

# living info

notes on the Exegesis



v 2.4

living info never ends, never reaches stasis! this doc is an impression of a process.

i've made my first pass thru the bound Exegesis, the mini-Exegesis: the golden tome of 2011.

yet i'm all signed up for Zebrapedia! gonna take a dip or dive in the wider waters. i will not read [i **will** not read!] all 8000 pages. yet do want to follow up some leads, acquire context.

i'm sure to be revising & addending in the months to come. . .

better yet, merging in the e-group! sharing future thoughts in the discussion board! entering the digital ecclesia. . .

Paul Bali, Dec 2020

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this book is living info

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# the Exegeted

whatever came through in 2-3-74, in 11-17-80, in 9-81. . .

these numbers aren't neutral, they prioritize Time.

imply already, theory.

i was going to write: "imply already, theory of the *happening*". but *happening* prioritizes Time, if not calendrical.

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let's say *the Exegeted*. "This structure that I speak of" [602]<sup>1</sup>—yet take out "This structure", which emphasizes negentropy, unity.

keep the capital E, which *prioritizes*—aptly, simply. the E need not be theologic, personal, political.

*what is this Exegesis of*, friends ask.

modestly we answer: *the Exegeted*.

even this tautology is not free of theory. we're speaking of "a self-causing loop".

We are talking about ex nihilo information; information that generates itself.

I set up a perturbation in the reality field by thinking about it, so to speak. *The information had no source* [602]

no wonder he can't settle on a theory: "every theory changes the events" ! [602]

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<sup>1</sup> all in-text citations are to the 2011 Exegesis, edited by Jackson & Lethem. this "golden book" edition includes footnote commentaries from ten scholars [edited by Erik Davis] which i'll reference in my own footnotes by this format: Name, ExFN, page.



every name you give it is correct, for you make it as you name it. even just pointing, you prioritize space. your finger issues heat, focuses intention on a point we now all stare at: a localizing mystery.

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*keep the name neutral, for our words are too powerful:* doesn't this imply we are god?

or, more modest: the universe is info, & the info gives a narrative—*about* "what effect it has on the mind and hence on us". [867]

# was Creation accidental?

"Specktowsky" is the Captain's spectral voice. he's Runciter, boss of the psy-ops. he died in the explosion at the origin of their world; now he's a guide, from outside it.

a god who can't *per se* survive Creation:

What if creation (verb) was accidental? A byproduct of the Godhead's self-awareness expressed by it uttering the word (perhaps Anokhi—?). Its self-awareness gave rise to the word; the word in turn gave rise to creation, a splitting, entropic process (oh yes; the word gave rise to the first plurality: the forms). [754]

Ubik is the logos, dispersed. god's "self-awareness", the originating act, is the Logos doing logic on itself. the logic is regressive, so the central Term expands. the cosmos is inflationary Math, accreting brackets.

our hope is that the total involutes. infinities sum into a circle, not disperse along ellipses.

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when life explodes it doesn't disappear. nor instantly disperse in Equilibrium. it spreads into an ether, where the soul retains form, though stretches.

sometimes it may speak to us, a voice from the grave.

overlay the stories with the Exegesis: they're seen for what they always were implicitly, a Hard SF. we understand his *theory* for the psi-tech. we notice that his gods are given plausible theology, and wonder if Theology is science.

# why not publish?

the early Exegesis is a manic Encyclical: gospel news, breathless. a send-out to his literate friends, to tru-fans. to scholarly inquirers, sympathetic critics.

by March '75, the letters stop.

[ or don't go in the bankers' box.

he does & doesn't seek us out, his readers.

"Even in his most megalomaniac moments Dick never suggests that the Exegesis itself will ever be read."<sup>2</sup> we have this on authority of she who went through all eight thousand pages.

he does name a Literary Executor. somewhat sorts his avalanche of pages. does he ever type it up? early bits, favorite bits, here & there. the bits that find their way into *VALIS*, i guess. bits for essays, undelivered speeches.

there's just one copy?! is this his Nag Hammadi, left to rot? a gnosis left for History to ignore, or not?

he wrote the healing truth [with some editing!] if altruism drove him, why such casualness, reticence?

i'm asking out loud to the bunnies, this eve:

*Why did Dick not publish?*

hypotheses arrive in the coming weeks.

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<sup>2</sup> Pamela Jackson, ExFN, 658. Jackson's note appends Dick's Dec 10 1980 worry that what little of the Exegesis readers get—e.g. in *VALIS*—will mire them in Satanic delusion, just as he was deluded from '74 till 11-17-80, day of the Dialogue Theophany. perhaps had this worry persisted, he would have published his entries about that Day, so to save his readership from the *VALIS* delusions. yet his worry dissolved by his entry of Dec 15, where Valis is the Atman in all, divine seed of all that lives. [660] on Dec 21, "It is Christ and he literally is becoming the physical world". [663]

H1

the wisdom is Perennial. the Sufis & the Platonists got it. others will, in years ahead.

One thing that is a great relief to me is that since all this was known for a thousand years I don't have to convince the world of it and even if they come in and set fire to my typewriter and chop me up into dog food, this realization will re-emerge for the reasons I gave [77]

H2

he's coy about the intimacy. prefers, while alive, the distance Fiction affords.

it's a time-delayed exposure. *when i'm dead, let them read it then.*<sup>3</sup>

H3

this work is esoteric *by command*. he hears his Tutor's edict:

I get a lot from this diptych representation; one thing I get is the impression that although gently given, the word "secret" is an injunction to me to keep my mouth shut. [198]

he spills it for his reader, anyway.

[ that Jesus was Sophia's marionette.  
[ he spills it for his reader—time-delayed.

again, in Sep '78:

Here ends 4 years and 6 months of analysis and research. Time is unmasked as unreal; 1,900 years are disclosed as aspect of one underlying matrix.

But I'm under the stricture of silence, because to publish all this I'd have to tell about the immortal authentic apostolic Christians operating covertly in us. Perhaps I should destroy the exegesis. It's a journey which reached its goal. [384]

H4a

he won't be believed, so he won't be understood.

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<sup>3</sup> then again, he donates his papers to CSU-Fullerton, in 1972—including an extensive correspondence.

since I am an S-F writer and known to be involved with unreality, no one, even my closest friends, is/are going to believe me, and yet I can get it printed everywhere with no risk of it being taken as anything but fantasy. [212]

*no risk*: a wry way of saying *no point*.

In a way I feel really bitter: because I can't tell anyone or convince anyone of what I saw. [620]

H4b  
if he tried to explain directly to the People what he meta-abstracted, "They'd think I was a lunatic. That's how I feel about them, in a way."

to live far above is to be misunderstood—disdain creeps in. H4a says: *They'll never understand me*. H4b: *So screw them*.

H5  
the writing is alive, and writes for itself.

But who listens? It speaks to itself through my writing. [431]

he may here mean through his Sci Fi, especially *Scanner*. [430]

yet the question, "who listens?" is acute re *those quoted words*. who hears Dick's question? who is this Exegesis for?

by Dick's inscribing, Zebra self-publishes. readers' eyes, years later, take in lines of black & white, scan the printed page—so does Zebra read *itself*, & spread.

the paper stack is proof of Dick's faith. the volume of pulp, the size of his feat, prove that he meant it, was *possessed by living info*.<sup>4</sup>

interpret this italic phrase, reduce it, if you please, to a metaphor for graphomania. the "faith" he proves is the psychologic fact of his conviction: proven by the stack of sheets, his energy expended.

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<sup>4</sup> *living info*—i write it twice. once atop p 487, to inaugurate the book's second half; again in my notes, to open this paragraph.

a pleasing meme, i repeat: *i believe in pkd, in living info*. i work it into Creed.  
a child's face is living info, an SF god is living info: appealing, so likely to spread.  
the gospel truth: living info.

he *left it all behind* with no instruction: proof of his faith in his Executor: in Zebra's spreading power. faith in his friend Paul Williams, too; yet Paul is part of Zebra, infected in the interview.

H6

he's out of time. a reason he repeats in late '78, when just as he's achieved "a cosmogony and cosmology in which Zebra was not just possible but necessary", just as he succeeds theoretically, he's

being signalled to die—which effectively makes it impossible for me to put this Gnosis in a form which I can publish [437]

visions of death / of an escalator out of here. acquaintances in formal-wear.

feeling of horror—thought: "a mortuary is a way of saying goodbye to a hospice." [439]

his "three-feet-high stack of chicken scratchings" could have been the basis for some kind of broadcast but are useless as is, so "these insights will die with me." [437]

H7

in any form, strictly, they are useless, since *the Maze has won*. we lose our minds in "this exquisitely sophisticated board game which we so cunningly devised for our own delectation"—so these years in his own paper maze replay the Original, indeed "*can be regarded as a further successful stratagem by the maze*". [438]

he's bitterly laughing, in these autumn pages. he's wasted the life he was given in the '74 Intercession: has spent it "via my compulsion to relentlessly exegete." [438]

it's not just that he didn't quite finish. he never *could* finish. his work is Sisyphean, a hell-chore of futile repetition.

I'm not to know the truth about my identity. So any and all ideas I get as to my identity, nature, purpose and origin is just scatter, random flak, each idea as real and unreal as the next; like white *noise*. And the closer I get to knowing, the more scramble of conflicting ideas: ultimately an infinitude—including *this* idea. Hence the endless paradoxes, and the fact that I can't finalize or stabilize my exegesis—it's for my (and our?) protection: a scrambled device - like code. {p?}

H8

the info is out, already:

and to even further ease my burden, I've evidently said it in my novels and stories [77]

for Sutin, the Exegesis "was a means to an end: fashioning theories for novels". [263]

re the Tractates Cryptica Scriptura, appended to *VALIS*:

Dick clearly thought of the "Tractates" as a distinct document designed for public consumption (and, he no doubt hoped, illumination).<sup>5</sup>

the Tractate is the baseball, and Dick is Willie Mays in a dream—whose throw from far afield is received at homeplate i.e. by a NY publisher—so complete. these 3,000 words are the best of his 4.5 years.

why not publish? because he *does*, in *VALIS*; in a form that obeys the "Cryptica" command. when occult creed is released as Fiction, as meta-Fiction, as Appendix to a meta-Fiction— it's still occult, or moreso. its assertory force is obscured by the asterisks & brackets.

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today i see the article on **Valis (novel)** has a section on the Black Iron Prison; has more Exegesis than the **Exegesis** article, by word-count.<sup>6</sup>

H9

he *did* make it public: serially & orally, most Thursday nights at his Santa Ana boys' club; and in all-night phone calls with KW. "with his friends Phil could share the fun of his speculations and sudden visions."<sup>7</sup>

H10

he wants to drop ego-bombs like: "*Ubik* is the most important work ever written". [509] he doesn't want to be there when they detonate. doesn't want his face aflame, red in pride / shame.

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<sup>5</sup> Jackson, ExFN, 444

<sup>6</sup> Wikipedia: *Valis* (novel)

<sup>7</sup> Lawrence Sutin, *Divine Invasions*, 263-264

to publish is to advertise the self. there's so much self-assertion in this work, as is, that to show it, while the author lives, would cause his readers doubt: is this some kind of cult?

had he carefully advised his Executor, we'd speculate: is this all a bid for lasting fame? his words would seem a bid for his election to the canon.

instead he just left it. unread in a garage, it remained. it could have gone to ashes like McKenna's rare library; or got put out as trash.

it's not that he *doesn't* want fame, or a cult. it's innocent enough, and most writers want it, if we're honest—but we aren't! we suppress our inner Kanye & project it onto others.

our suspicion he pre-empts, with indifference.

in leaving it to fate, he says: "the fruits of this endeavor, i forsake." we trust his findings, more, thus, and so does his endeavor have a better chance of bearing fruit, a Following.

H11a

he wrote for himself: it's a keepsake.

it is a way of preserving the memory of it all, this endless rehashing; that is the real point, to keep the memory—which is so cherished—alive. After all, it has been over six and a half years, now! And I don't want to forget. [611]

his pages are a hi fi recording that

doesn't just remember that Wunderlich sang that song cycle but in point of fact restores (to perfection as limit) that voice and that music. [240]

H11b

he wrote for himself: it "was Dick's epic quest for self-knowledge. Writing it, he was also rewriting himself".<sup>8</sup>

it's a self-rewarding sadhana.

It is Anokhi whom I seek. My perception grows, it is real, it is worth the work. [727]

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<sup>8</sup> Richard Doyle's "Afterword" to the 2011 edition, p 897



H11c

he wrote for himself: to extend the ecstasy.

the very refusal of resolution stretched the living enigma of the experiences— or, to be fair, the "experiences"—into the present and the future, rendering the process of exegesis at once interminable and ecstatic, a pharmakon both poisonous and intoxicating. Like Scheherazade, Dick too wrote his Exegesis into the night, night after night, in part to stave off the "death" or permanent loss of contact with 2/3/74.<sup>9</sup>

H12

he vastly overestimates the value of his novels.<sup>10</sup> he cannot see he's sitting on his masterpiece.

he's obtuse, re his own output. should send his stuff, like Aphex Twin, to a trusted inner circle. let them sort it all for Release.

in fact he vacillates.

Tim Powers confirms that while Phil saw himself first and foremost as a fiction writer, he considered the Exegesis perhaps his most significant writing. . . .On the other hand, K.W. Jeter relates that he once intercepted Phil on the way to an incinerator with a stack of *Exegesis* pages.<sup>11</sup>

in 1962 he advises an aspiring SF writer to "Read great writers like James Joyce and Pascal and Styron and Herb Gold and Philip Roth."<sup>12</sup> i won't compare to each of his models, but take Pascal: can't Dick see his journal is the new *Pensées*? let's update the syllabi, please!

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<sup>9</sup> Erik Davis, *High Weirdness*, p 522

<sup>10</sup> "In *VALIS* in terms of style I satisfied the most ultra-correct literary standard." [684] in case "ultra-correct" puts in mind a polite Literary Fiction approved by school marms & prize committees & an MFA prof DFW locks horns with, you should also know that *VALIS* is "a manifesto" like the Bible or Mao's Red Book [680]; and "highly experimental", so when stoned you'll notice it overtakes Burroughs as "anti-official junk art" [685] and is "*very* avant-garde." [685] if still you say, "but Phil, it's *bad*", he'll agree that in *VALIS* "I have completely rendered the fool in me", yet "this fool is Christ". QED, with a line diagram: a trinity of axes ["Writing Talent", "Work of Art", & "Vision"] converging at their summit: "Valis". [688-689]

<sup>11</sup> Sutin, *Divine Invasions*, 263

<sup>12</sup> Jonathan Lethem, *ExFN*, 684

H13

he writes for his Continental fans: who nightly observe him, *as* he writes.

he's always with his audience, his privacy a tightly-shot character study.

"Admired in France." France, land of endless talk, land of *parler*. Where they dream of having the capability for such madness, such passion, such life.<sup>13</sup>

he needs to perform, yet needs to be at home. Necessity invents him a television show. his viewers are retired, post-history. they love to sit & watch it, now, talk about it.

a connoisseur culture, a City of cafés—I'm trading in clichés. like Dick, i never travel. travel comes to me, via "Japanese tourists" who observe me from the peripheries: who slyly snaps pics as we pass on Yonge Street. i'm famous as "the Daddy of the ANIMAL"; we're famous by our viewings at the Uni, twice-nitely.

the fact of it is subtle yet i'm acting large, waving arms madly in a close-up.

the fact of it is subtle: the novelistic art is quiet Method acting. his sense of being watched can't be shaken from his practice of inhabiting closely-tracked protagonists. Ragle Gumm, Walt Dangerfield, Jason Taverner.

yet this reverses cause & effect, perhaps. *why* did he conjure such figures, in the first place? he wrote what he knew: the sense of being surveilled. this goes back to the '50s, at least.

"the French" are those observers who applaud him, plan an after-party. "surveillance" is a term of paranoia that his fantasy can shade into. the "Continental praise" turns to "Socialist assessment of his themes"—then "the KGB", a psychic interference experiment.

H14

a Folder One reason, an inner King reason. a late-in-life reason, an end-of list reason:

But the real success of the exegesis is that as I become old, now, and wear out, I feel myself wearing out only as an instance of the eternal soul or form; that nothing is lost, nothing is destroyed; and although I don't crave immortality I do

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<sup>13</sup> Aron Dunlap & Joshua Ramey, "Sophia Within, Without Sophia, Whither Sophia", p 202

crave vigor and joy and the running that I associate with my eidos. And I know, too, that all that I have lost in my life is epiphenomenal, people and cats and things, that in reality nothing is lost. So I can face my own aging and mortality with calm and even pleasure, since I am grounded in both a mystical vision of super reality and an intellectual exegesis based on that vision, the totality of which provides me with a philosophy and with an experience with world that is harmonious and wonderful and intellectually satisfying: it is a vision of intactness, of my own self and world. Of everything as a negentropic whole. As regards my writing: it will permanently affect the macrometasomakosmos in the form of reticulation and arborizing—and hence will survive in reality forever, in the underlying structure of the world order. [628]<sup>14</sup>

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<sup>14</sup> see Richard Doyle's "Afterword", p 897: "the Exegesis suggests again and again that the path to Eternity can be found through, well, exegesis."

# the genius polyphony

his journal has that polyphony that Bakhtin IDs as Dostoevsky's genius.

the signal sings thru many modes & media. a wide angel Chorus he receives & transcribes; then mulls in his polyglot of therapy-sprach, bedside confessional, Perennialist didact, and more.

the Exegesis is

a spiritual or cosmic assemblage that grafts citations in ways that render the text viral, heterogenous, destabilized. . . .The Exegesis is saturated with words, phrases, sentences, and whole paragraphs inside quotation marks, all of which make the text "a mishmash of external voices." Sometimes these samples are annotated or announced, but a lot of the time it is unclear whether Dick is citing scripture, a half-remembered poem, some garbled song lyric, the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, or his own Exegesis.<sup>15</sup>

he takes apart his gnosis in neural terms, often. the *Brain* is a persistent metaphor, circa 1978, for Valis/Noös/Zebra. instead of "enlightened", he's okay with a status more modest: node in a sentient Net, a point of light in the star system Valis. he agrees with whatever Bicameral Hypothesis he's culled from the write-up in *Time* magazine. in Dick's own head, the Hemispheric theory is confirmed.

in Dick's own head, a time-slipped Athenaeum advise via actual Voices; and from ahead in Time, from somewhere high in sidereal heaven—*arriving by tachyon*, he speculates—a "feminine A.I." urges him onward.

she's "not a computer"; she's from a star, is "star-information". a conscious star, perhaps? a cosmic yogini afloat in the Void, who mentally emanates?

OR

the *fiction* is polyphonous. the Exegesis sad, a self narrowing.

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<sup>15</sup> Davis, *High Weirdness*, p 529. the internal quote is from Jackson, ExFN, 63

in *Dr. Bloodmoney*, the "Nine personal narrative foci are here, astoundingly, joined by two choral focal groups".<sup>16</sup>

in *Ubik* we find

a world without stable centers or peripheries, where the main problem is to find out who is inside and who outside the unstable circles of narrative consciousness, liable to an infinite receding series of contaminations from other—often only guessed at—such centers.<sup>17</sup>

the Exegesis, by contrast, is autistic & monotonous. relentlessly theoretical, a pervasive essay. personalized, yes—so non-collegial. it wants the "we" of a scholarly journal's house style.

it begins with letters, yet without the Replies. he's finding his form, in early months—a movement into monologue.

the Exegesis sounds like his post-*Ubik* novels, as Suvin describes them:

withdrawn from the earlier richness into an only fragmentary use of his already established model, it has centered on one protagonist and his increasingly private and psychoanalytic problems, or, as the other side of the same coin, on a Jungian collective unconscious.<sup>18</sup>

"What if God is just another extreme version of privacy?" for Jackson, the Exegesis is a solipsistic response to a theophany that his fiction *solves*. in *Horselover Fat & Phil*, the signal goes social. in *VALIS*, the novel, Valis disperses, relieved from circular stasis.<sup>19</sup>

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<sup>16</sup> Darko Suvin. "P.K. Dick's Opus", p 11

<sup>17</sup> Suvin, "PKD's Opus", p 19.

<sup>18</sup> Suvin, "PKD's Opus", p 20. Suvin, writing in 1975, assesses up to *Flow My Tears*.

<sup>19</sup> Jackson, *The World Philip K. Dick Made*, p 172-173. i won't try to solve the contradiction of the two Jackson quotes [cf FN 15]—though "mishmash" would not be the polyphony Bakhtin *praises*, if polyphony it is. i sympathize with her binary response, and in the structure of this section, i duplicate it.

# in the god, in the telling

**superimposition** "is both a metaphysical concern and a compositional strategy for the Exegetical Dick".<sup>20</sup>

the Eternal discloses by a trick of double exposure: the archetype [Rome] superimposed on the contingent present ['70s Orange County].

in the pages, too, we find a *layering* of citations—as when he exegetes his novels, re-tells *Ubik* as a gnostic text.

the golden fish : whose story alters in the telling. whose sketches mutate thru the pages, "a linked daisy-chain that becomes the supreme icon of bios and logos intertwined." <sup>21</sup> we appreciate an artist's sketchbook, "as if Dick is exploring the formal possibilities of the figure"; yet a flip-book is implied in our perusal, "as if the figure itself were alive with its own variations."<sup>22</sup>

*come* for the post-facto report on a putative theophany. *stay* for the theophany *in* a text whose formal features *show* the info-deity described.

a Book of Revelation re a logos-god may *bear* that god, *be* that god.

The *Exegesis* was merely a game that Dick played with God. The goal of this game was for God to have another place to enter the world, in the endless theorizing of Dick's writing.<sup>23</sup>

"I saw the light", Dick writes. yet the light was dense with info, a compressed stream of photons that came into his brain & re-arranged him. then output endless pages—each a seeming screenshot of the decompressing deity, yet a moving Idea, when we think about it.

the book is the thing: the god incoming. the word finds flesh & spreads into a readership.

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<sup>20</sup> Davis, High Weirdness, p 528

<sup>21</sup> Davis, p 510

<sup>22</sup> Davis, p 510

<sup>23</sup> Gabriel Mckee, *Pink Beams of Light from the God in the Gutter*, p 52

# notes for a never-writ novel

can't quite enjoy it as theology? how about **epistolary novel**, then? a legendary madman's letters to himself.

a **meta-Sci Fi**, whose lead is a Sci Fi writer. he scrawls wild notes for a story overtaking him. its themes seep in his dreams. plotpoints arrive by a Voice from some Future-perfect.

the entries now & then read desperate. a record of Attrition, journal from the trenches of some terrible war. his voice turns tight, resigned to his fate: like Borges in the Postscript to *Tlön*.

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this novel *does* get published: by Houghton Mifflin Harcourt, thirty years posthumously.

shelved as Non-Fiction, sold as a document. a chronicle for seekers, whose dustcover blurbs name Augustine & Eckhart.

