you in your letter. It's a beautiful letter; it goes right to the soul of the matter and lays out what is, not what some critic thinks there is.

You must be a wonderful person to respond to such elements in my work as compassion, victory of relative good over absolute evil; you must have a good deal of compassion in yourself, and an optimism about "small" men, too. I feel a strong bond with you, as if you reached out across the void and touched my hand. Can I get you to write to me? I'd like to know you. It's you that I'm writing for.

With deepest feelings,
Philip K. Dick

[TO SCOTT MEREDITH]

August 2, 1970

Dear Scott,

I want to give you a progress report on my new novel, FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID. I have now read over the rough draft, revised several scenes, added more material and built up the ending so that it is more effective. And then I have read the novel once again with all these changes. I think it is the best s-f novel ever written. Certainly it is the best thing I have ever done, and I have no idea as to how I managed to do it. At one point in 48 hours I wrote 140 pages. At other times I revised one sole passage again and again—in one case 7 times—until I had what I wanted. There will be no further changes in the novel when I go to do the final draft; the novel is done. Let me give you a little idea of what it's about, since, due to my exhaustion, it will be some time before I can do the final draft. Basically it explores the relationships with 7 women on the part of Jason Taverner, the protagonist, and throughout the novel there is a constant & close study of men-women relationships. But at exactly half way through the novel a new male figure is introduced, a high police official. Transcending the protagonist's 7 relationships with the various women is the love that the police general feels for his sister—one of the 7 women with whom the protagonist becomes involved—and ultimately, as the police general frames Jason Taverner for the murder of the general's sister, the love that the general feels toward the protagonist. So the novel is a study of human love, sexual and otherwise. And, in addition to all this, there is the theme of people trying to create & preserve beauty, as for example a pot made by one of the 7 women which Jason Taverner gives to another of the 7.

I only wish I could go on writing this novel forever, because it has given me intense joy in the writing of it. But, as I said, it is finished.

There is one short funny scene which I may copy out & send to you in the next day or so. If I'm not too tired.

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

[TO SCOTT MEREDITH]

August 2, 1970

Dear Scott:

Here are two brief fragments from my new sf novel FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID. One fragment is part of a funny scene; the other is the final four pages of the novel (although actually an epilog follows these final pages. But the novel really ends with these four pages).

I'd like to show Doubleday these fragments, and point out that the

fragments show what a large range of mood and emotion and events appear in the novel. I think that from these two fragments this can be seen.

But of course if you think we should wait until the total MS has undergone its final draft I'll be glad to go along with you.

Larry Ashmead wrote to me about a year ago, suggesting that instead of writing both paperback and hardcover novels I sit back, take my time, and do one really good novel for Doubleday; and stop selling original material to the paperbacks entirely. Well, this is that novel. A year's worth of work.

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

[TO ROGER ZELAZNY]

August 17, 1970

Dear Roger,

What can I say? Look; I have had a complete nervous breakdown, due mainly to money worries, due also to a great crisis in my working life—i.e. my writing.

When I read over the sixty-odd pages I had added to DEUS IRAE I originally thought they were unworthy to be placed next to what you had done. And, as extrapolated from this, I asked myself, Am I a good enough writer to collaborate with Roger? And I said no; I knew I wasn't. And then because of this and other things I had my breakdown and I didn't send you the material, and I am very much ashamed, because now I have read the sixty-odd pages again and they are wonderful. I was completely wrong. So my breakdown had begun *before* I wrote and read the pages; because of the breakdown I did not have confidence and respect for my own work.

I think that you and I, already, have done enough to make it worthwhile to continue. I can't endure the thought of these pages being abandoned, as well as what you've done. So the collaboration takes two years instead of one! It's worth it!

I became so completely broke that we went on welfare. I am still using food stamps, getting \$84 worth of food for \$1.56. And up until August 31 all our medical & dental expenses are covered. My wife Nancy has had a complete psychotic episode; she has been in the hospital since April, and the bill for this is what finally broke me. Two thousand dollars a month!

Besides being psychotic, Nancy is leaving me, taking our little girl with her. I am alone now in a four bedroom house with two bathrooms. And three cats which I got to keep me company. It is very lonely. But, in roaming around, I came across the sixty-odd pages that I wrote for DEUS IRAE and read them, and, as I say above, they are great. I will send them to you (sic) as soon as I can find the top copy; obviously I made a carbon. I hope you made carbons of what you did. Your material is somewhere in my fireproof big vault,

and I should find them in the next day or so. But I wanted to write to you immediately, to tell you that (one) what I've done is good, and (two) I'd very much like to—imploringly like to—resume the collaboration. All I can plead is that this whole collaboration threw me into a crisis state; I had been worrying about the "new wave" and stewing as to whether I could bend with the times, write truly contemporary material ... or was I, like van Vogt, dated? Doomed to pass away like John Jakes. Judy Merrill said once in an article that Phil Dick was the only sf writer who could do both old-style sf and the new sf; I can please Don Wollheim and those who read Ballard. Maybe this is so. But in the 19 years I've been a selling writer I've never gone through a crisis like this. The quality of LORD OF LIGHT had a great deal to do with it. Am I permitted a metaphor? I'm like the old buffalo in the herd, the former master of all the females, who is challenged by a new, younger buffalo male. And thus it is; I saw my work challenged by your work, and lost the ability to see us working together.

But now I think I can do it.

Three months ago I took some mescaline and had many insights, which, by the way, I've never gotten from acid. Out of these insights I wrote a novel (just the rough draft; no final copy) in which the love that had been revealed to me, so to speak, appeared. I think that, not including LORD OF LIGHT, it is the finest sf novel written. I am too tired to type up the final draft for the present, but the novel is done and it is there in my fireproof vault, safe until I have the stamina to type the final up. The title of it: FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID. Does that sound interesting? I think it's a good title, and it hits right at the core of the novel. But what I would like to do now is not type up the final draft but turn once more to DEUS IRAE. Can we do that?

You are the finest writer writing sf today, and possibly, with perhaps the exception of Bradbury, the finest writer who ever wrote sf, and I am awed. It is not a good thing that I am awed, because it plunged me down into the pit for all this time, but now as I say I think I'm good enough to collaborate with you after all. Take my delay as a deep and abiding form of admiration. You have just been too damn much for me. I don't traditionally fall into such attitudes, really; I swear I don't. What I'm saying here does not come easy, really; believe me, please.

I love you, Roger. That was one of the insights I had because of the mescaline. We're equals, I think. I boasted about that to Doubleday: "Roger is collaborating with me!" This is a very great novel we are working on. Can you forgive me and pick up from where we left off? If not, well, it's my fault, and I am sorry. But I do believe we've got something unique and good, for both of us. So can we try once more? Please?

[TO VALERIE McMILLAN]

August 19, 1970

Dear Valery,

I am back home now, and enclosed you will find the Yeats poem that I like so much, and that I hope you will like. It is interesting that this is his first published poem, I think. Offhand I can recall only one other creative person whose opus one is so effective, and that is in the field of music: Franz Schubert in his song "The Earl King." I forgot to ask you what your interests in music are. I am very much involved in music, all kinds; I have a big record collection and, besides the stereo, I have a Sony tape recorder, a heavy, large one. I play it with headphones late at night when I am working, as for example now.

All the people I met up there were nice, and I liked them all. But it seemed to me that you and I had some common interests which I did not share with the others. I hope you don't mind me writing to you, because of this. I am really very lonely, what with my marriage to Nancy ending; she will move out in another few days, taking our little girl with her ... but fortunately her brother is going to stay on living here with me, so I will have some company. And a girl we know and like may move in with us, so we will be splitting the rent three ways, which brings it down to about \$54 apiece. That's not bad for a four bedroom, two bathroom house. And we will pool our food money.

I really do not know exactly what to say to you, now that I have decided to say something; I *want* to say something. Although I only knew you for two days I feel as if I've known you for much longer ... I think because of the Noah play. It was such an eerie coincidence, your bringing out that play, the first experimental play I ever saw performed, a play not mentioned to me by anyone in my whole adult life. It was like a voice from the past, a past I had almost completely forgotten. There is just plain virtually no one you can share such things with. Have you had that experience? I remember reading a play by Milne and wishing I could talk to somebody about it. And for a long time I was vitally excited by the plays of Kyd and Webster et al. Especially the late insertions in "The Spanish Tragedy." I have my own theory as to who wrote the late insertions (Lamb thought it was Shakespeare, but I think it was Ben Jonson). It certainly was not Webster, which is the usually-accepted theory.

I am collaborating with a very fine writer on a theological science fiction novel called "Deus Irae," "God of Wrath," in other words. His name is Roger Zelazny, and his specialty is Jacobean drama ... he describes our book as a "Catherist morality play," which I believe it is (I got very involved in reading about the Catherist heresy, Pope Innocent III and all that). The book is coming very slowly, however. Six months ago I wrote 68 pages, read them over and decided they were no good, and didn't send them to Mr. Zelazny. Then today I happened to come across them, and I read them again and they are fine. But I have delayed so long in sending them that he may have lost interest. I hope not, because then I will have to finish the novel alone, and it won't be nearly

as good that way, if good at all. He is really a superb writer, and the next time I come up or see Jim I will loan you a copy of his novel "Lord of Light" which won him a Hugo (the award within science fiction circles for the best novel of the year. I won it in 1962 for "Man In The High Castle").

There are now some genuinely literate writers in the field of science fiction, and many colleges and universities have courses in science fiction. An assistant professor from a university in Canada came down to see me recently—he will be teaching a class in science fiction starting this fall—and I said to him, "Ten years ago could you find enough literate science fiction by which to teach a class?" And he said no. So in just ten years it has all changed. The lady we visited in Elk who makes the bread had a very good science fiction novel there on the table, by my colleague Avram Davidson. (He and I have been exploring theological areas; he is a devout orthodox Jew and I am an Anglo-Catholic.) Maybe she would be willing to lend you the book. I have started reading the copy she gave me and it is superb. I wish I could write like that.

It is really hard for me to know what I'm going to do, with Nancy and Isa leaving. I am still terribly in love with her. Due to her mental illness she has abreacted back to a mental age of thirteen, within which marriage is out of the question ("I will never get married again," she says. "These have been the worst six years of my life. I'd rather become a prostitute than stay married to you."). All this distresses me terribly, but there's nothing I can do about it. She is having an affair with the man in the house directly across from ours, and every morning when I go outside to get the Chronicle I have to say hello to his wife. I wonder how she feels. The thing that makes me feel badly is that Nancy does not love the man; she instigated the affair in order to break up our marriage. I think she could have done so some other way.

When I got back here to San Rafael I found that while I was up there with you our house was burglarized. They took my stereo system, my Omega watch, and my color TV set. I am trying to get the insurance money to pay me rather than replacing the stolen items, because I do not want a color TV set any more. The watch cost \$225, and I doubt if they'll replace it. I loved it very much; it was a present to me from Nancy's sister.

I spent a long time with my little girl today. She is now three and a half, and I can converse with her forever. She understands everything if you use short words. Unfortunately, she understands about the terrible rift between me and Nancy; she says to me, "We're not going to live with you any more." Well, here it is late at night and everyone but me is asleep, and I am listening to Scarlatti harpsichord sonatas on the headphones. There is no one and no thing to talk to in this dead, empty world. Or is that really so? Anyhow I am trying to do this, writing to you, whom I've only known for two days, but I did think we could readily talk. I have a great faith in the power of words. As for example the Yeats poem.

Just now I started looking for my volume of Yeats' collected poems from which to transcribe that one, and I couldn't find it right away and panic seized

me. I felt as if I'd taken acid; you know, groping down a terrifically long tube at something miles away. But I found it almost at once. I depend on my Oxford book of 17th century metaphysical poets, my Yeats, my world anthology of poetry which includes some excellent Latin poems—hell, I think I'll copy out one for you, one translated by Campion. I told you about it, didn't I? Where the translation is better than the original. Because Campion was so fine.

When I feel so bad that I can't go on, or when I feel so good that it's almost a sort of mystical love of all life, I read here and there in Part One of Goethe's "Faust." The Easter Bell section, especially. Christ is arisen. :

... a prayer
was ardent pleasure; a longing,
sweetly unfathomable, drove me through woods and fields,
and while a thousand burning tears fell,
I felt a new world rise within me.

... ein Gebet war brünstiger Genuss;
Ein unbegreiflich holdes Sehen
Trieb mich, durch Wald und Wiesen hinzugehn,
Und unter tausend heissen Tränen
Fühlt ich mir eine Welt entstehn.

I think the English is a little better than the German, except for "... Und unter tausend heissen Tränen," etc.

Just before Nancy told me she was leaving me I had an instant of mystical love and read this section of "Faust," and in a sense it was the last happy moment of my life ... although I'm sure I will get over Nancy's leaving. Sure, there will be other happy moments, and some day I will look back at this and say, "Yes, it was a good thing that she and I separated." But at the time it hurts.

I wish I could think of something profound and/or clever to say, but my wits aren't with me tonight. Perhaps the Yeats poem can speak for me. When I am distressed I tend to fall back on such things. I'm glad they're there. You will write to me, won't you. Anything would be appreciated.

THE SONG OF THE HAPPY SHEPHERD

*The woods of Arcady are dead,
And over is their antique joy;
Of old the world on dreaming fed;
Grey Truth is now her painted toy;
Yet still she turns her restless head.*

...

*I must be gone: there is a grave
Where daffodil and lily wave,
And I would please the hapless faun,
Buried under the sleepy ground,
With mirthful songs before the dawn.*

*His shouting days with mirth were crowned;
And still I dream he treads the dew,
Pierced by my glad singing through ...*
Yeats 1889

*I saw Eternity the other night
Like a great Ring of pure and endless light,
All calm, as it was bright,
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years
Driv'n by the spheres
Like a vast shadow mov'd, In which the world
And all her train were hurl'd ...*

Henry Vaughan

[TO JOHN BRUNNER]

August 27, 1970

Dear John,

There is no way by which I can excuse myself for not having written to you sooner ... especially written to say how glad I am that you got the Hugo for ZANZIBAR. I loved the book—if “loved” is the right word. Anyhow I enjoyed it and respected it and approved of it. Certainly it got the Hugo; how could it miss? Indeed it is a fine novel. Congratulations for (one) having written it, and (two) for the award. Good show!

Things, I am afraid, have not gone well for me during the past year. Last August, a year ago, I was hospitalized for pancreatitis and acute massive kidney failure. It took months for me to get back my stamina; I went ten months without writing anything, and the income fell gradually off until one day, about five months ago, we woke up and found we had no money and no prospects of money. Not due to this but due to other causes, Nancy had a nervous breakdown (more properly, a psychotic break) and had to be hospitalized. That took the little we had left. She is better now, but not well; she spends every day from 9 to 5 receiving psychotherapy at the hospital, and we have had to put our little girl in a school for children whose parents both work or who are mentally or physically incapacitated. It is all very sad, especially in view of the fact that Nancy no longer wants to be married to me, and is moving out to a place of her own, taking Isa (our daughter) with her, as soon as she can find a place. I am terribly sorry to see her go; I genuinely love her, more so than anyone else in my life. Usually I am the leaver, but this time I'm the leavee, so to speak. It breaks my heart ... as Heine put it, “... und brechen will mir das Herz im Leibe.” Well, so it goes, as Kurt Vonnegut would say.

On the positive side, however, there is this: I have completed the rough draft of a new s-f novel, FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID. It is not about anything nightmarish, uncanny or horrid; it deals with seven kinds

of love, between the protagonist and seven women, and then, in the second half, the love between the protagonist and another man ... not homosexual love, *per se*, but the love of one human being for another. It is a radical change from the sort of thing I usually do, and I believe it is very good. The change resulted from my taking mescaline, at which time I had great fundamental insights about myself and what I really felt and wanted. Unfortunately, it being quite long, I am too tired at present to begin the task of typing up the final draft. However, the longer I wait, the more perspective I will have on it when I do type it up, and this is good. Usually I do the final draft right away, and make no more changes than spelling and typing. So perhaps it is good that I can't finish it for now. I really do believe this is the beginning of a wholly new period of my work. Or perhaps I am deceiving myself ala F Scott Fitzgerald with THE LAST TYCOON (although the tragedy in that case was not self-deception but the fact that the writer would die before finishing it). In any case, right or wrong, I am optimistic about it and about life itself. I will have to get right down to falling in love again, and start to rebuild my shattered life. That's always the thing to do, don't you agree? One must press on. Even at my age (41). Only about half my life is over, perhaps. What would you say, from the depths of your urbane wisdom (I have great respect for your worldly wisdom, John, perhaps because you look like the Evil One himself, what with that little beard and those shining, alert eyes)?

... *Du wolltest glücklich sein, unendlich glücklich,*
Oder unendlich elend, stolzes Herz,
Und jetzo bist du elend.

I've got to stop reading Heine. Back to Goethe ... but he made me brood, too. Maybe I'll read the hobbit books again, instead (but in them there's absolute evil, which I already believe in and am afraid of). Well, let's attempt some humor. The other day I noticed that my lawn is dying. "My lawn is dying," I said to a friend. He said, "Then they'll send the unwelcome wagon around, and it will pick you up, carry you to another tract, and drop you off." I thought that was quite witty, and have been quoting it as if I, not he, had said it. Also: when I was last at his place I said, "Why don't you have a coffee pot?" And he said, "The rats dragged it off." By this you can see that little shafts of pure light enter my life still. (When you move into a housing tract in California a welcome wagon comes and gives you presents. There is no *unwelcome wagon*. My friend made that up.) (The rats are huge, here in California.)

Over and over again I keep playing Dowland lute music (circa 1600). "Weep You No More, Sad Fountains" is my favorite. And "Flow My Tears," the lute version of which was the first piece of purely abstract music ever written. From it I got the title of my new novel.

I guess I'm not up to writing a really good letter to you right now, John. Forgive me. Old age, lack of money, loneliness, worry ... chalk it up to that. Well, my dear friend Avram Davidson is even more this way ... we both buy

our food with food stamps (subsidy from the Federal Government for the poor). Alas. But—so what?

Write to me, John; cheer me up. Tell me about how we're all going to be together again sometime, as we were in '64 and in Berkeley at the Claremont Hotel. Wasn't that great?

All my love to you and your wife.

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

[TO JACK ———]

August 27, 1970

Dear Jack,

Hearing from you (back in April, I'm ashamed to admit; that is, ashamed that it has taken me this long to answer) is like a breath of some sweet spring lost in the measures of time. How glad I am! You must write at greater length. You say, "... my own latest is to be called *The Cavern*." What is this? And your son stopping writing; "... a couple of bad reviews ..." etc. Are you running a creative writing factory between the two of you? Answer at once!

John Brunner is a close friend of mine ... and I think a lot of his work, especially *THE JAGGED ORBIT*. But I know what you mean when you say, "... I hardly remember the *Stand on Zanzibar*." I had the same experience with it. Anyhow it won John a Hugo (I won mine in '62 for *Man In the High Castle*, a novel about Axis occupation of the U.S. in a parallel world in which we lost World War Two). Or, it won Hugo a John. Whichever comes first.

You are right about our ages. Many days have passed since we discussed how in hell Vox wiped off surface noise when it made its masters from Polydor's. Put it on film you said, and touched it up visually with a brush. I was awed. I still am. And I still talk about "inner harmonic modulation," which you taught me about. (Does it really exist? Wire answer.)

As you may have read in blurbs I am deep in the drug scene, which is not unusual here in California. I've been married 4 times, now, and my present marriage is collapsing because Nancy my wife is having an affair with the black janitor who lives directly across the street and whose wife I have to greet every morning when I go outside to get the Chronicle. She, Nancy, is looking for apartments and almost got one yesterday, but they won't take our 3 year old girl. Nancy is 27 and I'm 41. Well, so it goes. In my third marriage I was rich (because my wife Anne was rich). Campbell-Wong house with 5 bedrooms & 3 bathrooms, living room with two walls made of glass, huge library, Scott hi-fi, sportscar, 13 sheep, 10 acres, chickens, ducks, dogs & cats. But we fought, so I left (back in '64). Now I wish I had stayed. We had an equity in our house of \$16,000, which Anne got in the settlement. And the mortgage was at 4 and a half %. God.

This house I am living in appalls me. A tract house, exactly like all the others for miles around. My reasoning in getting it was that Isa (our little girl) would have lots of friends, here, and that is true ... except that she & Nancy are leaving—leaving me behind, and I don't have any friends in this tract. The other day I noticed that my lawn is dying. "My lawn is dying," I said to a friend. He said, "Well, when it dies they send the unwelcome wagon around & it picks you up and carries you to another tract and drops you off." I thought that was witty and am saying it myself, now, pretending I made it up. "Where's your coffee pot?" I asked this friend when I was up at Fort Bragg where he & many others live in a commune family. "The rats dragged it off," he said. Gosh, I wish I could think of things like that to say.

I may move up to Fort Bragg to this commune. Except that the plumbing, gas and lighting don't work & everyone is stoned all the time: glassy-eyed and roaming aimlessly about from house to house. Writing, as I'm sure you know, is a hard, lonely task. I have published 30 books & 150 stories in magazines and I am tired. I've just written the rough draft, however, of a new novel called *FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID*, and I think it's good. It doesn't deal with the nightmarish, uncanny, awful; it deals with seven kinds of love between the protagonist & seven different women, and ends with a second-half dealing with the love between the protagonist and another man, a human-to-human love, not sexual per se, but nonetheless profound love. I am very pleased with it, but I'm too fucking tired to type up the final draft. God knows how long it will sit.

Over the years I've made thousands & thousands of dollars from writing, but this month we're on welfare, despite the fact that my last paperback sale was \$10,000—a good sum by the pay-standards of the field. I just don't seem able to keep hold of money. I keep spending it for records, tapes, art objects such as Tokagowa vases. I am flighty, feckless, droll, a bit of a wit, melancholy & even suicidal. Especially when my wife is having an affair. Well, I am already in love again ... with the wife of a friend, of course, the same one whom I quoted above. We have James Stephens' poetry in common, plus drama; she's a former actress who was active in little theater productions in England (she is English, and attended Trinity College in Dublin). I'm automatically in love with any woman who likes poetry, especially James Stephens (I have a complete library of all his poetry; very hard to come by). (Stephens was a friend of James Joyce's, part of an Irish circle from 1909 to 1940 or so.) How it will work out I don't know; she lives up at Fort Bragg, 3 hours hard driving away. Well, such is the way I have always conducted my life. I said above that I may move up there. She would be the reason, although I haven't told any of them. I've told Nancy & she is very glad, she says. She goddam well better be, after what she's done. (Last April she entered another of her psychotic periods and still spends 8 hours a day at the hospital getting psychotherapy. For 5 months she has been completely insane & thinks she's having an affair with Paul McCartney & John Lennon. Well. Fancy that. Lots of luck, Nancy.

I know what you mean about our offspring. I have one girl in college. Five girls in all, including Isa, the youngest. Many years have gone by. And for what? If I sound cynical it's because of my present circumstances vis-a-vis Nancy's black boyfriend. Two Saturdays ago when I was going to kill myself Nancy called him and asked him to come over and talk me out of it. She also called my psychiatrist, but he was playing golf.

Write again! And don't be put off by my cynicism; it's merely a passing fancy. I'm really jolly; I swear it. I'll hope to hear from you, eh?

[TO SANDRA MIESEL]

August 27, 1970

Dear Sandra,

Nice letter. Sorry no got answer right away (sorry). Yes; would like to read review of UBIK. Send!

An ex-mistress of mine told me the other day that she and her husband thought that Joe Chip's inability to pay his toll door to open was one of the best touches in any recent sf novel. He was, she said, always looking for a nickel while the entire cosmos was disintegrating. (But can you trust the judgment of an ex-mistress?) I'm glad you like EYE IN THE SKY. I enjoyed writing it, and a couple of years ago when I read it over I enjoyed reading it. I don't know where I got all that dialogue from; it just rolled out of me (it took only two weeks to write the first draft). Ah, but could I do that now! I'm far too tired, now.

I have just finished the rough draft of a new, long s-f novel, FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID. It's an almost complete reversal for me, a novel filled not with the uncanny and the nightmarish and the horrible but with love. It studies the love between a man and seven women, then ends with a long study of the love between a man and another man, a human-to-human love, not necessarily sexual but profound. I've reworked it and reworked it; I rewrote the final section seven times, plus holographic changes. At one point in the writing I wrote 140 pages in 48 hours. (I started to type 24, but that's not true.) I have high hopes for this. It is the first really new thing I've done since EYE IN THE SKY. The change is due to a change that overcame me from having taken mescaline, a very large dose that completely unhinged me. I had enormous insights behind the drug, all having to do with those whom I love. Love. Will love. Meanwhile, my marriage is disintegrating; my wife is looking for an apartment for herself and our little girl, whom I adore. I will miss them; it leaves me here alone in a 4-bedroom two bathroom house in the middle of a tract. She has been having an affair now for a couple of months, leaving me nowhere. It is the first time I have ever been the leavee rather than the leaver. Well, as Vonnegut says, so it goes. But I still love her. And always will.

As to the worth of small men. To me, the best expression of this is in Gray's *Elegy*:

*... Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withheld;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood ...*

*... Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.*

*"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would e stretch,
And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.*

*"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.*

*"One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;*

*"The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.*

*"There, scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are show'rs of violets found;
The red-breast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."*

In some respects this is my favorite poem, although generally I'm involved with the 17th century mystical poets such as Vaughan and Marvell and Herbert and Donne. (What do you like?) Let me quote one stanza from Vaughan:

There is in God (some say)
A deep, but dazzling darkness; as men here
Say it is late and dusky, because they
See not all clear;
O for that night! where I in him
Might live invisible and dim.

What do you like? Do you like anything? Are you tired of reading poems? Do you hate poems? Check one. (The tape recorder is playing Dowland's "Weep You No More Sad Fountains," the text of which is anon. but which I think was written by Ben Jonson. I keep it playing again and again, to help me concen-

trate. I'd love to hear from you again, especially if you enclose your review of *UBIK*. Okay? Okay.

Cordially,

[TO VALERIE McMILLAN]

September 8, 1970

Dear Valery,

The Wyatt poem is exquisite. Direct, noble, even in a certain sense a little crude—crude in the sense that J.S. Bach's music was "crude" to later composers of the 18th century who dismissed him as "Old Bach." Crude in the sense of touching directly on the subject-matter without burdening the poem with too many conceits. Thank you. Are there more of his you could send, or more poems like his? I must admit I didn't know of Wyatt at all. And it is obvious I should have.

Well, Nancy has found an apartment and has moved out, as of last Saturday. Her brother Mike has officially moved in here, and if it were not for him I would have died. He and I communicate very well, and together we can get a lot of things done—such as shopping, laundry, cleaning the house, etc. Things that have to be done by us, because each of us is single, now. And Nancy's sister Anne has kicked out her husband, Bernard, and he is very low psychologically. We're all low, but I feel a great deal better than I did on the week end. I think I'll make it (you damn well better, says God into my right ear). Thank you for asking me to come up there with you. It gives me an out if things get too bad. I really enjoyed myself up there, and I'm sorry I didn't stay longer. You and Jim are truly wonderful, warm, kind people. I love you both (but each in a different way).

I tried to learn Anglo-Saxon once, but didn't get very far, because, it seemed to me, there was not enough to read in Old English to justify learning it in comparison with, say, Italian or Spanish or French. I don't mean to fault Anglo-Saxon, but that's how I felt about spending several years learning a difficult language with as many declensions as Latin. Really, what I wanted it for was to have it throw light on Middle English, and poetry in English in general. I have a strange relationship with Latin, by the way, as I've probably mentioned. When I take acid I can speak and write in Latin; when I haven't—ah, I did tell you. Okay. But I still find it spooky.

As I write this I am listening to a tape of Gay's "The Beggars Opera," which I am quite fond of. Dramatic text and music both, by the Old Vic Company. Do you like the Old Vic? By god I do. The first thing—production, sorry—of theirs that I came into contact with was their performance of "Midsummer's Night's Dream" or however and whenever you put in the 's. Sorry again; I'm so tired I hardly know what I'm doing. Why am I so tired? I guess it's because of the emotional strain.

I have been getting out and seeing as many friends as I can. They have

taken good care of me these last two weeks, especially the wife of a friend of mine who was always fond of me, and I of her (she's a very pretty Norwegian). Little is left of that—our relationship began in 1964 and remained acute only two or three months—but we are now close friends, as I am with her husband. In 1964 I used to send her poetry, as I'm doing with you now. She, however, never wrote back because she didn't know any poetry. I loved her all the same.

(Later.) A terrible thing has happened. Your letter got blown onto the floor, and my dog Mr. Sims ate two lines of the Wyatt poem. Could you again copy out lines eleven and twelve, so I can have the complete sonnet back? Thank you. (Mr. Sims, you ate Mr. Wyatt's poem. Shame on you. Whack whack. And stay there for the rest of the day. Sound of closet door shutting.)

Here are a few lines of a poem:

*Might not some Pantocrator's eye
From plate of spoiled mosaic staring
Reave the paper pallisade
Around our brittle hearts.*

This was written—this poem—by a friend of mine, Sandra Miesel. I like it very much, and for a moment, just a short moment, I was tempted to say (can you still have faith in me?) that I wrote it. Goddam, I really toyed with the idea. But Sandy wrote it. If you want the whole poem I'll copy it out and sent it to you.

You sent too good a poem, Valery. I can't go on. Because I don't know any poem as good as the Wyatt one. I will write later when I can come up with something.

Well, I will include a D.H. Lawrence poem I like. See enclosed sheet.

With truly very much love,

*Glyndebourne Company for the music part. [Reference to this footnote is missing]

[TO SANDRA MIESEL]

September 8, 1970

Dear Sandra,

Your poem (BIBLIOLATORS) is extraordinary. Especially:

*... Might not some Pantocrator's eye
From plate of spoiled mosaic staring
Reave the paper pallisade
Around our brittle hearts ...*

I can't tell you how much I like it. Do you have any more you could send? Yes, it is really extraordinary; I send you one of the finest, most widely-recognized poems in the English language, and you send back—not Milton or Donne—but one of your own. And goddam it, I think your confidence in your poem is justified. I really like it! I am very happy about it!

Well, as to handicrafts. My third wife learned to weld about 1960 and soon she was turning out welded jewelry, exactly as I depict in MITHC. I did the seven stages of silver polishing for a while, and I built her bench, mounted motors for her, etc., and even made the first important sales of her wares. I do think she is very good, although she and I don't get along in any other matter. As to the 'thirties. (One) In TIME OUT OF JOINT. The book was written some time ago, and the older world into which they moved, out of their real future world, was in point of fact the actual time-period in which I was living, along with everybody else. At least that's how I recall it. Am I wrong? Isn't it the 'fifties in JOINT, not the 'thirties? Of course in UBIK it's the 'thirties, and I selected that time-period because I think it's an interesting period, and I think a lot of younger people are becoming interested in it. There are now many cults of the 'thirties, as you no doubt know: people collect Big-Little Books, bubble gum cards, funny books, etc.; i.e. the pop culture of the 'thirties. Catchum? Okay.

Thank you for the review. I'm sorry the characterization in UBIK is so minimal, but I had this problem: I had to move rapidly from the opening status quo (the psi company against the anti-psi company) and into the retreating 'thirties world. Bear in mind that all the material at the beginning of the novel is for all intents and purposes dumped once the bomb goes off. Readers may well ask, "What ever became of S. Melipone Dole?" and they would be right to so do.

My wife has now found an apartment and has moved out with our little girl, most of the dishes & silver, and the kitchen table. However, her brother has moved in; we are very good friends and talk at each other for hours. And a girl friend of his may move in, too, whereupon we'll split the monthly house payment three ways, which really brings it down. So there are good sides to everything (I guess). It costs me \$163 a month to live with Nancy and \$81 to live with her brother. Strange. The house is big enough for three adults leading separate lives; in fact it's got to be occupied. Have you—oh well. Enough.

I've written some poems, too. (So what? Who asked?) Not recently, but back in the 'fifties when we were still impressed by H.D., the perfect imagist. Enclosed with this letter you will find a couple of said poems. Either (one) read them and burn them or (two) just burn them. Thank you.

Your husband comments favorably on DOCTOR BLOODMONEY. I do not consider this a minor work of mine (although God knows I've written many minor works). It's a long novel, and very complex, and is a s-f version of a straight literary novel I long ago wrote. Do you want the truth? I like DOCTOR BLOODMONEY better than anything else I've written. Roger Zelazny said that he thought it equal to ANNA KARANINA or however you spell it (the time is 3:00 AM and I'm tired, but damn it, I want to write this!). He also said, "If I had written DOCTOR BLOODMONEY I could die happy." (I have an equal feeling for LORD OF LIGHT, so it all works out okay.) GALACTIC POT-HEALER is minor, very minor; in fact I wish I hadn't written it. I think, though, it has one good part: the section in which—aw the hell with it. No part of it is any good (I was going to say the part where the protagonist is reached by telephone while

crouched in a packing crate). (I sort of hate GALACTIC POT-HEALER, as well as ZAP GUN plus a few more. Wrrrgh.)

Growling noises remind me of something obviously meaningful that happened to me yesterday. I had received a letter from a friend up at Mendicino containing a sonnet by Wyatt, and I was overcome by the sonnet, reading it over & over again, and then yesterday when I came home I discovered that Valery's letter had fallen onto the floor, and my dog, Mr. Sims, had eaten the sonnet. I know this means something, but I am not sure quite what. You must continually take into account the fact that I am living in a tract (or subdivision, if you prefer) and odd things happen in subdivisions. For instance, the other day I said to a friend, "My lawn is dying." "Your lawn is dying?" he said. "Then the unwelcome wagon will come around, pick you up, carry you to another tract and drop you off." This amused me for a time, although I must admit that at last I wearied. As I always do. I think sometimes I have the physical stamina of Truman Capote.

Well, listen; I better knock off. Thank you so much for the fine poem, and don't feel you must answer this letter. Just read it, ignite it, spin it off into inner space.

Take care,

[TO JOSEPH SIRAK, JR.]

September 8, 1970

Dear Mr. Joseph Sirak, Jr.:

Nothing can excuse the fact that I haven't until now answered your letter of February 20th. What happened was this: we moved, and your letter got lost in boxes full of MSS and letters until now. So please forgive me. Very sorry.

Yes, of course, I would be glad to sign a copy of MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE for you. But I am so disorganized—my marriage of six full years has just broken up; my wife has left with our little girl, and I am getting friends to move into the house with me—that in all honesty I'm afraid that if you do send the book I won't get around to mailing it back until after your death or mine, whichever comes first. All I can say is that my intentions are honorable. I will try to get it back to you reasonably soon (it would eventually come at worst; I don't of course mean I'd keep it). With this proviso, go ahead.

I'm pleased that you approved of MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE. I wrote it after two years of not writing anything; I had gotten involved with my quondam wife's jewelry business: polishing silver and the like, as depicted in the novel. As far as I was concerned the period of my life in which I was a science fiction writer had ended, not with a bang and not even a whimper. But then one day as I was driving to my cabin in Inverness, Calif., a thought entered my mind. Mr. Tagomi. I got to the cabin, wrote down his name, and then I saw him seated in his office, keeping the ultimate of evil at bay in his own small fashion. And, with no further planning or notes, I wrote the book.

By the way—Götterdämmerung appears in the novel without the second
.. Don't tell anybody.

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

[TO NANCY HACKETT]

September 8, 1970

Dear Nancy,

You said you thought I expressed my real self when I wrote letters, so I am writing a letter to you. Okay?

For several years I have been haunted by a vision: I see you and Isa in a little back yard; she is playing and you are sitting on the back steps of the house, gazing down emptily at nothing, doing and again doing a random little action with your right hand, such as rolling a small rubber ball back and forth, then letting it go. Your expression is empty and somber and hopeless. What has happened is that I deserted the two of you, and you can't understand why. You are not waiting or hoping for me to come back; you have simply accepted what I've done, and so you sit staring down, while Isa soundlessly plays. When I would see this vision I would say, "She would never understand and so I could never do it. I will never leave her." And I would feel my love for you, both of you, increase.

Here is a poem for you by, Christina Rossetti:

Remember

*Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you plann'd;
Only remember me; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve:
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.*

I'll write you from time to time. You don't have to answer; I don't expect you to. But perhaps I can get down on paper some of the late-night thoughts I have, when I'm alone.

Love,

[TO BRUCE GILLESPIE]

September 9, 1970

Dear Bruce Gillespie:

I have wanted for some time to comment on your long article on my work in the February 1970 issue of *SF Commentary* (9). I have read and reread the article, and it is only now, seven months later, that I am able to respond.

A number of times in my adult life I have become suicidal, and at none of these times have I ever thought of anything like, "I should remain alive because I have something important to offer the world in my art." Frankly, it has never occurred to me that I do anything basically different than what my colleagues do and have done. Therefore I am very humble (at least I claim to be) at this fine, rich, deep, impressive article. Thank you very much for it. I got a lot out of it. But it tends to turn my head. It tends to make me think giddy thoughts such as, "Maybe I am saying something important and unique. Maybe what I write matters."

But in all honesty I don't think this for long.

What I write about, I think, is belief, faith, trust ... and the lack of all three. "A universe of cynicism and chaos," I once said about my first novel, SOLAR LOTTERY. For me, in each successive novel, the doubt—or rather lack of trust or faith—grows deeper. The split widens, that yawning gape in the earth, into which everything that matters can fall. And, in the novel, but less openly, I explore the possibilities for a rebirth of faith. The yawning gape is the question; new faith is the answer. But faith in what?

The universe disintegrates further and further in each of my novels, but the possibility of faith in one given human being or several—this faith is about certain distinct human beings: Molinari in NOW WAIT FOR LAST YEAR, Runciter in UBIK, Leo Bulero in THE THREE STIGMATA, and so forth. The redeemer exists; he lives; he can be found—usually—in the novel somewhere, at the center of the stage or at the very edge. In some of the novels he merely lurks. He is implicit. But I believe in him completely. He is the friend who ultimately comes ... and in time.

Basically, he is found at the heart of human life itself. He is, in fact, the heart of human life. He is the most alive of all. Where the chattering, bickering, sweating, planning, worrying, scheming center of life holds sway—well, I have faith that he is there and will show himself, countering the process of entropy, of decay, that once more and more undermines the universe itself. Stars are snuffed out; planets die into darkness and cold; but there in the marketplace of some small moon, he is busy formulating a plan for action—action against the black counterforce, the Palmer Eldritch figure in all his horrid manifestations.

In MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE he is Mr. Tagomi, a minor Japanese official in Japanese-occupied San Francisco. Mr. Tagomi, in a moment of irritation and awareness of suffocation, refuses to sign a form which will transfer a

certain Jew from Japanese authority to German authority—one life is saved, a small life and saved by a small life. But the enormous process of decline is pushed back slightly. Enough so that it matters. What Mr. Tagomi has done matters. In a sense, there is nothing more important on all Earth than Mr. Tagomi's irritable action.

I know only one thing about my novels. In them, again and again, this minor man asserts himself in all his hasty, sweaty strength. In the ruins of Earth's cities he is busily constructing a little factory that turns out cigars or maps or imitation artifacts that say, "Welcome to Miami, the pleasure center of the world!" In *A. LINCOLN, SIMULACRUM*, he operates a little business that produces corny electronic organs—and, later on, human-like robots which ultimately become more of an irritation than a threat. Everything is on a small scale. Collapse is enormous; the positive little figure outlined against the universal rubble is, like Tagomi, Runciter, Molinari, gnat-sized in scope, finite in what he can do ... and yet in some sense great. I really do not know why. I simply believe in him, and I love him. He will prevail. There is nothing else. At least nothing else that matters. That we should be concerned about. Because if he is there, like a tiny father-figure, everything is all right.

Some reviewers have found "bitterness" in my writing. I am surprised, because my mood is one of trust. Perhaps they are bothered by the fact that what I trust is so very small. They want something vaster. I have news for them: there is nothing vaster. Nothing *more*, I should say. But, really, how much do we have to have? Isn't Mr. Tagomi enough? Isn't what he does enough? I know it counts. I am satisfied.

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

[TO NANCY HACKETT]

September 10, 1970

Dear Nancy,

This letter will explain the first letter which you got from me, and which you felt didn't "apply to you." You're right; it didn't apply to you. I was saying how I felt. It applied to me.

I still want you to know how I feel. Or felt. In the first part of the letter I was telling you that I never could have left you, no matter how much I wanted to, because I was afraid that if I did, you would have a breakdown, and I would be responsible for it. And I had gotten involved with you in the first place to help you over a breakdown. So I couldn't leave you. You see?

In the second part of the letter I gave you a poem which spoke for me, saying, better you should forget me and smile, rather than remembering me and feeling sad. All I mean by this is: I want you to be happy and not feel any-

thing such as guilty or anything else bad. I want you to have no regrets because I want you to be free—as you say you want to be.

Cordially,
Phil

P.S. I am trying very hard not to love you any more, and I guess I am going to be successful at it. All I know is that I now feel intensely free and happy and unencumbered. Boody and I are keeping each other cheered up, and oddly enough we three seem to be very happy living here in this house, going out at night to shop and visit people. We miss having a phonograph, though. And Mr. Sims smells worse every day. We will give him a bath.

[TO ROGER ZELAZNY]

September 13, 1970

Dear Roger,

This is a little letter with enclosures. Forgive me if this is a waste of your time, but indulge me; okay? I have no one here with whom I can discuss these things except for my brother-in-law Mike, but tonight he hasn't come home. I am once again alone; the TV has ended; I can't take any more pills or drink any more coffee. What is the line in Gray's "Elegy"? "... and leaves the world to darkness and to me." A favorite poem of mine. (I don't think it's a corny poem at all. "... one morn I missed him on the customed hill." To me that line conveys more than any single line I can think of in any other poem.)

Here below is an interesting business. A German translation of my novel, THE PENULTIMATE TRUTH, not a very good novel, but with a quite good opening paragraph. First the German:

Der Nebel kann von drausen kommen und dich einholen; mer kann eindringen. Joseph Adams, am langen hohen Fenster seiner Bibliothek—she befand sich in einem bizarren Gebäude aus Betonblöcken, die früher, in einer anderen Zeit, eine Auffahrtsrampe zur Autobahn Baysmore bebildet hatten—ging seinen Gedanken nach und betrachtete den Nebel, den des Pazifiks. Und weil es Abend war und sich die Welt verdunkelte, schreckte ihn dieser Nebel ebensosehr wie jener andere Nebel, der im Innern, der nicht eindrang, sondern sich ausdehnte, sich bewegte und den ganzen Körper ausfüllte. Gewöhnlich nennt man jenen Nebel die Einsamkeit.

Now the English which I wrote, which is not as good:

A fog can drift in from outside and get you; it can invade. At the long high window of his library—an Ozymandiasian structure built from concrete chunks that had once in another age formed an entrance ramp to the Bayshore Freeway—Joseph Adams pondered, watched the fog, that of the Pacific. And because this was evening and the world was darkening, this fog scared him as much as that other fog, the one inside which did not invade but

stretched and stirred and filled the empty portions of the body. Usually, that latter fog is called loneliness.

The German translator has observed and reproduced the size of each line; it is absolutely faithful to the original, but so much more beautiful. "Gewöhnlich nennt man jenen Nebel die Einsamkeit." A line worthy of Heine or Goethe, don't you think?

In my letter of August 17 I said to you: "I wrote a novel ... I think that, not including LORD OF LIGHT, is the finest sf novel written." I also mentioned that I am too tired to type up the final draft. Well, I will not have to type up the final draft for sometime, because Doubleday has bought it without seeing it! I made, from the novel, by memory, a short outline, which I sent to them, plus the last 3 pages of the novel (which I completely rewrote 7 times, as I did much of the rest of the novel). As I said to you, I told my agent that I considered it the best thing I had by any stretch of the imagination done, and I guess I convince everyone. Doubleday is paying \$2,500 advance, whereas previously I've gotten only \$1,500 out of them (the bastards). Half in signature, balance on sending them the final draft. The outline, being derived from the novel, conveys exactly what I have done, and hence there is no doubt about them accepting the final draft (knock on wood). I am, frankly, not used to touting my own work, as, say, John Brunner does (z.b. STAND ON ZANZIBAR). But I know this is a really good one, and filed with love, not with nightmare. It studies 7 forms of love between, first women & men, then a man to a man, or more correctly human to human relationship. Even love for an animal is included. I am sending you two pages which deal with a human's love for an animal. Sorry to hand you a rough draft page and then a weak carbon, but I think you'll enjoy the two pages. Let me know.

I am also enclosing a page with 3 poems of my own on it. And then a page of excerpts from poems I like. And then a complete long poem by D.H. Lawrence, which means a lot to me. So, as I said before, then are many enclosures. (No doubt you are familiar with most or all of the poems—except, ahem, mine—but at least you'll see what I regard highly in the world of poetry. I have collected by the way, over the years, all the poems of the recent Irish poet James Stephens (I may have mentioned this before). Here is one I like a lot:

The Fur Coat

I walked out in my Coat of Pride;
I looked about on every side;
And said the mountains should not be
Just where they were, and that the sea
Was out of place, and that the beech
Should be an oak! And then, from each,
I turned in dignity, as if
They were not there! I sniffed a sniff,

*And climbed upon my sunny shelf;
And sneezed a while; and scratched myself.*

Isn't that a nice little poem about some kind of animal? I think it's a dog or cat, but Stephens of course doesn't say.

Thank you for indulging me. It is late and I am very lonely.

With love,

[TO ROGER ZELAZNY]

September 14, 1970

Dear Roger,

Here is the missing page. I had the carbon in backward. I'm afraid the speech didn't continue. I should have asked you to write out what you thought the rest of the speech would be ... and then we would really have something.