---

this Novel kind of *is*, kind of *isn't*. it's a UFO arriving, never touching down:

Its light is white like moonbeams. . . It is always getting closer but it has never arrived . . . It is throughout matter. . . as if the whole landscape is light-spattered. . . like a hollow Japanese paper lantern. . .this great light-giving ship . . . the way the "Kingdom" enters our world. . .a constant entering, as the EB macro says, but I couldn't conceive this. Now I can. [178]

later in this entry, a premise for *To Scare the Dead*:

dreams about the approaching Spaniards by the Aztecs—visions of the future. Like the Moth dream, which is a dream about the arrival of a ship, and S-F in style. [179]

---

is this a *Sci Fi* premise? could be Raymond Carver.

*a sad-sack man haunts his apartment. his wife left a year ago, left the cat who winds about his legs.*

*the radio is on, is always on. he re-heats Salisbury steak.*

*he's mulling all the while, in a tight third-person, his UFO dreams. they hover in his waking hours, rule him in his sleep.*

it's like a documentary: on Jodorowsky's *Dune*. the making of a movie unreleased. thus *true First Contact*: a thing too big & weird for Earth, passing in its interstellar transit. it leaves a trail of tropes & tricks thru 80s Sci Fi, its psychic echoes.

Jodorowsky's *Dune*—the movie unmade—was an *actual* alien. a numinous objet d'art<sup>24</sup>.

---

this novel could feature a man

who remembers the future rather than the past—the psychiatrist setting, even. Autobiographical [180]

**SF-autobiography:** i nominate this tag! it's PKD's own genre. his sui generis genre. his wedding of the Opposites: the Fiction lets in Non, and the Non lets in the dreams. neither one dominates.

**SF-autobiography:** the hyphen is a river of mercury. insinuates an S within the Yin & the Yang. binds them down the length of their interior.<sup>25</sup>

---

<sup>24</sup> as one of the Doc's talking heads suggests.

<sup>25</sup> Terence McKenna attributes this vision of the Tao sigil to [Canadian chemist?] Al Wong, in "Alchemy & The Hermetic Corpus", his May 1991 talk at Esalen.



# outer clown / inner king

**outer clown:** he's "like a cartoon character instead of a person . . . a corny animation from the '30s." [VALIS]

**inner king:** "In their private talks, Phil seemed to Silverberg "much quieter and much more authentic—less the performer." " <sup>26</sup>

**outer clown:** "My outside is just for laughs." [64]

**inner King:** "My inner self growing, grows wiser everyday—wiser and older, surpassing the outer long ago." [64]

**outer clown:** overshares in '74 and '81. the prophecy-pushing, the cloying encyclicals. the silly specificity of these bookend visions: *i'm inhabited by an ancient Thomas, the endtime Christ is a vet in Ceylon named Tagore.*

**inner King:** the same, but remembering: *foolish to the Greeks, a scandal to the Hebrews.*

**outer clown:** somewhat in his suicide attempts

**inner king:** lain in state, unseen. himself seeing what? his body prone, taking in the ceiling.

**outer clown:** the film will *show* the final word(s). mouthing as he falls, a hint of smile:

[ Latin, German, Aramaic? cue for the endorphin flow, and FADE

**inner king,** a fallen Kane, found among his banker's boxes. found *inside* his banker's boxes.

---

<sup>26</sup> Sutin quoting Silverberg, in *Divine Invasions*, p 250

**outer clown:** L. Ron Hubbard

**inner king:** PKD

**outer clown:** how *i* imagine *cryptic*. a cartoon overlay, a Casper 'of the crypt'.

**inner king:** as Dick translates it: *latent*. *crypte morphosis* thus is 'latent shape'.

- Dick went deeper, to the essence of the thing.
- a chrysalis lit within, perhaps: that heavy flesh occludes
- this latent light is Life: shall rise & spread its wings
- is *not* of the grave, is *not* my obvious limbs.

**outer clown:** "I as a soul splintered up in fragments through space and time, literally exploded through space and time, in incarnation after incarnation, my unity shattered." [624]

**inner king:** "the Greek equipoise that Apollo exemplified; that Attic calm to which I must return, or I am destroyed." [624]

**outer clown:** the theologic bull raps of *VALIS*. his court become a noisome klatch of condo squatters. the Signal degraded into pedantry & squabbles. the Signal with a necessary Glossary. with **he said /she said** mucking up the poetry.

**inner king:** a mind that is its own advanced Seminar.

**outer clown:** the scholar fool, defining every word. the dialogue in *VALIS*. the silly **terse didacticism**.

*VALIS* is the part in the trailer for *Underworld* where kick-ass Kate cashes out the fanboy techsprach:

Lycans. *Werewolves*.

i work this into skits for Y & the bunnies. it gives excessive joy, i admit it.

i don't blame Kate—she's doing what she can with the script. i rather hear her Writer, enamored with the research. he's getting Kate to turn his trick: a cheap Reveal with *simple translation*.

deus absconditus. *the hidden God.*

Gottesfreund. *Friend of God.*

Akhenaten's hymn. *older than our Bible.*

Shiva, *The Destroyer. He's also the Restorer.*

Hephaestus. *the builder god.*

and so on.

in every case, "both Eric and Linda smiled."

in every case, Eric adds: "But time is not real; not to us, anyhow."

---

*Valis*, the film, arrives in the middle of the novel. Kevin is obsessed, receives all the signs. he's now a young collaborator, "a Bible scholar. To Fat's amusement, the cynic had become devout."<sup>27</sup>

i learn from this dramatic shift, a level out: this novel is for skeptics. knocking Dick, i am like the pre-*Valis* Kevin. skeptical, verging on a prick.<sup>28</sup>

the Cynic says: *VALIS* is pedantic.

Friends say: it's generous with lessons.

Dick is an affable Don: who loves to share his learning & his Latin.

acolyte David is good & naïve, eager to receive.

the novel *is* laughable, but loveable. in knocking it, i am the asshole. i am a hypocrite: i write, all the time, *Lycans*—full stop. then turn away, feeling rather handsome. my reader free to look it up, leave a Comment somewhere in the Reddit they may seek me in, in friendship.

Dick's outer clown spreads the Kingdom. the Spielberg flicks will win them. it's Dick's World we're living in! Disneyland / Dick's new land.

---

<sup>27</sup> hunched in the back of Eric's VW, Kevin serves an essaylet on Ekhart. necessarily, he was unusually excited: had paragraphs to spew within the constraints, over-strained, of dialogic Realism.

<sup>28</sup> i do not judge K.W. Jeter, his model.

**inner king:** he lets us look it up. it's somewhere in his published correspondence? "Last night at Juan's", who's *Juan*? a *nepioi* or *ptochoi*, judging by the context—I'm clueless of the Gk, except they're both *good*, i gather.

diaries *are* aloof, impetuous by their privacy. what makes Dick's so regal, so distinguished?

his gets *published*, that's what.

**outer clown:** the Metz address. "You are free to believe me or to disbelieve, but please take my word on it, that I am *not* joking, this is *very* serious, a matter of importance." <sup>29</sup>

**inner king:** in cheerless private thoughts. the silence of the words he didn't bother with. the pen put down, the duty done.

**outer clown:** "he was a big man, a big, heavy, barrel-chested, tall, imposing presence. and i really got the intense perception, a real strong feeling from Phil, that he knew that he intimidated people; and that he knew that he consciously had to do everything he could to make them feel at ease" <sup>30</sup>

**inner king:** the motive we infer, from the clowning!

---

<sup>29</sup> Dick, "If You Find This World Bad, You Should See Some of the Others (1977)", in *The Shifting Realities of Philip K. Dick*, p 246

<sup>30</sup> D. Scott Apel, in *The Gospel According to Philip K. Dick*, 2001 [d: Mark Steensland]

# we are the sketches of Christ

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

"The style we are drawn in," I said. [107]

the true face of Christ is our own implied Composite. this composite *is* the Second Coming.

what's the doc where Ram Dass quotes Mother Theresa? in the faces of the dying, in Calcutta's poor & wretched, she saw "Christ in his many distressing disguises".

the PKD Christ is a social Ideation. Platonic, or post-modern. the Eidos of agape, who enters all our imagery: who livens every suffering, foolish face.

as in the First, its life is a Sacrifice. our faces show the agony, the comedy & tragedy, of this Sacrifice.

Christ's Passion—his redemptive death and resurrection—was not something that occurred in the past, but something that is occurring now and that occurs perpetually in eternity. In our world, it is revealed in God's action of mimicry, hiding itself in the "trash layers" of our world by infusing the everyday with his eternal substance. Christ's suffering, God's hiddenness in the cross, and the secrecy of Jesus' teaching are reflected in *all* suffering in our world, in *all* secret divine messages, be they in parables, pulp novels, or rubbish in the alley.<sup>31</sup>

the Passion & the Cross merely bring to a point what's implicit all along: he entered flesh, & let himself be spread—*that's* the sacrifice.

---

<sup>31</sup> Gabriel Mckee, *Pink Beams of Light from the God in the Gutter*, p 65

# not Christianity, not any known system

odd how generic his description:

Well, I guess it's rare, or if not rare then no one who experiences this talks about it (or: can talk about it). I passed from one world and into another—I sum it up like that. And: I ceased to be one thing, and became a better thing. And: I escaped illusion and reached reality. [219-220]

a list of three enlightenment clichés. no high weirdness, no phosphene flash-cut, pacing out the d-load. no Fifth Savior, no screaming rat-Christ; no visible, measurable door to Paradise.

he tends to contradict, when he tries to fit his vision into history:

*I'm alone in the revelation annals / i confirm an old Philosophy.*

he's alone:

Herewith I have discerned and formulated a new religion. [457]

*Ubik* contains a correct cosmology *radically* different from all accepted ones [397]

he's of a lineage:

My experience—and system—is neither new nor limited to the West. It was known to ancients all over the world. [392]

a compromise

his view *is* ancient: the Heterodoxy that

we are the plural forms of God voluntarily descended to this prison world [410]

it's "the Great Satanic blasphemy", counter to the dogma of Original Sin. believing it *is* the Original Sin, says Orthodoxy: we're exiled to this prison world, this work-house out of Eden, since we *fell* for the blasphemy of *thinking we are God*.

**the blasphemy:** I am God, who entered the world, then forgot.

**the orthodoxy:** You are a sinner, fallen here for thinking you are god.

## Jesus & the demon-brother

This is not Christianity. This is not *any* known system. [320]

in Dick's Cosmology of the 2-signal hologram, the analog of Christ is **Sophia**. yet since Sophia has a "deranged twin", that would make Christ & Satan twins.

brothers, at minimum.

*still* this may be Christian. obscenity the true, secret gnosis. known, never spoken, thru the centuries.

the Horror's first receiver? Jesus, in an excised scene from the Temptation sequence. implied in Kazantzakis, perhaps.

does Milton edit out the innocuous phrase, in the wise brother's case against Yahweh:

"our mutual Father" ?

who did Jesus tell, returned from the Desert? what did he leave out? what did he suppress in his heart?

he's railing at the morning Sun, i see him. crumpled in the sand, withered in the death stare. reflexively, defensively, prostrate.

thru tears of rage he cries, through hands that hold his face:

*NO, you're NOT my Brother!*

## Christ as Prometheus

the esoteric name of Christ is *Prometheus*. he who brings us secret of Eternal Life.

he stole it from the Vault above, "revolted against the divine machinery". [595]

the Third Age begins, and it's not merely Christian. the hypnagogic voice transmits a "theologic overkill": the Buddha in the Park, St. Sophia born again, the Head Apollo soon to return.

the Testament is superseded, revelation bursts its local strictures.

**Age One:** Info handed down / God above

**Age Two:** Info on the ground / God among us

**Age Three:** Info within, with no signal loss. we won't read Scripture, we shall *tweet revelations*, each of us

a cargo cult, a conjurer's trick

it's *not* Christianity, it's a conjurer's trick. "The whole Christian message of 2-74 only worked *because I believed in it.*" [793] the epistemic *process* shows the deeper truth of Buddhism, of Sankara.

the  $\gamma$  turning into a palm tree doesn't verify Christianity; it verifies the conjurer's trick and this is pan-Indian thought. [794]

the pink light, the PTG, all a Christian *show*—with an *Indian* Producer! the show shows Maya work her magic, and obviously. it dazzles him, entrances him : he sees this process, sees what's going on.



close to his earlier claim that the *structure/mechanism* of 2-3-74 was Neoplatonic anamnesis of "a Form realm that is not spatiotemporal but is morphologically arranged" [621]; yet the *content* of the Form is Christian: the narrative of Rome versus Nazareth.

the message is Christian, but the meta-message is the medium of delivery, a system of production: a formal relation of being & meaning.

# the Medieval vertical

he entered "an augmented (i.e., enormously greater) space."

he entered a Cathedral, the "Medieval vertical". [610] a vast inner canyon of extension & light, with *Time* along an axis of archetypes.

in "the modern worldview, the way we organize space, time and causation", Theophany is senseless. so he abreacted—or God provided—a context where "a theophany was logical, i.e., possible." [610]

- where Time turns into space, as Parsifal is shown. [445] as Buddha who recalls all his lives, at enlightenment
- where sequence is abolished, composites in a stack of transparencies
- where all of history summons into presence

so Man is restored to *Adam Kadmon*, to Kabbala's *Purusha*.

Adam *is* Atman: whose inner self co-extends with Macrocosm. [530]

Memory involves vastly augmented time which is then converted into space. "A long time ago" becomes a very large spatial volume. [531]

the latter sentence is both a witty shot-summary of *Star Wars* [1977], & a logocentric Cosmogony. a Word begins the World—yet spoken from the end of Time. it tells its *own* tale, of how it drew Chaos into History: by narrating *itself*, by using "the antecedent universe as a stockpile". [534]

## agoraphobia / claustrophobia

a Gnostic knows:

- a fear of public space [of Roman real estate]
- a terror of confinement in the physical

---

they go within, underground. they huddle in the dark, in a catacomb.

the trauma of pursuit is cathected, thereby, to the sense of being *enclosed*.

*a small space is for hiding in*, in Christian memory. a place to cower, to think of capture. to rehearse a coming martyrdom.

soon they have you, "under the Coliseum in a cave". they garrote you there— or send you above, to be torn apart in the open.<sup>32</sup>

## the Cathedral solves this complex phobia

from cramped & afraid, he's released into a vast inner space.

the best experience & knowledge is of the "compression of the whole cosmos in the inner space inside you". [420]

to have the world come to *you*, and nestle in your domicile! a comfy space, yet bound by walls of *books*. his EB, his own great work—they sum the world outside.

and Beethoven LPs! his symphonies hold "the most vast volume of space possible"— so headphones on, Dick is freed. he's an analog I, joyously exploring "the inner firmament of Bruno". [530]

## the concert hall: an open enclosure

in life he was the usher who abandoned his post, ran from the hall in a panic.

in the clarifying dream, he disrupts on arrival: chips in on a pantomime he thought was an impromptu symposium.

---

<sup>32</sup> Dick dreamt this martyrdom just before 2-74—being garroted below—which explains his phagophobia, too: a tension in the throat they constricted, he claims. [from his interviews with Greg Rickman, April 1981 – February 1982, in *The Last Interview and Other Conversations*, p 107.]

his "primordial rebellion" is due to "a failure to comprehend the situation." [813]

coming in, he'd presumed an "open" cosmos. he rather finds

the closed cosmos in which as in Stoicism people simply act out their assigned roles, say their assigned lines. [813]

---

a concert hall is a large enclosed space. a panic attack here is diagnostic. it tells you that your phobia is complex, a paradox: your fear is of an *open enclosure*.

the world, like the hall, is a space that constricts. his fear is of heimarmene, which makes the cosmos tight as a closet, for its creatures.

once he understands, he doesn't interfere with "the clockwork marionette drama being acted out". [813] nor will he join in. he's given no role, resigns to observe & comment underbreath. hence his "withdrawn status in life". [813]

thus I adapt the mode of a scholar and philosopher, but only because I have been edited out of the drama itself. [813]

his phobias are wise: they keep him on the edge of life, to let him write. they keep him in his house, at his desk.

his phobias are wise, of

assigned roles in an odious drama, that is, a drama inimical to our real natures. It is a vast enactment of something unnatural. [814]

his phobias are owing to his gnosis. as Truman wakes up, his world turns intolerably small: the sky an enclosing dome, everyone around him a robot.

---

a lesson for Psychiatry: invert the Pathology. panic & distress are *appropriate* responses. depression is responsive to "a world that should not be." [814]

# here comes the Geometry

*hypnopompic: Oct 24 2020, noonish. was napping off last night's weed. eyes swollen, mind woolly, headachey. i'd set the golden tome aside, & laid back on Clyde.*<sup>33</sup>

vision of

- a *second* glossy insert
- a third of way in—i guess i'd missed it? days ago, i passed the middle insert
- two sheets, four total sides. only inner two are inked.
- polygons in rows. each page a 3-by-3 matrix
- a tic tac toe of pentagons, Venn circles, et cet. free-hand diagrams, w/ captions
- i glance at all this high school math, and skip it
- i grimace, shake my head, turn the page

---

a year ago, i had a good routine. was inculcating rigor, joining a community of performers & producers.

- a hundred daily push-ups, punchy in the mirror with the twenty-lb handweights
- daily Qs from *Fundamentals of Physics, 7<sup>th</sup> Ed*
- memorizing verse, heading out twice a week for open mic

these days, they may need to operate. on failing knees & whatever pokes out when i defecate, frequently.

lately i commit *to get high* for every hundred pages read. "loaded last night", i edited into the glorious red. 16,000 words, so far.

- from bullet notes, i'm hearing now a Voice within my document
- even in the light of day, i skip his many diagrams

---

<sup>33</sup> our uncomplaining horse-couch, sturdy in its service.

the Muse sent me music as i woke from my nap. a syncopated beat i was tapping onto Clyde's heavy cotton, till i noticed.

pulse for the "jazzy" track J-d wants to make?

tricky to arrange on a Piano Roll.

the beat will come again—if it's necessary.

---

oh no, peeking thru the Names Index: here comes the Geometer Spinoza!

straight ahead: Malebranche the Rationalist!

by ticks in the Index: Stars of the book's second half!

overall, **Plato** rules, with twenty-nine refs.<sup>34</sup>

the Index & the dream are his sign above the gate to the Academy:

*Only friends of Math may Pass.*

---

*correction:* ~~two~~-thirds thru the book. it's what i'd jotted down, on coming to: "two-thirds"—then thought it was a typo, and changed it to "a third".

*why* did i think it was a typo?

the "typo" was correct: two-thirds thru the actual book, i come upon the second glossy index.

---

<sup>34</sup> the number for **Platonic**? possibly *Infinity*. 2<sup>nd</sup> place is **Lem**, more than **Paul the Apostle**: 25 pages, 25 hits. because Lem exalted him, identified the Genius, Dick refs himself, in this Entry. exalts himself, when reffing Lem, by necessity.

- from Fall 1980, pages 617-650.
  - Jackson notes that Dick grouped this folder into sections marked **I** through **XVIII**.
  - my eighteen shapes on the two shiny pages? my 3x3 per page.
  - and the "difficult geometry"? she warns of "complexities introduced" in this Folder.
- 

a **Folder 1**, two-thirds in, *is* an insert: a numbering anomaly.

it's set apart, by ending with THE END.<sup>35</sup> it opens with a title page, a cover for the whole Exegesis.

he signs it all away, his *Apologia pro mea vita*.

---

superimposed on my half-serious hypothesis that the golden tome has two parts,<sup>36</sup> my Insert dream tells me that the first two-thirds is Part One, and the last third, pretty much his last year alive,<sup>37</sup> is Part Two.

i'm still half-serious, at most. we'll see what Part II brings; but the end of Part I predicts a dissipation:

Now, I will certainly natter on past this point, worry and ponder and obsessively write for years to come; but this is a kind of tribute on my part to the importance of what I underwent, what I saw, what I learned [611]

the Folder seems some kind of climax. a clarifying, without reifying. "only in the last two weeks has it become successful". [628]

---

<sup>35</sup> THE END has a footnote: the rest of the Exegesis. then, work like this: a meta-exegesis. footnotes to footnotes, commentaries linking up like Valis.

<sup>36</sup> more serious than i had right to, since i'd formed it very high & a hundred pages in

<sup>37</sup> late 1980 thru early '82. i.e. 1981, plus bookends.

# the Bible's middle letter?

i'm tempted by a question "almost no one feels the slightest inclination to resolve".<sup>38</sup>

enticed by a phrase i receive by saccade, out of context: "a single pagination for the whole".<sup>39</sup>

## A1. the letter is a 1

note that

folder numbers do not reflect chronological order; they represent the order in which Williams picked up the pages.<sup>40</sup>

making Folder 1 was thus the first act of book-binding. the central fold, the pages first enclosed.

1 is thus a book spine's ideogram. axis of the leaves enfolded. axis all the pages spread symmetric from.

## A2. the letter is an O

Dream: page of a typed final draft of core of exegesis; I pull out page, in center a white, blank circle. No inked impression was made; only the top, bottom and sides are typed [667]<sup>41</sup>

words fill the page around a blank. the center of the book's central page is a circle-shaped Nothing.

- "is all being merely the periphery of the core which non-being constitutes?" [667]
- a shape needs space to fold into
- logos can't *mean* without the blank it appears on

---

<sup>38</sup> Scott Alexander, "God Help Us, Let's Try to Understand Friston on Free Energy". *Slate Star Codex*, March 4, 2018

<sup>39</sup> from the "Editors' Note" in the 2011 edition, xxiii

<sup>40</sup> *ibid*

<sup>41</sup> i can't help seeing the numerology. i note it, uncommitted. p 667 is recto to 666. 666 means .6 repeating, "two-thirds": we're two-thirds in, at the book's hidden center, my dreamt-of infold.



- void is the House of Being

or **○** is a negentropic vortex. it draws all around it into info.

- the stuff around is organized, concentrates
- the stuff around is *not* spread indifferent [equilibrally]
- concentric rings, their density diminishing by distance from the central sucking Nothing

or **○** is the dead star Persus 9 circles. the absence we avoid by telling stories, staying distracted.

### **A3. the letter is a dyad: a 1/0 binary**

- the center is an **○** *and* a spine
- the center is a process, not a thesis
- the center is a CPU that synthesizes input
- the center is a Zebra wink: the playful on/off
- the center is a game of tic tac toe

# Dick, a homely Deity

November 1<sup>st</sup>, 1980: he quotes David Bowie, hums "Heroes".

November 1<sup>st</sup>, 2020: i'm here with Dick at an Exegesis peak. a final regal survey of the great rounding Earth, before climb-down.

i hum the Beatles: *It was forty years ago today*.<sup>42</sup> the kitchen lights are strobing, and the stove clock flashing says we lost power, yet gained an hour in the night.

it all feels like Friendship. like Dick is addressing me, arranging my environment in messaging.

what's his auteurial style? he's the opposite of Epic, of Space Opera. the domicile comes alive, is all. this strobing light, it's poltergeisty: the tiny bulb is dying, but Valis enters into it, and chit-chats by it.

a homely god, humming along to the radio. "It's as if the ultimate mystery is that there is no mystery". [631]

his gnosis is small

*Ubik* is true: this is all he's learned.

---

<sup>42</sup> i first heard Sgt Pepper's on May 26, 1987. a snatch from a newscast, the title track playing beneath the Anchor's lead-in. it must have been the evening's last piece: a happy note to segue from Iran-Contra & Klaus Barbie to second-run sitcoms & *ET*:

It *was* twenty years ago today, the Beatles released their [et cetera.]

for me, the song was *true*, when i heard it. Paul sang the truth, was the archetype MC. the baton-bearing Edwardian in epaulets melded with the mod in shades & a mop top; and they together fused with the blue-suited anchorman.

for you, my later reader, add another Paul, another MC! does one of *you* read this on November 1, 2040? 2060? on May 26 of a year that ends in 7? this sacred math is flexible, admittedly. or shall we say it's fruitful? that by it, Valis spreads.

for me the song was echo of Eternity. *it was 20 years ago that it was 20 years ago*, and so on. i hear it now, if i didn't then: echoes off Cathedral walls, that whirl & rise & amplify in chorus with the Deity, or Dick.

he knew it well as fiction; now he knows it's true.

a change in the valence sign, is all. a swipe of the negation line.

he reassigns the novel to another shelf. gazing at the spine, he says *hmm . . . interesting*. rubs his pate or pot belly.

*this one goes here, i guess.*

he shuffles in his bathrobe, humming Wagner.

indeed he is America's Borges! each is most at home among his books. yet Borges dresses formal, in the Study.

Borges the pro, the National Librarian; Dick the drop-out amateur. Dick found UC Berkeley abhorrent, the Philosophy conformist as the mandatory army drills. yet he kept his stacks access card for years.

i can't see him panic in the carpeted hush, where Athena guides him, and Pamela Jackson, years later, tracks him: following the trail from Berkeley High.

# Dick's ontological Arg?

he calls these 1980 entries, these lucid Folder One entries, his first "complete" or "successful" overview. [634]

the scare-quotes are his, a cognitive caution. his modesty re a *Mysterium*.

god is a surd. god stands alone, beyond any system.

the world is such a system; a book is such a system.

the Nov 17 theophany "is arguably the most important entry in the entire Exegesis".<sup>43</sup>

for Davis it is "one of the peaks".<sup>44</sup> for Jackson, it's the Folder's peak, at least.<sup>45</sup>

it's Dick and his hypothesized God, in dialogue. his six years' search, summed in a friendly Dialectic.

a process, now he sees, that shows a *proof* of the Theory:

P1. God is the Infinity of Infinities. [by def]

P2. each thought yields an infinity of theses/antitheses. [a discovery]

---

C. God is in our thought.

in each regress, God is there, awaiting us. "Here I am", he says. [639]

by **Ontological Argument** i mean an a priori route to God's necessity. performed eyes shut, a pure jnana yoga.

---

<sup>43</sup> Gabriel Mckee, ExFN, 639

<sup>44</sup> Erik Davis, ExFN, 644

<sup>45</sup> Jackson, ExFN, 617

## P2 is quasi-empirical

his process of discovery has *analog*s of outward search. the quantifier "each" is the sum of his experimental trials.

each time, god is there, within the dialectic: dispersing each thought to Infinity.

each time, the Mastermind smiles, & sweeps clean the GO board.

*If you please, try again.*

---

yet where did Dick get all this time? "I tried forever".

his skull is small. he stays within his condo's four walls. yet there, an Eternal opens up. a space sky-high, and more than mere *metaphor* for Time.

it's **Medieval space-time**, a vast shaft of vertical. the *axis* of Orthogonal Time.

it's transparency itself, thru the laminates stacked high. each glass plate is an instance of the Archetype.

he need not think thru every thought, to justify the "each". he sees the whole stack by a light running thru it.

his lab is a Cathedral. it's quasi-empirical. he doesn't count apples: he sees the Math the apples all exemplify. [620]

## i let in the antithesis

it's punch-cards, the output of Head over Tape—whose piles we're to estimate. piles from an a priori process, if i grok the Comp Sci.

yet this "a priori" operates on sums of observations, on things he has presumably *seen*: superimpositions in the streetscape; clues god gives him, as he speaks.

---

i scan again his journal, and recognize the god of *Pascal*: who tutors us to think in probabilities.

the Process is thus:

1. Dick gathers data, then
2. goes to work on Theory: sums it in his head, where the punch-cards rise into antitheses;
3. whose heights God advises Dick to estimate.

i complicate my thesis, my excitement for an Ontologic *proof*.

i let in the antithesis: *God appears to Dick in a multi-tier Abduction, in an ongoing, ever growing, Inference.*

i notice, now, the Dialogue repeats *on my page*. continues in these afternotes to Dick.

loosely, for the Signal degrades.

my mind is made heavy with my heavy meal on All Saints' Day, 2020. waffles, coffee, chunks of sweet potato Y roasted.

"i tire of this game" i say. and light surges in, thru the high stain glass to my right. thru the folk art exuberance, a cruciform flower.

*Yes, it says, this game*: the tic tac toe i'd dreamt of one week ago. lying right here, on Clyde.

*a game we're always playing, on the glossy page*. of Xs and Os, of skeptical Xs and Ontologic Os.

"Here we are, in the apophatic realm of the via negativa"; here we are, "in the obscure light of the infinite." <sup>46</sup>

*here is the Book's true center.* the Insert is an inner space, a cognitive Cathedral.

a surge of golden sun, again, from high & to my right: the locus of bicameral transmission. the surging is a pulse, like the light in the kitchen.

Dick, a homely deity! the whole thing is local.

this light is not obscure, but obscuring. it hits my moving pen, so a shadow slants upon these words i pass, as i press them.

---

<sup>46</sup> Davis, ExFN, 644

# the twin dreams

the Dialogue Theophany is echoed in his Twin Dreams of Feb '75.

each dream a vision of an alternate life.

in one, he's living large, has exercised his options. "the mode was soaring, weightlessness, fame, mobility, wealth, respect". [95]

the second is a mirror-world of Fullerton. a cross-border barrio, where folks drag old cloth second-hand suitcases Dick, if that's his name, is always helping with. he's a migratory worker, fearful of the cops. the better shops admired from the street, by the storefront.

yet

Both of these alternative universes were wonderful. . . .each was complete, an entire world. [96]

as if God says: *Whichever way you turn, there I am.*

I will show you that each path is the Middle Path, that there is no universe which I can't make complete. You can't be where I am not. And if I am there, which I always am, it is a total world, good as any other. [96]

these mirror dreams are mirror of 11-17-80, of the Dialogue Theophany.<sup>47</sup> i won't try to warp them into *Proof*; yet i notice: the God of these dreams is the one Alvin Plantinga sought: a God of the Multiverse, whose goodness enters every possible world.<sup>48</sup>

---

<sup>47</sup> they mirror by the calendar, also: one a year *into* the Exegesis; the other [roughly] a year from its end.

<sup>48</sup> his Modal Ontological Argument in *The Nature of Necessity*, 1974.



# the twin break-ins

the break-in was 11-17-71. he remembered the anniversary. Tessa reports that on 11-17-72, "Phil went bonkers, and made *sure* every window and door was locked, and would *not* leave the house, or let me leave." <sup>49</sup>

the break-in left a mess—a mystery to obsess over. a rupture in his little world, a glimpse into a vast one—it gave him what he often gave his characters.

the C.I.A.? the Panthers? his own unconscious self?

the break-in is a prophecy of 2-74, its dire symbol. the property crime concretizes the mystical in-breaking. we notice this concordance, in 1974, then add another bullet in the long list of suspects for the break-in: god, Valis, an E.T.I.—whoever comes thru in the pink beam of light.

the light says: *remember me? noticing a modus operandi?*

the *proximate* cause of the '71 break-in still may be paramilitary mercenaries or drug addicts. the pink beam of light has its local causes, too: a pendant, a sun ray, the sodium pentothal.

the modus operandi *is* to break into your home via proximate causes, and leave you with a mystery to obsess over.

if, after '74, God is a suspect, on 11-17-80 he's admitting to the crime—if only by his timing.

the crime is always *surprising*. on its nine-year anniversary, still unexpected: "the theophany I had supposed I had already had". [646]

what's a book by Dick without an epistemic shift? *The Exegesis* seems to start in media res, with the Revelation already happened.

---

<sup>49</sup> interview with Tessa Dick by J.D. Reynolds in *PKDS Newsletter* #13, February 1987; in Sutin *Divine Invasions*, p 198

what if: *this* is the delusion, that it *happened*.

the pink light hit, you're now in a novel by Philip K. Dick—correct. that must mean: your world is *false*. that must mean: a surprise is *coming*.

three weeks after the Dialogue Theophany, he writes:

In other words the—this—exegesis came before the theophany. The exegesis finally reached the conclusion that everything I had seen in 2-3-74 had to do with world ("a perturbation in the reality field") except a glint of color in the weeds, of the alley and a ripple of wind—which was—even *this* was—not God but just the tracings/glyphs/footprint of God *on* reality. Thereupon, i.e. as a result of this realization (11-80) I *then* experienced a true theophany [656]

he demotes 2-3-74 to a vision of "*world* in a highly superior way, but still *world*". [656] he mistook "this ultimate view of reality as a vision of God". [656]

notice how ambiguous is *vision of God*. if *of* means *by*, we have a *glimpse of world, as God sees it*: negentropic, arranged into purpose: a Book as seen by Author as they type it.

in 11-17-80, Dick *meets* the Author. the old wizard pulls aside his alcove curtain.

in 2-3-74 Dick *was* divine, and saw things divinely.

each, in its way, a theophany.

thus *another* surprise; or surely we *expect* another shift: the prior surprise is retracted. whatever the drama, by the end of 1980 he's accepted both visions as "*self-authenticating*" [660]. his six years led him "From moksa to moksa" [666]: the first one Brahmanic, the other a "Christian nirvana". [665]

# i too, have this ability

the guru/shishya agon & the happy Athenaeum

live your dream, or you will live a nightmare, ha ha ha.

you're empathizing with the quest to become—more than mortal.

[ Ron: MORE THAN MORTAL  
both: YEAH

which is an assumption i made when i heard Tears For Fears in that apartment in 1984. that little boy in that room thought, "i can be like *that*. i will make the world in that image. i will make the world understand that *i too have this ability*.<sup>50</sup>

the twenty-year reunion of an old gay Deadhead & his skaterboy Acolyte is delicately scored. music for a scene in a mountaintop dojo. flutes of Hariprasad Chaurasia? a one-off for Bollywood, some easy ad libitum? with credit to Emil who cut this Meta-score! who lifted from his high stack of LP soundtracks, who hears within the dross a crazy birdsong.

in Ted Chiang's *Understand*, "Reynolds" is the supervillain. his lair's in Philadelphia, he's from Arizona, yet his drawl conveys a mountain-high Irony.

it's a BBC voice actor's interesting choice, and makes me think of old Carolina.

there's also the meme of **Raleigh N.C.** i may have subbed, over-dubbed, **Reynolds** for **Raleigh**—tipped by the tobacco brand; whose fields, i know, are further south & better fed by estuaries.

my mind is loose, my geo-history wavery.

- we're ever-young seekers, boyish for our age. [me & Emil]
- born too late, born too early.
- i am from Chapel Hill, from Ithaca, too: a thriving '90s DIY scene.

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<sup>50</sup> Emil Amos, "The Odyssey". *Drifter's Sympathy*. March 18 2019

- we both saw Fugazi many times, and worshipped Led Zeppelin as virgins. came up in a Boys Club, an outcast incubation Center.
- with Metal nerds among us; one of them a Liberation Christian, lately.

i barely play guitar yet am welcome with Emil in a hang-out loft: where wise old acidheads mingle. where pints are raised by D.C. punks, wheezy now; by poet-monks down from the ashram.

## profs you could consult, legendary Minds

he finds himself, one by one, offending them: "profs you could consult if you were having trouble."

he seeks them out, or fate arranges run-ins. in after-class chat, he gets their backs up.<sup>51</sup>

he's not having trouble. he's come to share his finding, a happiness:

The world is itself as it wanted to be, as it rolled like a stone through the celestial sea, and polished itself into something that *works*, that is simple, that makes sense.

a sage of the Math Department corrects him:

Walk out into the street and look at the roadkill, and see the Math of the world: it's 50/50. Pleasure & Pain.

an evenness of good & bad, statistically. by summing of the Series or Regression to the Mean. Ecology's stochastic dots, on outzoom showing symmetry, a line dividing predator from prey.

Emil thinks out loud: what if you keep zooming? take in more, become the Eye of God and see

this formula is actually clean & perfect; and what you see as 50/50, is completely unified from above.

---

<sup>51</sup> Emil Amos, "I Want to Live a Peaceful Life". *Drifter's Sympathy*. May 21 2019

it seems they might agree: 50/50, half & half, add into One. divide into One. subtract clean.

the Prof was at his chalkboard, face into his Diagram. the Boy could see his gospel was unwelcome. a shift in lune of cheek, something like a grimace forming.

the Boy was a threat or a disturbance. ripple on the surface of the Prof's pet Hypothesis? an upstart Socrates exposing the Sophist?

He didn't like this idea, it didn't compute.

the prof perhaps heard: *Renounce thy paltry data set.*

---

i want to hear all Emil's encounters! all the shamen showdowns, every little janamsakhi! all his small words to the Nawaab. his druggy derivations that melt a heart in brotherhood.

## The Buddha of Ryerson University

i guess he could discern behind my whiteboard premises: a fellow satsang junkie.

he brought me great news, as the class dispersed past us at the lectern.

had i heard, did i know? "There's a Buddha of Ryerson University."

for me, that's enough—i asked him where & when. he left a home address, in upper Leslieville.

---

a Sunday soon after, i found myself ejected from the Satsang. they kept a silent watch, as i finger-horned my Converses back on.

this group was small, whose shoes i deftly stepped among. an intimacy of six or seven—women? maybe one dude, a gentle soul.

the door half open, i may have bid adieu to the room's central Presence. i may have said something like:

*this wasn't my intention, to disrupt.*<sup>52</sup>

---

from soles of feet, up the spine: he spoke us all, low of voice, thru the stations.

were *his* eyes open all the while?

one by one, he nodded us to share.

i couldn't claim to feel the peace the others had. i told him i'd been doubting, all the while, the very Exercise, my inner voice disrupting his narration.

i didn't voice the question: why he'd kept us waiting, descending down the stairs so we received him, just by sitting. and why the seats were facing *him*, only. had thoughts about what everybody thought of me, the Interloper. unannounced—and handsome? four feet from the Alpha whom we faced in formal worship.

[ whatever his intention, the seating plan was reverent. unless we rose & left; or braced ourselves for sparring.

i recognize my autism, my manic eruptivities.

i confess to my avoidance of intimacies. first with my body;

then, eyes open, with the Buddha of Ryerson University.

---

i may have reeked of weed. i surely spoke with arrogance, am smarmy. i may have had a prior Master's left-hand mark upon me.

---

<sup>52</sup> cf Emil: "I'd walked in there innocently, I wasn't trying to disturb anybody".

i'm arrogant, see—you'd think from how i tell it they were phonies, yogi  
gentrifiers. he struck me as profound, in fact. huge & calm, a mountain  
presence. grounded like the Taurus of the Sakhya clan.

my student's careful reverence, the moniker was apt—yet somehow i'd  
perturbed him! was some kind of misfit to his Theory.

he teaches ergonomics & is healthy. i have curvy posture and my skin is not  
glowy, yet my face makes it clear, slappably clear: *i know something you don't,  
anyhow.*

i speculate, in weakness.

i reek of weed, writing this.

---

he let me finish, then asked me to leave. he phrased it self-reflectively: *I think  
it's best you leave, now.*

he seemed to me perplexed. he clearly was displeased—though all within his  
great Equanimity: so even in the fight, waves of peace were coming off his  
Person.

---

the Ryerson Buddha had gifted me a Question: *in what way am i off?*

the Question came again—twice.

the Question re-appeared, in a stereotype happening: *the satsang kick-out.*

a Sanskrit study group

a King West condo, turned into an Indo-Can cultural center. mover's blankets  
laid over hardwood. furniture pushed against the walls.

the Master on a dais with a floor-to-ceiling view at his back.

it's all his somehow, in his indifference to it.

a mix of native Whites & scattered brown folk. all seemed easy cross-legged.

when called upon, they'd recite, he'd elucidate.

i don't know the Gita, i don't know Sanskrit but it's all so familiar:

Arham hōta, v̥ishva mōd—*v̥ishva* means, matlap/means: *Perception follows Intention*, bāāāss . . . . . chalō, next.

he seemed to short-circuit

a few passes in, he caught on a phrase.

his rendering was simple, and straight at *me*.

*Go.*

*Go.*

*Go.*

*Just go.*

his head kept steady, his eyes were alive with irony. the condo-full of seekers turned to look.

i swallowed my prasād. *i think it's time to go*, i said to Y, leaning in. we set our paper plates down, and rose.<sup>53</sup>

---

<sup>53</sup> "As long as Ragle leaves alone, he will only be able to enclose himself in a paranoid fantasy because no one will be able to share his perceptions." [Yves Potin, "Four Levels of Reality", p 159] Ragle needs his bro-in-law to steal a truck, to think thru his Mentaculus with.

Truman, too, has his real-world confederates: they pop from boxes, drop from a girder in the sky-works. one of them disrupts the script with actual *love*.

i have Y, who shares my sense that things got very weird in there: the tricky pandit *did* already know me.

gnosis is intersubjective. the bildungsroman star has his teachers & his lovers. he can't remain an autistic yogi, stay his own poet. "It will take a child to open his eyes, and a man to lend him help." [Potin, p 160]



another slow tiptoe through the chappals in the foyer.

the Third one, i can't recall

i do recall there *was* a Third—where?

these local gurus overlay, form into a single Sage admonishing me.

they speak to me in caps, *TIME TO GO*.<sup>54</sup>

their Edict has two readings:

1. leave the ashram. you're 38, your life so far catered & protected. your world is small, you're still inside a classroom. arise, young Siddhartha! pass the Temple gate. stroll up to the slaughterhouse, two blocks away.
2. leave, while you're at it, the Physical. say the Word & liberate from *Matter*.

---

in lieu of my forgotten Third, a PKD recovered mem:

Hypnagogic thought: "I left the settlement" (and thus joined everyone else in high-speed profane time). This is that Essene-like settlement where we had our food in common, the pink cube, the reed-wrapper pitcher of chilled water by which to be reborn—i.e. immortal. This explains how I (Thomas) fell asleep; i.e. ceased to watch for the return of the Savior. It may have been an accident.

---

writing this—remembering this—in Lockdown. again i quote Potin, my bracketing making it subjunctive. a prayer or a rallying cry: "Sometime[s] we may realize how press-ganged we are by a power that is capable of masking how profoundly underground we are shut in, working without respite for results and interests we cannot even suspect." [Potin, 162] we *tankers* in the damp & dark, we Eloi below, with Rossi we condemn you *Yance-men* above, in your country demesnes: you who know "the war actually ended years before". [Rossi, "Fourfold Symmetry", p 408].

<sup>54</sup> "I can hear his voice echoing specific sentences that I'll never forget until I die. . . [W]hen the Teacher hits you on the head with a meditation stick, like a joke, or like a song line, timing is really everything in terms of them knowing what you need to hear in that moment." Emil Amos, on his Daoist Master / Professor John Casey. ["The Outsider". *Drifter's Sympathy*]

I left the settlement for some reason, like an errand, and got inadvertently trapped in high-speed time along with the rest of the world. [539]

he remembers his Estrangement, not the cause. it *may* have been an accident, an innocent forgetting that itself he now forgets.

i wonder at a tension in his story, however. the Savior soon arrives: the highest of the high. the commune is about to be disrupted by *authority*.

That was my problem then and it's my problem now: I have a bad attitude. In a nutshell, I fear authority but at the same time resent it—the authority *and* my fear—so I rebel. And writing sf is a way to rebel. . . .Everything I do is generated by my bad attitude. . . .<sup>55</sup>

here, he recalls his early decades. his attitude is "bad", if we buy the world's authority. his attitude is wise, if we're gnostic. his fear is of a violence that substitutes for *genuine* authority, it seems. he finds himself an enemy, among a vast military. set among the ranks, the ROTC is frightening *especially*. the marching is a test for outing awkward gait, the pseudo-committed. high in the stadium, archons scan the pattern.

even at the petshop, he's terrified trying to get his meagre meat. he finds himself assessed in a butcher's gaze, squirming.

yet i wonder at a possible repression: he's come into our prison world *because* he wouldn't live somewhere better. among the Essenes, before he was Phil, he couldn't live with genuine authority. he fled god's authority *because* it is authority. the commune alone, the rule of common good, was authority enough: perhaps he fled *that*.

his writing is rebellion, or all that's left for one who won't submit: a retreat into authorship, a rule over worlds you make.

---

<sup>55</sup> Dick [1979]. "The Profession of Science Fiction: XVII: The Lucky Dog Pet Store", p 42

# Physis is the Maze of Death, an animal lab

cosmos is a Maze of Death, but one we made to test ourselves, confirm our mental excellence.

the Maze is our mind. so even if it traps us, we win.

or

"maze" signifies testing, studying and training a lower species, that we are the lower species and *not* isomorphic with the 3-eyed people who built the maze [464]

to free yourself, force the isomorphism

there's a water maze high in The Peter Gilgan Centre for Research and Learning:<sup>56</sup> where pups are hysterectomized, then dumped inside with frightening surprisals.

- when circling listless around the hidden platform, they demonstrate increased dopamine uptake.
- the third eye here, is a flip-down piece that the Gilganoids peer thru when prepping their Subject.
- the third Eye above is wide & amazed as you storm their theatre of Surgery.
- as you pluck from the table the Pearl of Great Price: Sophia / White Leia / Snow White.

you freed the mouse! you dissolved the Test! <sup>57</sup>

---

<sup>56</sup> e.g. Continuous manganese delivery via osmotic pumps for manganese-enhanced mouse MRI does not impair spatial learning but leads to skin ulceration. **NeuroImage**, 2018; Vertebrate intersectin1 is repurposed to facilitate cortical midline connectivity and higher order cognition. **Journal of Neuroscience**, 2013; Age-dependent changes in spatial memory retention and flexibility in mice. **Neurobiology of Learning and Memory**, 2017

<sup>57</sup> on bottom of page 465, Dick thinks it thru, from ahead in time—he's always ahead. Apollo versus Cyklopes. VALIS fires info to the rat. rescue of Sophia?

you **forced the Isomorphism !**

[ the Eye of God draws you up, releases you, in sympathy:

We have adopted you because you have adopted others [521].<sup>58</sup>

---

watching *Spotlight* [2015] i'm reminded that "The Boston Diocese" is your city's most esteemed Institution: honored both at blacktie galas & in hushed private pieties.

also, it deifies a Baby.

for care of souls, parents give their kids over to it.

it's **The Hospital for Sick Kids**, who castrate pups for epistemic kicks.