Your letter pleased me to my innermost heart. Altogether, things seem to be going better for me, now—including the fact I am pleased to learn, that you want to continue the collaboration. Wow! Pow! Zap! (Noise of tape playing at wrong speed, coffee cup full of gray coffee sliding onto floor, cat being sick on my record collection.) I am unhinged. Thank you. It feels good to be unhinged about a good thing for a change.

Nancy has moved out, taking our little girl. Goodbye. I have already speedily moved in three friends of mine, so there are four of us guys living in the house, with four cats & a dog named Mr. Sims. It is like batching it all over again. We sit around talking about pills and girls, our two preoccupations. Perhaps out of this mud the lotus will eventually grow. I hope so, because it is very regressive, this kind of life. But of the possible choices it seems to be the best. I will bear with it for a time. But eventually I will not be able to stand it. I need a family. I need my little girl. God, if I could only have her back. Ich sterbe.

*Fühltest du nie
in finst'ren wald,
bei Dämmerschein
am dunklen Ort,
wenn fern es säuselt,
summst und saust,
wildes Brummen,
näher braust,
wirres Flackem
um dich flimmt,
schwellend Schwirren
zu Leib' dir schwebt—
fühltest du dann nicht grieselnd
Grausen die Glieder dir fahren?*

One of the great moments in German poetry-drama, I think. It should be read aloud, of course. It's all aloud stuff. But it conveys the fear that I feel all alone late at night with my little girl gone. A kind of holy horror.

Waiting for something to come and get me.

I am deeply touched that you would tell me about your being epileptic, because I have the feeling that you don't tell everyone on every occasion. You are sharing a private thing with me, as I understand it. (Perhaps I am wrong.) Is it very bad to have epilepsy? I don't know. Is it grand mal or petite mal? I don't know that either. Does it interfere with your writing, or can you gain insights from it that you can use? I am especially interested in learning that you have what you call mystical experiences, since I have them now and again. Just before I learned that Nancy was not only leaving me but was having an affair with the man across the street (he has children who are married; he is older than me) I had a tremendous experience; I felt a kind of universal love that made me cry for a long time. It helped me when Nancy told me about her affair. I didn't in any way hate the man or her. I wanted to send him a piece of paper on which I would draw a heart pierced by an arrow. To show my love. And then, the other night, I had a powerful archetypal dream about it all; I awoke I was back in the country, where I had ten acres of land; I was on horseback, and, coming toward me on the left, there was a Klu Klux Klan posse; like medieval knights they wore shining robes of various colors, and one of them—I saw his face—was the King Archetype: the Wise Old Man with a rippling white beard and somber countenance. They moved in the direction of the house, where Nancy's lover (a black man) was. I did not see them after that, but all at once I heard one single terrible shriek from him. They had killed him, and he had shrieked. And I felt absolute and utter grief for him. The dream still remains with me, and I still feel the grief. I didn't want anything to happen to him. It tore my heart to hear the awful sound, and to know what had happened to him. But the men on horseback in shining varicolored robes could not be said no to. I later interpreted this dream to mean that the part of me which loves Nancy had to cease to be. And it filled me with grief.

Thank you for liking *UBIK*. I read it over the other night, and I enjoyed it. It certainly is a strange type of sf novel. I wonder where and how I ever got the idea.

It is my custom to send poems that I greatly like to various women friends toward whom I am romantically inclined. One of them, a highly-educated English girl, sent me back the enclosed sonnet by Wyett. (Shortly before Shakespeare, I think.) It affected me very much, and I am interested in your reaction to it.

I want to thank you for saying I am a good person. God knows you would know it. And of course we will continue on the novel.

With love,

The Lark

*There is a small bird cowering in the dark;
His wing is broken, he will no more sing;
He will not fly, nor sing again, the lark
With a broken wing!*

*The bird that cowers with a broken wing
Is all alone—His mate has gone away;
In the morrow, in the sun, in the field, his mate will sing
Her wonted lay.
In the dew, in the limpid dawn, in the ray
Of the sun, she'll sing the comrade gone
Who will not cheer a sunny day
Again for any one.*

*All panic looks and listens with his eyes!
He is all fear! He is no more than a lark!
Only the heart dares stir of him that lies
In the dark!*

James Stephens

[TO JAMES ———]

September 17, 1970

Dear Jim,

Here is an answer to your nice letter of (gasp groan) July 10 concerning UBIK. My excuse for not answering sooner: my whole life has fallen into ruins—my wife, taking our little girl, left me and is having an affair with a spade cat—and fallen also, if one may say it, into great heights, inasmuch as I have, at last, written a novel which truly satisfies me. It is called, FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID, and I think it is very good. More about that later.

I'm so pleased, so goddam pleased, that you like UBIK. One night, after taking a great number of amphetamines, I sat up reading three novels of mine which I hadn't read since the galleys: THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDritch, CLANS OF AN ALPHANE MOON, and UBIK. Of the three, only UBIK struck me as having any worth. I genuinely enjoyed reading it. But STIGMATA merely puzzled me, especially the last scene & ending. CLANS had one good item: the robot-body programmed to attack Bunny Hentman's rocket ship (along with everyone else intending to attack it but not doing so)—the robot attacking the ship *all alone*, and the people in the ship saying, puzzled, "Who's out there attacking us?" Very funny, I thought ... and then the horrible wonder came to me, saying, "But when I wrote it did I intend it to be funny?" I'll assume I did.

UBIK, if nothing else, is original. Even if one didn't care for it, I defy that one to indicate any other novel or sf work that anticipated it. Your comments are accurate and good; you found in the novel what was good and what wasn't. Thank you. I don't want praise per se; I want understanding, the bad with the good. As you do. The goddam truth is what matters, not praise or condemnation as such. But you know that; I don't have to tell you.

But I must bounce you out of your sanctuary in Mexico or whatever it is to tell you more about the new novel—may I? With my wife gone I have damn few people to tell about it to. I wrote it, somehow, I don't really know how, during the last few months during which my wife had, before leaving me, a psychotic break that got her into the hospital in April ... and she is still there two days a week. Anyhow I have written this long, unusual novel, which is not a further quest along the lines of, "What is real?" It is an affirmation, a statement of response to the question. It is based in part on an experience I had with a large quantity of mescaline. With acid I never had any genuine insights, but on the mescaline I was overwhelmed by terribly powerful feelings—emotions, I guess. I felt an overpowering love for other people, and this is what I put into the novel: it studies different kinds of love and at last ends before the appearance of an ultimate kind of love which I had never before known of. I am saying, "In answer to the question, 'What is real?' the answer is: this kind of overpowering love. And in the novel I don't talk about it; I have it there in the novel, felt by one of the characters for another character (i.e. felt by a police general for a man whom he is framing for an alleged murder—when in fact the death was accidental). (And the police general knows it.) The novel will run over 300 typed pages, whereas up until now no novel of mine ran over 225 pages. It's all written, and totally reviewed and revised—some parts I rewrote seven times—and all I have to do now is type up the final draft to send out. And here is the best news of all. Doubleday has already bought it, unread, their decision based on the tiny few fragments which I mailed off to them and on a short outline—no sample characters—that I derived from the novel after finishing it ... a dry, dull outline which gives no sense of the emotional power of the novel, but which got to them evidently anyhow. And they are paying me an extra thousand dollars because Larry Ashmead at Doubleday believes it to be the most important novel I've yet done. I hope I don't seem to be boasting; I don't mean to do that ... I am simply so goddam happy that the novel is already bought, that I'm being paid adequately, and that Doubleday will be the publishers. This novel is my first affirmation in 19 years of writing, and it is one of the few sf novels which deals mainly with human relationships per se. I think many fans will be bored and disappointed by it, but some will say, "Yes, science fiction can deal with human relationships and with the reality of transcendent love, and this novel has done so, for the first time in the history of the field." It will get hostile reviews—most reviewers will claim it's not really science fiction—but to learn that it is boring and not science fiction the reader will have to read it all the way to the end—and if he

does so I will have him; consciously he may say, "This is dull and boring," but on a deeper level I will have conveyed to him the reality of the kind of love I am talking about, and which, due to the mescaline, I genuinely experienced. There is one scene in which the police general shows a picture of his little boy to a suspect (the protagonist) whom he is interrogating. "Do you have any children?" the police general asks. "I don't know," the protagonist says. "I've had many affairs and I really don't know how many of the women became pregnant." Puzzled and hurt, the police general puts the photo of his little boy away. The scene runs only a page and a half, but it is the kind of material on which the novel is built.

Pray for me. This is the ultimate moment in my life, both as a writer and a person. And—thanks for listening to me.

With deep feelings,
Philip K. Dick

[TO ANNE DICK]

September 18, 1970

Dear Anne,

It is so long since I last wrote to you that I hardly know where to begin. The main thing, anyhow; Nancy left me and went off with our little girl to have an affair with the black janitor who lives across the street. She now has her own apartment, and I never see her. I am very happy. I live in a cheap, rundown tract house with Nancy's brother Mike, and a friend named Tom. We have four cats and Mr. Sims our dog. Nancy left me because I couldn't do anything more for her; I pulled her out of mental illness in '64, and then last April she became psychotic again and had to be hospitalized. She has remained in the hospital most of that time, but now she is enough better so that she can subsist on day care alone. But we both know I can't help her, and because of this she ditched me. Her black boyfriend used to call her here at the house; the phone would ring and I'd pick it up and it would be him. But now I am free and alive again, and very busily writing.

There has come in my writing career, of 19 years, a great crisis, starting about three years ago and lasting up to the present. What it consisted of is that again and again I wrote about the same thing in one novel after another: What is reality? I asked. And what is hallucination? Well, I continued to find the topic fascinating, but the rest of science fiction dom didn't. Sales of my books fell off and then the publishers stopped wanting to publish them. Terry Carr, the s-f editor at Ace Books, tried to make me understand that I had at this point to make some kind of affirmative stand; I had to say what was real. For three years I suffered, trying to write but being unable. We lived on money doled out by Nancy's grandmother. But now, in this awful situation since Nancy's hospitalizations in April, and this goddam cruel affair of hers, I have

been at work on a new novel, this one much longer, dealing mainly in human relationships, and in it I give my affirmation. The entire book is a great long hymn of affirmation. So after 19 years of doubt and inquiry and worry I have at least found something I believe in, that I find real, and, what is more important, I have been able to write about it—and write damn well, I think. Beyond any doubt FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID is my best novel and, I think, one of the best s-f novels ever written. I have now written the rough draft, thoroughly revised it seven times, added scenes, rearranged scenes—and all that remains to do is type up the final draft ... without changes except in spelling, etc. So in the hour of misery I have come through, and this makes me happy. For the first time in my life I am really satisfied, really pleased with a novel I have written. It is in parts a sad novel and in other parts funny. The final impact is enormous. I am enclosing with this letter two pages from the novel which I think you'll enjoy: it is the two-page scene in which love for animals is discussed. The novel deals with all the varieties of love ending with the highest form, a kind of mystical love of strangers that I previously never thought existed. It is all new to me, this divine love; it fills me up and I hate no one, even Mr. Jackson, Nancy's paramour. Really, it is a beautiful novel, without horror or nightmare, filled with love and affirmation, strong at the very end, where I usually flag. This novel will determine my career for the next five years, and will affect me emotionally probably for the balance of my life.

I do not really feel that I will live much longer. I don't *want* to live much longer; this novel is my one great work, and, after it, I have no plans. I do not expect to say anything more.

On this novel I have been working all night again and again. At one point in one 48 hour period, with one hour of sleep, I wrote 140 pages and only had to rework the last four. I have been so hot in the novel that it's unlike anything that has ever happened to me in my life. I started on it after I learned that Nancy was leaving me, and in the vacuum of my life I placed this monument, this hymn of love for strangers—this doesn't really tell you anything about it, but when you read the novel you'll understand. If I could explain or express it in one typed page as I have here I wouldn't have had to write 300 pages of novel.

All my feelings of love are surfacing. Love for you, love for the children, love for Nancy's boyfriend, for the two guys here with me in the house, for other friends both male and female. I like to hug people and be hugged by them all the time, now; I want to be physically close to people. My shell is broken; I have come forward out of a lifetime of isolation. For the first time I'm really alive. And, as I say, now after six miserable years with Nancy I am, without her, very, very happy. At last.

How are the girls? How are you? I'm sorry to drone on so, but I think you'll understand—you always seemed to understand how I felt about my work, how important it was to me. I'll always remember what you said about

MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE; you told me it was really good and because of what you said I mailed it off. And that was the first great turning point for me. And I owe it to you. The dedication to you in the book is not meant to be flip or mean; it is an elliptical expression of my love for you. But in those days I couldn't really express love, as I can now—and as I hope I'll be able to continue to feel and express.

Could you write me or call me? I want to see you, both you and the girls. I feel very humble. Please let me see you all. Please.

With love,

[TO CYNTHIA ———]

September 18, 1970

Dear Cynthia,

How are you two guys? Phone or write.

I am in the dark hour of my need. Nancy has left me, taking little Isa with her; she is having an affair with the black janitor who lives across the street, and she now has her own apartment because I was interfering with her affair—he would call her here and I would answer the phone, and it sort of got to me. They go out to bars and drink. He is an alcoholic, 47 years old, with a wife, and children who are married except for one little girl who plays with Isa. I am still supporting Nancy financially and I think I always will have to, because due to her terrible mental illness she is totally disabled. I don't think she will ever really be well. Too much time has passed; she has been sick too long. It was early April when she first went into the hospital.

But things are not all bad! During these past awful six months I have written (after months of not being able to write) a new long novel called, FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID. It is science fiction, but in it I am no longer asking, "What is real? What is hallucination?" as I've done in virtually all of my past novels. This novel is an affirmation; instead of asking what is real I present to the reader what I find to be real, and that is a kind of love that previously I never thought existed. A love, in a sense, for strangers! How odd. I can't explain it in a letter; it took me 300 pages to get it down, 300 pages of novel, of one human interaction with another in all possible forms: all kinds of love: love for animals, children, women, friends, sister, sexual and non-sexual—culminating in a transcendent vision as a police general is driving home late at night after finding out that his sister is dead. I desperately want you to read it and tell me what you think of it, but I guess that will have to wait until I type up a final draft and have a carbon I can lend. But listen to this: Doubleday has bought it unread! And they are giving me an extra thousand dollars because they believe it to be a genuinely great novel, my first really great novel. I convinced them with a short outline derived after I wrote the novel and a few small sections from the novel, no more than ten pages in

all. And they are completely backing me! So I am very happy. Really. For me the satisfaction of writing a really major novel and getting such response from Doubleday—well, hell. That's a lot.

I feel bad—I really grieve—that Nancy long ago lost interest in my books and stopped reading them. She'll never read this book and because of that she'll never know about the love I feel for her, and for others, even including her black boyfriend. It is terribly strange but terribly real; I feel love even for him. The love in the book is my own love. I can't for the life of me summon any hate, even in this situation where I suppose it would be normal and/or appropriate. Strange. And because of this I am really happy. It's as if for the first time I'm really alive. I seem to have come out of my shell. I visit people, I go places, I have people over and talk all night with them. And I like to be physically close to them, men and women both (not to mention animals and children); I like to hug them and be hugged in return.

I really think that's what's happened. I've come out of a shell in which I've lived my entire life.

But listen; how are you two? Can you come over? Nancy has our car, so I can't drive anywhere. I thought at first the house would be empty except for me when Nancy and Isa left, but Nancy's brother has moved in—he is a fine fellow—and also a guy named Tom who has his own cat. We've got four cats and Mr. Sims, our dog. And Tom and Mike and I sit around talking until four a.m. And we are getting a lot out of it. Mike's marriage has broken up, too, as has Nancy's sister Annie's marriage. Three marriages within the family breaking up, all three Hackett grandchildren leaving their spouses at the same time. Mike, I and Annie's husband—we all three were served with divorce papers the same week, and that week the three of us were living here together!

How did I get onto that? Oh yes. I hope you'll come here and meet Mike and Tom, my two friends who are helping me get through this, and whom I am—I hope—also helping in return. The house is pretty dirty; we need a woman to cook and clean for us, but in the absence we are making out all right. My sister Lynne has moved nearby, and comes over frequently or has us over to her apartment for dinner. I love her very much. She has helped us all out in this, and Mike is in love with her (but he is too shy to ask her out).

Cynthia, I've got to knock off and go to bed; I've sat up all night working on the novel and writing letters. Herewith I'm enclosing with this letter a little two-page scene from the novel in which love for an animal is treated. I think you'll like it.

Call or write me!

With deepest love,
Philip K. Dick

[TO LAWRENCE ASHMEAD]

September 19, 1970

Dear Larry,

I am so damn glad you are buying FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICE-MAN SAID. The outline I made is so dry; it didn't convey the great emotional power of the novel, in other words its life. But I think you could still tell from it what we have, here.

For nineteen years I have written novels and stories which ask over and over again, "What is real?" I pursued this theme in novel after novel, and people read them, and they were good, and then a couple of years ago Terry Carr said to me, "Aren't you ever going to say what is real?" And I answered, truthfully, "I don't know what's real. In my novels I'm trying to find out. And when—or possibly if—I do find out, I will be glad to write about it." Well, now I have the affirmation; I can say what's real. FLOW is not just another Phil Dick novel asking, "What is real?"; it is the answer to that question, and Phil Dick finally feels able to give it. But nineteen years! A long time!

Ask me what I at last found to be real.

I can say it, but the novel shows it. The reality is there in the material, especially at the end. And I don't want to just tell you; I want you to find it in the novel. But I want to tell you this. What I find to be real in my life and in human life in general is the capacity to love, and then the power which that love has over the one who gives it and the one who receives it. The kind of love I'm talking about is a kind of love I never dreamed existed. It isn't sexual love per se; it isn't Platonic love, or love of animals, or love of children or women or men—it's mystical love, I guess, and I've got it down there in black and white. I captured it. Hence the fact that you will be receiving the novel one of these days. And I know you'll be pleased.

And yet it's all those kinds of love rolled up into one vast ball and then allowed to spread out over everyone. Friend, lover, prisoner, foe. All alike. I came onto this during an experience with an unusually high dose of mescaline, which I took to research one of the chapters of the novel. During the experience I felt emotions I had never experienced before. They were always there, inside me, but they had never come out until I took the mescaline.

These powerful feelings would have appeared in me eventually. But the mescaline speeded up the process. It came to me all at once. And I haven't lost it.

I just can't put down in a letter what this form of love is like ... I had to write over 300 pages to get it all down, longer than any novel I've done before. But damn it, I want to tell you. Okay; this is merely telling about it, in contrast to the way it lives and animates FLOW. But it will give you some idea. It is a love you feel as strongly toward strangers as you do friends. It's a love you can feel toward anyone, friend, mistress, child or foe. The amount of love felt never changes, no matter who it's directed at. Aw shit. I can't do it. I'm sorry, Larry; I've got it down in the novel but I can't do it here. It's got to be experienced, not

talked about, and whoever reads the novel will feel it. He will respond, whether he wants to or not. Just to know about the existence of this kind of love is to begin to feel it; as a matter of fact there is no entrance to this kind of love except through the feeling it.

At the end of the novel Police General Felix Buckman feels it toward—Jason Taverner? Possibly. Or toward his dead sister? Or their child? Or—he simply doesn't know who it's aimed at; all he knows is that he feels it. I call tell him who it's directed it. But since, in the novel, he never clearly knows, well, then I can't say. But it is this: the love will be directed toward the next living person he sees.

Does that make any sense? No, really. But it's in the goddam novel, where it can't be mistaken. When Police General Felix Buckman begins to cry, the reader understands on a non-verbal or unconscious level why he is crying, even if he himself doesn't know. Whoever reads the novel will not be the same. As I say, simply to be aware of this kind of love is to experience it. You see?

I have sat here at my typewriter working all night; it is now 6 thirty a.m., and I am tired. For two days I have been working on a little page-and-a-half scene about love for children: I worked that long on it because I am being that careful. Every work in the novel has been weighed and judged, and either thrown out—at one of the seven complete revisions—or retained. And if I do retain it I know why I retained it. In this novel I achieved something I never had before: perfect control.

Goddam it, I love the novel. Wait until you get it!

With deepest best wishes,
Philip K. Dick

[TO TERRY CARR]

September 21, 1970

Dear Terry:

Thanks for the nice letter. Despite what you say, I still maintain that you are responsible for THE PRESERVING MACHINE being so good. Okay; my part was good, too. We'll leave it at that.

I'm afraid you didn't understand my two rabbit pages, but there's no reason why you should since you read them out of context. After all, if I could say what I want said on two pages I wouldn't have had to write 320. Basically, the novel deals with various forms of love, culminating in the greatest, most meaningful 320 pages to get it all down, so obviously I can't achieve the same thing here in one or two pages. I'm sure you'll agree. And if I simply extract the "message" it'll turn out to be a cliché, for the reasons you so clearly give in your letter.

Doubleday has bought the novel, without seeing most of it, on the strength of an outline and a few fragments. They are paying me an extra thousand dollars because the feel it's my major novel of my career, which it certainly is. I am very

pleased, because I interpret Doubleday's message to me as reading, "We believe you when you say in your letters that this is your finest work. If you feel it, it must be so, and we will back you all the way financially. We will underwrite your economic existence while you complete it." Isn't that terrific? I'm putting words in their mouth, obviously, but this is the way I understand it. And, for all practical purposes, this is what they have done.

The rabbit pages are simply a short, simple, sentimental little account by a woman about a pet rabbit she had known. There is nothing implied in it about human beings improving themselves, or about human beings at all. There is no significance or meaning. This simply is the scene in my novel where love for animals is treated. I think the account of the rabbit is touching—I thought so when Kirsten told it to me, and I wrote down as well as I could exactly what she said. So I guess I was successful.

Keep in touch. And say hello to Carol. (You can't say hello to Nancy because she's left me, taking the baby with her. I do not see her any more, but friends say she has a nice apartment.

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

[TO SANDRA MIESEL]

September 21, 1970

Dear Sandra,

Your poem HOUSE is just so goddam good that I am astonished. Let me say it like this: I think it's a better poem than the Wyatt poem (I honestly do, and I like it better). And the Wyatt poem is very good. Surely somebody will print it, or is there no reason & logic in the world of poetry either? I especially like:

*Only unliving brains retain
Some vestige of our memory.*

Your letter cheered me up enormously; it was a delicate, sensitive and deft letter, one of the best letters I've ever received, although I can't exactly say why. Maybe because it seemed to me that underlying all of it, the funny parts and the serious, there is a kind of emotional consideration ... perhaps your haiku for Roger could well be applied to you. I think I respect that more in people than any other quality, that emotional concern for others that is actually an awareness of their living quality, that they are not machines or objects. It's the soul speaking to the soul, and it infuses each thing that's said because it changes each thing that's said. It's there in the letter even in the part about painting your house. Thank you very much. And it came at exactly the right moment in which my need was greatest; I woke up this morning terribly missing my wife and little girl. The house seemed so goddam empty, and even the dog, Mr. Sims, had nothing to say to me or offer me. It is strange, is it not, that a woman whom I have never seen—you—could give me that much.