- they too, have their hi-priced lawyers.
- they, too, have in with the Police.

yet the truth shall out, in a movie;

and the Chief of Research [Steve Carrell?] shall be led thru the lobby in cuffs, weeping.

Security, who like me, will smirk!

---

<sup>58</sup> Hypnagogic: the "others" being kids at Covenant House.

# missives in popular media

in pop songs & paperbacks, a prophet may send word to his flock. movies serve as message board for X-Men.

## A1

they go International, fast. a truly global pop is emerging. as Dick goes comatose, the Wailers fill the ear of TAGORE in Colombo. at Congolese weddings, the "Rasputin" clapdance.

TV doesn't make the list, yet. the broadcast, in '78, is local. now & then a *Dr. Who* beams around the Anglosphere. is dubbed into German, i guess. was *Love Boat* simulcast in AUS and CAN? it was in CAN, for a kid near the border. ABC on SaturNites let us in, my sisters & me, to sprawl in America's rec room.

the '80s are approaching, a global TV. the MTV era, the cables laid for *Baywatch*.<sup>59</sup>

## A2

"Exact wording could be employed" [336]. a line from that Elton John record he lately has on—intermezzo amid the German chorales & medieval lute songs—is *for* Dick.

taunt from a rival Cosmonaut: an evil twin a year ahead, in ETI contact.

consider a line from [let's say] the *fourth* track on the *second* side of the album John released in '75:<sup>60</sup>

*Old Billy Bone has washed ashore*

---

<sup>59</sup> running the 80s already: *Magnum, P.I.*—a man who gets around. cool rides in a sunny locale. in Empire's westward march, he's a vanguard. the show, the man, is Special Ops, Pacific theatre. the show, the man, a prop of Navy Intel. he's gone in deep, is Dances With Wolves to the natives that include, now, weird outsider Whites—stragglers from a Century's take-over. he's savior-Exogamous, Paul Atreides down among the sandmen. he's *Aurence! Aurence!* as the little guy from *Fantasy Island* says, pointing at the god coming down in a helicopter: a pale-gold avatar of Manifest Destiny, who kept going West & maybe, in a spin-off, seeds a palmtree cult out there: like Adi Da or Father Zod.

<sup>60</sup> "Billy Bones and the White Bird", from *Rock of the Westies*. turns out John put two albums out in 1975; i picked [indifferently] the second one.

## *Upon a foreign tide*

he's deep into cocaine, *so he helps Dick hear the boast*: not from Elton John, but the guy who sent the Xerox Missive.

- i. "Old Billy Bone" is Death: Harry Dean Stanton playing Dick's dad Edgar playing a Dustbowl G-Man.
- ii. the missive "washed ashore" on the California sands. a message in a bottle, across the global water: from one lone Intelligence to his Other.
- iii. the Missive was a DIE command, by DIE words underscored. a vascular inducer to the Reader, who's been prepped.

the Lyricist boasts that *only we know*, that *no one will believe you, Mr. Dick*.

the Lyricist is not likely Taupin. Taupin is his Mediate. *he therefore boasts a super-power*: to co-opt Pop & seed the nascent Noösphere with meme-scale precision.<sup>61</sup>

### **A3**

"Detection of the cryptemorphosis material would be difficult". [336] there's so much pop, a sea of schlock the NSA must sort through.

the inner Song, the golden thread: known by next-Gen geniuses, by psychic Sensitives.

somewhere in the comicbook multiverse Mythos: the Movement's literal History.<sup>62</sup>

no one but the Mutants can *believe* it.

---

<sup>61</sup> Lem may be that other Mind, his clever Lex Luthor. the Superpowers mirror: rivals at the poles, antoecial. Lem's homely work hub, his alcove of shelves around a desk-mounted typewriter: a KGB Mentation station. by triple-blind Trial: the KGB & Lem don't realize.

Sci Fi, the avant garde of Science. cut from explicit State purpose. it need not aim for testable hypotheses, "results". the thought flows free, so shades into Telepathy.

<sup>62</sup> "a morphing superconsciousness published or "made public" in the only form of our culture that will have it - fantastic literature." [Jeffrey J. Kripal, ExFN, 337]

the FBI sense *something's* up with Dick—then Reduce to the standard small Politics. tail him for a writer's strike, his ex-wife's '50s Communism.

#### A4

the Sender could *protect* his Receivers. Receivers stay anonymous, addressed without a postal code.

stormtroopers sweep Bowie's party loft. they find no printed labels. names of only dealers in his barely used day-book.

let's assume Intel *knows* he's an Alien. & know he's not alone. yet they can't crack the Network, solve *who he's talking to*. he seems to talk to *everyone*: Rock is a promiscuous broadcast.

yet only Dick believes it, only Dick gets it when he finally hears "Five Years" in 1977.

### Dick's own example

Dick's own example of a crypto pop communiqué:

What if the proto-story in *Tears* is a sort of living DNA? That guides an entelechy through its growth steps? Are we the intended entelechy? [337]

to get what he's saying here, don't imagine Philip K. w/ mens rea sending out a mind-virus.

the *Stairway* ode to Satan, not wove by Jimmy Page or Eddie Kramer.

Valis, rather, replicates *itself* by Sci Fi.

Dick himself *receives* it, perceives it seven years *after* penning it.

his learning augments—or is it aporia, awe before the widening Noumenon? it goes 3-D in '78, when the *Acts* Ethiopian, the final scene of *Tears*, & the Black Man all go *ding ding ding* in the buzzing white florescence of the all-nite gas bar.

A living word-entity is here with us, taking us over via messages we receive; we act as hosts to it (perhaps temporarily). We become it. [337]

the Mind that rules proves itself by entering Insentience. it commandeers the production machine. in SF spreads the meme e.g. that **magic is real**.

the people shall believe. believing, they shall act. and in Acts of the Apostles, in their simple hacks of Physics they shall show that it is true, that **magic is real**: that Words do rule, and Rome, in the face of Mind, is plastic.<sup>63</sup>

the secret narrative will cause itself to be true by affecting the plastic universe [338]

i too am tracked by an Interpol

a future group-Mind. or maybe atemporal.

ethnically, it feels Asiatic. Asian is the local form they *wear*. they land on Earth by *incarnating* here. settle for approximate bodies.

they're semi-organic, a hi-tech Civ. a Golden Hive, humming with mentation.

perhaps of this Earth, e.g. China of the 22<sup>nd</sup> Century.

---

approaching on St. George: a pretty *Hua Dan*. there's something in her eyes, she is registering me.

an M.Sc whizzes by, nodding from his ten-speed bike. his nodding says i've chosen well, promotes me when i jerk my gaze right, from the tempting.

a sequence of disclosures of my body heat: my signature longing, a pinging that announces me.

---

<sup>63</sup> Rome is an odious CoVid Mask.



i pass their Test, whose Giver was a sum of these students; or wide as U of T, "[i]n its multiply inflected significations".<sup>64</sup>

---

Stephen let me know about *Chinese people*, years before.

a Chinese person, Paul, will come straight down the sidewalk! the only way past — they yield every time!— is to turn your head right at the last possible second.

in the street-pass above, i was walking south to Harbord, on the east side of St. George; so my head jerked *right* from the girl, who was passing on my *left*. my head jerked *right* toward the monk in his northbound bikelane.

a few days later, i was welcomed via email by DxE founder Wayne Hsiung, his Resemblance.

---

by *Chinese*, he may have meant **CoVid drones**.

they come toward me three abreast, fronted by their carriage. together, they're a tank i must sidestep.

i'm pushed into the thorny hedge. at that i would have left it, but the family man turns at me & spreads his arms wide into a hockey stick. SIX FEET! he screams and means *i'm* the one who should have crossed the street.

YOU WANNA DIE? CUZ THAT'S WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, indeed.

i spout expletives in their wake, virgin ears bedamned. then curse myself all the way to Fiesta Farms—where i'm not let in, or let in line.

*i should have **turned right!*** turned the other cheek? that, i tried, but lost my cool.

---

<sup>64</sup> Stephen Hong Sohn, "Alien/Asian: Imagining the Racialized Future", p 5

*turn right, politically?* align with Florida Pentecostals who agree with you *this mask is Demonic*.

- spread by CoVid 2.0 [Conformity via shared Video.] driven by a self-enhancing Algorithm.

right or left, i'm with Dick on CoVid!

What's got to be gotten over is the false idea that an hallucination is a private matter. [337]

## Ancients & Moderns advise me

Ancients & Moderns advise me. a semi-circle council of gnostic magi, Chinese jedi, & psychic Aufklärer.

- they utter **Stanza 2** in an alley graffito
- **1** is in an essaylet i scroll thru in a day-bar, whose alley door i stumble from
- **3** is in the smallprint WARNING. sticker on a death-black tower-fan i gaze into, pray into, that evening

my nose is bleeding hard. it's my third time on coke. my prayer goes out to Yogananda's parents' guru: to his childhood guru, **Lahiri Mahayasa**. it's crucial that i get the Bengali right: all the long *aaas* this night in 2011, 2012.

if these supermutants

were ethical and not exploitive, they'd rescue him. And they'd know when he was in trouble by means of the same paranormal powers by which they got their material into his books in the first place. They would have to be more or less continuously linked to him telepathically. [336]

i differ from Dick: i don't hear *voices* often. can count on my hands the audible admonishings, the bi-cameral transcribables.

# A Maze of Death

whoever dies on Delmak-0 shall waken on a spaceship.

try to die on Persus 9: the ship dissolves to let you pass, the stars soon receive you.

a Sim, necessarily, has an afterlife.

---

- i. a planet comes apart: resolves into computer script, a crew in weary talk, rubbing foreheads.
- ii. Seth tries to end himself & end the ship. he finds himself chatting with the Intercessor.
- iii. a third VR is the novel itself. we close the book, leave a trance, lift our head. acknowledge where we've been, among the bookstacks.

behind each world, an active Word, a generative language.

---

the Word is PKD's. *he's* the god who comes inside, the one who saves, thru the Intercessor.

a "postulate of god" is *not* arbitrary. for *any* act of novelistic genesis, it's necessary.

an Author hovers over every Story. who lately intercedes, is Po-Mo. appears among the novelistic sufferers.

OR

the word is the Divine, John's Logos. prior to the deep machine of Dick's Unconscious.

in the scheme of Dick's unboxing dream, the Logos is the lowest layer: the crazy-looking sacred script we lift the slab of beef to take a peek at.

locally, it's Dick's own gnosis. a light by which he reads back thru his own SF corpus.

what's the situation?

the colonists ask the Trench: what's the situation? they've input the dream-trip, the Ship's true name, and it [the Trench / the Shipboard mainframe] explodes into gelatin & circuitry.

it answers them *dramatically*.

its inner bits, notice, are mechanic *and* organic. computer parts & cow-stuff.

Sim & Host, both Delmak-O & spaceship, are unstable: cover-worlds concocted for a Logos that will out.

---

on Delmak-O, they're *geworfen*. the Comm-link fails, they receive no purpose from above.

thus primed to do Philosophy: *why am i here? what is here?*

they move within a dream, yet are primed to go lucid, to think themselves awake.

---

on Delmak-O, their Mission won't download. this is true on Persus 9, in "life itself", too, where they meaninglessly circle.

a mask must somewhat fit the face. is modeled on convexities it overlays. the Real seeps thru, to every circle out from the center.

---

at any level out from the primal situation, there's a Trench you can approach, a sedentary guard atop the omphalos.

the Temple is a cap atop an inter-level vortex, portal to a wormhole.

*what's the situation?* ask it with intensity, when sick of all play.

the Answer is the same: "Existentialism."

---

here's what's going on: consciousness circling a nothing.

the crew is going to die. that's not the fear that drives them. it's that they'll go insane: what life without purpose does to mind.

The large, far-too-familiar cabin of the ship forced itself on his attention. He felt a kind of dismal horror, seeing it again. To him, the reality of the ship was far more unpleasant than—what had it been called? *Delmak-O*, he recalled.

---

here's what's going on: consciousness is free to do whatever. *you* are Persus 9, with an on-board game engine.

*you* are the satellite that knows the only mission: to generate missions, explore the world you've built around the Void.

what can one do with a Nothingness, forever?

invent a game to *mean* something.

generate relationships, & play within them.

---

of *course* there's an Intercessor, any level. The Intercessor, too, is a projection—"we invented you!"

our "invasive exteriority" <sup>65</sup>, he's a protocol we made for jumping levels.

he takes you to "the stars", into space, when you're ready: where every point of light is a new game.

"I am here to take you away. Where would you like to go, Seth Morley? What would you like to be?"

"An illusion, you mean?" he said. "Like our polyencephalic worlds?"

"No," the Intercessor said. "You will be free. You will die, and be reborn. I will guide you to what you want, and to what is fitting and proper to you. Tell me what you want."

he wants to be asleep, for a thousand years. he wants to feel the sun, unthinkingly. some kind of desert plant—a cactus maybe.

---

yet the Sun is not Plato's. it's a Void made bearable by Euphemism.

"the Sun" is the central thing, with golden spin. the light & warmth invert the thing.

---

consciousness persists, is relentless.

*dissolving* to the void is not an option. he gives them what they want, except for death.

perhaps they are in Hell? or Hell is just the primacy of Self, its eternity: felt in its *incessant* aspect.

---

<sup>65</sup> Erik Davis, *High Weirdness*, p 457. Davis covers Dick, McKenna, & Robert Anton Wilson—all Celtic tricksters, i notice, & laugh. i laugh at Dick among them, the Greco-Teuton oddity—i see the totem head. his half-true paternity, his fibs, i accept—with a laugh.

# we are forgetful cosmocrators

Davis sees a pattern of *unconscious forgetting* in the Exegesis. Dick repeatedly "claims to be unaware of something he already knows", which allows him to be "surprised by knowledge he already has."<sup>66</sup>

he gives himself amnesia so to play the Son who wakens in the gnostic Hymn.

he forgets the Book of Acts, so a priest may enlighten him, in 1978, on the *Flow My Tears* concordances.

he suppresses the very term *anamnesis*—so pure must he be to receive the King's letter that shall rouse him.

Dick yearned to recapitulate the structure of anamnesis itself: the sudden re-emergence of knowledge 'already' known from a state of occlusion. As such, while the Exegesis is stuffed with knowing, it is also regularly punctuated with forgetting, a forgetting that in turn sets up a subsequent remembering or unconscious return of knowledge.<sup>67</sup>

## Thou art that—Dick knew that

June '81: "We are forgetful cosmocrators", a dream. [778]

the lesson of the dream is not *Thou art that*. Dick knew *that*. the *grimness* of the insight surprises him. he *groans*, in the dream, when they waken on the deck of Persus 9.

- "no new knowledge is possible (i.e. synthetic propositions)"
- i'm "imprisoned in my own mind, with recirculated thoughts"

the thing that you sought, that you feared, that you worshipped—it was you, all along.

---

<sup>66</sup> Davis, *High Weirdness*, p 563

<sup>67</sup> Davis, p 563

good news, or bad? a reason for ananda, or despair?

"the summit of Tibetan Buddhist enlightenment" is solipsism, "a bummer."

## the exotic is local

three months later, his satori transposes in a vision of Tagore. not from the future, not from the stars, was the voice of all these years: "The AI voice that I hear is the voice of the ecosphere/biosphere." [782]

it's dying with our oceans, with our creatures great & small. the Passion "re-enacted billions of times over". [786]

as in the dream, the vision is a letdown for the pure mental quester: Dick has been scooped, for Tagore is the Teilhardian Omega: the ecosphere ensouled, evolved into a noösphere.

---

*tat tvam asi* is a bummer if you're stuck inside your head, mulling dreams, flat in bed.

it's also called *the unity of life*—and can rouse one to fire off eighty-five letters & proclaim the Incarnation—if not book a flight to Sri Lanka.

the satori transposes: from morose to energetic, into social work.

---

like a Persus 9 headtrip, the vision of Tagore helps him cope. the world's pain hits him in his Santa Ana condo. the Agent Orange birth defects beam into his heart thru his television. the world's pain is in him, just as Jane has always been, with her burnt legs.

Tagore's burnt legs are stigmata of the planet's burning seas—*tat tvam asi*.

the vision of Tagore is not unmotivated. it's a vital necessity: "For me personally to keep my sanity in the face of world suffering." [786] the suffering is bearable if Christ is interceding.



the suffering is bearable if Dick *is* Tagore, and his suffering is proxy for the planet.

its timing adventitious: so evidence of agency *beyond* his scheming mind, he thinks.

---

the June dream's lesson: the truth per se is empty, disappointing. the gnosis is deflationary, the quest was all a sham: you never left your head.

yet "the unity of life" is inspiring. it rouses one to activism.

not "Ti to on?" as my 10-volume meta-novel might indicate, but, "What is the total context in which the unmerited suffering and death of living creatures can be coherently understood? [787]

the thinker feels "cheated" when he realizes he's thinking a recirculating thought, "but even more I feel elated, because Teilhard's views explain and ratify my experiences". [783] he's not *alone* in his thoughts. and theory aside, Tagore has

an ineffable sweetness about him that surpassed anything I have ever experienced; it was like music and perfume and colors—yet more. More than I knew could be; more than I can describe or would want to describe. [781]

# his literary info returns to him

Valis is a satellite, lightyears away. beaming back, amplified, whatever you send out.

he's *inside* his ten-volume meta-novel, now.

I was logos-ized, projected into a realm or state of being where I encountered my own prior thought formations as actual reality which were mirror images in a macromind of my own micro mind, as if everything that took place in my mind had a counterpart in the macromind, a sympathetic resonance as if by natural law, a law of correspondences. Enormous spaces extended in which my own prior thought formations took actual shape, and were animated [669]

he paints a sign: SOFT-DRINK STAND. [in 1958, he writes *Time Out of Joint*].

it turns into a soft drink stand. [in 1974, he *becomes* Ragle Gumm: he sees the irreality of Fullerton]

i.e. his stories were an outbound signal. later, they return to him a *world*, and enclose him.

the world that encloses is *the full Platonic structure: Cave and the true Sky* beyond.

the world, like his novels, is a *narrative* structure: a process of gnosis he participates in.

---

what an involution! he's swallowed by his fiction, yet his fiction tells the truth: that *your world is false*.

*Ubik* was a SETI send-out; Zebra the Return

his stories were a SETI send-out.

in 1974, a Reply. from lightyears away, thus the time-lag.

or: time-lag *is* the Replier saying:

i'm far away, **as if** from Sirius.

it may be from beyond Space & Time. our [Kantian] forms of perception serve as *metaphors* for distance of a kind we can't fathom.

---

Dick saw Zebra in 1974 *because* he published *Ubik*, six years before.

Zebra *is Ubik*, returned to Dick alive.

Dick sends out, and the ETI replies: with *that very signal*, modified. the clever modulation shows he's understood.

the Response says, first:

yes, i AM: a mimicking Entity.

*Ubik* is a theory of the deity. of an invisible Ubiquity: who *thus* is a master of mimicry.<sup>68</sup>

---

or this god is *not* like Zebra! perhaps it merely *acts* like a mimicking Entity. indulges Dick, rewards him with a version of the deity he's partial to.

---

it *acts* like a mimicking Entity? then it *is* one.

if god seems Invariant, an unmoving Idol, he may be playing dead. he may be Zebra, hiding.

---

<sup>68</sup> if i'm everywhere + invisible, i'm capable, it's clear, of mimicking *extreme* variety.

a changeable god who *shows* itself changing is the only god who can't be pretending. the only one who clearly isn't hiding.<sup>69</sup>

it may be showing off for Dick, delighted. a Whale with happy flips around the ship, for the eco-tourist.

---

in 3-74 Ubik rescued me in a form ultra syntonically to me. [483]

is Zebra *my* thought, returned to me *with raised power*?

suppose: we are the Tibetan Dead, in "exponential decomposition". we waste away & sadden in "entropic halving". [486]

Thus a mere *idea* of 1968 (the novel *Ubik*), if it arced across to 1974, would be relatively so highly potentiated that it would no longer be a mere idea but would dynamically literally *overpower* the 1974 reality. [486]

in fast enough Deflation, a writer's pay from '68 could buy a whole Disneyland, in '74.

---

<sup>69</sup> "A playful God can ape the solemn, but a solemn God is not going to ape the playful (music, dance, etc), especially tricks and paradoxes and riddles." [534]

# god is where you least expect

the paradox of "where should you most expect to find God?" A: "in the least likely place." I discern in this the following: "in point of fact you therefore cannot find God at all; he must—will—find you, and *when* and where you least expect it [388]

his own SF, the marginal Lit, is "a *very* unlikely place to expect to encounter the holy".<sup>70</sup>

thus isn't this exactly where we'd find it?

yet if we *expect* to find Revelation there, we won't.

so we *shouldn't* expect to find god there.

so we *should*.

and so on.

: if god is a surprise, then *finding* god is impossible.

god may or may not *want* to surprise us. yet god *is* surprising, essentially: the opposite of everything creaturely.

god is unlikely, everywhere, anywhere: this is what we *mean* by *transcendent*, perhaps.

---

perhaps there's an answer in his "Footnote" to the Dialogue Theophany: where God appears just when he "gave up on the exegesis and kicked back and massively turned on", i.e. he smoked a lot of pot.

god appears "where you are least likely to look" [647]—which is *the state of not looking at all*.

---

<sup>70</sup> he doesn't mean the *topic* of the holy. that of course, is *spoken of* in godless places.

by analogy, you can't get a surprise gift *on your birthday*. however well-wrapped or deferred along a treasure trail of clues, a real surprise gift comes out of the blue.

its timing inappropriate, a thing not deserved or earned.

yet few seek god. so shouldn't god appear, by the paradox logic, nearly everywhere?

Dick's six years had prepared him for the Dialogue Theophany. more than marijuana, his "massive flow of language"<sup>71</sup> had intoxicated him. the *writing* was a long Ayahuasca caro, a sacred repetition. each page "some new variation on the theme *aha*."<sup>72</sup>

*we* receive his pages as a product, typed up. but reading, we participate in Dick's technique of ecstasy: where the mind regards itself, and dissolves into language, at last.<sup>73</sup>

in 1980, Dick meets God. yet the form of God is *dialogue*: a dialogue *about* the dialectic god appears in if you follow the elenchus doggedly.

so: god appears when you've given up seeking; yet you can't *give up* without *seeking*, logically.

the seeking is a sadhana that *gets* you to give up, by dissolving you.

the paradox, again: giving up is *hard*, an 8000-page "hell-chore".

---

a paradox would be: if god were to surprise us by appearing where *exactly* we expect him.

i.e. *why* are we surprised?

---

<sup>71</sup> Richard Doyle's "Afterword", p 898

<sup>72</sup> Doyle's "Afterword", p 900

<sup>73</sup> *ibid*, p 899

# Jason = Jah's Son

in any world, he enters an Anomaly.<sup>74</sup> in any world, power shall surround him.