When those who are around me and love me and want to help me really just can't do anything for me, no matter how much they want to.

Your reaction to the two rabbit pages pleased me. You saw in them what I wanted to be there. By the way—although I have not yet typed the final draft of the novel, Doubleday has bid on it and bought it—they are giving me an extra thousand dollars because they think it will be a major novel of mine. I think they are right. I wish to hell I could send you the final ten pages of it for your reaction. I think they are very good—far better than anything else I've done, and better than most I read. It is an unusual sf novel, tremendously emotionally powerful; since I wrote to you in August saying I'd finished it, I have been making major changes that turn it into something infinitely better—and it was good as it stood. Goddam it, maybe I will type up a copy of the final ten pages and send them to you. You'd be the only person in the world besides me who'd have seen it, and your reaction might determine whether or not I alter it any more. Do you think you'd be interested? I guess it would place a fair amount of responsibility on you, whereas I should have it, since I'm the author.

The collaboration with Roger stands at this: I have sent him 80 or so pages and he will be responding to them. It all seems to be working smoothly, although it's taking a lot of time. But we are both patient. What you say about Roger's work—I firmly agree. It is limpid, and brilliantly shining as if, as you say, from within a jewel. I'll have to tell Roger you said that; it would please him.

I am so damn tired I can hardly type. I've been at the typewriter every day and many times throughout the night during the last four months. All the things that have happened to me—i.e. my wife and child leaving—have been subsumed within the novel. I have come out of this with a deep sense of love for everyone involved, and there is even some left over for strangers. This vision of powerful, effective love is all that sustains me. In the ending of the novel its intensity is enormous. The pages are almost too much for me to read, and yet in a factual sense it is ordinary—that is, what happens and what is said.

"Black, beautiful, but dumb"—so you describe your cat. As to my life, it perfectly describes my wife's lover. But that too, is subsumed in the novel. Beautifully so, in a hymn of affirmation. I love him, too.

With this letter you'll find an enclosed Wyatt poem, the one Valery McMillan sent me. It's so harsh it's almost crude—that is, "crude" in the sense that J.S. Bach's music seemed "crude" to Mozart and his contemporaries. I like it so damn much—I hope you like it, too. I'd be interested in any comments you might have on it that might explain why I find so much beauty in it. Because I really do not understand why I like it. I just plain do not know that much about poetry.

Write me, please, thanks, when you feel like it. But don't answer because you feel you have to ... I have a sneaking feeling that I'm answering your letters so quickly that it might be a stress on you. Or is it okay?

With deepest feelings,
Philip K. Dick

[TO VALERIE McMILLAN]

October 2, 1970

Dear Valerie,

Am I still spelling your name wrong? Anyhow I'm trying. You must give me credit for that. Anyhow, it was nice to hear from you, and especially to hear how Jim is coming with the glass furnace. I long to see it. Thank you for the Wyatt poem; I knew the first two verses but not the rest.

Tell Kay that the children's book I want to do deals with my dog Mr. Sims, whom she must meet. Mr. Sims, a Yorkshire, is basically a clerk. He spends his day writing memos to the cats, filling out reports (in triplicate), filing documents away, going busily back and forth on invisible errands, and just generally being officious. Several times a day he checks out the cats to see if they're doing things right, and he fills out a complicated form afterward, giving details in his own hand. I think Kay would like him. He holds, I believe a Federal Civil Service rating of G-one ... which, sad to say, is the lowest grade civil service rating you can get. But if he keeps on working as hard as he does he may be promoted. (He also has two weeks vacation coming to him, and much sick leave, neither of which he takes. He is a good fellow.)

News about the novel I'm working on, FLOW MY TEARS, THE POLICEMAN SAID. Although I have not finished it, and they have not read it, Doubleday (the hard-cover house) has bought it! And for an extra thousand dollars, on the strength of what I've told them about it. The novel is a good one—I think one of the best science fiction novels written—and a long one. It deals with a variety of forms of love, about ten kinds in all, ending with a form of love which I can't explain but which has to do with strangers. (It's explained in the novel, but it took me 320 pages, so obviously I can't do it here in one paragraph—thank god ... because if I could, then there would have been no reason to write a 320 page novel about it.) At the end of the novel the protagonist lands at night at a 24-hour gas station in Los Angeles and hugs a big, well-dressed black man who is waiting for his car to be gassed and ready. At first the black man is puzzled, and not pleased, but then he understands the kind of love the protagonist is feeling and he expresses something back, a kind of understanding. He invites the protagonist to visit him at home and meet his wife and children. They talk, and then the protagonist flies off. The novel is over. After I wrote the ending—ninth in a series of endings—I said to myself, "Maybe people who read it will think it's a plea for homosexuality." But then the other day in the newspaper I saw an article titled, HUGGING AND LEARNING. To quote: "Each person hugged someone next to him. It lasted half a minute. When it was over, the brothers and sisters gave out a roar of ecstatic chatter. They gazed at one another radiantly ... On the question of body touching, Symons said, "We've got tremendous stereotyped hangups. The he-man is supposed to fit the masculine image. He asked, 'What happens when in a football

game a guy makes a touchdown?" "They hug," cried a score of children." So maybe I'm not out of my tree after all.

I have made several sales recently. I've now amassed about \$2,000 and an additional \$1,500 will be coming in shortly. So I am doing fine financially, after being on welfare in July and August—a condition which hurt my masculine pride quite a bit. After all, the man is supposed to be the bread winner. But now I think things will be all right.

I went to clean the playback heads of my taperecorder with alcohol, but, not finding any, I cleaned them with Vodka. Tell Jim; he will be amused. (And it worked. Sounds much better.)

Mike and I have a third guy living with us named Tom. He brought his cat (which makes four), his stereo, to replaced mine which was stolen, and many albums of Wagner, which I like. Up to meeting me he had never found anyone male or female with whom he could listen to music. Isn't that sad? And he has good musical taste, judging from his record collection. So anyhow his stereo is out in the living room and we all listen to it. Which means I don't have to put out between five hundred and a thousand dollars for a stereo to replaced the one stolen. Ah! The miser in me awakens! Anyhow, he is a quiet, large, handsome, nice guy, about thirty-one. He told me the other day that he had never been able to talk to anyone as clearly as he can talk to me. That makes me feel good. Even if I'm downcast myself I can still communicate, which to a writer is absolutely essential. Once a writer loses faith in his ability to do that he is finished.

Yesterday I got my summons, delivered by the biggest cop I have ever seen, telling me that Nancy is divorcing me and wants not only child support but alimony, too. So for the first time in my life (in my four marriages) I am being clipped for alimony. But Nancy must have it; she can't work, being too fragile psychologically. I in all probability will have to support her for the rest of her life. But, since I still love her as much as ever, I'm glad to. But it won't allow me to remarry; I won't be able to afford to, you see. So I guess my marriage to Nancy is my last marriage. But I regret nothing. It's been a good life, and right now I am feeling very good. It's six A.M. and I've been up all night talking with Mike and then listening to music and writing to you. My little black-and-white tomcat Dimi is on my lap, rubbing his jowl against mine in an ecstasy of love. Poor little guy, he was beaten up three times in the last two days by a huge black cat, who came right into the house in pursuit of Dimi, and whom Mike and I are going to stick into our cat-carrying box and take him to the pound, if we can ever lay our hands on him. Dimi is little more than a kitten, and he did not know the world held such catastrophes; in addition to being hurt physically he was badly shattered psychologically; ever since being beaten up he is quiet and withdrawn and doesn't purr. But he'll recover. We all do. We must.

Don't you agree that it seems like a vote of confidence by Doubleday toward me that they bought my novel without having read it? I told them, "Look, I've written this novel and it's the best I've ever done, and one of the

best in the field, and it's long, and multifaceted, funny and sad—sad as in the two pages I sent you—and dramatic and meaningful, with a new kind of love to offer." And they said fine. They wrote me, "If anybody on the Doubleday book list can do it, you can." It made me very happy.

I love my work; I mean, I don't love what I write but the act of writing it, rereading it, altering, selecting, cutting, revising, adding to it, shaping it again and again until, at last, it's what I want. Before this I have never really been satisfied with any novel I wrote; I could sense the shortcomings but couldn't see how to change or improve it.

Here, out of context, are the two quatrains in English poetry which affect me the most:

*No force, no motion has she now;
She neither feels nor sees.
Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,
With rocks and stones and trees.*

*By brooks too broad for leaping
The light-foot boys are laid;
The rose-lipt girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade.*

I'm sure you're familiar with both poems in their entirety. Looking at them now it occurs to me that both are saying much the same thing. Death ends everything, I guess. We, she, or they are ultimately defeated by something stronger than we, she, they are. We become no longer animate and active; we sleep, we are rolled like rocks. I wonder why these two quatrains appeal to me so much, even right now when I'm feeling good. What Ludwig Binswanger, the Swiss existential psychiatrist, calls "The dismal alchemy of the tomb." (I think I spelled his name wrong. But who cares?)

Thanks for your comments on the two pages I sent you. There is no doubt of it: nothing is more important to the writer than to know he has communicated what he intended to communicate, no more, no less, no something else. I couldn't be happier with your response. I sent these two pages to a number of people and got back a wide variety of reactions, but yours hits dead center. Thank you. My editor at Ace Books, god forbid, thought they were funny! And then, on second thought (he knew something was wrong with his reaction) he gave me a long analysis as to what I was saying about human beings striving to perfect themselves, etc., and whether they should give up. Oh well. What do editors know?

Thanks, too, for the Wyatt poem. Oh. I already said that. I guess I'd better go to bed. Write to me when you can, but don't feel, please don't feel pressured into responding. Any time or anything is fine with me. Okay.

The Fur Coat

*I walked out in my Coat of Pride;
I looked about on every side;*

*And said the mountains should not be
Just where they were, and that the sea
Was out of place, and that the beech
Should be an oak! And then, from each,
I turned in dignity, as if
They were not there! I sniffed a sniff,
And climbed upon my sunny shelf:
And sneezed a while; and scratched myself.*

James Stephens

[TO FRANCY ———]

[late 1970]

Dear Francy,

I have an insight about you. You're so pretty that when someone falls in love with you (generally a man, things being what they are) you feel cynical, somewhat like this: "Of course he's in love with me; I'm so pretty it's natural. So he's just like everyone else. And if that's so, what could there be of interest in him?" So your physical attractiveness has led you into a great logical snare, because some of the men who fall in love with you, although admittedly doing the commonplace thing, are not commonplace at all but very odd. And you know how odd it is to be odd, is it not? Now, as to those who don't fall in love with you. They must really be a source of unending bafflement to you; you probably can't decide how to react to them.

(1) Men who fall in love with me are commonplace.

(2) George Glotz hasn't fallen in love with me.

(3) Therefore George Glotz is

Impossible to finish. Maybe he's too stupid to match up to the standards by which we judge a man commonplace. Or maybe—hmm. Maybe he's strange. Unique. Filled with mystery. Who knows? Let's find out. So we—that is, you—do, and he isn't full of mystery at all; he just has very bad eyesight. End of my satori about you.

It still amazes me that I haven't fallen in love with you. Is it because I love Nancy so much? I think so. I bet that had I not met her I would have done the commonplace thing regarding you, and we all know what THAT is.

But, while meditating about all this, I am downstairs in my tiny damp cell, where no one can look over my shoulder as I bang out love letters, etc. You told me not to stop writing; okay, I am writing to you. Whom else/who else whatever should I write to? And anyhow this is not a love letter because I am in love with Nancy; she is my whole entire world to me, and I would never give her up for anything. But I am FOND of you (are you FOND of me?). Or maybe I just have bad eyesight. I doubt that, though. I doubt that very much. Maybe it's because you constantly giggle (but what a lovely giggle. Like a fountain of clear cold running ice cream with a jigger of burbling Scotch added just

for good measure). Anyhow, I do not fear you will steal my sole/soul/soul as some fear. I bet I can steal yours instead, so there.

My electric coffee pot tried to kill me the other day. Does that mean anything? Should we strive for sanity? Who knows. I don't dare strive therefore because I might already be sane, and by striving go completely off my rocker (I'm just barely on my rocker, see; when it rocks to the left I sort of rock slightly to the right. Very ominous. I wound up killing my coffee pot—at least so far (it shorted out as I innocently held onto it, the dirty fink coffee pot). Now my FM radio is thinking of doing the same; it's because every time anyone runs water in the kitchen sink upstairs a stream of soapy water runs across the floor of my little writing room or righting wroom. And if, perchance, I have one foot on the floor and one inside the FM radio at that particular moment then it's all up with me, my man, as Al Collins would say (what would you say?). Now for more insights about you.

You're very brave.

You're very lonely.

You're very unhappy.

You're in love, but who with? Can you tell? Are you willing to try?

You're a very timid person.

You're the kindest person I ever met.

You're quite brilliant in the sheer intellectual way; in fact the most brilliant person I've ever met.

You have a tragic destiny.

You can make or break anyone you want. (In my case your intentions are kindly. I wonder why. I feel absolutely no menace about you, and in fact can't really understand why anybody does.)

You're more company, companionship, pleasure to be with than words could ever describe.

You're a witch.

You're ten thousand years old.

You're not exactly a woman; you're a lovely demented sane pure spirit of fire and energy and excitement and absolutely life, more life bundled into one body than anywhere else in the universe.

Ultimately you'll commit suicide. Why? Out of grief, loss of hope, and above all, loneliness for someone of your own kind.

There is no one of your own kind but you.

—Or rather *almost* no one of your own kind. But the task of finding The Other—it is hard for anybody, almost impossible for you. And in seeking Him you will probably break many spirits who were not the One, and not therefore strong enough. I pity them.

Love, and take care
of your beautiful self,
Phil

[TO KATHERINE HACKETT]

October 11, 1970

Dear Kathy,

Today is Sunday, and I am writing you at the moment you all are at Sabella's having dinner. I am here alone.

I cannot really understand why I was not invited. Annie phoned Mike to tell him he was invited, and he told me about it. "Grandma is coming up and she's going to look at Nancy's new apartment." And then you also brought up a couch for Nancy, and all of you went out for dinner. Mike left at two o'clock in the afternoon and returned home—here—at about eleven o'clock. A full day, and just in time for him to turn in.

Yes, I suppose in a purely intellectual way I understand. By that I mean that technically by losing Nancy I am therefore no longer a member of the family, because my belonging to the family came about through Nancy, and without Nancy it does no longer exist. But I wonder if that's enough. Or, put another way, I wonder if that's the best way to look at it. And emotionally I cannot understand it at all. I have all the same love for you people that I've always had, Nancy included. Nothing in the way of my feelings, and my sense of relatedness to you, has changed.

We must remember that through Isa I am related to you by blood. This bond can't be denied. And, on my side, on the part of my parents, both of them have told Nancy that their feelings for her remain the same and she is always welcome at their house. And I of course applaud their attitude.

I don't think relationships can be turned on and off. I have known you and felt close to you for over five years. Such a long-term relatedness can't be abolished over night. And who is harmed if I'm invited to family gatherings? Nancy? But Nancy says she still feels love for me and wants to be friends. So, if she feels like that, why would she object? How could my coming bother her? I've seen her apartment. I helped Mike move furniture there, and I visited her there with our friend Larry, to pick up Isa. I will be seeing her again and again over the years. Does it hurt you? I can't believe that. How could my visiting with you, as we have always done, bother or harm you? Surely you are still as fond of me as you always have been. I can't believe you would change because Nancy and I have separated.

Also, consider this, since although it does not now seem real or possible to Nancy it nevertheless seems real and possible to me. Perhaps someday Nancy and I will rejoin and be together again, in particular after her period of mental illness is over. What then? Would I start visiting again? Wouldn't I remember the times, when Nancy and I were apart, when I wasn't welcome? It would be difficult for all of us. Much more difficult, were Nancy and I to come back together, than the present situation in which, despite my split with Nancy, I were still invited to the family's gatherings. Don't you agree? I really don't see how that healing-over could ever be accomplished. One cannot start

and stop relationships at the wave of a hand. Which is the original point I made.

I think love between people is long-enduring. My relationship with Nancy has lasted six years, and this is the longest term relationship in her life. Ammon, whom she wanted to marry in Spain, knew her only two weeks. You cannot base much on that, as Nancy came to realize. You can't marry on the basis of two weeks knowledge of each other. That's why Nancy had her breakdown then, in 1964. To get out of an impossible relationship. Of course, one might say now that Nancy had *this* breakdown to get out of an impossible relationship with me. I believe Nancy may, at least at times, think so. But we have known each other so long, and also, more importantly, there is Isa. Isa is my blood bond with all of you, and I am not going to give that bond up. Whether I am persona grata or persona non grata at your gatherings I still consider myself a permanent part of the family, and I will always think so. No matter how many times I am not invited to gather with you I will continue to think that.

In any case, welcome or not at your gatherings, I will continue to love you all, and your dear home, and your warmth, and your long-time graciousness and hospitality toward me. That also will not change, whether I am asked to join you or not. I couldn't change that even if I wanted to, and on that I will stand. I wish you all very well, and much love, and I am sad and confused that when Annie phoned it was just to Mike that she was extending the invitation, not to me and Mike both. There must be some kind of misunderstanding, I keep telling myself. You must all at once believe that I don't want to join you. But I do. And I will continue to want to, in any case. There is no misunderstanding at my end; I love you all and I want to be with you. That is all I know, and, like an animal, a dumb creature, I am waiting with hope and joy. I will continue to wait. God bless you and keep you. And could you write to me? I would appreciate it so much.

With all my love,
Phil

[TO J'ANN FORGUE]

November 23, 1970

Dear J'Ann,

How can I write to you? You're probably closer to me than anyone else I know, and yet we seem very easily to get into fruitless arguments that leave us widely apart. This distressed the hell out of me. Well, so it goes. It is all very frustrating. But in spite of this there seems to be an evolution taking place in our relationship—as compared with a devolution. I no longer look to you for the gratification of certain needs that I have; I am not putting the pressure on you that I was once, and I think this is a relief to you. The tension between us

has ebbed. During the first weeks of our relationship—the relationship that started the night you phoned me from the restaurant and I told you that Nancy had left—I needed something from you in order to function. I—we here at Hermit House—we were not making it. We were in a crisis and we were failing. What I wanted to do was put my head on your shoulder and close my eyes and rest and stop trying to cope. My ideas of what I wanted from you were well-formulated. You would cope for me. I admired your ability to cope—you and your car, your job, your apartment, your ability to cook meals. You could do all the coping that mattered. You lived alone and yet you functioned perfectly. You were doing what the three of us could not do—three of us, together, couldn't do it and you were doing it alone and had been doing it for some time. Vaguely, it had something to do with your being a woman. I'm not sure why. Maybe I remember my mother coping, having a job and keeping up the house and raising me, after my father left. I have a lot of faith in women. Perhaps because of that. My father was weak; my mother was strong.

But there was an additional element in my involvement with you. I felt that only in a relationship to a woman could I measure myself as a man. I was a man only in relationship to you. And this ran counter to the dependency drives, the resting my head on your shoulder while you kept watch. And, to be a man with you, I had to protect you, look out for you. These two drives ran parallel in me for quite a time, now, but it has been resolved. Hermit House is functioning again; the crisis has passed. The floors are waxed; the washing machine is working again; the front is swept. We are all active and busy and interacting fruitfully. What I want to do now is take care of you. Please don't get angry at this: but when I hugged you tonight you seemed so little and frail, so small in your dark coat, with so many troubles, and very tired. And yet coping, trying, beautifully. Only the troubles were so goddam great for you. In putting my arms around you for a moment, and feeling you to be small and frail, one small person, one human being, an independent hardworking girl in a lot of trouble, with an upset stomach, and so on, I felt more strongly toward you than I had ever felt before. My dependency drives toward you, when I had them so strongly, were not as great as my newer protective instincts. I am bonded to you much more closely now, and in a way that I think is much better. I had almost a morbid attitude toward you, regarding what I felt you could do, could accomplish, especially in saving me. I was ceasing to function and I knew you could fix things up, magically, I guess. I am not saying I was wrong to think that—I still think you could have, and in certain respects did—but you have needs, too. You have to be cherished, too.

And yet all this makes me very sad, and I feel intensely futile, because whereas I want to help protect you I don't think in fact I can do very much. All of us at Hermit House are broke, now, and money is one of your needs. I could provide you with a place to stay—that is the function of Hermit House: to shelter people who have no roof and little or no funds—but it is your own apartment that you need, not this place. And only money can save

your apartment. I hope to God that during the next week I get in the check I am expecting. It would, if it came, take care of us all, Nancy included—I have to take care of her and Isa, too, in fact her and Isa before anything else. I am well aware of that. But what I want to do, before everything else, is help you. You are more important to me than anyone else, even the people here at Hermit House, even Nancy and Isa, Nancy and Isa are the past; the people here at Hermit House are the present; you are the future. You and what I am going toward, not with or away from.

I am very much alone, without you. What happens to me without you does not matter to me. Without you I might as well be dead; I might as well join Gaylene. That is what I am thinking tonight, now that you are gone. Maybe Gaylene was right.

But of course I can't let myself think this, and I know that you are right now madder than hell that I've said this, that I would be letting myself think and feel this way. But really, I have no other joy in life than in being with you. My writing means nothing to me right now; it will again sometime matter, but not now. I love my friends, the people here at Hermit House, but really I am dead without you, you funny little skinny sneak. You with your mad-as-a-hornet determination to be equal to men intellectually in a man's world—whereas in fact, as far as I go, my intellectual ability, you can and do run rings around me. And Gaylene wanted to come here because I was an intellectual challenge to her.

I love you, J'Ann, with all my heart. I love you when I am in distress and when I think you are in distress. I love you giving to you and taking from you. And yet it is all, as we were reading in the Bible, doomed; it is all vanity and a striving after wind, to use the Preacher's phrase. You are committed elsewhere. Your world rises and falls in another quarter. What can I tell myself to keep going on. That it will change. Christ no. I know it won't ever. No matter what I do, say, what you do, say. It is as fixed as the path of a star.

So I am sitting here trying to think what I should tell not you but myself. I have already told you what I want to tell you: that I love you, that I admire you, that I want to protect you against your various troubles. I want to bail you out, so to speak. Plainly, to shelter you. I have a general instinct to shelter living things; it is a strong drive in me. Cats, dogs, people, men, women, girls, small creatures such as the insects that Dimi brings in. In your case my drive is so strong as to make me suffer. The whole point of Hermit House, the whole reason for my being here, would be to provide sanctuary for you, but I never can; you will never come here and be with us here. I can't sleep knowing you will never come here; I can't sleep and yet I can't stay awake; I want to enter some third state, in which a voice would say to me, "You can forget. In fact you have already forgotten. You no longer know what it was you feared or what it was you wanted." Or something like that. "That I might live in him / invisible and dim," as Henry Vaughn put it. I guess that's it. I want to go back to what I was before I became what I am now. Back into dust. "Es ist alles von

Staub gemacht und wird wieder zu Staub," as Luther translated it, from a part a little further on from what you and I were reading tonight. "It is all made from dust and will again to dust," to translate it literally. Beautiful, simple words. Words to close your eyes by, so to speak.