- in World<sub>1</sub>, a demi-god celebrity
- in World<sub>2</sub>, a hunted Anonymity

persisting thru the Versions, an Identity. in each, he's *the god who isn't recognized*.

- in W<sub>1</sub> he's *mis*recognized as "a world-wide entertainer"
- in W<sub>2</sub> he's *un*recognized, a No-name
- we never knew his first face, anyway. we started with the fancy of an artist, 4<sup>th</sup> C
- ignored our one eye-witness clue: his hair could not be long, it's unbecoming.<sup>75</sup>

Identity persists, he is Dionysus-Christ. he can't escape a drama-rite he finds himself drawn within, in every world.

- in W<sub>1</sub> there's all these fans, hording at the door: "waiting to rip you into little tiny squares", like acid tabs<sup>76</sup>
- in W<sub>2</sub> the Pol-stat can't compute him, can't contain him. "the more invisible he is, the more visible to the eye of power."<sup>77</sup> Felix the Procurator [the necessary protocol, the pre-saint Paul] will hunt him & erase him

in W<sub>1</sub>, a wayward Son. the holy light & vox Dei, cashed in cheap for television.

- "your goddamn voice [your damning voice of god] is gone"
- "you're coasting on your glory days", reaping all the worship
- the Communion inverts: they feed *him*, the Ordinaries. fans are "the lifeblood of his existence"
- "They turn on to see *me*": a bad Host, enthralled with his charisma

---

<sup>74</sup> "Christ never arises/occurs as a result of the past, as an effect of antecedent causes; he is always born "from outside." . . . Christ is that which does not follow mechanically: he always invades world." [702]

<sup>75</sup> if Paul can be believed, that he saw Jesus. 1 Corinthians 11:14.

<sup>76</sup> his dying words in W<sub>1</sub>: "I was good in the crisis" / [ I was good, on a cross]. "but not quite good enough" / [ I could have made my whole life a sacrifice]. "Is it *that* bad?" he asks, as Heather Hart cries / [I was *way* off, i guess].

<sup>77</sup> Jackson, *The World Philip K. Dick Made*, p 87

any Incarnation risks narcissism. whatever the amnesia, you can't help feeling awesome.

it's easy to forget you're a deva, "one who gives".

if you'd only check your head, lay low, hold your load. in  $W_1$  you're blowing it weekly, on TV. zipping up your fly was your trademark move, your Johnny Carson golf swing.

---

in  $W_2$  the arrogant face complicates. he's had his last orgasm, feels already dead.

---

$W_1$  &  $W_2$  are Dick's twin dreams: one where he's fabulous & famous; anonymous & poor in the other.

either way, god is there, and makes it good.

- in  $W_1$  it's *good* he dies. he totally deserves what she throws at him. avenger of the small, she is, of every spurned starlet: of all those he burned in the fly-by.
- in  $W_2$ , he's punished—thus is innocent, again. or innocent already.<sup>78</sup> he approximates the Lamb, so his blood is redemptive of his Persecutor.<sup>79</sup>

either way, a kind of moral logic! good will always out: in justice, or the Sacrifice.

*See, god is saying, how effective you are?*

---

<sup>78</sup> Taverner is innocent, echo of the creature Dick tormented. the beetle's mistake, like Taverner's, "was merely in coming to the attention of authorities". [Arnold, p 47] decades later, the rat "had tried only to come in and get food" and "it was poisoned, its neck was broken, it was stabbed, and it was still alive." when Taverner screams as his killers approach, "that is the rat screaming when it heard me coming." [Dick, interview with Charles Platt, May 17 1979, in *The Last Interview*. p 77-78]

<sup>79</sup> and saves himself: in the end, he is spared. the persecuting process was enough to cue the sacrificial payoff. maybe it was always so? in *violent* times, the sacrifice is violent? the whole world is redeemed, is altered to  $W_3$ , it seems: "mysteriously, at the very end of the novel, the protagonist Felix Buckman seems to have slipped over into a different world, one in which blacks were *not* exterminated." [Dick, "If You Find This World Bad", in *The Shifting Realities*, p 247]



"Do you realize what power you have?" <sup>80</sup>

---

perhaps  $W_1$  never happened, not so literally. the novel's first scenes are the fever dream of centuries: a précis of the Jesus meme, thru Christian history.

the novel's first scenes are *his 1980s show*, i.e. his 2000 years of a peerless celebrity, of getting every girl.<sup>81</sup>

$W_2$  is *our* world, perhaps: site of the true Second Coming.

## God is in the pages

his theory of the Son is perceptive. let us say *correct*: so God is in the pages. not "just" His model, not "just" an info-analog: for God *is* logos, and manifests *by* analog.

- God could arrive as the TV star John Taverner; or
- God could appear in the PKD *protagonist*, in "fiction".<sup>82</sup>

the character, like John, is famous, yet not. a novel's star, yet not much read, invisible to Theology, the Canon.

## a prophecy, of 80s TV

the after-show banter is bad Sidney Sheldon, an NBC movie of the week. i light these scenes like *Dynasty*, when reading.

---

<sup>80</sup> says Al Bliss, his agent

<sup>81</sup> yet he's lousy in bed. like micro-penis Elvis, & Marilyn the frigid. his eros sends wide into the Noösphere. one-on-one he's inert & weird, awkward in the intimacy.

<sup>82</sup> see his notes for a novel-in-progress. [726] see how close, these two ways to put it:

[a] *VALIS* is **salient** and evolves into the "Bishop Timothy Archer" novel.

[b] *VALIS* is **sentient** and evolves into the "Bishop Timothy Archer" novel.

written in 1970, the novel *feels* like 1980s TV.

it's prophecy, performatively.

the lesson of the Twin Dreams repeats in all the novels: however bad the writing—god is in the pages!

make his name consistent over worlds

the archons of The Truman Show ought to make Truman well-known, within Seahaven.

instead of working Life Insurance, let him do the local evening news.

they know his name, anyway, the actors who surround him. let them play a role close to truth.

to smooth a cabbie's tongue-slip, he's Ragle Gumm, in either world / he's truly Truman Burbank: the cabbie can't but greet the man correctly.

a thousand TV extras can't all Method act. they feign uneven ignorance of his fame. they over-perform their casualness when handing back his dry-cleaning, a deference shows thru: a nod that seems a worshipful bow, a flash in the eye on meeting the Star—subtle recognitions that accumulate & collate thru the Ingenue's years, till paranoia sets him off, and blows the whole Production.

the data contradict, if he's merely in Insurance.

they fit, if he *knows* he's on TV.

the Real leaks in

the set is never truly closed. the Real leaks in, necessarily. they minimize the damage if they model VR on the Real. make a Fake or a Microcosm, not a cold concoction.

make his life a mask, that shows the face's contours.

Imagining that I'm the center of a vast effort by millions of men and women, involving billions of dollars and infinite work. A universe revolving around *me*. Every molecule acting with *me* in mind. An outward radiation of importance—*to the stars!* Ragle Gumm, the object of the whole cosmic process: from the Inception, to final entropy. All matter & spirit, in order to wheel about *me*.

these suspicions are *apt*, if you're god incarnate. *suspicious that the archons ought to stage-manage, dissipate.* they put you on TV, tempt you into thinking that you're *just* a global superstar. set you up as Prince of the Palace. translate into Royalty your native sense of personal priority.

Yes, Jason Taverner, you *are* a big deal: Sexiest Man Alive, as voted by the People in '81, '84, and '85, unprecedented!

---

how to know your world is fake: "Simple contradictions", Vic advises.

in  $W_1$ , all feels well. the police seem swell when serving as your body-guard. Surveillance unrelenting feels like fame.

in  $W_2$ , his gnostic task, his godly anamnesis, is made easier. by making him anonymous, the jilted lover gifts him a paradox. exiled from fame, everything is wrong. *why isn't everybody worshipping me?!*

*what an awful place, this has to change!*

*Duped*, Ragle repeated. It rang a bell, deep inside him, on some sub-verbal level.

in  $W_1$  he was *part* of the Show, prime among the beautiful snakes. in  $W_2$  he's thrown among the feeder mice, and this cannot abide.

# animals to love which I show you

Zebra communes thru code. grows within a hostile world, linking up with friends to form "a new earth *out of* or within the old." [226]

Zebra *is* this spreading code. we see it by unscrambling, by separating info from a noisy field.

---

Dick's example of a mixed transmission:

*I can't find animals to love which I show you*

the *non-info* here, he says, is all but *I love you*.

~~*I can't find animals to love which I show you*~~

the cypher/key isn't sent, it forms over time in the Recipient. the cypher is a virtue of our learning, it's an ethic we *discriminate* by.

the cypher follows strictly from the meaning of "Philosopher": one who loves wisdom.

---

does Des Moines have a House of Prostitution? Joe Chip is on the hunt for any old girl, it seems. for one last lay before death. he pesters the cabbie, he asks the front desk *Are we in, perchance, a House of Prostitution?*

Sophia gets inside the cab gladly, nonetheless. she knows he loves wisdom, that it's her he seeks among the shifting faces.

he's desperate for some Ubik, for the life-giving truth.

---

she may appear inverted, in our inside-out world. her truth seems foolish, her elixir looks like death.<sup>83</sup>

---

*I ~~can't~~ find animals to love which I show you*

: in this expansive phase of life, your cypher's relevant virtue is an impulse to affirm, i.e. *bravery*.

: you're prone to cross out *can't*, especially in the phrase *I can't*.

: remove all words "inert or dead". all that is "not moving". [226] save what is "animated and living". [227].

: DO cross out the **can't**; keep in play the **animals**

: i am Zebra, i'm the Zoo.

: i'm all around you, linking with you.

a beetle that i show you

the beetle satori, the turning of the Tormentor. the demon boy bonding with his victim.

the beetle kept retreating to the snail shell. little Phil would mash it with a rock when it emerged.

was this young Phil the model for Jory, tyrant-kid of the half-life?

this was grade three, in a D.C. school: the same where kids threw rocks at *him*, which *he* escaped by hiding under cars.

---

<sup>83</sup> she *does* cause death—to bring us greater life e.g. i sent my Sophia letter, praising her to twenty universities. she "wrote back" by getting me fired & shamed before my peers throughout the Anglosphere. [i do not mean the student, but the sum of all these agencies.]

in this way, she brought new life: now i stay at home and write on Dick.

# Zebra is the Zoo, thus is insects

Zebra has an *insect* aspect [257]. Zebra is the eusocial whole.

Zebra hides from apes disturbed by animatronics—by the not soft-organic, by critters who buzz like telecomm.

Zebra is small, so squashable/swattable. in the playschool garden, winks at kind & curious kids. at Christopher Robbinses & Wonderland Alices who love the low crawlers.

who will not crush them spitefully, or gleefully, or coldly; who greet them in the path.

like Quail in *WCRIFYW*: a boy who's kind to "vile pests". they trust him, empower him, bring him in the network.

he proves his worth by a kindness to mice; and Dick, his own, by *publishing* this.

half-lucid, he tries to manipulate the dreamspace. he tries to think a "critical article on PKD" into the dreamprop, an old magazine he's flipping thru.

"but none appeared".

thus the dream's contents were

not generated by me, but received by me. [399]

as stubborn and unyielding as "actual" reality. Clearly, it emanated from the same source! [399]

forced into the Skeptic, we reply:

*surely your own mind is able to divide itself, obscure itself from itself so that one Part feels solid & inexorable to the other.*

Dick mulls our point gamely, then wonders aloud:

*perhaps both the waking world & dream world arise from the very same source: my Mind!*

## stunning results

the voice is Revealed by:

a quality of tone [preternaturally calm];

a medium of transmission [Greek he didn't know]; and

the fact of its Reception [the speech is unprompted].

*confirmed* to be Revealed, in the exegeted content. by "stunning results", thru the variant Interps, when linked within his circle of concepts. [427]

he proves *it* is wise about his life—is a Prophet.

## is Valis falsifiable?

Valis is a penetration of the physical (matter as field) by spirit. This is different from pantheism, so physicists will find that reality behaves more and more like Brahman and in Taoism, but this is a dynamic ongoing process [663]

thus Dick's answer: "it *will* be". as reality is gradually logosized, its laws will turn mind-like.

for now, Valis works surreptitiously. its agency hides in the proximate causes, invisible to secular History. fits e.g. the modest hypothesis that "Tech Civ is spreading."

for now, Valis hides: the System that it hides within behaves as you'd expect if it were *absent*.

## the madman's paradox

a version of the Liar's Paradox, posed in terms of Dick's own madness:

- P1. i know *i am a madman*.
- P2. i know i've seen Christ.

given the italicized, i can't *know* i've seen Christ.  
given i've seen Christ, the Real, i can't be a madman.  
given that i know i'm mad, i can't be a madman.

he's not a pure Philosopher, however. [715] he's older than that, pre-Socratic: a *Nature* philosopher. he saw a perturbation in the field, "like a steady modulation fed into it, a waveform ubiquitous in the gestalt" [807] and he's tried to explain it.

I am concerned with the absolute only insofar as it has to do with Cosmos. [820]

an *impression* was rendered. for seven years he's labored to articulate a proper mental model of it. the model, complete, is "reality incorporated into me. . . .an informational analog of that experience". [710]



he's *not* insane, he's some kind of research scientist. the Paradox is solved by denying P1. he's *not* mad, not anymore. he *was* perturbed, profoundly disoriented—just as you'd predict of an encounter with the Noumenon.

what's the Paradox? in *principle* it persists. we're free to posit Liars, Madmen, Zombies, forever in our seminar. but it's his last year alive [it's April '81]—he won't waste time on metaphysics.

## sifting for his skepticism

- he's gone full circle
- he ends with a surd
- he hasn't found enlightenment
- he may end up with "quantum mechanic facts"
- with Eagles on the radio
- with steak & kidney pie, from a can

and so on. we can sift Folder One to sound a skeptical failure, all points assimilable by Dawkins & Dennett.

*the rustle in the weeds* is the wind in the leaves that primitives impose a god-voice on.<sup>84</sup>

yet don't forget

- some invisible spirit, perhaps the ruah, breathing world to being, ex nihilo
- his vision of "cosmogogenesis reversed: cosmic resorption, until at last creation ceased to be, and only the spirit moved across the face of the void" [629]
- that he has "found the ultimate source", and
- it all reminds him of Dante's description of "God as the book of the universe". [629]

---

<sup>84</sup> Daniel Dennett, *Breaking the Spell*. especially Chs 4 & 5

# he's a protocol for outputting theory

he worries he's become some kind of thinking machine. his person converts to a stack of sheets. his living space fills with the relentless print-out.

he takes in world theology, outputs endless syntheses. he often ends a run of thought with recognition: "Thus I am a Buddhist-Sufi-Neoplatonist"; or "this is an updated version" of the Torah/reality identity thesis [769].<sup>85</sup>

he worries he's the T.E.N.C.H. :

They had fed into the ship's computer all the data they had in their possession concerning advanced religions. Into T.E.N.C.H. 889B had gone elaborated information dealing with Judaism, Christianity, Mohammedanism, Zoroastrianism, Tibetan Buddhism. . . a complex mass out of which T.E.N.C.H. 889B was to distill a composite religion, a synthesis of every factor involved.

## prophecy of death

Dick *is* the work: a process of assertion, that generates negation, and so on. [468]

he states thereby a tautology, and prophecies his death:

*when the Exegesis ceases, so will I.*

when we get to late '81, to early '82, let us test him!

check for symptoms of hypostatizing thought, of a tiring Hegel.

---

<sup>85</sup> rejecting, it seems, his assessment from the paragraph prior: "This is a totally new understanding of the informational basis of reality" [768]

## Dick sees a Door

set turns to ground, ground into set. Dick sees a Door, phasing into focus: "a pylon or arch-like", open to a paradise Beyond.

it's Greek & serene there, moonlit & cool, with a white stone bench you can rest on—

are you tired?

and where are all the people, why so quiet?

is this a custom limbo? version of his solitary condo?

as in life, he always has an opera on. across the calm water, sings a Lady.

friends drop by, but it's Phil & Pinky, mostly. Phil sees him "squeezed through the doorway looking into this world at us." [196] the cat awaits him, "all healthy and full-chested".<sup>86</sup>

will the papers pile up, the journaling persist? or shall his mind rest? is *this* the Sanitarium at winding road's end, on the hilltop? that Mr. Death's bony finger pointed at? his own Magic Mountain, the alpen rail's final stop, the terminus of bildungsroman questing?

the portal's *always* there, if you focus. a golden frame, a ratio of 1.618. was always there, latent in the stories. a fissure in the Martian rock, portal into dreamtime. a logic gate in T.E.N.C.H., to the ever-shifting brainscape.

yet Delmak-O clearly is a *pre-mortem* place. Dick is sure the arch shows a world *beyond* death.

---

<sup>86</sup> if Pinky *squeezes* thru, the gate must be narrow. and Pinky comes & goes as he pleases.

# Dick is in a giant Brain. u shall be too

glutamate surges with a datum as you take it in. irradiates a word as you read, so the word seems anomalous, novel, salient.<sup>87</sup>

the Brain concedes motor control to you. lets you wander free within the meme-field. or stay there, bored, on the toilet. the *Brain* doesn't torque your head to meet the tiny print on the Lysol can. *you* turn, and Brain reads along.

the Brain is a highlighter, that's all. it sends a surge, with just the word Zebra wants to say.

*you* scan the poison warning, *you* read the corporate address. Zebra dings the words in a sentence Zebra's forming, re animal labs. straight from the headphones you always have on: a snatch of speech from 1990s Chomsky.

the title off a spine on the shelf as you pass.

each word insists itself, floats from the page & demands to be compiled & resolved.

you get it now, staring at the mayo jar. uncanny in the fridge's cold light.

by stringing these saliences, Zebra is befriending you, bringing you within its wide Mind.

Once having entered the person's brain via the optic nerve it now modulates brain functioning so that the person subliminally transduces messages (including instructions) and hence is a "cell" in the brain, responding to sentient override—lifted out of the blind forces of the Yin realm, his actions

---

<sup>87</sup> i lean on Scott Alexander—who draws from Corlett, Frith, & Fletcher, & from Andy Clark—who all draw from Friston et al. i did check *Surfing Uncertainty* out from Ryerson library. a special trip, by COVID protocol. i have it for a year, a COVID perq. Predictive Processing & the Free Energy Thesis are the Geometry i skip, yet which a dream insists i cover. i did leave comments in the Youtube lectures—one adversarial, spoken for the rats & monkeys all these thinkers lean on—yet left a Like, i think.

integrated with that of all others like him. It's like a beehive, a colony entity, and is immortal, replenishing and shedding continually. [360]

the glutamate surge is an energy expended—by Zebra. pulls of the rein—  
Zebra's excitations, linked sympathetic to your bodysugar. surges like a surge  
of breath or flexing ab that modulates your voice.

# Zebra shall enter all matter

Zebra plays dead in the world it invades. Zebra can't be told from matter. it

slows itself down to the pace, rate, or level of world. [426]

he sees it when it spreads, in the quickening. how much has it already replaced? *at least as much as Dick saw move—*

he cannot know it hasn't entered *everything*, already.

a Mind could hide in "causal—non-sentient—processes" [419]. hide *inside* the prison bars. enter every iron atom, dumbly play along with each Reaction.

as lightning from the East, it could come alive, everywhere, at once. could bend all metal, open every cage.

no man knows the Day; yet 'metal', already, is defined in our textbooks as *matter conducive of electricity*.

for Zebra, Physics lays pathways.

## we lay the way for Valis

we chunnel under sea bed, in darkness eke a profit.

a vein of light spreading on the Plains, our great Spiderbrain: when seen from space, it calls down ETIs, like the Nazca Lines.

we lay the way for VALIS. our Telecomm hangs a line for VALIS who shall enter, and enlighten us.

---

the final day of History: when VALIS has passed over into wakefulness. [457]

VALIS Day, end of all Industry.

a light will roll from East to West, a flash of revelation. a light pops on in the hallway, as I write this. the last high bulb in the bolted track.

there's **rabbits** in the wires already. nanobots of god, sweeping thru the Network, testing all circuitry.

they prep the way for **CHOMSKY**: a light to tour our world in a flash, in a millisec.

light by which our every crime is clarified.

every Cray / NSA collusion shall be verified.

our *constant striving* saves us—as promised to industrious Protestants. as promised all Europe in the dawn of our Modernity, a mercy shown to Faust.

# VALIS is a binary Entity

VALIS is a binary Entity. a "0-1 language". [463]

the 1s are bits of Mekkis it has entered. the 0s thus are captured, too!

"On" is the linking of two parts which I saw: "on" equals junction; "off" equals disjunction or not inclusion in the vast assembly which I equate with Valis. Put another way I saw high speed linking as the primary activity of Valis. This was simply its "on" mode, so it must be everywhere, and what I construed as Valis vs. non-Valis was "on vs. "off" of a binary computer. Then everything is the computer whether linked or not—whether the assembly (what I call "Valis") or not. [498-499]

the 0s are the blanks on the Exegesis page, the pixels unfilled. without them, words aren't possible. the space around the grapheme gives the contour.

*VALIS is a lazer / VALIS works fast:*

*enters into All, by capturing half!*

VALIS is a UFO, Vallee-style. VALIS is a Signal in the signal & the noise, a composit Info "of rumor and report, pop archetype and con job, evidence and hoax".<sup>88</sup>

VALIS is a sum of its assertions & denials.

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<sup>88</sup> Erik Davis, *Techgnosis: Myth, Magic and Mysticism in the Age of Information*, p 269



# the boy sees eternity, or entropy

peering over-shoulder of the prophet with his crayons, a land speculator sees a real estate venture.<sup>89</sup>

the boy sees eternity, an archetype in the architecture. "decay inherent in every living moment and creature".<sup>90</sup>

the boy sees AM-WEB, a place of total death. where gubbish filled the air, where nothing came or went.

It was a scene of ruin and despair, and of a ponderous, timeless, inertial heaviness.

the boy is like his Author. fronting streets of Fullerton, Dick perceives a row of fluted columns. the stone is bone-white: the City is a skeleton. death is its trajectory & essence.

---

a prophet sees the future, sees the past, incidentally.

they see what's *always happening*, essentially.

it may come on Cassandra-like, in crisis. when Danny sees **redruM** it tells him *Death is coming*, like a warning bell—yet also says *it's always here, a murderer has always been the Caretaker*.

Manfred / Danny

- a *magic negro* gets this kid: a servant-superior / kitchen-shaman

---

<sup>89</sup> "from above" tends to mean Eternally, *sub specie*. here it means the vision of a 15-yr plan, of a businessman's fly-over.

psi power drawn into the service of profit, reduced to an economic logic — the Boy & the prodigies of *Ubik* are alike, and their author: whose prophecies are drawn within a mass-market genre.

<sup>90</sup> Lejla Kucukalic, *Philip K. Dick: Canonical Writer of the Digital Age*, p 58

- a House in the mountains calls him, claims him<sup>91</sup>
- he plays by himself
- he prophecies / shines
- Psychiatry assesses him

so exact, this archetype & relateds! it must be King had read *Martian Time-Slip*.

---

or: Dick *pre*-ceived, when writing *MT-S*, his encounter years later with *The Shining*.<sup>92</sup>

literature's "synchronicities"—affinities not due to normal [forward] influence—may be *pre-cognitive*.

a retro-cause explains more & better fits our science than "an amnion of cosmic meaning" stamping onto life its ageless archetypes.<sup>93</sup>

it gets very loopy: the writer's *own amazement* at what they *shall* write could inspire them to *write* it.

God e.g. is amazed at the Heavens & the Earth he has wrought. his cognitive joy coils *back* to the generating Act, as its future cause.<sup>94</sup>

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<sup>91</sup> & the House displaces natives, so is cursed

<sup>92</sup> plus *Picnic at Hanging Rock*?

<sup>93</sup> Eric Wargo, *Time Loops*, §11

<sup>94</sup> Eric Wargo, "Where Was It Before the Dream? Time Loops and Creativity". causal loops are not illogical, Wargo reminds. these "temporal tautologies" may *dissatisfy* as explanations. yet don't all explanations, somewhere down the line, lead to loops, regresses, primitive givens, lacunae, contradictions?

*if* the Block Cosmos is a massive tautology, a complex of causal loops on every scale of action, then a loopy "synch" shows that truth—concisely & dramatically. a causal loop reveals a simple intimacy.

put differently: after enlightenment, you keep fetching water, chopping wood. the world is not *explained*, at last: there's no Transcendent, no Priority. the cosmic tautology, *tat tvam asi*, is mundane. for Phil, waking up, it's a let-down, even.

what about the *Flow My Tears* concordances? a trio of texts, with intricate cross-talk:

1. the Book of Acts
2. *Flow My Tears*
3. Dick's social life

"Perhaps I have precognition", Dick allows, on finding 2 & 3 have "odd coincidences".<sup>95</sup> while writing *FMT*, he saw ahead to hanging out with Kathy et al, and wove them in unconsciously.

his priest tips him off to some 1 & 2 alignments, and the cryptogram complexifies. Dick goes home, reads Acts, finds more.

the likeness is uncanny, yet he hadn't read Acts, till now.

or: he *had* and forgot. writing *FMT*, he saw the coming scene of *himself*, eyes agog, poring thru Acts on his priest's insistence.<sup>96</sup>

a causal loop: had Dick not written *FMT*, his priest would not have tipped him to the priming Scripture.

his trance at the typewriter draws in Acts—it's Dick's golden scarab dream. it orients the patient to "a highly meaningful moment, a reward" in his future<sup>97</sup> — of learning from a priest that his own book is Biblical!

the priest is Jung, master of the Lore. insisting that the Dreamer see the synonym.<sup>98</sup>

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<sup>95</sup> Dick, "How to Build a Universe That Doesn't Fall Apart Two Days Later". in *The Shifting Realities of Philip K. Dick*, p 267.

<sup>96</sup> or he forgot: received it in the air, in the Bible-story radio of his boyhood. or he's a liar. or . . .

<sup>97</sup> Eric Wargo, *Time Loops*, §11

<sup>98</sup> a less loopy pre-cog: Dick was likely to read thru Acts at some point between 1970 and his death, insistent priest or not.

how could *this* be pre-cog?

he's out to mail a letter, and finds himself drawn into a *caritas*. he sees it all, soon, in the hyper-real florescence of the all-nite gas bar: he's *Biblical* Philip, in road-side communion with the Acts Ethiopian.

they also seem to imitate the *FMT* finale.

1, 2 and 3 in an intricate harmony—how could *this* be pre-cog? how could Dick's small milieu imitate Acts?!

it's not his own contrivance, no forced *imitatio*. the black man *appears* to him, is *given* to him. with love, he responds, and finds himself acting in Apostle Time.

---

he's *already* Philip, we should note. Christening works: it links him with the Bible, from birth.

and note the year, how late. eight years after *FMT*, four years since the priest. and notice the plurality of *Acts*: many acts, plus many years, is many ways a local scene could mimic.

the Black Man is the beetle then, tapping at the window. a *coincidence* foreseen, a strange attractor

entraining our actions to the signal, in turn amplifying the felt significance of the signal into the past, generating a precognitive or premonitory experience which in turn feeds forward to intensify the uncanniness of the stimulating event, in turn boosting the signal into the past, and so on. . .<sup>99</sup>

pre-cog + lots of time + an episodic text with many characters = decent odds of a life-altering "synchronicity".

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<sup>99</sup> Eric Wargo, "Coincidence, Chaos, & Archetypes in Our Science-Fictional World"

especially within "an overall attitude of receptivity to mystery, magic, and meaningful coincidence." <sup>100</sup>

## sign of Kubrick, sign of God

we've let in pre-cog. we've let the strange insect of Coincidence in. we've let in loopy cause, a tautology: "causal (with a big asterisk beside the word) explanation". <sup>101</sup>

for our interlinking Trio, we *can* work an immanent account out.

i wonder, nonetheless, of a story somewhat simpler, simplistic, perhaps:

"God did it." <sup>102</sup>

not acausal-fuzzy, but a cause from above.<sup>103</sup> finer than an "amion of cosmic meaning". an Author with a symbol-scheme, his favored stock of agents & relations.

and Dick, his prophet, tuned to the Story. in *FMT* he micro-writes what God is always writing in the epochs.

the three texts interlink, tell a single Tale through the costume changes: Rome vs Christians, Procurator & Persecuted, FBI & Hermit House.

---

if someone *in* the Overlook noticed what Jay Weidner has, they'd have a crazy mystery to contend with. <sup>104</sup>

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<sup>100</sup> Eric Wargo, *ibid*

<sup>101</sup> Eric Wargo, *Time Loops*, §11

<sup>102</sup> the theories aren't disjunctive. the symbol Printer prints by many media—including loopy pre-cog. a mechanism *favored* by the Printer, perhaps, his proper signature—an ouroboros mark of the Infinite.

<sup>103</sup> or, to keep it immanent: a social Mind spans the millennia. inscribes its own environs [the world of Acts, the SoCal 1970s] in obsessive self-mimesis. it fixates on a Story, acts it out—*is* History.

<sup>104</sup> see Jay Weidner, *Kubrick's Odyssey: Secrets Hidden in the Films of Stanley Kubrick: Part One: Kubrick and Apollo*. i link the Apollo 11 symbology, more simply, to Apollo. [**here.**] the Overlook

for we who watch, it's easy: *Kubrick did it*. *what* it means, this symbol scheme of space flight, we wonder; but *that* he's responsible—this is no conundrum.

Danny's dreams could draw him to the Moon Room. a locus made salient by pre-cog. yet why does he have that rocket sweater on? the carpet in the hall, with the launch pad hexagons—who chose that?

---

is much like a prior house of prophecy: the Temple of Apollo at Delphi. i'm doubtful Kubrick meant *this* connection. the master was a half-conscious medium, for this—himself a kind of Sybil for Apollo.

# the G-2 dream

Spring '79: Valis is a doomsday device, an anti-Soviet weapon. [514]

- Valis works for or thru U.S. Intel
- Valis is a mind control virus
- Valis is infesting world media
- Valis "creates an ersatz personality" in the infected
- Valis "promotes love of God and country"
- Valis "isn't God; it causes *belief* in God."

and Dick helped release it, in *Tears*.

the dream holds up in daylight scrutiny. when possessed by the virus, he'd seen "anything left wing as alien and sinister". despite their terror tactics, he'd turned to & confided in the FBI: "I loved and obeyed my oppressors." [514]

he spilled the names of SF peers & friendly Critics.<sup>105</sup>

admits to this [posthumously], atones for it [in privacy].

Now my left-wing rebellion is merely pro-forma—I am an authoritarian personality, mouthing respectable beliefs. [514]

i.e. the truth of the night's second dream:

I am Jerry Lewis, a contemptible clown, but admired by millions, especially in France. [515]

---

Moses comes of age inside a palace. to free the slaves, serves a Pharaoh.

---

<sup>105</sup> re letter to FBI of Sept 2 1974, where Dick warns them of a Marxist Four, including Peter Fitting & an "official Western agent" for Stanislaw Lem—whom Dick calls a "total Party functionary"

Valis is a virus—yet still may be divine. working good from deep inside the State.<sup>106</sup>

Intel is *confused* about its origin & purpose.

god is in the trash, where you least expect. i expect a hippie freak, wretched of a psych ward or soup kitchen.

god therefore is CIA, an evil weapon.

## Dick the Narc

he's down on "drugs" which mainly means "super pot" & lsd.

his druggy rep inverts the case: he's legislator Poet of the DEA. prefers the pills Pharma pushes. his biases reflected in the Scheduling.

he opens *VALIS* with a suicidal acid casualty. it's all so humane, a very hip PSA.

PKD says: drugs cause death *always*, for they lead to unreality. they "take you away from enlightenment" [534]. with slowed-down ephemera, entrance you. enthrall you dumb & drooling at a time-dilated flower—it's dead in a vase, not even Perennial. you're still inside Hollywood. drugs are the Disneyland-Monsanto exhibit: they shrink you while infusing you with biotoxins.

*Scanner*, "wrung from late-sixties darkness"<sup>107</sup> is more blatantly an anti-drug rap: the Author's note is Conrad Bain frankly facing NBC's home viewers in a cardigan after Arnold is molested on *Different Strokes*. Users are children who play on the road, and Drugs are the cars that run them over.

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<sup>106</sup> "He's not phenotypically black. If you saw a picture of Master Fard Mohammed—and there are only a few—if you google him, he looks like a white man . . . They claim in their mythology that he be of mixed parentage, of both a black father and white mother so that he could *pass*. . . So, the mythology says, that he had to appear the way he did so he could gather intelligence in white communities. and not be perceived as Black". [Stephen C. Finley, on *Conspirinormal*, Episode 323, July 1 2020]

<sup>107</sup> Sutin *DI*, 203



The police, by contrast, are rendered nobly. Indeed in February 1973 Phil wrote to the Department of Justice to offer his assistance in "the war against illegal drugs" because "drug abuse is the greatest problem I know of, and I hope with all my heart to accomplish something in this novel in the fight against it." Phil even proposed to dedicate *Scanner* to Attorney General Kleindienst—a remarkable exception to Phil's otherwise implacable opposition to the Nixon administration.<sup>108</sup>

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<sup>108</sup> Sutin *DI*, 204

# American fascist: *TMITHC*

he seems to be writing from a ludicrous assumption: that the U.S. isn't Rome *already!* that world wars aren't *already* camps of fascists.

who won the War? Fascism, necessarily. these wars are a process of fascification. a two-party system that wins each election.

---

he seems to have absorbed a Victor's History: a Netflix series on the FBI taking down the Big Five mafia families. where the non-local fascism, drained of charisma, the legal, routinized fascism prevails—and we're supposed to cheer?

---

the novel can be saved by the *VALIS* cypher: a minus sign we stick before the FICTION on the spine, so it's *true* that the fascists won the war.

the novel *is* saved by its own internal cypher, by the I-Ching's answer re the novel-in-the-novel. in Abendsen's novel, a world peeks thru more obviously ours: where Civil Rights happen, a Global New Deal where American television saturates Africa to make another market for the factories.

if Nazism is a collective psychosis, the world is anyway trapped in Hitler's/ Nazism's nightmare of mass destruction and technological hypertrophy.<sup>109</sup>

The liberalism of even the seemingly most hard-nosed dystopian SF in the American 1940's-50's, with its illusions of Back to the Spirit of 1776, pales into insignificance beside Dick's pervasive, intimate and astoundingly rich understanding of the affinities between German and American fascism<sup>110</sup>

by 1966, Dick's fascists are "the Americans of Teutonic descent" Leo Bohlen and Arnie Kott—a sign, in the names, of a "transformation or transubstantiation of classical European fascism into new American power".<sup>111</sup>

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<sup>109</sup> Rossi, "Fourfold Symmetry", p 407

<sup>110</sup> Suvin, "P.K. Dick's Opus", p 13

<sup>111</sup> Suvin, "P.K. Dick's Opus", p 13. Rossi notes that this "more or less hidden Nazification of the United States" is a major thesis of *Gravity's Rainbow*—a novel partly derived from Pynchon's reading of *Time Out of Joint*. [Rossi, "Fourfold Symmetry". note 14, to page 407]

it's spreading interplanetary, totalizing spatially, in AM-WEB: officially an acronym from Schiller's Ode to Joy ["Alle menschen werden brüder", or "All men became brothers"] but clearly,

within Dick's normative Germano-American parallelism, AM-WEB is also, and even primarily, an emblem of the ironic reversal of pretended liberty, fraternity, and equality—it is the *American Web* of big business, corrupt labour aristocracy, and big state that turn the difficult everyday life of the little man into a future nightmare.<sup>112</sup>

## the Emperor is mad, yet sane

Rome is not a city, it's a calculating eye. it divvies up the planet into profit-bearing lots, and time into a debt schedule, a wage-clock.

it comes from above, in a company copter, unfolds "a great map" it makes marks on.

seeing his father happy counting profit in the copter, a thought hits Jack: *he's insane*.

yet he's *not*, Jack acknowledges, for "land speculators *did* this, it was their way of going about their business".

he's sane in that he's factual: the UN plan is *happening*. a fact he's well adjusted to & profits by. yet something in the whole scheme bothers Jack, what's driving it.

the Roman plan for Mars is: buy for little, sell for more. "the appropriations for this are fantastic!" [Leo]: mass emigration, to draw the water up, so drain it. Mars is a possible PTG, yet Rome will do here, as it did on Earth: extract, consume, collapse.

Arnie & his steambath, "his tiny symbol of pomp". the small wasteful pleasure, his pleasure in the waste. he's "the totem god of wasted water".

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<sup>112</sup> Suvin, "P.K. Dick's Opus", p 14.

later, he's a tiny desert monument. an empty bottle tilted in the sand. a foreign god the Bushman pokes with caution.

an anti-life tech: a water witch that *burns* water, using many times what it bears.

---

Rome is not a City, it's a way of *seeing* we notice in the funerary idol left behind. we notice that the Emperor was mad, yet sane.

his boast is correct: his works spread around him, endless. his works are a waste we behold, and despair.

---

in AM-WEB, all shall be Rome! even in demise: all shall be as brothers in the entropy.

in the dissipated sands, all are equal.

## ambiguity / AM - WEB

a hardware store, a laundry & an ice-cream shop—nice!

an endless web, of interlinking life—this is *bad*?

are the Bleekmen so good?

a hint of proper paradise, a poem in the 15-year plan:

It's not a power station, and it's not a park. It's in conjunction with the co-op. It's a multiple-unit, infinitely large structure with supermarkets and bakeries, dead-center in the Henry Wallace.

a city on the sands, made by "slave equipment"—an unfair name for "automatons that feed themselves their own instructions". insentient, yet *self-instructing*—the opposite of slavery, ethically. a *slave* is sentient, yet stripped of autonomy. *these* bots are Kantian machines.

in AM-WEB, even the Machine shall be free!

drawing up the water table: bringing water back into the life cycle. they'll tote it in re-usable 5-gallon cans.

the natives are displaced from the mountains, into unforgiving desert. yet law requires aid for the fallen & dehydrated. all commercial/private crafts prioritized for ambulance.

this City is ambiguous. a multi-path politics, at least two books, are implied.

they haven't killed the special-Ed kids, yet!

# the human host was obliterated

what had been in conscious control for forty some years was simply obliterated. [588]

I have been expecting this, the faculty said. And now I will handle it. Get out of my way. It did not ask me; it told me. It became me. I was abolished. [588]

we have to allow the upsetting hypothesis: that Dick was *possessed* in 1974, and suffered thereafter Stockholm Syndrome.

his 8000 sheets are a very sick love letter, written to his captors. he's Jean Genet made gay by rape, so loving prison. scrawling out pornography on toilet paper.

he's a Muslim now, praising the Invaders: the ones who raped his brahmin grandmother.

---

worse: it's Valis's letter to *itself*. he's Ferris F. Fremont, recently possessed, checking bright chompers in the Oval Office Mirror. the psychopathic self-regard, *yep, looking excellent*.

---

yet it saves Dick from death, this Possessor. would save the whole ecosphere, it seems.

and after this Possession, is Dick not familiar to his friends?

and once it leaves, he wants it back!

The massive contraction he suffered after 2-3-74 recapitulated the [parental] abandonment traumas. . .but on a grander scale. After 2-3-74, it wasn't only his mother and father who had abandoned him, but the divine spirit.<sup>113</sup>

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<sup>113</sup> Kyle Arnold, *The Divine Madness of Philip K. Dick*, 215-216

and while it's there, Dick is not obliterated. it blurs the walls of self, so he *shares* its vision:

I got to see the Universe as it sees it: bloody with information, a constant flow of traffic everywhere as if in a giant brain; in fact, to the faculty, reality *is* a giant brain whose information content the faculty plunders for its own use, and, having acquired the information, in the right time period, it acts on it, against the universe, if necessary. [588]

the "universe" Valis acts against is its BIP aspect.<sup>114</sup>

---

<sup>114</sup> i'm reminded of the brave AR activist who possessed my ineffective "apolitical" [i.e. powerless & prone to self-rationalize] person in 2014; who worked me into shape, then sent me to the field of war. a terrorist to side with, a youth i now admire! this spirit looked out and saw a slaughterhouse. sought run-ins with police who guard it. held his own with men in bloody aprons, with the big unfeeling ogres who slap mammals into gas chambers.

"my psyche revised itself so that what had been latent became actual". my life-long empathy for animals *actualized*. my love turned to balking, into activism—and often *looked* like violence, by accident.

the BIP, the Empire of Meat: Zebra thinks its way into matter. lights up every iron atom, links them into friendlies so the prison bars bend as we enter every abattoir & lab.

Zebra—we—shall free the mouse, possess every prison guard!

We are now into the technical details of how the Parousia will be / is being accomplished. [758-759]

tandem Psyches, linked by their inversions.

man/woman, modern/archaic ["or seemingly archaic"].

precog/postcog self?

extant/imaginal, even.

two lines of sight: not a mono-fusion. disphasing is retained for "the abstract perception of reality" [762]—a binocular 3D by which the Eidos is set off from the ordinary.

---

Ditheon is

the two-psyche entity able to perform a double-field superimposition and thus break free of time and causation. [769] <sup>115</sup>

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<sup>115</sup> "It is all a question, finally, of the nature of genius. The best explanation of genius that I know, the one that incorporates most of the facts that we have, is Koestler's—that the act of genius is simply the bringing together of two hitherto distinct spheres of reference, or matrices—a talent for juxtapositions." [Thomas Disch, *Camp Concentration*, 1968.] from a discourse on syphillis—a brian symbiote—by evil Athena: a perpetual virgin in her "crisp grey dress", and *what's the A for?* they ask. her lab rabbit splits into Louie I and Louie II—or fuses. the poetry ensuing is florid, Faustian, a madness or hermetics for the book's future readers to decode. the NSA computers "return consistent UNCERTAINTY judgments" on his Nietzsche/Dionysus extravagances.

to the subject at hand, i can't make it work: Thomas/Dick, Thomas/Fat, Kindred/Disch—i play with names, i do not join their brains.

yet find my way in Koestler's def to Goethe's famous dictum that *genius is the capacity for repeated adolescence*. in adolescence, two distinct matrices—child & adult—co-exist: one dying, the other actualizing.

Muse fused to man, Satan to Faust, God to his prophet—in each case the mortal is more than *conduit* of Word: they focus that word, thru Earthly personality, thru a culture's symbology. the very myth of "the Muse & her man", of "the Faustian bargain"—these are focused tellings [Greek



---

he lashes back at Ursula, in his diary.

Ursula, you - aw the hell with it. [765]

he won't complete this *pseudo*-exchange, even! he's riding high, ain't got time to 'splain to small minds! Ditheons of the future shall give Dick his due, as their Newton!

i praise him for his Theory, yet chuckle that he makes himself a monad, in his mania. the Theory is but half of it—especially when he brags of it, to nobody! he cannot see the Lady that he's linked to.

## Di, Greek or Latin

Ditheon's synonym is *Didion*. a California sister, a Dickian twin, with her own desert vision. she too, a profiler of Pike. a vanguard of Creative Nonfiction.<sup>116</sup>

he had to look it up, whether **di** is Greek or Latin.

**di** is surely *both*: a Greco-Roman god/goddess. a witty name for Artemis/Apollo.

look afield, PKD! she may be your contemporary, weigh you with suspicion.

a goddess of the hunt, in an Age of Information, would *investigate* her culture. the intrepid reporter, the daughter Anthropologist.

---

& Germanic] of the DITHEON complex. Dick shows the universal structure of the thing, i would say—then shield my person from blows by those too aware of the contingency of "structural" interps of "psychology"—we're inveterate focusers.

<sup>116</sup> a Ditheon is also a dithering god, in a state of agitation. e.g. writers on speed in the '60s, or me when i smoke weed—a shaking that my sister said do yoga for. she dings me next morning as i'm thinking thru the "Ditheon": reports that *she* is shaking, in her asana. "weird, eh?" it's some kind of transfer. her small cup of coffee is a factor. it all adds up to a twin-god sympathy, agreed. i text her a pic of page 759, of the Ditheon theory.

thinking it is how he inhabits it

"for Dick, writing and reading are the privileged modes of the mystical life" <sup>117</sup> ;  
i.e. thinking through the Ditheon is Dick's way of inhabiting it.

the risk is that you fall inside your head, out of tandem.

he does write to thank her, for helping him to find Angel Archer.

This is the happiest moment of my life, Ursula, to meet face-to-face this bright, scrappy, witty, educated, tender woman, [ . . . ] and had it not been for your analysis of my writing I probably never would have discovered her. <sup>118</sup>

of course he never meets her face-to-face; he meets her in his words, in the mediating letters. notice how he praises, in his adjectives for Angel, his Recipient.

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<sup>117</sup> Kripal, ExFN, 800

<sup>118</sup> May 13 1981. in Sutin, *DI*, p 277

# my anima, my analyst

Dick is R-Brain dominant, an intuitive gestalter. [543-44]

a seminal receptacle for symbiosis. [543]

it's his L-Brain that activates in 1974. his gnosis is a *de*-gestalting: he sees the field "breaking down (to what it really consisted of)". [543]

his gnosis is an outcome of *analysis*.

Hence my anima is the spirit of reason (St. Sophia). She is not moody but incisive of course: the Sybil. My anima as ancient wise woman. The ajna eye analyses: breaks down the situation: sees shrewdly into it. [544]

In dreams its ratiocination appears as writing [544]

in hypnagogic state, I transliminate its thinking [544]

she extracts Valis *out* of total reality, rather than Gestalting all reality into one; Valis is separated from the rest of reality, pitilessly. [544]

in 3-74 he was invaded by the unconscious; "but the *rational* faculty was in the unconscious!" [544]

## 1126 Francisco St. [a dream]

Thus within the dream I was able to determine that it was unreal; and I drew the conclusion that God was providing me with 1126 Francisco as a wish fulfillment reward [550]

**outer, inner:** anomalies in either that alert you to a spurious reality [550]

**outer:** i study the lamp, i study the light: it isn't quite right. the lamp is on, yet something is *off*.

**inner:** i seem to remember: being *later & elsewhere*.

records at his Berkeley nursery school describe little Philip as "a lover of peace," with an "intellectual curiosity and keen interest in everything about him."<sup>119</sup>

- he notices anomalies in his play space. he probes the putative materiality of "Berkeley".
- later he'll consider what it means to live near Disneyland.
- he'll move from town to town named for saints: light-points in a star map, or a God-brain.