You know, J'Ann, your driving all the way over here and back to Berkeley again, each week, seems incredible to me. What possibly can I offer you to justify it? Only an accidental slur regarding your intellectual ability, perhaps. An unintentional slight. Some words to make your face dark and angry, like a dainty storm. I'm sorry. I admire gumby cats. I've always wanted one of my own. I want you to be my gumby cat, but you are a gumby cat in need, right now, and I want to be your squire. Or, rather, your knight. Is there any possible way I can? I think you don't want a knight; you want to solve your problems yourself. And that's good. You're a very proud person, I think. Very independent. Very energetic. But God, my dear girl, I do love you so much. You are so goddam little and mean. So angry. An yet you listen to the music and read the poems that are so important to me, music and poems through which I survive. I now have you blended in with them; you, the music, the poems—my survival depends on the three of you. But I don't really expect to survive. I'm sorry. But I know when I've lost.

Take care.

[TO J'ANN FORGUE]

November 23, 1970

Dear J'Ann

It's now a couple of hours later (four a.m.). I've been lying down, trying to sleep, and then all at once I have had a deep insight into you and our relationship. So I'm up again, writing this (like in "Stab a tenor and he sings," the name of my game is, "Be nice to a writer and he writes"). Anyhow here is the insight.

First off all, drop the last few lines out of letter one, especially the final "I've lost" sentence. Lost, I've gained goddam near everything. Christ's sake! What has happened is that over the past weeks in which you've come over we have become friends. That's it, no more and no less. And this is what you were to me and wanted me to be from the start. But look what this means. When I say "friend" this isn't a put-down. I mean friends in the deepest, most productive sense possible. I mean a great deal. What I am talking about has to do with loyalty, something I never understood ever until just about now. I like you. Do you understand? You can count on me and I can count on you. It is a person-to-person relationship, not sexual as is involved in most man-woman relationships. You are very simply a dear person to me. I trust you, I want to show you poems and music and I want to hear your reaction to them, and I want to hear your ideas. Your thoughts. I started out loving you in a romantic,

sexual fashion, and now it seems that your loyalty to me, your continuing to come over here despite the psychological pressure I've been putting on you—I was your friend and you wanted to help me out, but you could only do it in terms of what you were to me, my friend, not my mistress or wife or sweetheart. Somewhere along the line, during the four years I've known you, you made a commitment of friendship in the deepest sense. So of course when you learned that Nancy and left me you responded as that loyalty made you respond: with immediate help. You did not offer yourself to me sexually, but your goddam sexiness fooled me. I value our friendship more than I would value a sexual or romantic (or both) relationship. I mean that. Your response is deeper than that, and it, your continuing to be that, do that—I am just now, after all this time, beginning properly to response and to understand my own feelings toward you. J'Ann, my dear dear friend. Outside of Mike and Ray the best friend I have—maybe outside of no one, in fact.

You told me tonight that you have few friends and in particular very few persons that you would be willing to leave your apartment to visit. Now I understand how much that implies about your feelings toward me. You and I both need a small number of deep, lasting really close friendships. I think we have both already begun functioning as this toward each other. Your continuing to come here, your loyalty to me—Christ, it means so much. It is so fucking rare and so important. I can share my deepest feelings and thoughts with you; I can, for instance, trot out the poems and music that mean the most to me: very intimate experiences, very personal and important to me. You, as my dear dear friend, are able to pick them up, and they become important to us together. We have already formed a kind of symbiosis—if you'll accept that word—I can't think of exactly what I should say, although I know exactly what I mean. Roger Zelazny is that kind of friend to me, as are Ray and Mike—to a certain extent. But between us it has been carried out further than before, during my life.

I think it was this kind of love, this person-to-person nonsexual love, that I wanted to get to and did at last get to in my new novel. And all along you knew what you were doing, you were clear and consistent, and over and over again I misunderstood and tried to make our relationship into something it wasn't. I am glad I failed, because what we have now is more valuable than that, more precious than what I tried for—and have ceased trying for, because I know it is of less worth. You have offered me what I wanted, and what you wanted, from the start. You were always ready with it. I understand now why you kept coming back, despite the various squabbles we've gotten into (our squabbles always begin with you looking something up in the dictionary, but why that is I don't know). You are to me a beloved person, not a sexual object, not a mother figure (to coin a phrase), not anything but yourself, the person you are. But I kept trying to see you as a woman, not a person. So in a sense what I said about your not really philosophizing was an unintentional put-

down. I can now see you as a person. There will be no more put-downs of that sort.

In a sense you have won an important victory, important anyhow for me, for my life. Yes, goddam it, I still love you—I love you more than ever, but clearly now. I love you for the person you are, J'Ann Forgue, who happens to be a sexy, attractive woman but who could have been very old or even a man—the relationship, that kind of love, would still be there. You are deft, sensitive and intelligent, and because of that I feel very close to you. And you will listen. On my part, I listen to you, too. I want to listen to you and I intend to listen to you. I have always listened to you, and now I know why.

I could not until now understand why you are willing to keep coming here again and again. It's because that's what kind of friend you are. I have never quite encountered it before, but, as in my novel, I knew it existed.

I guess it's a good thing that you are a woman, because the kind of feelings I feel toward you are just not acceptable in this society if directed toward another man.

I guess our relationship is such that you would go to bat for me any time necessary, and I would for you.

In 1946 I took a Rohrschact test (I know I spelled it wrong, but it's five o'clock a.m. and I just don't have it to look it up)—the tester in her report said that the strongest drive in me was to refind my twin sister who died about a month after she and I were born, my sister and I I mean, not the tester. This kind of love has been bottled up in me for forty-one years; it has never found expression before. And as I say it's the strongest love in me. No wonder it matters so much to me that you come over. With you I regain the most precious thing I've lost. J'Ann, my dear friend. As Roger Zelazny wrote to me: My dear friend, he said, and it was the first time anyone ever said that to me. It pierced me to my heart. But Roger is three thousand miles away. He can't sit beside me and read Heine poems and listen to Schubert music. All that he and I have, now that he has gone back to Baltimore, is letters. They mean a lot, but—and he doesn't have your beautiful, sexy legs.

Yesterday (Sunday) I went down to Nancy's grandmother's house, and, all the way down—an hour each way—I held my little girl in my arms; I hugged her to me. And I got a lot out of it—so did she. A lot of my love is properly syphoned off toward her. The rest goes to Ray and Mike and you. Especially to you.

Well, what does this add up to? For a time I wanted to protect you, and then I wanted you to protect me, and then back to my protecting you—but the friendship you and I have is one of parity; neither of us is or should be larger than the other. We are equal friends. Even if I see you only one day a week—in fact only three or four hours—it's enough, because we are still friends even if we're not together. The friendship does not end when you put on your little black coat and scuttle out to your car. The kind of friendship we have does not easily submit to being destroyed. By anything. Time,

space—shit on that. You are always there and I am always here. I am waiting for you and you are waiting for me. And meanwhile we live out our lives, with others. There is no conflict. That, too, is the kind of friendship we have.

J'Ann, what can I say to you? You have given me something that I treasure above everything else. I see you now as a shy, lonely, introverted girl who has an immense capacity to give, to be close to someone, to be a good and loyal friend—with everything that that implies. I'm honored that you would extend it to me. I am very lucky; to have you as my friend is to have really something. And I think—I hope—I can give it back to you, because it is something that you need, too. I think it is something everyone needs. But—virtually no one finds it.

[TO MR. AND MRS. WHITE]

November 24, 1970

Dear Mr. and Mrs. White,

My dear, dear friends. Thank you for your letters. And the two pictures. I would like to ask something from you. Do you have a picture of Gaylene that you could send me? It would mean very much to me.

I will come down and see you. We will talk about the happy old days and maybe, even if only for a little while now, we will be happy again.

With deepest regards,
Philip K. Dick

[J'ANN FORGUE]

November 25, 1970

Dear J'Ann,

This has been a wonderful day for me. Crazy Roger came by and gave me nine benzadrine spansules, all of which I took, and then Ray, Mike and I and Crazy Roger sat around and talked all day. I felt a kind of complete and perfect love for all of them, even for Crazy Roger. We all take speed and we are all going to die, but we will have a few more years, and while we live we will live it as we are: stupid, blind, loving, talking, being together, kidding, propping one another up and ratifying the good things in one another. We will joke about drinking, taking speed, needing girls to go to bed with, what Freud said about ESP, what Jung said about dreams, what a chick can do for you when your marriage fails and you lose your wife and child—we talked about things of that sort. We talked about the people we loved, such as Kathy Young who drew the picture of the squirrel for me, what we could do for her, when we could see her; we talked about how Hermit House is functioning beautifully. We talked bitterly and with open hate about ex-wives, psychiatrists, blacks—blacks, we discovered (don't take this too seriously; it's a form of boasting: "We could take out ten of them to four of us," etc.). We played the Schubert

Second Symphony over and over again and no one minded hearing it for the tenth time because no one was listening.

But what we really felt was that this was so good right now, but it wouldn't last for long. We would get tired; we would get cross, and Roger's car wouldn't start and Mike had to go to bed and I had to do the dinner dishes (we had swordfish, which Ray cooked beautifully). Something or someone would get us. We know it. No group of people can be this happy. We knew we were ignoring some fundamental aspect of reality such for example as money, or in my case sleep. Soon it will catch up with us. But I wanted to write this letter before I go to bed to tell you that everything has made us very happy right now, and even if it ends tonight we won't forget it. That's all one can really hope for, I think to be happy awhile and then remember it.

Why was I, for example, so happy? Because of the speed? The last time when Crazy Roger gave me nine benzedrine spansules I wrote the letter to Gaylene's parents, which you read. I was not happy then. So it is not the speed.

I reread that letter an hour or so ago. I don't understand how I could have written it. I am not that good a writer. When Mike read it (the only other person I showed it to beside you) tears ran down his cheeks and he said, "This was the most beautiful piece of writing I have ever read." He does not usually talk like that and I do not write like that. I think it must be because I really did love her in the way and to the extent that I spoke of in the letter. It was all true, and not exaggerated, as I feared at first, after I had written it but before I had read it. It is really an extraordinary letter, as you said. I could never do it again. And I did not have to write it. I went down to Modesto; I attended the graveside service; I put flowers on the casket. I talked to her parents about her. I cried the right amount of tears; in fact I cried more tears than was indicated—I had to go off by myself and sit in Jack's VW, hiding until I could get control of myself. The letter came out of an abundance of love, for her, for her parents, for some of the other people at the service: her friends. I have so goddam much love that I want to give. I tried to give it all to you but it made you uneasy; you didn't approve or want it. So then I gave it to Gaylene and the others and then the other day to my little girl to whom I have never before given enough love, and I carefully withheld it from Nancy (because she loathes it) when I called to see how her eye operation came out. Her wandering eye is now corrected. I love her and am joyously glad about her eye, because it always was there in her awareness; it bothered her—I couldn't let her know either how much love I felt for her or how glad I was about her eye, glad for her ... sometimes when you feel a lot of love it is hard to find people to whom you can give that love. It is easier on everyone, perhaps, if you don't feel it. It upset people. It causes waves to be formed. I guess I can give it to little Dimi (my black and white cat), who always does the inappropriate thing at the wrong time, but always with full trust. He loves me and trusts me, and when I pour myself a glass of milk he peeps anxiously up, making his feeble noise that tells me he'd like some too, please.. And then there is cross

Mr. Sims, who snarls at everyone. You would think he was fourteen years old instead of one year old. Who the hell could love him?

I snatch up an animal and hug it; I breathe deeply of its fur, its pelt. I inhale its warmth and proximity. And I love it. For just an instant I hurl all my love at it. And then I put it back down and go on. Stuffing the love back inside me again, out of sight. So as not to bother nervous people, such as you. Introverted, cold little snits, who want everything to be mannered and proper.

If I said to Crazy Roger, "Crazy Roger, I love you," he would get up, hurry out and go home. Ray would understand; Tom wouldn't; Mike would accept what I said because he believes in me. You would think I was out of my mind. But it would be the truth. But I can't say it. Or can I? Once, long ago, Mike said to me, "I love you, Phil." I did not know what to do. That was before I became as I am now. I thought it to be improper and exaggerated and out of place. Now I am not so sure. Now I think I understand what he meant. It is hard to accept love. It is hard to face the fact that someone treasures you like a precious stone. Someone for whom you have done nothing, for whom there is really no reason for them to feel that way. One time, years ago, when I was living up in West Marin, I had a fight with Anne and drove all the way to Richmond; I drove up Cutting, and there, walking along the sidewalk, was a black boy, and I hadn't seen any blacks for six months, and all at once I wanted to stop the car, get out and hug him. And that was long before my mescaline experience which set all my present love off. So—I had forgotten about this until now—I felt it even then, back in '63. It runs deeper in me than I had realized. I think that's good.

J'Ann, I love you more than anyone else I know or ever have known. I know now what set it off: your loyalty to me, which I had done nothing to earn. Once it got started it could not be turned back, however inappropriate—like all of Dimi's actions—it was and is. I love you more and more as I know you more and more. Once, I loved you when you wore a miniskirt and no glasses, and now I love you no matter what you wear, even your dreary black coat, and have your glasses on. Does this convey anything to you? It conveys something to me. It means I do not love you *for any reason*. Except that it is you, a facet of you, some aspect of you. That is all I need. I even love your tempest-like anger. But I want to laugh. You get so goddam serious when you are angry. You are like the Little Engine That Tried, with much steam, fuming and gray smoke curling up from your wheels as you struggle up the mountain. You are going to get there, of course. We all recognize that. Over your own dead body, if necessary. You are a very strong person. But you release too much gray steam. Most of it from your lovely, flaring nostrils. It's very attractive, but noisy. But I guess we all can live with that. It's little enough to ask.

What am I trying to tell you in this letter? That I'm happy, that I'm ceasing to grieve over Gaylene, which is good and which has to be; the purpose of grief is to accept and understand and face what has happened, what has been lost, and then pick up the pieces of yourself up off the floor and go on. Because the

alternative is to lie there and die, and we have all discussed that and decided not to die. Our five lives are too precious to one another to let that happen. And precious to ourselves. (As for me, as I've told you, my ability to get hurt badly and then after a few days bounce back is amazing. As I told you, I took one thousand methamphetamine tablets in two weeks, then crashed—forty-eight hours after I crashed I was on the phone getting you to come over. And driving down to Catania Sound with Mike to get a new stylus for my sound system. Ray told me tonight, when we were talking about it, that he never saw anyone come out of such a massive withdrawal of speed so fast and so well as I did. We both thought it would take a couple of weeks, at the very least. With possibly all kinds of physical side-complications. And I'm not so goddam young, goddam it. But I did come out very well, in every respect. As you know though, I attribute it to the fact that I wanted to see you so much, that I just was not willing to miss my one-night-a-week with you. In fact I wanted it more than ever.)

We have our priorities straight, I think. We love one another; we want to protect one another: I am not going to say to Ray, "You had better sell a few of those painted rocks or else quit fooling around with them and do something gainful," and Mike is not going to say to me, "You better type up that final draft of your novel or we're dropping you out of Hermit House entirely." We'll get by financially. Ray and I and Mike have done a lot of work in our lives. We are not lazy. What we are unwilling to do is let money become an end in itself, or let our economic employment take over our lives. With our money we buy time. Time to do what we want to do: even if that is to sit around all day and talk with Crazy Roger. If that is what we want we are going to have that. We are not going to die of coronaries at forty-seven years of age. Speed may kill us, but—well, If I began to die right now as I sit here at my typewriter at five a.m. after sitting up all night talking to Ray and Mike and working on this letter to you, I could truthfully say, "It was worth it. I don't regret it. I have been happy and no one can make me forget that. I have loved and been loved; I have been with people and animals; I have worked on my novels; I have listened to music; I have sat with J'Ann Forgue reading Heine and it is good. As the Oracle says, Spring cannot last forever. Enjoy it while you can." This is still the spring of our lives. Winter is coming; we know that. We're not kidding ourselves; we're too old and too experienced to do that. But we will kick and fight up to the last moment. Up to the time when we are at last buried under the snow. As in *The Winterreise*.

In *The Winterreise* the poet lost his loved one and then voluntarily died. We are not voluntarily dying. I lost Gaylene and continued on. After a time, anyhow. As soon as I could. Her death has not blighted my relationship with you; in fact it has made me realize all the more how much you mean to me, how important your relationship is to me, and I hope—and believe—to you, too. The only event which should be allowed to end our relationship is either your death or mine. Until then we should be the kind of friends we have become to each other, as I talked about in my previous letter to you, and

which I believe you understand and want. Have understood, in fact, much better than I have. Until the last couple of days when I finally did begin to comprehend it.

You said on the phone last week, "We are friends. Well, no, we are more than that." That puts it very well; let us leave it undefined, as stated. Friends, but more than that. We now both understand what we mean. It is enough for me, anyhow. If, however, you ever get drunk and become amorous, I wouldn't carry you to your Volvo and send you home. I suppose in some dim corner of my brain I am still hoping for that. But not really. I know better. It's okay. It's cool the way it is. But I would like to hug you once in awhile. Isn't it all right for friends to do that? Isn't physical proximity part of our kind of friendship? If I can hug Ray or hug my daughter or hug a cat I ought to be able to hug you, J'Ann dear. My dear dear friend who means so much to me. So much more than anyone else. You are very huggable. If there is such a word. But, however, you are hard to kiss. Except fleetingly, on the forehead, as I did one time. I doubt if you noticed; it happened very fast. But as I did it I felt my love for you flower within me. It was the sort of brief kiss your thin little delicate face seemed to deserve. No deep passionate kisses; your lips are too shallow. You would disapprove.

J'Ann, I am very tired. I guess I will have to go to bed. Last night I got three hours sleep and tonight I haven't been to bed at all. Am I really talking to you, sitting here alone in the living room writing this letter? You aren't here; are you really in some sense listening to me? Does it matter to you what I write here? This letter is not coming easily. I am not glib in writing to you. I started this letter at eleven and it's past five, so I've been working on it six hours. And there is in it no one thing that I am really trying to say. It is just that I am able to communicate and express myself better through the written word than the spoken word; writing a letter is a natural event to me, and as Nancy once said bitterly, my deepest and most profound feelings go into the letters I write to women here and there around the world. I learned this from Carol Carr, by the way, to make a letter do this. And now I write letters instead of typing on my novel. And I am goddam proud of it. I will never make a dime off the letter I wrote to Gaylene's parents; you read it, Mike read it, they read it and I want Ray to read it, but there it will end. It won't be published, or reviewed or paid for. But that letter means more than any of the novels or stories I've written. There is more of me in that letter than in any book. And this is true of my letters to you. It will become more and more so as I go on writing to you again and again; each time I will shape and control the letter more accurately, as in doing this I clarify my own feelings to myself. By writing to you I begin to understand how I feel about you, just as in writing the letter to Gaylene's parents I began to understand how I felt about Gaylene. The writing is a process of communication and discovery. I am what I write. I know myself only in so far as I write it down. This is why I am a writer, why I write the

novels I write. Only through writing do I begin to see what I really am. And what I want to be. And fear. And love.

Would you marry me, J'Ann? In a best of all possible worlds? I wonder. If I could have one wish granted it would not be to have Nancy back, and Isa, or Gaylene alive again, as much as I would want that; it would be—well, I know you will never marry me, so what the hell. But that would be my one wish. You are life and you are alive. The rest is the past and must be forgotten. You are the future. I look to you for everything that is possible, that can happen. My life is defined, now, by what you and I can be to each other. Perhaps this is bad. Doesn't it sound absurd to define my life in terms of a once-a-week relationship with a girl in love with another man? But: I feel, as I've said, that our relationship spans the week, occupies the other days, too; it survives the gaps. And I am no longer asking you to love me. At least not in the sexual-romantic sense. If I matter to you that is enough; if you want to come here, take the long hard drive here, that is more than I could hope for. It is a constantly-renewing miracle, which astounds me each week. When you come into the house it is like a rebirth of life itself around me. Du bist der Lenz, as Wagner has Sieglinde say to Siegmund, her lover and brother. You are springtime. And, as I pointed out, springtime does not ordinarily last forever. If anything can be said to. That is one of the miraculous qualities of friendship. It lasts.

Take my love and, if you want, throw it away. But let me keep on offering it to you. (As I read this over, Dimi has crawled up into my lap and is trying to tell me that he loves me. Inappropriately, as always)

[TO J'ANN FORGUE]

November 30, 1970

Dear J'Ann

This is Monday night, and we have been watching (gak) football on the TV. I presume you have either (one) left for L.A. or (two) are about to leave for L.A. tomorrow morning. Right? Right. In any case this is my week to be alone during. So far (three-fourths of a day) it's been fine. Crazy Roger gave me five benny spansules, and I feel great. Tom is eating a TV dinner next to me—I am typing in the living room on the coffee table—and Mike is finishing up washing the pots and pans, the dishes of which I just did before him. I just damn well didn't feel like doing the pots & pans—I am down on record as having the task of doing all the dishes all the time, goddam it. Well, it was my idea.

I talked to Nancy today on the phone. She said she would never come to Hermit House again, never bring Isa over to see me, would not talk to me about anything except money, and that had to be limited to her naming the sum she wanted and me answering whether or not I had it. The money would be taken from here to her by way of Annie. For the life of me I can't understand why she feels this way. What have I done to her? I can't figure it out, and she gave no reason. I asked the I CHING and it said that her black

boyfriend Mr. Jackson wanted her not to have anything to do with me any more, So maybe that's it. But goddam it, it's not fair—especially for Isa. If we didn't have a child it wouldn't matter so much, really. Well, so it goes. Maybe she'll change her mind later on.

Today I received in the mail from Gaylene's parents a photo of her, a very good one: she looks in it exactly the way I remember her. And so pretty. Looking at it I find it hard to believe that she is dead; in the photo her face is so animated, so fully alive with expression, with feeling. So alert.

Now it is late. Tom has gone to bed. Ray and Judy are out. Dimi and Sims are here, both asleep. I cannot think what it was I wanted to tell you. You seem so far away. Hell, you *are* far away. But the I CHING says you and I will get along fine together when you come back up here. It looks very promising to the Oracle. And I am willing to go along with that, certainly. Today a terribly attractive little dike came over; I am always attracted to dikes anyhow, and she was so scrubbed, so pressed, clean and neat. I thought at first she was an adolescent boy. She diverted me from thinking about you, for a little time. I hope she comes back; she said she would.

I feel very sad now. The bennies I guess are wearing off, as before. But it isn't that. Probably it's because my phonograph stylus is misacting; there's a lot of distortion in what I am listening to, Schubert's "Death and the Maiden" quartet, which I am so very fond of. Bob has it, as I recall, and likes it. No, that isn't it either. Lack of money? We are so goddam broke, now. I guess I will have to cash the check you gave me after all ... I wanted to keep it to look at. At least until I got tired of looking at it; all things must come to an end sometime.

Gaylene. You. Nancy. The little dike named Becky. It all swirls about in my mind: faces, voices, names. I guess I am very faithless to you when slender little dikes named Becky show up at my front door. To me the fact that she is gay constitutes a challenge. I smell the scent of battle; I want to entice her over to my side, so to speak. And if I can't I can always say, "Well, she was a dike. No wonder I couldn't win her." See? So I can't lose ... not unless I alienate you by doing this and then rambling on about it as I am doing right now. It's harmless; honest to god; I swear it. Okay?

My stylus is really damaged, and I can't think what it was I wanted to say to you. My ability to formulate my thoughts in words seems to have ended temporarily—I hope temporarily. If I could say anything in the world I wanted to, what would I say? Only what I have already said a hundred times and thought ten thousand times, that I love you and admire you and like you. And miss you. Of course I miss you. There's nothing strange about that. Given the way I feel.

J'Ann, you are a rare person. I was saying to Mike today, "It is goddam good to know a girl I can actually talk to, discuss things with, abstractions and the like. Theories, ideas. I am not used to that; Nancy always thought concretely, and she was the only girl I was close to for six years. A long time. Right?" And he said, "Right." (Mike is terribly depressed these days. He tells

me that he no longer likes either of his sisters, Annie and Nancy. I know what he means because I have pretty much ceased to like them either.) And yet you remain entirely feminine. "Right, Mike?" "Right."

The world is waning for me. Dubious recession of everything real. I feel as old as yonder elm, as it says in FINNEGANS WAKE. Without you I unwind and cease like a toy. The string that spins me has ceased to act. I am slowing. Bending. Sleeping. It all does not matter. Right? Right. But I will wake up again when you are back in town. We will be getting together again, won't we? Because if not—sheoot, as Ray says. Sheoot, man. Tell those mothers to go fuck themselves. Hang in there, man. Hang on. And wait. She'll be coming back. Hang on and wait!

I think my stylus is chipped. And we can't afford another ... Und brecken will mir das Herz in Leib. And within my body my heart would like to break. Heine, in Schubert's last song.

[TO J'ANN FORGUE]

December 1, 1970

Dear J'Ann

Herewith I am sending you two poems that I like. They are of course translated from the German. But very good translations. I once heard Brecht read the longer poem, about himself: Concerning poor B.B. It is my favorite out of all his poems that I've been able to get hold of and read.

Sims has wakened up and is growling at me. The time is 5:30 a.m. Everyone in the house but me has either gone to bed or to work. I am all alone now, with Sims. As Brecht would put it.

You dear little uppity baggage—what are you doing right now? Asleep? Where? With whom? Christ but it's lonesome, here ("lonesome" means that which causes one to feel loneliness, in case you didn't know, and I'll bet you didn't know). Over at the cat box some cat is crapping; that is the only sound except for the Mozart symphony 41 very low on the phonograph—too low to din out the sound of Wolf crapping.

Bob is the luckiest bastard in the universe. I hope he knows it. Next time I see him I'll tell him. To have you in love with me would make my whole day. I've been playing the tape you made over and over again. But you always say the same thing each time. Why is that? Wire or fly answer directly here from Irvine. I would like to play the tape for my mother so she could hear your voice, but at the end you shout Bullshit! at me, and it would distress her to have to hear that, especially from such a nice girl. And after all the nice things I said about you. Isn't that nice? That's nice. All of us here agree that's really nice. And I hope to tell you that's nice.

I am out of snuff. And out of energy and ideas and things to say. Maybe at last my brain has been damaged by the crank. Why don't I go to bed. Because that feels like giving up and goddam it I don't want to give up. Give up what?

Being aware of. Of good or bad? Important or banal? I don't know. Maybe when you get back you can tell me; I have a feeling you'd know. Call me up and tell me it's all right and I can go to sleep. Okay? You dear, lovely, little bitch with your calf's head forehead (did you know you had that? It is common among Irish girls, but you're not Irish. I wish you were). Up there I guess you keep your great big double-domed brain, foureyes. But now I'm getting sardonic, so I'd better knock off. Love to both you and Bob, and I hope you are having a good time. May your dog become a homosexual. May robins eat all your Queen Ann cherries.

[TO BECKY ———]

December 4, 1970

Dear Becky,

When I met you I liked you very much, but I didn't know how to say it. Now I'm trying to by asking you if you might be able to spend Christmas day with us here at Hermit House. Marsha is coming. Or if you can't spend Christmas day with us maybe there is some other day you could come and spend with us, a visit of some sort, any day that's convenient for you.

You're a remarkable person. I felt I could learn a lot from you. And Ray says he likes you, too, very much. And of course Marsha does. So—any chance of seeing you sometime this month? Please?

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

P.S. Phone us if you want to, collect of course. Our number is 415-479-4244. Okay?

[TO BECKY ———]

[December 1970]

Dear Becky,

You were so funny that afternoon. Marsha handed you the print of the two Lesbians having sexual intercourse and you quickly set the page down away from you, and Marsha said "You do it so you better look at it," and you said firmly, deeply seriously, "I don't do it exactly that way" or "quite that way"; I forget now, but I have the main idea right; I remember how you looked and what you said. And you didn't smile. That's fine with me, if you don't smile. You can be as solemn and grim as you want. It looks good on you, because you are so slender and small.

God will at last erase the memory of you from my mind. As Brecht said, "First God forgot her hands, then her arms," or however it went, the Drowned Girl. I will forget your eyes, your lips, your nose, your body, your hoarse little voice—all will be gone finally, nothing will remain and I will be at peace. But

it will be the peace of the dead. I both long for that and fear it. I long for it because, remembering you and thinking of you I am so goddam troubled. I fear it because I fear the grave and any thing about it.

I am an old man troubled by time. I fear the clock. First it is time to go to bed and I hate that, I fight against that, and then it is time to get up and I fight that, too. I want always to stay as I am, to perpetuate myself. My inertial force is enormous. Within my heart I slumber, and also, within my heart, I watch and listen; I look for you. I wait but I am unable to wait. I want life now. It has been held back from me for too long.

Becky, you are just starting out. You are a fledgling star. I am a great and dying old light, proud of myself, of what I've done, with, like Willis, great walrus whiskers and huge jowls which are the result of endless scar tissue. The tissue left by war. Our times, Willis' and mine, have been troubled ones.

Once I tried to help a sick girl and she abandoned me when I could no longer do anything for her. Once I tried to live with a powerful woman, much stronger than me, who tore me apart. Before that there was an intellectual Berkeley girl with glasses and an Italian bar-singer—and much more recently there has been a cold, formal, humorless Berkeley girl again who taunts me and wants me to hurt. Strangers notice this, and I'm ashamed. But there has never been a creature like you, so strong, so good, so new. What do I want to be to you? Your lover? No. I want to love you as I created love in my novel, at the end; I want to embrace you the stranger in my arms, I want to clasp you to me, whatever sex you are of—it doesn't matter to me just as it doesn't matter to me what color you are. All I know is that you are slim, clean, scrubbed, pretty, and you will fit well within my arms. I want to walk along the sidewalk beside you, listening to your gruff, stern voice. I want to go where you go, be where you are. I want to hear you. See you. Touch you as your brothers would touch you: with strength.

I think "strength" is the key word about you. You are pretty, but that isn't it; you are scrubbed, but that isn't it. You are apprehensive and I want to soar up to enfold you with my wings, my cloak, to reassure you and protect you, to notify you that you damn well need not be apprehensive as long as there is anything I can do about it; I will clear a path before you. No, none of those, not even competent or self-reliant. It is your strength that shines through and dims everything in your vicinity, dims it into humility. I remember your hand-shake. It engulfed me into a new and different world, where there was no void, no absence. It bonded us together, and it was yours, your idea; you did it and I only passively accepted it and, belatedly, accepted and understood it. It took a long time for me to understand what had been done. And now I cannot ever live long enough to forget it. Like the smile of the Cheshire cat, your grip will remain after the rest of you has mercifully been faded off the surface of my mind. I say "mercifully" very deliberately and carefully. Having known you I cannot rest or feel peace in your absence, and, I know, I cannot ever find you again, at least not as I want you: by my side, the two of us together, walking. A

strange, forlorn picture, you and I striding grimly along. Deep in dread conversation, with you doing the talking. I love that. I want to listen to you, as I did that sole and one time you were here. That brief, precious, little time. In which you worried about what I thought about you—did I accept you. Yes. I did. Completely. More than I had ever accepted anyone else before in my fucking life.

Marsha says that she has written to you saying that "Phil is in love with you" or "Phil has a crush on you" or whatever. The meaning is clear. So I know that you know now how much I accepted you. And she says that you recalled that when you were about to leave I made a point of asking you to come back, and asking Marsha to give you our phone number. And I remember what you said then, at that; you said grimly, "See, I'm wanted back more than you," meaning Marsha. And I agreed aloud. So something—but precious little—was conveyed. But it was something. Thank god.

I have, in the past, yearned for a vigilant woman who would hold me in her arms while I slept, and she watched. I could close my eyes and be safe. But with you—Becky, dearheart, I would not want to doze. If I did, you would steal the fillings from teeth. You would dropkick me into the middle of the next cow pasture. What, then, in this area, would I do and want?

We would watch together. Impassively. We would see everything that moved upon the face of the earth. And we would decide it all. We would open and shut the gate which would let in first the dark, then the light.

More practically speaking, we would do this: we would be joined and we would react together. In concert. We would become an organism that saw and did not smile. We would be stone and we would last forever. Hell itself could not freeze us into death; we would watch the procession of the ages pass and we would watch time die, the end of everything die. And you and I, fused together but still two, would remain.

Becky, you would be my sister.

There it is. The end of all that passes. The brother and the sister, impulsive, watching, knowing, understanding, silent. Together. As I saw Laura that first moment in the incubator, those huge black eyes, without expression or emotion, but seeing all. We would lie ahead of life and after life, without change or motion. You and I, Becky. Twin stars that did not wink. Cold and silent in the firmament. Deathless. Without warmth. Outside of warm, passing life, but not hostile to it: joined to it by seeing it, and yet not it. Not a part of it but over it. Do you see? I think I do now, and I think you always did. From the start. You look now on the world as Laura did in those first, strange, few seconds.

So that it is. My sister. My star. Joined not by love in the usual sense but by congruity, by being the same. And no one else would ever be like us. We would outlast them all.

The first Lesbian I loved was named Jane, and Jane was the name of my dead sister. Becky, you are the sister of mine who lives, who did not die and

will never die, at least not while I live. Wherever one of us goes the other goes, too. We cannot be split. Ever.

What can I tell you beside this? Now I have said it: this is what I want, to stand beside you, see what you see, know what you know. And never to be separated again. You and I. The twins of God, a cool, dispassionate god who watches everything. In fact the fallen sparrow, and less. But does not act. Do you see? Of course you can. Because you have done it alone already, without me; you are that capable. And I am not. But, by some grace, some magic of affinity, you would want me with you, cold jowl to cold jowl, eyes aligned. Together. You would want me as I want you.

Isn't this strange? I do not quite understand it, and I am afraid. Afraid that this vision will never come to be. Oh God, Becky; how I want to be with you. How great the emptiness is, to be alone!

[TO BECKY ———]

December 7, 1970

Dear Becky,

This letter will never reach you. Neither will I. I stand between two empty worlds and can write neither of them down: J'Ann has not come back from L.A. and you are out of reach, probably forever. I don't even know your last name. I don't even know Marsha's last name. What do I want? I know what I want, and that's supposed to be good; knowing what you want is to be half way there. But what I want can't be achieved. I want to be friends with you. I want that more than I want to go to bed with J'Ann, to give one fr'instance.

Why is it that when I feel so bad and my need is so great that I can't write anything of use? Even the love I feel, which I depend on so much, which is my touchstone, my star—even that is gone, except for a knowledge—not a feeling—that I want to be with you friend to friend. What can you say to me? Anything is okay. A piece of string ... give me that. If it's you it's good enough.

I don't know if I want to be awake or sleep. I don't know if I want to be, not be, know, not know. It is all too much for me; I have lost control not only of my environment but of my feelings. My feelings, my intentions—they were supposed to be a noodle-noodle that kept me going; they remained alive and active so I remained alive and active. I can't be poetic or literary about it; I am too tired, too dismayed. What I want is beyond reach. Did I put it there? Did I deliberately strive for what I can't get? No. I simply didn't understand or accept the fact that you are out of reach. I was the colossal child; I could reach everything. But my straining hands are empty.

I would catch the wind.

Where have all the lives, the voices gone? This is the hour of my regret. I lost Nancy; I lost Gaylene; I want to lose J'Ann because she is so goddam cruel—she is really too cruel to me, and it isn't right; I deserve more than that. I met you and you are so really scrubbed and neat and sober and great,

you and your diesel truck, and throwing the cook out the back door, all that. I am so sorry that you broke your back; it frightens me to think about it. Becky, what if you can die? Then anything can die? I wish I could sing about it; I wish I could make up songs. But my heart is dead with too much scheming, waiting, hoping, needing. I do not even anymore feel fear; I am too tired for that. All the letters I have written—where are they now? The books? The stories? The bright ideas out of such a fertile mind complete with the chilling symbolism of absolute nightmare? Isn't it a mockery, now?

I am not writing this to you. I am not writing it to anyone because no one is listening. I am crying into emptiness.

And I can't even be literate. I can't sing.

What should I do? I am too tired to be, too defeated to risk not being. If I close my eyes ... I will finish this sentence because maybe forty years from now I will read this and not remember what can happen if I close my eyes. If I close my eyes I will never open them again. There; I have said it. Why should I open them again? I am not feeling sorry for myself; I am just afraid because I know what I want; I am afraid of what I want. But in addition, even more, I want to know you. But, you see, I can't have that; I can't get to or reach that, and I can reach death, it is right beside me all the time. It has been there since Nancy left.

Nancy kicked snow in my face. Remember the vision I had of Nancy sitting alone, aimlessly, blankly, because I had gone? I never left. But she is gone from me instead. I don't sit blankly alone in the back yard, rolling a pebble back and forth, Mary Ann—"All day, all night, Mary Ann / Down by the seaside siftin' sand. / There is one thing I cannot understand. / Why she wait for the fisherman." Is there a song about me, too, as there is—this—for Nancy? I don't know it if there is. No, there is no song for me. About me or by me. Sung to me or sung by me.

I wish a woman would hold me in her arms and sing to me. If Marsha could do that I would be all right. And what about Helen, who I was afraid to know—I didn't dare because it meant too much and I had already given up long before I saw her. She was The Girl, but I had died. She came too late. I no longer could try. But did I care? I don't know. Perhaps. But—I don't even know that.

Either I must know or must not know. But as it is I know a little: enough to dwindle on, too much to die. Not enough to live. To live I would have had to know enough to pursue Helen. But you, reading this, myself or anyone else—you don't know who Helen is. that is the great victory of the thing over the I and the We: there is no memory, no grasp, of Helen. Only a name. And how did she look and what did she say? She said, "My name is Helen." And I said, "And you got married." and Helen looked into my face and said, "No, I didn't." And she saw what was there. But it—and she—went away. Not through any fault in her: through the giving up of me.

But look: I couldn't have kept on trying forever. Nobody can. I survived

the loss of Nancy, of Gaylene, of J'Ann, even of you. When it came to Helen I could no longer try. And, of course, the loss of the little creatures. Horace and Tumpy, Tandy Lee, the rat. And my St. Christopher's medal, buried in the damp ground with the five-times dead little body. I am there with it; my heart began to die that day, and, on Sunday, when I saw Helen and did not try, I knew that the process of dying had become complete.

If I am feeling sorry for myself I do not care. I do not give a damn. I am far past that. In fact I do not care about anything at all. I just wish some of them cared for me in the extent and way I care about each of them. Can't I ask for that back? Is my way of caring so unusual? Am I so different?

No one has ever cared for me the way I have cared, except perhaps Kleo, whom I abandoned and deserted and discarded—my response to the one person who did feel loyalty to me during the forty-two years of my pointless life. But I don't even care about that. It is too long ago.

I am smoking a cigarette and talking to Tom. I am not feeling sorry for myself. I am just feeling small and selfish, and mad at Roger for not giving me a pill as he promised tonight, which is really unfair of me. Roger has been generous to all of us. So much for that.

Later. Roger is coming over. It is four a.m. and I don't even care if he comes over and ends this letter. Why should I? What does this letter accomplish? Only to tell you—or myself—that I have reached either (one) the end or (two) the same old beginning. Either I will go to sleep and never wake up, which is either good or bad, or I will wake up, which is also either good or bad. Take your pick.

I have decided now that I am corrupt, inasmuch as I will do anything for crank. Well, so what? Crank helps me decide whether to be or not be in favor of being, and, underneath everything else, I think that is better, I gravitate to that. Mike and Ray are the same way, and we respect each other, so I suppose it is all right for each of us to respect himself. Anyhow.

This should be ended. How? Becky, you are dear and brave, and it breaks my heart to hear that you worry how people are going to receive you—because they are just goddam lucky to be allowed to receive you at all. My faith in myself is gone; my faith in you is pristine and complete and total. You shine like a little new fire in my life, beautiful and small and grim—yes, very grim, with your hoarse voice and no-nonsense expression. You dear, serious, tough little wite. Or however you spell it. God bless you and keep you; Jim Pike is dead, Jose is dead; Gaylene is dead, but you are alive and you are the new birth of spring. Du bist der Lenz. You are the springtime. The renewal of life. It is too late for me—I knew that when I gave up trying to reach Helen on Sunday—but you have a long time before you learn to give up. Maybe you will never give up; maybe you will die, your back broken, with your hand knotted up in a clenched fist. A fist that no longer worries into relaxation as you bother that lovely little strong mind of yours as to what people think of you.

Fight them. Fight. Say "Fuck you" to them. Go on. Be alive. Take our trust and go, girl, go. Go on forever. Until the night takes us all.

Becky, I love you. They say, "How can you love her on the basis of knowing her one afternoon?" And I say, "I know enough. I saw her and listened to her. If the eyes are the windows of the soul then the face and body and the clothes and the voice are the soul itself. It was a beautiful—or handsome, if you prefer—brave little soul that came into this house that day, and I respect it—hell, I worship it. And I am glad I worship it. If I should not worship that then what in the name of god should I worship? If my faith and my money aren't on her, then who and what should they be on?

I rest my case, and my life, my dying life, on that. Really, you are the spring. That has been said, even by me, many times, to many a one, but never so accurately as this. I know that you won't read this—hell, if you did read it you'd probably rightly dismiss it in two shakes of a lambstail, and rightly so—I would respect your response in any case. Look: I am apologizing to you for this letter, which I described to my friends as a "death threat from me to myself," seriously meant, too, very seriously.

If I were a giant I would stride to Tahoe, stand astride all the buildings and all the people, and roar and reach down until my hands closed over you and I had you, and then I would tramp back here to Hermit House and bottle you up here forever. Wouldn't that be a hell of a thing? But I'd do it. Because I want you so much. If I can't have you the death-process working itself in me will go on, will grow, become greater, feed on what remains of my life ... but with you, around you, near you, in your vicinity, it would be different. I am thinking about my own life, my own self. Would it help you? Do I have anything to offer you? All I know is that you have everything to offer me: you would be life itself to me, perhaps my final chance at life. Because I did not have you with me on Sunday I lacked the elan to approach Helen; had you been there with me I would either have been able to talk to her or I would not have needed to talk to her. In any case it would have been all right, and it was not all right as it stood.

Is it really over for me? Can't I be with you? When you sat near me in the living room at Hermit House you blotted out all the deaths and sorrows and losses: Nancy, Gaylene, Horace—all all. Only you mattered; life lived itself out in the present and the past was left to the past. Find something in me that I can offer you, Becky. Need me. Turn to me. Because if you don't then it is over for me. Or am I becoming melodramatic? Well, the thread of melodrama in me will probably kill me, some day; it is real and it does deal out death.

All my love is with you. Come back here once more. Before the light of life is over and I sink into the shade. The dear lone beloved final shade. To turn a sad and final bad-literary phrase. Before I conspire at last to destroy myself. As will happen.

[TO BECKY ———]

December 9, 1970

Dear Becky,

When I met you, when Marsha brought you over here, I found myself liking you very much and respecting you very much. But I was not exactly sure why. My feelings toward you were much stronger than the situation seemed to explain. Anyhow, now I have figured it out. I once had a twin sister—she died when we both were newborn babies, and I have always missed her and wondered what she would have been like. You are what I would have liked her to be. If she could have been like anyone I have ever met she would be exactly like you.

You are so strong and self-reliant and brave. I admire you so goddam very much. I wish to hell I could see you now and then—maybe Marsha could bring you over again, or maybe you might even feel like coming over alone. Either way—in any way—you would be welcome. The couple of hours you spent here—hell, it was great. Because of my twin sister's death I have always felt so goddam alone, and I didn't feel it the day you were here.

Is there anything I can offer you? Can I do anything for you? Be anything toward you? I want to be anything I can toward you. In any case, I like and admire the hell out of you, and thanks for coming by that day; figuring out why I felt so much toward you that day has helped me put a lot of my thoughts in order, thoughts and feelings I've had toward my wife Nancy, who recently left me, and J'Ann Forgue, my present girlfriend. I have a clearer idea of what I want or wanted from them. Again thanks. And I'll be hoping very much to hear from you and/or see you. Our phone number is 479-4244. Call me any time from Tahoe collect, if that's where you are.

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

[TO MR. & MRS. ———]

December 15, 1970

Dear Mr. and Mrs. ———:

I am a friend of Marsha's and, with your permission, I would like to talk to you about her—talk in this letter, I mean. Tell you what I think about her. I am very fond of her; I would say in fact that I love her. Marsha is a wonderful person and it is a delight to know her. Everyone that I know who knows her feels that way. She is a rare person. But of course you are aware of that. I have never met anyone quite like her: she is so kind and so considerate, so responsive to the needs of people around her. Always when I've been with Marsha for any length of time she has paid more attention to my needs than to her own. Being with her, one has to be careful that her needs are looked after, too.

Marsha is in a really difficult situation. Her whole life lies ahead of her—she is so darn young, at least from my point of view—and this period through which she is going right now is the hardest part of life to get through, as I'm sure you'll agree. What she does now is going to determine her future life for a long time. It is terribly important that she do the right thing, that she head in the right direction. I am thinking about her relationship with Becky and the alternatives to that relationship, not theoretical alternatives but actual ones. Because it is the actual ones only that should be discussed. Time is pressing on Marsha too hard and too strong for anything less than actual possibilities to be considered. Time—and a basic decision on her part—are of the essence. A decision about Becky must be made and made now.