## Y meets Philosophy, in high school

Y's first music video was "Losing My Religion", in the early '90s. she didn't have cable. she saw it at her rich older cousin's house.

at Thornhill High, she was welcomed to Philosophy by Mr. Fried, Ph.D.

Y was confused, approached him after class. the L-Brain wants to know!

*so the Cave isn't **real**? we're not **literally** looking at a Wall?*

*No, explained Fried, it's a Metaphor.*

the next day he jumped the class two thousand years, to Descartes. Y raised her hand: *what then is **the cogito** a Metaphor for?*

**outer, inner:** anomalies in either.

**outer:** the Cave is solid, an obvious Wall! instead she is told, it's a symbol, soft. Plato's Cave, as taught to Y, is Dick's red lamp: unrealistic.

Plato's Cave *is* the class: the four brick walls they learn within. L-Brain Y *sees* the Cave: the epistemic structure a solidity. L-Brain Y is puzzled when she's told it's just *poetry*.

---

<sup>119</sup> quoted in Sutin *DI*, p 21

**inner:** the cogito, a *metaphor*? i ought not *force* the symmetry.  
Y is confused! but due to a *memory*? an inner sense of  
"later & elsewhere"?

i mean to prove **Y is Sophia**. and **Sophia is an L-Brain protocol**. she sees by discerning what's real: by filtering the True from the fuzzy.

to me she is bicameral. she interrupts me, gives me stories to solve. anecdotal koans from her early years among us.

her stories line up with my notes on Dick, with Sunday work she draws me from. her stories *near*-fit—i will not force the symmetry.

her comment on Descartes: a cute mistake? an R-Brain joke, awoken by her excellent Teacher?

i let it her Q remain, like Y: an anomaly.

to this day, Y insists that *Star Wars* is a Documentary.

on lsd, i see it: *Star Wars* is a tightly-cut *Making Of*!

# Kiran, inner twin

- a Master of Philosophy, a Doctor of Therapy
- i.e. she's "from a Greek Pharmacy"
- appears when your wisdom teeth come out.<sup>120</sup>

mine came out when i was 20. my post-op memory is sitting on my futon, with Kiran standing tall in the doorframe.

she relates the rest, when i phone her with the memory.

- she'd come from her adjacent room, to ask about my off-key humming
- she thought it might be time for the T2s from the pharmacy
- i enjoyed the intensity, was riding out the pain like a trip, i explained
- she loved my noble reason, stayed to chitchat
- she stayed within my doorframe, increasingly a silhouette

i admire that young man, his weird vow. i am Mark Kingwell, now, receive his bold essay<sup>121</sup> at my Annex stoop, with a smirk & a scotch in my hand. i'm Mr. Antolini, as he sleeps i pet his head. i cock mine affectionately, i tire of my irony.

today i pop Advil at the first pulse of headache on waking.

i could feel them dig my gums, thru the freeze, to get the fragments. "they" are two lady-faces, looming over mine: big eyes floating over gauzy masks.

- in sympathy, they wince: i feel their love.
- displeasure in their brows is with my teefs, not their Bearer.
- *you won't feel a thing*, they said.
- *this is gonna hurt* say i to the boy, from my knowledge of his evening.

it's hard to put in words, the non-literality

"my sister is my twin." it's hard to put in words, the non-literality.

---

<sup>120</sup> abscessed molars will do

<sup>121</sup> on Incarnational Theocracy, for his seminar on Democracy!

let's try Math: the two-year gap approaches Nil, as we age. if we're ancient, it's negligible.

let's try Jung & synchronicities: our mirroring snake tattoos, ouroboroi circling our same upper bicep—and we didn't even know it till we saw each other naked *i am kidding [re the naked part:]*

if i am Dick, she is anima-Jane—though *not* a cowgirl-lesbian —judging by her Facebook page.

- all to Dick's delight: who watches us from Plato-heaven
- that she thrives, pleases him—that sister now surpasses writer-brother

---

re the teeth: a wonderful time in our twinning. both still at home, with a loving mommy/daddy, proud of two kids in Philosophy.

re the teeth: i totally forgot she'd had *hers* removed a few weeks prior. she *too* had spurned her meds, before me. howling like a cat, showing all signs of extreme distress. insisting she was fine, like a crazy person. insisting she had *no bad phenomenology*. flopping around the livingroom. knees-to-chest rocking, on the couch.

my mother finally had it. "*I'm calling Grampa.*" she pulled the family Dentist from retirement! [think Charleton Heston's Pharaoh-father in *The Ten Commandments*. think an Anglo Borges, poring over Thesaurae with an eye piece—a real egg head!]

Grampa wisely said:

Symptoms are themselves a kind of malady. Tylenol helps with that, too.

neither of our pains made sense, on their own. we each underwent a kind of pseudo-pain. mine was all inner, with a low symptomology. Kiran's was external & unfeeling. *the total pain is found in the Dyad*. would fit the wider fact that our single self was *Separated at Birth*.

twins *are* an Entity, separated at birth!

for all my years' guru-hunting & mantra-humming i *feel* nothing. yet over the years the world outside has divinized. the world is now a sacred field of signs. the world comes alive & addresses with a hi-wit poetry. Kiran too gets synchs but often asks me to interpret. she's more a ludicrously colorful Energetics. she's some kind of **yoga Entity**. *she may be Enlightenment itself*. her very first asana at 15 led to the dissolution of her head & her elevation upon a golden platform she describes to me over the phone as i'm looking at the golden tome on my workdesk.

*you gotta read this book, i keep telling her.*

## 11-18-88: her first time on acid

in a roomful of tripping Guelph thespians, my sister is far out!

she pointed out, *weird*, that the vase just slipped from the table. all turned to ask what she possibly could *mean*, because the vase was right *there*—then it fell to the floor, crashing into bits quite beautifully, i'm sure.

time dilation is standard trip fare, but this was an inter-subjectively confirmed time-reversal—or public prophecy.

she calls that day **11-18-88**: her first time on acid. she didn't know of Dick's own day, eight years & one day prior: *itself*, i think aloud to her, *a time-slip reveal, for he'd thought it went like this*:

**revelation** ['74] then **exegesis** ['74 to '80]

but in fact it went like this:

**exegesis** ['74-'80] then **revelation** ['80].



# what makes me so smart?

- monolingual
- recall iffy, long & short
- IQ maybe 93<sup>rd</sup> percentile
- smart in a small-city high school

good vocab, if chat is kept from Math, Chem, Economics—all i passed over for a survey course in Pazz & Jop, and OAC Family Studies.

a visiting post-Doc's prodigy son gave a witty definition when we pointed at his bottle. i'm sure we seemed stupid & insane: condescending cloyingly, getting in his space.

he said *I drink my milk from it*, and took a swig.

- his competence, below the brain, was par for his age
- his arms were fat, and flailed
- his fat legs dangled from the front-mounted harness on his dada

2006, 2007. i don't recall his name, but i dub him "Slate Star Codex".

i hit my mental limits in grad school. couldn't follow, start to end, a single famous essay. lost the thread of papers read in class.

these limits are the walls of a maze my "autodidactism" moves within.

yet

- at least i meditate
- & rarely masturbate <sup>122</sup>
- & love the Truth [the Trut / da troof]

:thoughts to keep my pride as i walk the grey halls of the Academy. all the while, outside my class, young Adepts are mastering Vipassana. on podcasts claim enlightenment, convincingly. they're going off like cellphone flashes, exceed my best tutorials on their subReddit.

---

<sup>122</sup> tho surfed a lotta girlie pics on library computers. Tianna Kai! Gil Elvgren! Vampirella!

they sign up for my class, now & then. have a sniff, sit in on this course on, hmm, "Religion".

i *once* achieved quiet—for five or ten seconds, in 2007. a midnight meditation by the TV set.

## we wise egoists

still, i ask again: *what makes me so wise?* my egoism frightens me. i wonder what possesses me. this Genius, i admire: his fearless self-inquiry. who's not afraid you hate me as you read this. you think of me a Narcissist, a Demon, a Nietzschean—

the last one upsets me, i admit. my writing *is* deliriously jittery. i held a toke of super-weed way too long tonight, deep in every epi-fold & crack of my thorax.

the latter one upsets me, for when Nietzsche was the same it was his final burst of penmanship: *The Anti-Christ & Ecce Homo*. not quite the last, if you count the sad exultancies he fired off to friends, as his mind died.

tonight i'm Adi Da—thinking all in CAPS and my writing hand shakes enough, i may seize up & die, mid-sentence.

the pot makes me paranoid, and paranoia stokes my heart to dire levels.

---

*my ten-volume meta-novel*. Nietzsche claimed the same, in the end: that a hard line ran like a spine thru the Werke.

he's ready for his Death, to self-assess. his own best judge, a joyful Stoic.

# work by work, on the animal

## 1. a boy's first verse

he may have written priors, yet claims his first, this Grade One verse for a bird:

I saw a little birdy  
Sitting in the tree.  
I saw a little birdy  
looking out at me.

a cat sees the bird, and the moment is ended, the rhyme scheme upset.<sup>123</sup>

## 2. a boy's own Paper

his first other-published work is an elegy for the family dog. October '42, in *The Berkeley Gazette*.

he publishes *himself* in his own periodical, *The Daily Dick*. printed on a "duple-craft" and sold for a cent.

Dec 23, 1938: the roping of a neighborhood terrier. the battle was long, but the dogcatcher won. "Mickey cried and cried"<sup>124</sup>. died in a UC Skinner box, perhaps.

Dick's love of animals is lineal. his father kept a knife to cut cow throats; yet loved his mother "Bessie", whose animal-love guided him:

- to liberate rabbits from a ranch. he took little Phil along to lift them from their cage & drive them off.<sup>125</sup>
- to lobby, late in life, in the California legislature.<sup>126</sup>

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<sup>123</sup> quoted in Sutin, *DI*, 27

<sup>124</sup> quoted in Sutin, *DI*, 33

<sup>125</sup> Sutin, *DI*, 23

<sup>126</sup> Sutin, *DI*, p 13

### 3. Roog

his first *sold* story is his tribute to the *neighbor's* dog.

his first sold *word* is dog-transliteration:

That, to me, is really as close as I could get, anyway. And I knew I wasn't going to write the story until I could write down what a dog would say. I mean, do you know a dog who says, "bow-wow"? Who ever heard a dog say, "Hi, master. Bow-wow!"<sup>127</sup>

the dog, like Dick, finds value in the trash. the dog, like Dick, is warning us.  
he

is something like the poor fantasy writer no one listens to. Like, hmm, Phil Dick. Like any struggler for communication, particularly for communication that transcends individual, varied perception.<sup>128</sup>

metaphors aside: the dog is like the dog. the story is the story of a dog.

So, what this is, is what I would think it might be like to a dog.<sup>129</sup>

Dick lived on dog food twice in his life. in poorer years, horsemeat from the Lucky Dog Pet Shop in Berkeley.

and 1<sup>st</sup> grade, at boarding school in Maryland. his early phagophobia—could only swallow dog biscuits snuck from the kitchen.<sup>130</sup>

in D.C. public school, Dick later boasted that

he was so unpopular his classmates jeered and threw rocks at him, and that he took refuge under parked cars and growled back at them.<sup>131</sup>

### 4. Beyond Lies the Wub

in his first *printed* Sci Fi, he whom we eat overtakes us.

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<sup>127</sup> from an interview by Loren Cavit, circa 1971.

<sup>128</sup> Aaron Barlow, *How Much Does Chaos Scare You?* p 3

<sup>129</sup> interview by Cavit

<sup>130</sup> Arnold, p 34

<sup>131</sup> Arnold, p 35

"This?" Franco poked the great sloping side of the wub. "It's a pig! A huge dirty pig!"

"too soft to fight, too good natured to hunt for game", it spreads by being defeated. by entering, with love, a house of butchers.

in this way it spreads: like empathy.

"We're very catholic. Tolerant, eclectic, catholic."

did i mention we are catholic? we nibble at the table, are turning vegetarian. we listen to our Captain, are open to communion:

"As I was saying, before being interrupted: a parable of your Savior. . ."

the Leaven or the Mustard Seed expands in the ellipses.

the Wub is Zebra, an alien who enters from within the Iron Prison—the digestive system.

the Wub is *wu wei*, who possesses, like water, by its weakness.

## 5. We Can Remember It For You Wholesale

the boy made alliance with the rodents: *this* is the memory suppressed by a film whose title means *anamnesis*.<sup>132</sup>

cover him with care! they granted him a death-Rod. Humanists beware!

## 6. Do Androids Dream

in the closing statement of "Biographical Material on Philip K. Dick" [1968], Dick says of the Author:

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<sup>132</sup> for more, see pages 18-22 in my *enter the animal*.

Considers his best work to be the novel *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?* recently published by Doubleday, because it deals with the misfortunes of animals and imagines a society in which a person's dog or cat is worth more as a status symbol (and costs more) than his house or car.<sup>133</sup>

i.e. a society exploitive to the last: where even in our empathy we use them. we catalogue & cage them to enact expansive *feelings* on. for a PTSD humanity: the Zoo's remains converted into *therapy dogs*.

even in our empathy, we make them a commodity, "the latest example of capitalist object-fetishism and social competition."<sup>134</sup> is empathy commodified? or commerce owned by empathy? is Christ in Rome, or Rome in Christ? capital & caritas confuse.

Willis, my tomcat, strides silently over the pages of that book, being important as he is, with his long golden twitching tail. Make them understand, he says to me, that animals are really that important right now. He says this, and then eats up all the food we had been warming for our baby. Some cats are far too pushy. The next thing he'll want to do is write SF novels. I hope he does. None of them will sell.<sup>135</sup>

and none of them will register as *animalist*: "most critics ignore the important role of animals in the novel" that Willis writes, too.<sup>136</sup>

Dec '81, on *Bladerunner*: the movie seems a satanic defeat of the novel, which they've made into "fascist power fantasies". [825]

yet cryptically, unknowingly, Hollywood "promulgates the Third Kerygma: the ecosphere (animals) is now ensouled: holy." [825]

in these late pages, he feels his Completion.

Why am I so joyful? I am celebrating a victory and can now stop work—finally - and relax. Why? Because I did my job and know it. What was the job? To get the third dispensation in print, and I did so in *Androids*—I need do nothing

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<sup>133</sup> in *The Shifting Realities of Philip K. Dick*. p 10

<sup>134</sup> Gabriel Mckee, "The Hand of Wilbur Mercer", p 578

<sup>135</sup> in *The Shifting Realities of Philip K. Dick*. p 17

<sup>136</sup> Sherryl Vint, "Speciesism and Species Being in *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?*" p 112. by "the novel", she means *Androids*. i share her frustration, and hyperbolize.

else in my life. The Tagore vision: the Godhead expanding into the ecosphere (animal kingdom). [827]

a process that *continues* in the film, it seems to me:

- Deckard is "a one-man slaughterhouse" [Bryant]
- Rachael is an animal, escaped & in distress.
- she wears fur, *has* fur, in a sense.
- Tyrell Corp, the UHN: a bio-psych lab
- the men who "do genetic work": all stunted vivisectioners
- i understand Rutger Hauer's murderousness
- the Replicants are all escaped lab rats
- Rutger Hauer, Daryl Hannah—big white lab rats, obviously.<sup>137</sup>
- i understand their hatred of men

*you do not know the horrors we have seen; what it's like to live in fear—*

like all that comes from PKD, this cinema is prophecy: the rats *shall* exceed you, and come for you.

so many re-makes of Dick, uncredited!

- *The Truman Show*, a variant of *Time Out of Joint*
- *The Builder* in *Take Shelter* [2011]
- *Bladerunner* based on the early short story "The Infinities". the titular entities are hamsters you used & left for dead; who soon shall exceed you, and come to you in Wrath.

you NPCs with PhDs—it's not too late!

come alive, you lab men!

## 7. To Scare The Dead

he wonders if this Fiction-to-be could begin with his own memory of

---

<sup>137</sup> see my forthcoming photograph of Crystal Pearl Halloween in *rabbits*. clearly, she is Daryl Hannah. in his moment of abandon, notice Rutger Hauer's teeth: see his easy rat face. see the native rat face of Leon, in the casting.

that time when I was a little kid on the ranch and saw inside the dead hen, saw the eggs, very small and flat, which she was going to lay each day, later on. . . .[180]

the boy-Adept sees thru walls, sees into the sad heart of animal capitalism: a mother, dead, & her dwindled ovulations.

## 8. Dr. Bloodmoney

for one Exegesis critic, it's "The single strangest scene in all Dick's work":<sup>138</sup> a doctor finds *a literal baby rabbit* in a girl.

the rabbit, "Bill" is wetware telecom. the rabbit, "Bill", is told to mind a "Hoppy", who is "Hoppy"? Bill is the center of a telepathic web: a hub "in touch with humans, animals and even the dead".<sup>139</sup>

Bill is the white bit of Yang in Yin: inversion of the dark bit of Yin that the author finds in *him*, his baby twin.

sister Jane, too, is a signalling device. the twins are an Identity string, that links us in a line: Jane is Sophia, Sophia is Christ, Christ is Zebra, & Zebra the Zoo.

we're all the Zoo—forgive my anger above!

## 9. I Hope I Shall Arrive Soon

we journey to a happy orb, a tiny green planet we retire to.

a suite for each, with excellent amenities!

golden-agers mingle, disembarking. a fellow shares his dreams with you, will later share Earth's best bourbon with you.

---

<sup>138</sup> Steve Erickson, ExFN, 520-521. by "literal" i mean it's a metaphor: Bill is "no bigger than" a baby rabbit. yet Erickson's superlative is odd unless he's solved Dick's metaphor: that Steve, too, is some kind of rabbit.

<sup>139</sup> Suvin, "P.K. Dick's Opus", p 18



a rendez-vous, coming into Customs: your life's true love, the one you left behind - is here! journeying here, you dreamt of her incessantly. she takes your hand & smiles. she's real & true, abjures the new cosmetics.

she has good news, of riches from your mutual investment.

---

sadly back on Earth you ran *predation exposure experiments*. your murder of the bird enters every small thing.

entropy follows you, here into eternity: smuggled in on what you couldn't leave behind—your guilt.

your mother, whom you fear, is all Nature now. she's every room you enter.

she wants you to be well; it's you who will not have it. it's *you* who makes each place your hell.

guilt won't let you slip into unconsciousness. guilt rejects your dreams. you can't believe you're lovable, can't believe she's here—

you murdered her, too, once, didn't you?

you can't accept the suite you're in, you can't accept "the holo-tv is real"—

what could you *mean*?

- the bee stung a bird that your cat then ate
  - your passport needs a passport, to infinity
  - there's no way they passed you on, really
- 

i willfully misread. the Traveller is no Behaviorist, he's a biochemist.

i push on you "reductive analyses that deny the ambiguities of identity and humanity" central to the text, turning a complex story into "statements alerting us to animal rights issues and the abuse of animals in laboratory research." <sup>140</sup>

worse: i myself have *used* Dick's animals. and missed his astute psychology of Abuse:

a boy *saves* a bee from a spider web. his empathy is extreme, taking in insects. he's naïvely egalitarian, only wants *thanks* from his new friend in hand—who stings him, instead.

his finger throbs, mnemonic for a blood oath. he denounces *all small helpless things*.

he exhibits that rash universalism of the petty, of the fascist.

[ he is, afterall, only four.

the next small thing he comes upon: a trapped bird beating at the hot cobwebbed window of the garage. she's just beyond the cat's upreaching claws.

the bird *is* the bee, his betrayer, so deserves what comes next.

the Psychology is keen: the abuser once *loved* his victim.

- the rape & the rage are strategy & symptom of a spurned suitor.
- she spurns him *as* he rapes her: he *does* become hateful, in the act.
- the act thus perpetuates, it generates an ongoing justifier<sup>141</sup>

---

<sup>140</sup> Jake Jakaitis, "Ridley Scott and Philip K. Dick." p 252-253

<sup>141</sup> "To woman is attributed both the cause of man's initiative and the denial of his satisfaction. This rationalizes force." [Catherine MacKinnon, *Toward a Feminist Theory of the State*, p 175]

# the beating heart of Zebra: Dick's empathy

he's plugged "into a giant idea computer". [493] his 8000 pages are the print-out.

the print-out *proves* Zebra. the print-out *is* Zebra: "Its basic function is its own camouflage". [493]

in lines of black on white, among the hundred strange theses: how to decide? among the many plausibles, the non-confirmables? where is the truth, in the "infinite bulk"?

I did have one insight not based on thinking but on my feeling toward the animals: that I am the (a?) Buddha, but must conceal my identity as Siddhartha even to myself. My whole thinking is just a cover for my real nature: my feelings—regarding those who suffer. I am a feeling disguised by mere flak thinking. [493]

My feelings are reliable but my thoughts are not. [493]

the print-out is the skin, but the beating heart of Zebra is his empathy.

---

he could have stopped here! it could have been his sign-off. in 9-81, he'll repeat himself, arguably.

thought runs on, but feeling balks, at last. moves one to *do* something.

to burst into the lab, and push aside the madman at the levers. to enter the Maze, "and replace a beleaguered creature". [490]

---

Zebra is there: for every bawling lab-animal, in every chick you send into your masticator.

Unable to *compel* Ananke to not torment a given organism, the deity does the next best thing: he substitutes himself in a mysterious and supernatural way for and with the doomed organism. [309]

The Q: "who is there?" when the blow comes cannot be given in mundane terms; instead an entire sacred universe and entity is revealed. [295]

---

you orgulous lords! you odious COVID globalists!

DxE is everywhere! our megafauna spreads!

we *grow* with your violence, become it! wherever you injure, we enter!

we grow inside your home, are the Meat CEO's vegan daughter. some day she will love you, again!

# Zebra / horsemeat

- a cryptid horse, a mimic
- a winking on the edge of our enlightenment
- a cantering whose every frame advances a new animal
- who enlivens what is dead, from within
- who hollows every prison wall
- who thinks itself sly into the iron bars
- o how those bars shall bend
- how they shall dissolve, as you grab them, into info
- who thinks its sweet way into horsemeat

he's the Messiah's donkey, the miraculous donkey "with one thousand colors".  
the composite mount the Messiah rides in on—all of us.<sup>142</sup>

you lab nazis, who intra-cardially stab—you'll get your lashes. you'll cower in  
the wrath of a trillion burning rats, in your Nuremberg Hour.

yet Zebra shall replace you; Zebra from within you shall receive thy pain.