What kind of person do you consider Becky to be? I know her. I like her very much. I am sorry, but this is my honest opinion about Becky. She is unusual—unique, in fact; I have never met anyone like her, even remotely, before. She is a strong person—perhaps in some ways too strong for the situation. Becky is blunt, aggressive, powerful, direct. She is not the way most people think a young woman should be. I know all about Becky; I know what she is and does. I neither approve nor disapprove; I merely notice that she is strange, spectacular, difficult to ignore. By any standard of judgment Becky is unacceptable because she is unique: this is important to realize, the fact that by any known standard of judgment Becky is unacceptable because there has never been anybody around us like her before, and none of our standards of judgment were formed with her in mind. That is the price you pay for being unique. That is the price Becky pays every day, with everyone she meets. She is heartily disliked—and misjudged. And that is why she is disliked: because she is misjudged. I know you don't agree with this, but please, let me try to explain why I feel this way. And bear in mind that my feeling this way about Becky runs contrary to my own personal interests. As I will try to explain ... although perhaps I don't have to. Perhaps you can see why already, given the fact that I am a man who loves Marsha. Maybe you can see it quite clearly. God knows I do. I have thought that out clearly. And I still feel that to try to push Marsha away from Becky is unfair to Becky—is to misjudge her—and unfair to Marsha's actual needs. However difficult it is for us to accept those needs in her, in contrast to the needs we feel Marsha *ought* to have. We cannot talk about what Marsha ought to need; we can only realistically discuss what she does in fact need. And I am thinking primarily of Marsha's welfare, not Becky's. Because my relationship is primarily to Marsha. As is yours.

I would rejoice if Marsha was or became heterosexual. It would be to my advantage. Then I could have the kind of relationship with her—or possibly could—that I would like to have. As it stands, this is impossible. I am locked out. I am a fifth wheel. In the lives of both Marsha and Becky. This fact does not make me feel very good, but I accept it. And I think we all should. Because no one in Marsha's life is as potentially or actually powerful as Becky

is. Becky, in Marsha's life, is the raw reality. It is the actual fact with which we are stuck. And I don't think ethically or morally we should fight it. But I don't mean that one should always morally accept whatever is strong or real. Sometimes the greatest realities must be fought. In this case, however, we should give in. Because time and tide are running against us: the clock has let us down.

Homosexuality is becoming over the years less a purely sexual event and more and more a social or cultural event. A homosexual is not so much a person who is sexually involved with a person of the same sex but a person participating in the "gay" world. And it is a world, with in fact its own language, its own values and ways. We don't like those ways, but they are cultural ways, not psychopathology. No longer is the "gay" person the target of the depth psychologist's probing but rather the subject matter for cultural anthropologists and sociologists. Consider the Gay Liberation Front. It has in fact become almost political. And this change has come recently. Much after our own time.

I am not going to lecture on this, because I know from what Marsha has said that we fundamentally disagree. You have a right to your opinion; I have a right to mine. But I do wish, please, that you consider the following. In what way is Becky harming Marsha? Is she making Marsha into something she really is not? No. Becky is responding to, answering, qualities already in Marsha. It is very hard for us to face this, but it is true. Becky did not invert Marsha, to use the old technical terms. Becky merely came onto the scene. What is different about Becky is that she is obviously homosexual. She shows it in her clothes, her voice, her walk. But it all was there covertly before. Becky is merely bringing it out into the open, and that is where it should be because that is the sociological trend. That is the clock working against us. Ten years from now the "gay" world will be as acceptable as any other subculture. I am positive of this. I can remember back ten years, twenty years. I can remember a friend of mine in 1950 killing himself because he was homosexual. That seems now to be another country, does it not? Wouldn't you agree? Becky is merely ahead of her time, and, I think, being very brave about it. Think how it must feel to walk into a room and be detested, on sight, by person after person. I have sat in my own living room and seen this done to Becky, by hateful people. I deplore it, and I heartily admire Becky for her ability to handle it. Her strength. But time, as I say, is on her side. Thank god it will become less this way with each passing month. The world owes that to Becky, and to others like her. And we will soon see it come.

Marsha is a good person. In her relationship with Becky she is not doing anything perverted or evil; she is merely acting out needs that everyone has but which in most of us are minor and marginal, weak enough so as not to require gratification. In us such needs can generally be ignored, because we have stronger contrary needs. Marsha has contrary needs, too: you will find in her many heterosexual strivings—but for this period in her life they are secondary

strivings. I think that later on they will become stronger, and Marsha will migrate from homosexuality to heterosexuality, by a slow, easy, natural process. No one will have to make it happen; it just will happen. But right now we are considering Marsha in *this situation* with these needs that she has. They are the actuality. It is they that must be listened to. Because that is what Marsha is now, and we must accept her as she is, not as we would like her to be. She is not sick. Marsha is a healthy, balanced, rational girl. She is in fact one of the most healthy persons I have met.

Last night I went to the movies with Marsha and Becky; we saw a picture about homosexual men and the terrible way they felt about themselves and their lives. It was a sad picture, and when it ended Becky cried heartbrokenly, openly, against Marsha's shoulder. Later on I had a chance to ask Becky why she had cried so. "I don't want the kid to feel that way," Becky said. "To have that happen to her." By "the kid" she meant Marsha. She is very concerned about Marsha and what will happen to her, how she will get along, feel. What we must realize is that Becky loves Marsha, and wants the best possible life for her, just as we all do for the ones we love.

I really do not know what more to say to you. I know only this: I see Marsha naturally being "gay," not being forced into it by anyone. I am personally sorry about it because it cuts off any chance I might have had to develop a love-relationship with Marsha. You, on the other hand, do not need to lose your relationship with Marsha. In the best of all possible worlds Marsha can live with Becky and still have your love and support, too. If you withdraw that, it will be your own decision; Marsha won't have renounced it. She loves and respects you both; that is obvious in everything she does and says. But she must go on with this. It is, in essence, her life style. And a person's life style cannot be suppressed, at least not without destroying the person. What Marsha needs in this life style, in entering into and living in the "gay" world for a time, is a powerful friend who loves her and supports her and cherishes her. Becky is that. Becky can do what no one else can—including me and Ray and Judy, however much we love her. Only Becky can give her what she needs, and, because of this, I say, Go, Marsha; live with her. For a while at least. While it is necessary. And then later on, after it is over, maybe you will want to do something else. I hope so. I trust so. But that will be long after me; you will not remember me then. And this makes me terribly sad. But it is fact.

What we must remember is that Marsha is an adult woman, now, with adult drives. These drives must be fulfilled, at least to some extent. Perhaps, as in my case, we will be left out; perhaps, as in your case, we can be included ... you are very lucky because you two can continue to play a role in Marsha's life, whereas I cannot, and I envy you. I envy Marsha her relationship with Becky. I envy all the life that is fulfilling itself around me, because I seem to be left behind. But I do not want to try to make Marsha do something for my convenience. I want her to realize her own intrinsic needs. That is the only way life can be lived, by any of us. We are not machines set in motion by a

common central power supply; we are more like a great flock of differently-colored butterflies, each of us fluttering in his own way, if possible toward the light.

Now that I have finished this letter I am tempted to say of it, in quotation from KING LEAR, "A tale told of sound and fury, signifying nothing." But at least I have attempted, as someone who loves Marsha, to communicate my thoughts about her and her friends. Pardon my intrusion into your lives, and I will now, with thanks to you both, bow out.

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick

[TO MARSHA ———]

December 15, 1970

Dear Marsha,

I've finished the letter to your mother and father, and I am damn disappointed in it because I don't really seem to have said anything except what I feel—and that isn't enough, I guess. At least it isn't what I hoped to do, which was, namely, to assemble a battery of such powerful arguments that I could single-handedly convince them that you're doing the right thing. But all in all it is a good letter anyhow. I don't think, without knowing your folks, I could do any better. So I will give it to you to read.

In reading the letter over I am struck with how clearly I am on record as feeling deep and powerful feelings for you and also for Becky. I will tell you what I think: I think Becky needs your love and support more than you need either from her. I don't mean to make it appear that I'm saying Becky is weak. Hell no. Becky is one of the strongest people I've ever met. But Becky is driven more than you by urgent needs that must be fulfilled. I think you have more rational control than she. But that is Becky. And that is you. Both have their place in god's world.

I wish I could boil down into a single sentence why I love you two so much and why I believe so in the two of you together. Maybe it is an irrational need of my own, this feeling. Maybe it's beyond my conscious control. Both Mike and Tom think I'm nuts. Ray and Judy feel differently, as you know; they feel as I do about you both. That pleases me very much. Ray and Judy are both shrewd and good judges of people. I'll stick with them.

Marsha, you are a dear good person, and a beautiful person as well. So is Becky. When I was horseplaying with her at the theater I realized how frail she is, how very small. Take good care of her; cherish and protect her. Please. For all of us. And let her take care of you. Let it work both ways.

I would say that last night going to the show with both of you was one of the great happy moments in my life. Thanks for giving it to me, both of you. And let me give you something back sometime. If I possibly can. (But I wonder

if I can. I think you are both enough to each other to need no one and nothing else. Good luck and god bless you both. Be everything to each other and let go and rejoice. Celebrate your own lives and vitality and warmth and humor and calm intensity. We will never again see it, not in anyone else.)

Love,

[TO BECKY ———]

December 15, 1970

Dear Becky,

This is another letter I'm not going to send you. Again I am talking to myself about you, referring to matters you know nothing about, deep and personal matters from my inner life and past.

Why do I approve of you so? You are so independent and resourceful; you have so much guts. But then why do I feel so protective toward you? As for example when we were horsing around at the theater and I discovered how light and frail you seem to be. I have this very strong anxiety about you dying. Probably it's because, as I said in a previous letter, I identify you with my dead sister Jane. And you with your courage are how I wish she would be if she had lived. But that doesn't completely explain it.

Maybe you are as I'd like to be—and am not. Like your driving back and forth from the Bay Area to Tahoe, through the snow, with your snow tires. I could never do that. But wait; I have done that. I've driven the Sierras, and the Rockies as well, in fact all the way back to Arkansas. Route 30, 80, 50 and 66—all of them. In an old Plymouth ready to give up the ghost. I think that it is this: that when I consider you and what you do I feel I can safely give up coping and go to sleep—whatever "sleep" means. Coping, again, as with J'Ann. Maybe the reason I turned so bitterly on her did not have to do with her flat point out blank refusing to go into my room but rather her detailing how totally she had failed to cope—in contrast to my idealistic, romantic picture of her coping to beat hell. But no; that isn't so. Because if she couldn't cope I would at once want to take care of her and protect her, as I feel with you when I happen to contemplate how fragile you seem to be—again I say "seem to be" rather than "are," because it may be a delusion in my own mind: what I'd like to think about you.

What, then, in the fullest sense, would I like to think about you? That you need me? No. The fact that you don't need me impresses me. You are to me a fledgling that I can watch soar into the daytime sky; I love to watch you travel, move, walk—I'm insanely delighted by your gangling, sliding, boyish walk. You know, dearheart, I wonder if it isn't what I really basically don't want to admit, that you are to me the daughter I never had, or perhaps never got to see—you are not only what I would have liked Jane to be but also Hatte Anne to be, my oldest daughter who is only one year younger than you. I

wanted her to have guts and be independent. I am, I think, a good parent; a good parent wants that. I want to know that, cut loose from me, you can go on and do things I'm proud of. And I am very proud of you. When I consider you I feel warm and frog-in-the-sun-basking, as if I'm responsible for it. Which I'm not. But at least I can perceive this around you like a halo. Your nimbus of accomplishment. And you are so goddam little. So slender and light. Like a sheaf of wheat. You bend but do not break. The sapling that survives, in contrast to the oak which can't bend and is uprooted. I am the oak and I have been uprooted by the leaving of my wife and little daughter. I can not really go on, as you can; that is what ails me now: I thrash around, spin like a top here and there, searching out every corner for a hint of purpose and meaning ... explore every relationship. But I am going nowhere. I am a traveler lying in a roadside inn, away from the noise. The motion. The heat. Lying in the stillness. Not able to make a sound: the silence is becoming complete. Except perhaps for these letters. No wonder I cling to them! They are the last voice in me!

Look; you are so goddam beautiful. I could look at you forever; during the movie I kept one eye on you, marveling in your tidy features, your composed little face with its meager nose and angular chin—all angles, in fact; no curves anywhere about you. Which I very much like. But I'm not sure exactly why, because at first when I thought you were a boy I did not find you attractive at all. But I am not attracted to boys. So much for that. (I have wondered to myself this : If I had been attracted to you when I thought you were a boy, would that have meant I was queer? Who knows.)

I told off Boody for attacking you. "Treat your own guests in your own home that way if you feel like it," I said. "But not my guests in my home." He admitted (one) he had deliberately tried to hurt you because he did not approve of you and (two) that it was wrong. He felt threatened by you. Fear, I think, will make people do any kind of wicked thing. This is an example. And he will do it again—but not to you. Not if I'm around. So much for that.

Goddam it, I would so much like my aged mother to meet you. She is cultured, polite, straight. You would freak her out, but when I would take you there—and Marsha—I would be saying, "Look, Dorothy; I know two girls who are stronger than you. You are old and will soon die, but these girls are strong and young and capable. They will survive long after either of us." And I would be proud.

That's why I want to take you there. Because I am so goddam proud of you. For the way you look, your voice, your walk—everything. "Look who I know," I would be saying. "And nuts to you." It would give me intense satisfaction. A lifetime ambition fulfilled. One-upmanship on my sainted, aged mother, bless her soul. The mother who, when I was nineteen, told me I was so weak that I would become homosexual once I left her. Perhaps she is still waiting; mothers can be like that, you know. As for example Marsha's parents. I think I would like to show her that being queer doesn't necessarily mean

being weak—I'd like to make that point, too. And to do that all I would have to do would be to show her you and Marsha. My two girls of whom I am so proud.

You—I have no pride in anything else, now. I have no wife, no children, no family ... I have sunk it all in you two, now. Since Gaylene is dead and J'Ann decided she did not want to deepen our relationship but rather wanted to let it peter out and die away into triviality: looking up pronounciations of words in the dictionary.

I must, to survive, associate myself with someone I respect. That means you two. And I am glad of it. I would change nothing. If I could live my life over I would have it come out exactly as it has come out now, at this moment. Except that I would wish that last night Marsha would have felt better. But, for example, your tears after the movie; I wouldn't change that. I have a good deal of respect for tears. Most adults don't know when to cry; they are not able in fact to cry. I was glad to see that you were not cut off from your own grief. Tears are often necessary, if expended correctly. When I saw you bawl your head off my respect for you grew.

You were afraid that if I got to know you better my respect and love for you would diminish. But they haven't; they have grown, as I knew they would. Like Ray and Judy, I am a good judge of people, I think. At least I was in your case. And right now that is all that matters to me: you and Marsha and under what circumstances I can be with you.

Yes, damn it; I live for the times I can be with you, either of you or both of you. Any combination. Wouldn't it be great if the three of us could live together? You and Marsha could work and I could stay home and manage the house and meals, shopping, dusting, vacuuming, etc. Is it a deal? (At least we could try it.) (Okay?) Or maybe the three of us and Ray and Judy could live together. I wish we could do it here in this house because I love this ugly, plain house with its four bedrooms and two bathrooms and funky living room. I wish to god this was a place you two could come, if only for a little time. A temporary harbor until you find something better. I would be glad to give you two my room—and foam rubber double bed—while I sleep on the living room couch. In my room or ex-room you would have plenty of privacy; honest! And you would have direct access to the bathroom. And it would cost you no rent money at all. See?

Why did Marsha go home so early tonight? And why did she withdraw from me so completely? What did I do? I don't understand and it makes me afraid. It was as if our relationship ended. All at once she wasn't there, and the noise, volume and amplitude fled from my life. A harsh, bleak vacuum fell over me and it killed me inside; I felt myself die. And there was no explanation. I could not even imagine what had gone wrong, except that I knew she had had a dreadful time with her freaky mother. But then for a time she was all right. And, after that, she again withdrew. Do you know? Could you tell me?

Maybe I should spend my time playing my piano. And not keep trying.
Maybe I should give up.

Well, there is not much to be said for giving up, because you can't will yourself to give up; it has to happen to you—it is the result of, among other things, of not being able to imagine any more possibilities anywhere. And I can always nose out possibilities; I live for possibilities, for long-shots. I know, for example, that you and Marsha are committed fully to each other, and there is probably little or nothing left over for me ... but I want to hang in there and keep hoping and trying. This is where and how I cope; this is my area, these long-shots. Frankly, I don't really care what the odds are. We don't live out statistical probabilities; we live out reality. And I sense, for myself with you two, a warm and humane wonderful reality, such as we had Sunday night when we three went to the movies. I ask nothing more than that now and again. Okay? And, if you cry perhaps, could I pat your shoulder as I did that night? Can you allow that? I hope so because I do need that; I need something. I can't live on only watching.

It is six a.m. now, and Ray is up working on his plaques. I am glad of the company. Why though are the two of us up at six a.m. at our respective chores, me writing letters, Ray at his brushes and plaques? Aren't the days long enough? Look at how he and I felt this morning; we didn't even have coffee, and we called a cab to come bring us some. (We must be nuts.) Something drives us along; we are hag-ridden, as the literary phrase goes. Evidently we are trying to achieve something, but what? Money? Creative work? Results? Occupational therapy? Time-passing? I don't know. But here we both are. And there are dogs and cats lying about everywhere. And I am listening to Beethoven on the stereo.

Tomorrow is my birthday (it's Beethoven's birthday, too, and I like to think I'm a reincarnation of him.) I forget how old I will be, but it is very old. I don't like to think about it.

All at once I have nothing to say. I have told you everything that I feel and also nothing, nothing. My heart is as heavy as ever, and my eyes are empty, as empty as ever. What am I trying to do? What do I want? I don't know. Why can't I give up? I don't know that either, but anyhow I can't. Well, last night I got your Christmas present, and Marsha's, and I like them very much; I think you will, too. Your two presents go together, as you do.

I have wasted the night.

[TO DOROTHY & JOE HUDNER]

December 16, 1970

Dear Dorothy and Joe,

The other day on the phone I told you about the two girls I've begun to feel deeply toward, Marsha and Becky. Since I intend to bring them both up there to meet you—if I can—I would like to tell you more about them. Since today is my birthday please indulge me. (And, by the way, thank you for the

lovely book. It is absolutely charming. I had no idea it existed. A wonderful present.)

Marsha and Becky are both in their early twenties, i.e. younger than Nancy (who is twenty-seven, now). But whereas Nancy is immature for her chronological age, these girls are far more mature than their chronological ages would indicate. I do not feel widely separated from them by time, but of course I may be deceiving myself. In any case they seem to accept me, and god knows I accept them. I don't think I have ever emotionally accepted to me anyone to a greater extent than I have Marsha and Becky. I really believe in them and I want you to, too, as you will when you meet them.

I am really not sure what it is I want to say to you about them, except that I love them both, and respect them and feel pride in knowing them and being associated with them. They are honorable and good people. I have never met anyone finer.

What is amazing to me is the amount of love they have left over for me, left over, I mean, from their love for each other. Both girls have a great capacity to give and receive love. They are both highly-charged people, active and responsive and alert to the feelings of others. Becky, during her life, has been treated very badly and all the time I am with her I keep wanting to find some way to make it up to her, as if it's my fault. I remember when I first saw her; I had known Marsha for some time, and one day Marsha brought her over. I saw what I thought was an adolescent boy, very slender, with long bony legs and a kind of lurching, sliding walk. And he wore slacks and a colorful sports shirt and loafers. Everything about him was angular; bony, pointed chin, sharp elbows, no curves at all. Hair cut very short, even for a boy—cut as short, in fact, as it is possible to cut hair and still style it. Because his clothes and his hair and his glasses, everything about him was stylish. Good clothes, starched, pressed, clean; clean skin, clean hair. Nothing out of place; all was neat and tidy and scrubbed. And of course no make up at all. I did not realize I was being introduced to a woman—not an adolescent girl but a full grown woman—until I was told that this was Becky. And her handshake was unusually firm even for a boy.

What I want to stress here is that Becky does not look masculine or burly or muscular but rather pre-puberty in terms of physical, sexual development. There is nothing brutal or coarse about her. Her glasses, for example, are women's glasses. Her voice is unusual; it is hoarse, low, exactly what you would find in an adolescent boy before secondary sex characteristics appeared, before his voice changed. Her expression is severe, giving her almost an old-fashioned prim look. But when she smiles or laughs her eyes crinkle happily; it is a lovely smile and laugh. It wins you over. Everything about her is attractive, whether you think you are talking to a full grown woman or an adolescent boy. (If asked outright whether she is a woman or a boy, Becky says, "Tell me which you'd expect to get farther with and I'll be that." This evidently is an

effective response, and gets done what is to her a painful task, the task of being what she is and yet still being recognized as a woman.)

She is really very much a woman. For example she is afraid of the dark; she won't go into a room at night unless a light is on. For another example, she cried when she read the first letter I wrote her, because she felt pity for me (I, as usual, was outlining my long history of marital troubles). And she did not even know me, then. And when she and I and Marsha went to the movies, Becky cried broken-heartedly when the movie ended; she rested her head against Marsha's shoulder and sobbed unashamedly. Tough, strong Lesbians do not do that. Ever. Your standard Lesbian is tougher than your average man.

Once you know her the most outstanding quality about her comes to be her honesty. She says exactly what she thinks, in a kind of jerky monotone, either dead seriously or half-kiddingly. She loves to joke; she loves hyperbole. She gesticulates continually, with awkward, boyish motions of her hands and windmill effects with her elbows and arms. On her fingers one sees several rings: these are the only jewelry she wears; of course there are no pins or earrings. When she dances she waltzes about like a child, ungainly, laughing, and yet lightly and somehow graceful in motion. To see her dance about is to see, you might think, your kid brother, the one who never grew up. And yet—all at once she is at the ironing board, industriously ironing her colorful shirts. A woman—a conventional woman I mean—again. For a few moments. She hates domestic chores; I did her washing for her the other day, and she was glad to have me do it. Neither she nor Marsha likes to cook, dust, vacuum, shop. Both of them want to be the wage earner. It is a problem for them. In the language of the "gay" world, both of them are "butch."

Becky is frail. While we were at the theater waiting for the movie to begin, I tried to rough house with her as is she were a boy; I seized her by the shoulder and tugged her toward me, whereupon she fell against me, toppled from her feet like a sheaf of oats, light and delicate and fragile. Anne Dick is physically much, much stronger than Becky; Anne could often wrestle me to the floor. Becky, on the other hand, cannot even wrist-wrestle, and won't even attempt it, on the grounds that "only a fool keeps trying something he isn't good at." Yet she is incredibly brave; she drives her car through hundreds of miles of ice and snow, through winter storms, back and forth between the Bay Area and Lake Tahoe.

Becky is shrewd, wordly-wise, and astute. Although not tough in a masculine sense she will bravely stand up to anything, meeting it head on, fighting her way through. You can't hold back your respect for her; she earns it every hour of the day—she will take on any adversary. And yet in her love for Marsha she is tender and quiet and kind. She is intensely loyal to those whom she loves and will go to bat for them at a second's notice. And yet she likes to read poetry; for her young age she is enormously educated in terms of her general vocabulary and intelligence. But because she is a Lesbian most jobs are closed to her; for

several years she has been earning her living as a busboy at Tahoe restaurants. Virtually all careers, except perhaps those such as taxi-driving, are closed to her.

It is amazing how many people put her down—that is, look down at her either with aversion or outright dislike. I have seen people bristle merely because she entered the room. Men resent her and women are afraid of her, afraid of what she might do. No one, in fact, really knows what Becky might do; she is brave enough and lively enough to be capable of almost anything—that is, anything ethical. Because she is a very ethical person. She is not a tramp. Her code of conduct is exacting and rigid, and she is apathetic to nothing; she is always alert and curious, frowning or laughing, always in motion, always wheeling about like a bright little slender flower. Those who love her love her very much. But sad to say there are not very many of them. Becky is alone, and able to stand alone. Knowing her better now I have the eerie feeling that she will not live long, that something will get her. But she will never complain or whine or show self-pity; she accepts her fate stoically. The terrible pains of life that she must fight her way through every day do not daunt her spirit. I know that as long as she can draw a breath of air she will hold her head up and look squarely into the face of the foe. To break her spirit you would have to kill her. And, eventually, something will. We are all aware of it, that there is precious little time left for us to spend with Becky. And there will never be another like her.

I would like my daughters to grow up like Becky; I would be proud of them, as Becky's mother is of her. Her mother and father are among her few genuine friends.

What in the final analysis can I say about Becky? That she has had to fight for everything she gets, that no one and nothing in this society supports her. Again and again the blow falls on her, from every unexpected quarter ... except that she has long ago learned to expect it. And she would not want it any other way—except that sometimes the slender frame becomes tired and she flags wearily in her tracks, coughing over a cigarette perhaps; coughing tears her body apart now and then, racking her through and through. Of course she should not be smoking, and especially not Pall Malls, but she will continue to. Right up and unto her death. She would like someone to love and that someone to love her. Is this too much for Becky to ask? Isn't she entitled to it? This now brings up the woman she loves: Marsha.

Marsha is stocky, with many curves and melting roundnesses; yet she is trim, vigorous looking. Like Becky she wears slacks or pants, never dresses—except when she has to at work—but instead of perhaps a fashionable poncho she wears a lusterless nylon windbreaker, muted colors that make her, standing by Becky, look drab. But: her face. Marsha has the kindest smile that ever did exist. And the warmest, largest eyes. There is a wonderful gentleness about her. The attentive thoughtfulness of her gaze can break your heart; Marsha is built out of love and the willingness and ability to love. To know her at all is to

know this. And, in addition, she has a wild, whimsical sense of humor; when she wants to be she can be the funniest person alive.

Her voice is extraordinarily feminine, in sharp contrast to the impression her tweedy clothes make. Marsha gives love first before she asks for it to be given to her; far more love flows from her than she herself absorbs. Not that she is unwilling or unable to accept love, far from it. She accepts each and every compliment gracefully, smiling back or saying her thanks. What I noticed about her very early in our relationship is her touching habit of writing out in her beautiful handwriting a little note telling her love for the people around her and how, to her, they are a warm and friendly family that she can repose in. Her notes are little masterpieces of gentle love and understanding; she communicates her deepest feelings by means of them, sometimes, oddly, asking if she can write out her feelings on the walls of the room themselves. Marsha clearly wants to leave permanent testimony to her gratitude for warmth and love shown to her by others; she senses the love that follows her about, a love that everyone who knows her feels toward her. Unlike Becky, Marsha does not stir up animosity or hostility; she reposes quietly in the proximity of those who love her, mindful of their feeling toward her: she can expect love, can count on it. In this matter she is far more secure than Becky. And this shows in her somewhat slower, more passive motion; she does not glide about the room as does Becky but almost, a little, plods along.

In terms of vitality Marsha wanes whereas Becky, despite her frailty, waxes. Marsha is quiet, even a little withdrawn, given to long moody silences suddenly punctuated by a laugh or the beauty of her rich, full smile. She looks directly into your face, relating to you emotionally and on the deepest level. There is a herbavoric quality about her, a vegetative calm. Becky's mode of flight is one of jerky motion; Marsha's is flowing, quiet ebbing away.

Just as Becky is hard to love, Marsha is easy to love. Except with her humor, Marsha does not challenge anyone; she accepts people as they are, always relating to the best in them. I have never heard Marsha say anything that would hurt anyone. She is continually ready to tell them of her love but never of any dislike—except when she is jealous. And Marsha, surprisingly, is a very jealous person. Toward those she deeply loves she is possessive, in a tactful way. Tact is the essence of Marsha. Her life is a kind of quiet, harmless testimonial to good manners and politeness of the most profound kind. One day Marsha came up to me and said, "You like Beethoven's music? I've never heard any; put some on the phonograph for me." I did so, the Emperor Concerto. Marsha listened silently to the entire first record side, then, smiling her wonderful smile, she said, "That's nice." And I knew she meant it; she had liked the music. But she had liked it because she knew I liked it. She had wanted to share in it with me in order to come closer to me. Beyond anything else Marsha is humane. She supports and nourishes all the little and large lives around her. Oddly, both she and Becky possess one unexpected major quality: both of them are strongly maternal. Each woman in her own way works to

protect those around her. Becky does it loudly, with many elbow-motions; you are auditorily and visually aware of her doing it. Marsha, no less effectively, but more quietly, binds up the wounds of those whom life has injured and breathes into them the ability to continue on. Marsha supports, protects. Between her and Becky all manner of healing help is ladled lavishly out. Lavishly and effectively. Together, among a group of people, they create a benign mood, and one of psychological good health. Their vibrations, as the expression goes, are good. Very good. There are none better in my experience; when the two of them are together in a room the little world in their neighborhood hums with peace and love. Like the singing purr of a fond mother cat, they radiate acceptance and stability, reasonability, gentleness and tact. The reasonability is from Becky; the gentleness is from Marsha; the stability is from both of them. It is very therapeutic to be around them.

Both girls love animals.

In comparing the two women with each other I would say that it is easy to respect Becky, easy to love Marsha. For myself, I love and respect both of them, as I have often said. But I am much closer to Marsha than to Becky. And yet I would give anything to be equally close to Becky. However, I don't think Becky would on her part like to be as close to me as Marsha is. Marsha breaks down and eradicates the physical barriers between people; Becky erects them by her stubborn defiance of her eternal enemies. Every line in Becky's angular body informs you that each inch of life must be fought for: life is a battlefield and only the resourceful and brave can hope to survive. Marsha, however, acquaints you over and over again with the sublime realization that bliss is no farther than a hair's breadth away, that enfolding, reassuring arms are always ready, always available. Becky asks you to emulate her and be strong; Marsha on the other hand gently whispers to you that, strong or not, you are safe.

Around Becky you are wakeful, because Becky will all at once, without warning or need, challenge you. Near Marsha you can allow yourself to be lulled. Near Marsha you can rest. Being held in Marsha's arms is to enjoy the twilight of consciousness at its most desirable. It is a state infrequently found. And much to be appreciated.

Which woman would I prefer to spend the balance of my life with? I don't have to ask myself that question, because they stand beside us thoroughly together. They are twin beings, augmenting each other, forming a perfect whole. What I get from one of them I automatically receive from the other: love from one of them is love from both of them. Kindness from one of them is kindness from both of them. Humor and warmth emanating from either of them also emanates from the other. And so forth, up unto their ultimate capacity to disburse the basic healing balm of life itself. Because they back each other up. Facing the world they cannot disagree. However much they may square with each other in the privacy of their respective lives.

I have said at length what Becky and Marsha give to those near them:

Becky a brave motto, Marsha love. But what can we give them? What if anything do we have that they need?

Beyond anything else we can accept them without inquiry or dispute; we can receive them into our lives, our homes, our worlds, as they are. And how are they, really? What together do they consist of as they confront us and we confront them? They are pretty; they have courage; they possess acute integrity. How easy life would be for them if they merely wore conventional female clothes, let their hair grow longer—all minor, petty things that they do not deserve to have to do. They say, We will observe your major laws but in the unimportant matters we will do as we wish; we will wear wool slacks, not dresses; we will cut our hair short; we will kiss one another; in your presences we will sometimes show fond, tactile love for one another. Sometimes we will use language that women are not supposed to know, and our jokes, our wit—this may be harsh and wild, uncompromising, even brutally bawdy. We will open satirize our own sexual abnormalities—if that is the word, and it is not—and we will frolic from time to time in what you will probably think is an abandon fashion. Above all we live for the day; *carpe diem*, we will say, and together, embracing each other, we will drink the cup of life to its entirety, because there is nothing to secure us, in the winter days to come. We would like to do all these things with you, in your company, but if we repel you, if you don't want us, we will go off by ourselves, and alone, we will still do these things together. As we are doing them now. We can survive your disapproval. But we need your love.

They do indeed need our love. We can, with an icy blast of derision, wither them, cool off their lips as they kiss each other. We can drive the stake of death into their secret hearts by merely averting our glance when they embrace. We can in fact kill them with silence itself, by refusing to declare to them our backing. To back them, to support them and their relationship, is to back and support life itself, because Becky and Marsha personify viable life, the kind of voluntary life that cries out to be lived, if one has the strength and warmth—as they do. We can turn to and be applauded by an entire world; they can only turn to us, and if we don't help them and strengthen them, then they will not get help and strength anywhere. They have no recourse. We are their single hope, the promise of successful life. Like wan children, they can only wait, watch us, study our faces, urge us silently to back them up. And in exchange for this backing they will be loyal to us; out of the storehouse of their mutual life they will give us such affection as would make the heavens ring. Their song of peace and harmony would pierce us to our deepest heart, and there it would remain until, eventually, we all die. But we would die together, with the two of them clasped to us. It is an easy enough triumph; all we need to do to acquire it is to let them warm themselves in the candlelight of our eyes. Bask in the heat of our honest respect.

But if we can't do that then we should be equally honest in telling them that, too. They will not endure pretense; together or alone they can see through that. And, if we pretend with them, we will lose forever their love and

respect. And, without that, we cannot abide in their proximity. We must have both for them and they, in their turn, must have both for us.

And they will have. They won't turn away from us; they love us and want us and treasure us. We are their world, and, without us, they will find only isolation. And that for them would eventually mean bitterness. And, with that, their light would sink down and die. Their flame would drably flutter out. They themselves would fall into an empty field and be gone. And once gone they would not come back; it would be over.

So for god's sake let us sanction them. They are healthy, nor morbid; they are wise, not ignorant; Marsha and Becky are witty, happy, kindly mortals that dance a little, sing a little, roughhouse quite a good bit—they would like to play in front of us, live out their charitable games, their benign practices. Never in a million years would they do anything to embarrass us or harm us; they're incapable of harming anyone, except, perhaps, in defeat and withdrawal and bitterness themselves.

That's about all I have to say about my two friends Marsha and Becky. I will leave the rest to the two of you; I will let you receive them as you see fit. Lynne, however, has already told me what your reception of them will consist of, and, knowing both of you, I agree: you will accept them graciously. And that is all they ask; in fact they do not ask even that. Okay? Is it a deal? Can we shake hands on that, all of us together? I hope so. I pray so. Because it means a lot to me, too, as it does to them.

God bless and God keep.

[TO MARSHA ———]

December 16, 1970

Dear Marsha,

It is six a.m. on the morning of my birthday and I am writing to you at this moment of highest solitude and thoughts. I have now not been to bed for several days, but it's okay; as you probably have learned by now the happiness pills finally came, and I am full of them. Cranked up by crank, so to speak. For hours Ray and I have been sitting around talking, and out of our talk we have both gotten a real and full picture of what we want, what we are doing, what we want to avoid, what we love and believe in.

It is remarkable how well he and I agree. What we most value in all the things of the world are: time and people. Time in fact to talk to people in, people such as you and Becky in particular. My dearest treasures in all the world; that's what you two are to me. You know of course, Marsha, that Ray loves you very much. And now he is beginning to love Becky, too, as he sees more of her. He and I confirm each other's opinion about you.

My heart is full of joy. No self pity this time around! First, I am glad that my faith in the persons who got the happiness pills for us is confirmed; more than anything else I hated to lose them as friends. Well, they are all back as

friends; we never lost them at all. The hell with the money; that we can afford. But we could not afford to lose our dear friends. You will meet them and you will like them. On Thursday night they will be coming back, and I would like it very much if you and Becky could join us as we tape their guitar music via my big Sony tape recorder. The two girls involved are, believe it or not, high school students, seventeen and eighteen years old—but completely adult and yet retaining the charm of youth. I know you will like them. Please try to be here; okay? Okay. Second, I am glad to have the pills, and because I can sell most of them off, the money back that we need.

But even more than that I am glad that you have been able to say to me that you love me. At one time you said you liked me. Now you use the word love.

Oh god, Marsha. I am so happy. So really terribly happy. I have my dear friends, and Ray and Mike whom I love, and you and Becky whom I love, too. So, we're broke; so what? I have Ray's Christmas present, Judy's, your's, Becky's. Goddam it, what else do we need? I have never known so much love going back and forth among people around me in my life. And my own great love is there, too, directed here and there at those around me. Binding us together, physically touching. Remember, it was your first warm hug of me and Mike that started the relationship between you and me going. In that first hug you gave me more warmth and life than for example J'Ann gave me in all the four years I knew her. And that was just the start.

How far are you committing to me, and emotionally in what way? One thing I want to get clear from the start is this: in no sense whatsoever are you making a choice between me and Becky. You don't ever have to choose between us: you can have both of us. At least as far as I am concerned. And I'm sure Becky feels the same way. But if she doesn't then I'll withdraw. You and Becky belong to each other. Not to me.

I hope you are committed as deeply to me as I am to you. Have no fear about deeply involving yourself with me; I am able and willing to answer with the same amount of depth on my part. I can and will go as far as you; I promise. Believe me, you are not taking a risky chance. I am able to direct my emotional needs where I want them directed, and that is toward you two. In fact even if you did not direct any of your emotional needs toward me I would remain committed to you. I do not necessarily love you with the idea of getting anything back. But it is so good that you feel something back toward me. It seems to me to be a miracle which I could not really afford to observe. I can only accept it and be glad.

Something terribly important is happening in my life. I do not know quite what it is but it has to do with people and my love of them. I am beginning to love more and more. How much further can it go? Is there a built-in limit? Can you feel too much love?

I am very glad I love you. It is a joy because you are so sweet and dear. Marsha, you are the warmest person I have ever met, with the possible excep-

tion of Ray. (Nothing could ever get me to give up my love for Ray. I will stand on that forever and be goddam glad of it.) (And I know you agree.) And when you want to be you are so funny, as for instance hurling obscene abuse at the spade cats across the street. For that alone I would love you—I know what you were doing, and what you did when you yelled across the top of your car: "You took Phil's wife; can't you leave me my purse?" You were sticking up for me. Nobody ever stuck up for me before quite like that. It meant a lot to me, Marsha, it really did, although I am not sure exactly why. I think I sense in your love of me a certain element of possessiveness. As if you feel I belong to you. This pleases me. I'm glad you feel this way. But again, I do not know why, since possessiveness is supposed to be bad. Well, so much for conventional knowledge. I want you to feel jealous and possessive toward me. Because if you feel that way then I must be important to you, you must care a lot about me. Is that right? I hope so,

But I can't go on telling you what you feel. I'll try another [ends here]

[TO KATHY ———, *a handwritten fragment*]

[Undated]

Dear Kathy,

The other day I was talking about moving away. As a matter of fact a few days before that *you* were talking about moving away—and, as you said, starting all over with all new friends. Maybe it is new friends that I need, too, rather than moving away. I came back here after I had moved over to Mike's because of the friends I had here and the way they felt a [illegible] no other reason for me to come [illegible] the friend I most cared about [illegible] after talking to you on the phone [illegible] day. I realized that I wanted to keep seeing you and knowing you more than anyone I knew and it was enough to bring me back to my house and Santa Venetia and try all over again. I'm not sorry I came back, even though I really don't see much of you any more [illegible] said you had ceased coming over because of [illegible] and Stephenie being here, so I threw them out and you still aren't coming over. So it must be more than that. Anyhow, I don't regret coming back nor do I regret trying so hard to get you to enter into and participate in my financial assets. I was bitterly disappointed when you abandoned that idea, but really, Kathy, you have abandoned every idea I've set before you that would help keep going our relationship or strengthen it. You declined—I think for good—to go out to dinner with me the other night, and after that I asked myself what did in fact remain of our relationship. When you do come over it is only for a couple of minutes; you leave as soon as possible and say very little. You look so tired and sad—every time you're here I wish like hell I could reach out to you and give you something—help you feel better. But you are so withdrawn from me, and I guess from [illegible] everyone else that there's no way [illegible] you. At least in regard to me you [illegible] to be reached. Much, if not all, of what you say to me now is just so much [illegible] concealing your real problems

and feelings. I have no idea any more where your [illegible] And this you've brought about deliberately. Evidently it's what you want to do, or what you must do, either for your sake or mine. If it's for me it's terrible. Without knowing [illegible] what reasons, I've had to sit and watch you growing more and more remote from me. Now you come by, really, only when [illegible] some specific thing, like a place for [illegible] or when you're looking for someone. Or to fulfill a mere social commitment, as [illegible] promise you'll come by—you always [illegible] But it has evidently no meaning to you. It seems to be an ordeal for you. Something imposed on you that you have to bear. And then you are gone again, wearily, without joy of any kind. And nothing has been done except that while you are here you have turned down totally and systematically every attempt and offer and effort on my part to keep something alive between us. You come here only to put down what ever remains of our friendship, to take away bit by bit what remains, so that after you are done, each time, more has been lost, as if, by seeing me you are unwriting day by day each [illegible] that has passed between us during [illegible] we have known each other [illegible] built up step by step over those [illegible] existence, increased. By each time of our [illegible] and talking together, doing things together [illegible] being erased. By that same gradual process unbuilding the way you once built up, [illegible] same rate and almost in the same way, as [illegible] motions through which you once went that [illegible] something between us are now being used [illegible] in exactly the opposite direction. So knowing [illegible] seeing you now, is because of what [illegible] doing progressively not knowing you were more [illegible] not really seeing you, being with you [illegible] less until—and I have seen it coming for a long time, now—eventually you will come over and take back the last piece that relates us, and then it will be as well cancelled out as if I had never known you. If you had just stopped coming suddenly and entirely I would have at least remembered you, recalled that once a little girl named Kathy had come by, had been a good friend, that I had known her and loved her. But now I see ahead of me not even remembering this, not even being able to keep that. Someday it will be as if there had never been a Kathy in my life, or in the lives of any of us. Usually for this to happen someone has to die—the person who remembers [illegible] has to die—but here I am [illegible] more empty years ahead of me [illegible] Already I am wondering if I had ever loved and cherished a girl named Kathy, done the things I did with her, gave her all I could give and got back from her so little warmth and support. I told you once that you meant more to me than anyone else ever has, that I thought of you not only as my best friend but the best friend I ever had. I can see how that could end, [illegible] such a relationship could fade out—I can't understand why I can't remember that it did once exist. I still know this [illegible] existed until I see you, now, these days, and look at you and listen to you and hear you [illegible] me and convey to me in way after way that no such friendship ever was. That it has always been as it is now, and look what it is now—look at the vacuum, the emptiness between us. Look at how little there is, and how it continues to dwindle away. But [fragment ends]

[TO FRANZ ROTTENSTEINER]

October 29, 1971

Dear Herr Rottensteiner,

I have learned from Bruce Gillespie in Melbourne that Stanislaw Lem in Warsaw wishes to publish several of my science fiction novels in Polish, in particular *UBIK*. Mr. Gillespie also tells me that you are acting as Mr. Lem's agent. My agent in the United States is: Scott Meredith, Literary Agency, 580 Fifth Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10036. I understand that Scott Meredith has a European affiliate somewhere on the continent, but I do not know his address. Certainly, you could obtain his address from the New York agency.

It is wonderful that Mr. Lem feels that my novels are good enough to appear in print in his country. For me, this is a great honor, and one of the most important milestones in my career as a writer. I remember the great interest all of us had here in the United States after World War Two as we heard about the brave and ambitious plans developing in the minds of the creative new generation in Poland for the rebuilding of Warsaw, which, I understand, was almost entirely reduced to rubble during the war, and its population wiped out. I have heard, from a number of sources, that Warsaw is in a sense a young city, now: the average age is amazingly low, and almost all the people living there lived elsewhere before the War or had not yet been born. Here on the West Coast of the United States we get an impression of the people of Warsaw as an active, vital, progressive, strikingly-original entity, shaping the destiny and values of their new society along lines that will carry it far into the future. It is with an almost overwhelmingly full heart that I, an American science-fiction writer, greet my colleague in Warsaw; I wish him the strength—and I know that he already has it—to push ahead the limits that bind our field, that define it and yet, as we and our societies and work evolve, must yield to vaster limits, to fuller, more daring, more encompassing outlines within which we can record our various and individual conceptions of man's maturing world. Our languages are different; our economic and social structures vary and in some respects challenge one another; but underneath, we are members of the same family, striving for the same fulfillment of the free, complete human being. Our methods differ, but our goals, in the final analysis, are the same. What I can do, and what my fellow colleagues here in the West contribute on all sides of me, join and fuse with the productions of the writers of the Socialist World, the bright-flaming minds in Poland and the Soviet Union and other progressive countries. Finally, when none of us remain as physical, individual entities with specific names, born and raised in specific towns in specific countries, what we have achieved collectively will stand—I am firmly convinced—as an unforgotten portion of a society which will embrace us all. What we were now will be poured into a shape within which the separate forms of our various observations and speculations will blend and yet still be distinct as the

creations of unique human souls. The individuals that we were will continue on, within this Gestalt. But each of us, so conscious of his private vision now, will live, really, as chords, as harmonies, functioning together in a song that celebrates all men.

To me it is striking that I, an American writer, have hearned about Mr. Lem's interest in my novels being published in Poland from a magazine editor in Australia, who notifies me that I should write to a German-speaking citizen in Austria in order that Mr. Lem, in Warsaw, be able to get permission to complete his plans. Four countries, scattered over the full face of the Earth—perhaps none of the four of us will ever see any of the others, certainly no one of us will meet face-to-face all the other three, or be able to comprehend one another's languages, but we are together in every real and meaningful sense. And this is how it must—and will—remain. In not only this endeavor but in every task formulated by the totality of our fellow countrymen. What we are doing here is a guide-post to the future. Like science-fiction itself, it is a harbinger of what we know will come.

Mr. Gillespie mentions an article in German by Mr. Lem entitled SCIENCE FICTION—A HOPELESS CASE, WITH EXCEPTIONS. I would very much like to see a copy of this article. Is there any way such a copy could be sent to me? My ability to read German will probably be adequate. And my keen interest will involve me to the end.

Thank you, Mr. Rottensteiner, for what you—and of course Mr. Lem—are doing. I hope we, and others like ourselves, will gather together for similar purposes in the future; it would be very good if this was only the first in an organic line of mutual collaboration. Gott sei mit Ihnen. Und Danke sehr. Von tief in meinem Herzen.

Cordially,
Philip K. Dick