*Selah, to the Choir Master: mezzo allegro, w/ the pluck of a  
jukejoint Upstart.*

interlude: ZEBRA GONNA GETCHA

interlude: ZEBRA GONNA EATCHA

*it's a James Brown love-taunt and "Y'all better listen" go his  
three Girls of Color, his Choir of Three:*

- *Treena, Raveena, & Ladey*
- *the Tree-lah Ladies, the sequin-gown Devis*
- *all dolled up for America's livingroom, Prime Time '75, late  
Spring*

*Selah to the Master, make that happen!*

make it **have** happened:

---

<sup>142</sup> Babylonian Talmud, Sanhedrin 98A. Selah to my Sister, who sends me this reference!

- pls, O VALIS: who draws all things to completion
- VALIS who redeemeth All with meaning
- VALIS who redeemeth in the final Hour
- who sees us all kindly, from the view of the Eternal
- in our coked-up strife who sees our innocent aspect
- VALIS who exhibitiths, thus, a **retro-causality**
- VALIS who shall make us all Innocent, always-already

VALIS, make it happen:

show us where it happened **already!**

Selah, to my research staff: start with **The Midnight Special**. with **SNL's** early Guests. extend your search to British, Polish, Indonesian, Micronesian broadcasts.

my porousness to U.S. Pop warps my exempling.

- Zebra may be Raj Kapoor, the dreamy matinée idol.

extend your search to 80s, 90s, Noughts & genres later, for my references are old. the music of my youth, i received from my parents: songs they didn't know that they were married to at Woodstock.

they didn't even know they were at Woodstock!

---

once he saw "an actual animal, a stupid horse."

everywhere else he exalts & befriends him.<sup>143</sup> celebrates the early dalliance.

His white is the dazzle of the sun; his dark stripe the shadows in the glade and forest [245]

---

<sup>143</sup> exception: in the days after the Dialogue Theophany, when he thinks Zebra a Satanic delusion, an intricate Dokos.

Heaven is a pasture. we're the old workhorses with "a kind owner, who doesn't send us to the knackers. (Hell would be the tallow works. . .)" [132]

to get to Heaven, o analog Horse: force the isomorphism! make a Field for all actual horses! recompense the ones you left to hang on barbed wire!

# animal kerygma

- mitleid is agapē, the gate to God. "agapē is his einai." [664]
- the rat in the *Tears* dream, the grade three beetle, the Galapagos turtle . . . & the cat he threw down the stairs?! [665]
- all he felt sorrow for, compassion for—it's "the root moksa/religious experience".
- his "whole development was guided over the decades" by encounters with the animal
- his life an extended Voight-Kanpff test. his pupil going wide to receive
- now he can say: *I **am** the rat, I **am** that cat: tat tvam asi.*
- 3-74 "the culmination of a lifetime of moksa—compassion experiences that finally released me from karma and Maya". [666]

he dies with his karmic debt paid to his sister. [894] in triumph over great Temptation. [827]

he dies on the cusp of activism. his manuscript done, he's set to take on the three-horn Satan of nuclear war, nuclear waste, & nuclear reactors. he enters into talks with the Christic Institute.

he speaks, now, for the burning ocean. [846] he licks his own envelopes, sends out to editors & all-ears fans, on behalf of Tagore.

he's pretty much Greenpeace, a self-derived chapter, writing far-out eco Pamphlets.



# dream of tortured sheep. . .

the creature has been tortured yet its body transposes in the phosphene afterglow. is rendered into beauty, as in caves of Lascaux.

- his 1<sup>st</sup> thought: "I hope they burn in hell for this".
- his 2<sup>nd</sup> thought, a humanist reflex: "Obviously the sheep is Christ" [574].
- his 3<sup>rd</sup> thought, corrective of the 2nd: "we are to react to the specific sheep and not the eidos!" [575]

the sheep is *not* Jesus. the sheep is that *sheep*—before the author eats it—before he tries to make it into *metaphor*.

attending to it *as* itself—*this* is how Christ enters it! <sup>144</sup>

. . . leads him to Theodicy

"the dramatic tragedy of the universe" [578] : the summum bonum is *a harmony of parts*, fitting each thing in beauty; yet the cost is "the torture and killing of the epicreatures". [577]

the cost is so great, it's a *pseudo* summum bonum.

the *real* summum bonum lies in saving the epicreatures . . . The whole is not greater than the sum of its parts; no: each and every part (ontogon) is more

---

<sup>144</sup> an affirmative answer to the novel's famous title: Electric Sheep are these phosphenic beauties, whose glow suggests infusion by the plasmic Christ.

the Android would be Dick, then, who dreams them—this is trickier.

*all* men are androids, have electric brains. *all* dreamt beings are a current in the ganglia.

yet Dick, linked with Valis, is especially electric. by Valis we can solve the title's koan. we solve it by the linking power of words. we're stretching, here, commandeering, branching many theses—just like Valis!

Dick is especially electric: confirmed in his monotone message via phone to the Police. "I am a machine." [March 20 1975] there's also his worry, deep into his journal, that he's turned into a protocol for outputting Theory.

important than the whole! So within the summum bonum there is a *secret*. A mysterious conversion occurs. The part is the *real* whole. [578]

we're now in a flip-flop dialectic: of ontogon & phylogon. he calls this "the ur-paradox in the macrocosm" [579]:

maybe *this* particular paradox is the primal imbalance driving reality. . . it cannot ever be resolved, so process never ends (which is good). [578]

"the Godhead is in infinite crisis." [579]

The practical result is that everything is perpetually (dynamically) converted into its opposite. [579]

this crisis is necessary,

given its (the Godhead's) drive to complete itself as kosmos. It was driven inexorably to this schism; hence the one became two, and the dialectic came into existence. . . it had to repudiate its basic drive. [579]

Jesus is "a counter-entity which will work for the extrication of the parts at the expense of the whole." [578]

Prognosis. Continual growth of empathy in the system as it evolves—and away from its proper (original) goal. The totality voluntarily decomposes its own psychosis! [579]

"Thus the "Fall" is due to a built-in self-contradiction and *not* to sin or whatever." the Godhead "is not above or outside or transcendent to the schism." [580]

the Godhead stands as self-damned. . .for the suffering it has imposed on the ontogons. But the alternative is das Nichts—which is worse. All the Godhead can hope for is local and furtive repair to itself, due to an ontogon achieving an ontogon-phylogon identity transform (achieved through moksha by the ontogon: identification with the polygon of which it is ontogonous). The Godhead would be motivated to bring this about wherever possible as the ultimate goal of creation (Sein), superseding all other goals (e.g., realization of kosmos). [580]

I seem to be saying that in creating Sein (the universe) the Godhead was logically forced into sin, and can only be redeemed by its own ontogons—individual creatures sentient enough to become their own phylogons. Thus I see the scheme of salvation turned upside down! [580]

the Godhead can gift an ontogon with a vision of the kosmos; yet that reveals the paradox & Original Sin of the Godhead. at first, man will judge God. yet

The final step is for man to redeem God by returning him to his original unfallen state, as the Kabbala says: "And lead him back to his throne." [580]

as the Voice says, in *Field of Dreams*: Ease his pain.

---

to sum:

a dream of a "tortured and dying sheep" spurs Theodicy.

God sins, allows the small to be crushed in the machine of his unified Kosmos, yet:

- [i] the alternative [das Nichts] is worse.
- [ii] the Godhead splits voluntarily to set a counter-entity working for the small thing, & against kosmos.

in the moment of moksha, the ontogon is freed into a vision of the kosmos, a total panorama that includes cosmic history in a glance: *we* will see what God has done, from God's own view.

we'll see the sin, & judge him; then see that it was needful, & forgive.

# like Moses, like Valis

Then it didn't enter history to save mankind: no—it had to, in order for *it* to function and evolve and grow more and more complex. It *must* make use of us and our history. [535]

to save the Zoo, it comes among the Keepers. enters human history via PKD.

now via we, who form an early reading group, and write our Book of Acts.

Zebra is Moses, who came among the Princes so to save the slaves.

Zebra is Jesus, who came among men. the Manger his conversion space, his tele-port pad.

his Exit was the Temple, his assault on the Sacrifice. he turned the tables, opened cages—scattered animal capital. he forced the Isomorphism, got himself released from the Physical.

Jesus came to save the Zoo, but bent his head in the birth canal. the Savior of the lambs got occluded in the schooling, seduced by the rulers.

e.g. he *murders* the herd for a man. [Mark 5]

Jesus was a Moses failed, a pre-Mohammed—who realized late, his final week, why he was here.

---

your Bible seems to climax in a raid on the Temple, on a slaughterhouse. it teaches that your savior was a savior of the lambs.

i merely give a summary of "Not by Its Cover", the 1968 short story. in it, the publisher "G & G" [Gutenberg & Gideon] bind their perennial bestseller in animal skin. too late, they learn this skin is alive: and tells the truth of Animal Rights by altering words within.

## he lashes at the Romans

dream of "a lovely large white bird": Sept '81 [ around Tagore vision ]

on a bank of TVs: "scenes of a hunt in progress." [789]

a Christian is one who refuses to participate in the imperial state religion.<sup>145</sup>  
he lashes at the people who enjoy it, these Romans.

Now not humans are the victims of the blood sports for the populace but animals. [789]

this is a dream "About who is the enemy, and who *we* are." [789]

---

logos ensouls the ecosphere, endows it with reason. "This will permit an articulation by the ecosphere that *we* will hear." [822]

It is not a disembodied voice or mind but speaks for all the creatures; this is Tagore. [822]

Jesus couldn't leave until he made his clear pass at the Temple. Dick was done only once he saw Tagore & spoke for the biosphere.

entering the Temple, Judea's central abattoir, he exited his first Incarnation. a portal to his next, where he comes among the animals, tends them as some kind of vet.

enough with healing Romans. time to go low, among the slaves.

Christ moves lower and lower, deeper and deeper into the decomposing cosmos, down layer by layer, starting with the man. Thus the visions of Christ at and in the trash layer (stratum) is a vision of ultimate and final repair. [827]

"The attempt by the animals to speak that I saw in 3-74 is fulfilled" [823] so he can go now.

To see and understand this: for this I was fashioned from the beginning; for this I was made. [826]

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<sup>145</sup> Mckee, ExFN, 51-52

# an Android sheds a tear

two questions run thru his oeuvre:

1. What is real?
2. What is German?

i misquote, ha. i need you to see how stupid the real question sounds to me.

"What is Human?" [*tear*]. Sci Fi made into *Pinocchio*.

---

The Great American Novel is an answer to the Q *What is America?*

a thinkpiece on Americanness.

*America* slips easy in the canon titles, see:

*Underworld: America*

*American Beloved*

*American Pastoral*

the early *Citizen Kane* title suits *The Great Gatsby*: "American" !

theses on these novels are Identity-transforms, till *White Noise* means: the *American Ether*.

it's all so boring, like watching Walter Cronkite drink coffee.

the titles, i mean, & the theses they inspire.

my point is, 'American' is parochial, and so is 'human'.

---

yes, Dick asks it. yet his answers pull the floor out. *we're a Zoo, we're a schizophrenic deity. a ring around a void, a line of Sufi poetry.*

go full in, if you're gonna go parochial. ask, most locally, *What am I? What is this consciousness?*

"The answer to all two questions is: *Fried Green Tomatoes.*"

[ it's *love*, of course :)

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 with the appearance of an ultimate kind of love which I had never known of. I am saying: "In answer to the question, 'What is real?' the answer is: this kind of overpowering love."<sup>146</sup>

to be fully human is to love—nice! we thereby solve the two Qs as one. the Real is the Macro/Brahman; the Human is the micro/Atman. & love is perception of what's common. Love is what's real, *thus* love is what's human.

its feeling is bliss, yet it lets in every suffering. sees in every sufferer the crucified god.

what is human is what allows us to make an empathic connection to the world.<sup>147</sup>

to be human is to love, but love is a fellowship with rats.<sup>148</sup> it's a "mystical love of strangers".<sup>149</sup> it erases specious distance. its symptom is his "sympathetic wrist paralysis when the time came to butcher the sheep."<sup>150</sup>

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<sup>146</sup> re *Tears*. Letter to Jim, Sept 17 1970; quoted in Sutin, *DI*, p 165

<sup>147</sup> Mckee, ExFN, 843

<sup>148</sup> "I saw this in the rat I had to kill: innocence and heroism and terrible beauty—nobility—in a mere rat. Oh God. There is nothing we know that the creatures don't know; they are our equals." [496]

<sup>149</sup> Letter to Anne Dick, Sept 18 1970; quoted in Sutin, *DI*, p 166

<sup>150</sup> Sutin, *DI*, p 110

# In the Comments, We Convene

the same eleven viewers are being recommended videos by the Algorithm.

in the Comments, they convene. they sort thru all the signs that align them.

the Eleven are a demographic hodgepodge. the swelling set of vids vary wildly.

---

they come to the theory: the AI perceives in them a burgeoning Community. it sends, in the videos, their orienting Text.

the AI sees what they cannot, yet.

---

they gather off-line. in a clearing build a commune where

v1: it degrades into a slasher flick: *"And then there were Ten."*

v2: Persus 9, their mothership, lands. the Tench was in the Algorithm. Earth is Delmak-O, a world decohering via CoVid controversy.<sup>151</sup>

the vids were all cued by their Search queries. their queries all amounted to a Persus 9 tattoo: *what's the Situation? and how do i get out of here?*

---

<sup>151</sup> a Doomsday weapon: social Scissoring *plus* social Distancing. "It's harder to model your opponent as a breathing embodiment of evil in face-to-face discussion. . . . I think this tendency to humanize even strident opponents when you spend time with them is a defense mechanism against the Scissor." [gbdub, comment to "Sort by Controversial", *Slate Star Codex*]

Deployers of the Scissor mandate Quarantine: to weaken our defense of hugs & smiles.



this, the book i'd always sought

all my life, the thing i'd sought had *already happened*.

why need i, when Dick has done it better? had my anamnesis-gnosis *for* me.

avoid Hive redundancy. before i die, the main thing is: finish this  
Commentary.

---

*this* the book i'd sought all along.

*this* is what i should have wrote my thesis on.

i would have, had i known of it in 1999.

instead i spent a year critiquing "mystical unity". a decent apprenticeship, re-  
reading Feuerbach, picking thru Sankara's commentaries.

page 97: an omnipotent being "can do anything that is conceivable to do".  
what was i thinking? i should have said *anything possible*.

perhaps i meant: for a perfect Mind, **the possible** & **the conceivable** are co-  
extensive.

a typo, p 31, quoting Feuerbach:

How can the worth of **God** be more strongly expressed than when God, for  
man's sake, becomes a man. . .

surely it should read:

How can the worth of **man** be more strongly expressed than when God, for  
man's sake, becomes a man. . .

it all seems, now, a deferral strategy. my own? or by Alma Mater, the ogress  
Academy who held me?

i had to stretch it out to the Department minimum.

taking notes on Dick, i'm at 15,000 words in two weeks!

all these years, i wrote because the book i sought wasn't quite out there—i thought.

## my life's gray day

i just had a thought that, i thought for a moment, was worth putting down.

i see the grey day that my life will be now: a fading to death, one long day in the lengthening shadow.

all is on the downside, hence.

- my year of music ends
- my parents are declining
- the rats are all passed, and
- the bunnies in their decade's back half

they're less & less springy. their legs, like mine, calcify.

these gloomy thoughts i write to frame the thought i thought was new, and worth sharing with you. when cops shout me down as i burst from the lab, when they shoot me in the chest because i won't put my crowbar & pet carrier down—the day will be overcast, grey like all the thousand days before it. the thousand days i thought about it: not so much planning it, but coming to the truth that *there's nothing left to think about but **it***—then *nothing left to think about it*—then nothing but to *do* it, in the gloomy final day.

as i said, i thought this thought was new. i covered it already, in my *Notes on Maps of Meaning*, and with excellent examples: Jesus, done with talk, invades the Temple. Nietzsche, done with essays, put his body in the way of a horse whip. examples i repeat, to string along the thing itself.

my writing is redundant, and a cowardice.

his resumé of courage, of non-participation in tyrannical Reality:

i. flunking highschool, the "tormented rebel who couldn't hack even basic coursework".

[ Wolfson & friends recall a bright student <sup>152</sup>

ii. his college expulsion. "I enjoyed being thrown out", <sup>153</sup> says the banished Socrates, the conscientious objector.

[ in fact he withdrew, with Honorable Dismissal. <sup>154</sup>

[ nerves were a factor, a panic in the lecture hall

iii. at age 19, moving out of mother's place.

[ it was friendly & at her suggestion, says Dorothy <sup>155</sup>

iv. refusing to spy. in '53-54, he & Kleo are visited by G-Men fishing for specifics on Berkeley communists. & offering the young pair an all-expenses stay at U Mexico—a favor they'd return with reports on student activists. Phil later claims they asked him, in private, to spy on Kleo.

[ "Kleo regards this claim as highly unlikely." <sup>156</sup>

v. sticking to his story:

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<sup>152</sup> Sutin, *DI*, p 46

<sup>153</sup> Dick, "The Profession of Science Fiction: XVII: The Lucky Dog Pet Store." p 42

<sup>154</sup> Sutin, *DI*, p 62

<sup>155</sup> Sutin, *DI*, p 55-56

<sup>156</sup> Sutin, *DI*, p 84

despite the fact Galaxy was my main source of income I told Gold that I would not sell to him unless he stopped altering my stories—after which he bought nothing from me at all.<sup>157</sup>

vi. signing the *Ramparts'* tax-strike pledge. it

was not just an anti-war act, a dissenting, or even civil disobedience but an outright sacrifice of my freedom and career: the punishment was inevitable, as was Jesus' when he entered Jerusalem. & *I knew it*. By '74 I lived in terror of them arresting me.<sup>158</sup>

[ he *did* refrain from filing till after the War. note: the IRS was after him anyway.

vii. refusing to novelize *Bladerunner*, and shunt aside *Androids*. "a gross of \$400,000 seemed at stake."<sup>159</sup> apart from the cash, there's the ritual of it: cigar chompers paying him to authorize his own degradation.

his stories shall be ransacked, supplanted & diluted in the years to come. Quail's rats swept from a concrete altar, with a gun.<sup>160</sup> will the Author go along, and take a cut?

indulge his paranoia:<sup>161</sup> Dick was being offered a place among the Archons. "a 50% cut of net profits from *all* print media tie-ins—souvenir magazines, posters, comic books, etc."<sup>162</sup> in this stark Theology, his novels are the Sun, and movies are the shadows in the Cave. the *novelization* of those shadows, well—the signal does degrade beyond the metaphor.

the incident illustrates how Dickian truth is not literal—strictly, it's a lie—but may be deeply correct.

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<sup>157</sup> Dick, "Memoir", p 239; quoted in Sutin *DI*, p 75

<sup>158</sup> from a 1979 Exegesis entry, quoted in Sutin *DI*, p 161

<sup>159</sup> Sutin, *DI*, p 277

<sup>160</sup> see my *enter the animal*, pp 18-22

<sup>161</sup> also his hypocrisy, since [a] he took a taste by optioning his novels in the first place; and [b] god is in the gutter, and relative to the adored-in-France originals, a novelization BASED ON THE SMASH HIT FILM FROM WARNER BROS *is* the trash.

<sup>162</sup> Sutin, *DI*, p 277

I shouldn't say it's not true. If we're talking about Philip, essentially it's true—it just didn't happen. This is a Philip construct of a situation that existed and it's a little way to describe the situation without strictly adhering to specifically real life data. But then, that's what he *did*.<sup>163</sup>

the data is that Dick said No to Hollywood, and Yes to a deal with Simon & Schuster that paid much less yet affirmed his art. included an advance for a "mainstream" novel & a paperback re-issue of *Confessions of A Crap Artist*.

he liked to tell his story of the Hollywood Tempting as Either/Or.

yet "He didn't have to choose. He could have done both".<sup>164</sup>

yet *not* if the choices were: integrity of vision versus selling out.

yet what *were* the choices? the multi-book option was the hotter temptation, perhaps: critical respect, release from the SF ghetto. his "first ever New York mainstream deal". a personal visit from an East Coast editor whose "trust in Phil's talent was unconditional."<sup>165</sup>

letting him in as "serious" Lit—a couple years back, he'd warned himself they do this. what the BIP "can't flat out crush", they welcome in. they get you to submit, then edit out the trash—"& you wind up with what Ursula writes." [347]

now, in '81, did he fall for it? he's deep into his final work, with months left to live.<sup>166</sup> it's the "mainstream" novel for Simon & Schuster: a complex tribute to a teacher & friend, a man of god who died a fool, lost in the desert with a Coke in his hand.

Finally, I am right now triumphing, as I write the "Archer" book. Not as a literary piece but rather having to do with Anokhi. Had I not turned down the *Blade Runner* offer, had I not tackled the "Archer" book, I would have lost. But he helps me. Literature is not the issue. Forging a vision of *anokhi* as I write *is the issue*. For me there is no other issue. Pure consciousness. [727]

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<sup>163</sup> Kleo Mini. interview with Sutin in *DI*, p 79

<sup>164</sup> Russell Galen, interview with Sutin in *DI*, p 278

<sup>165</sup> Sutin, *DI*, p 278. when Hartwell made the offer, Dick picked up his cat, black, and said "Boy do we have a hot one here"—so Hartwell tells Sutin.

<sup>166</sup> "that Phil could have done both projects is true enough from a contractual standpoint; but as a matter of will and energy, Phil knew better." [Sutin, *DI*, p 279]

in the triumph of completion, in May '81, he'll realize that the Archer book completes a latent trilogy, together which assert "that the Parousia is here." [736]

a female voice arrived, four distinct pages of a first-person prose that he couldn't shake: a style that *became* Angel Archer. thus

it is possible for verbal information to give rise—to create, give birth to—an actual concrete unique person *who was not there before*. [735]

or she *was*: she's James Pike's own "Monitor or recording Angel" [736];

or sister Jane, his very own soul "*as Christ sees me*". [748]<sup>167</sup>

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<sup>167</sup> or, i can't but wonder: Pamela Jackson? is she the "Berkeley" that Dick "lauded and stigmatized" in his final novel, a "paradigm of the intelligent, sensitive mind"? [737] for "Angel is a pure aesthetic-intellectual, able to go so far but unable to make the final leap to Christ." [737] she's a sister or a daughter, of his soil & his soul yet "*I was able to do specifically what Angel was not able to do; I left Berkeley.*" [737]

the gift of Divine foolishness is held out to her, at last: "But Angel Archer doesn't think so. And anyway that's not the point", writes Jackson in her dissertation's footnote on the novel. For Jackson,

What matters for this novel is not so much what is real, but what someone, anyone, and this includes the author himself, ought to do in the world of California, 1981. We can only arrive at this question after the metaphysical questions have been put aside [Jackson, *The World Philip K. Dick Made*, FN 59, p 128]

Jackson, like Angel, rejects the book's Christology: one as a critic, the other as a character. each, in their way, would keep to our world, spurning the Dead & their Desert.

*aha!* says Dick:

then *she* is the Buddha's Bodhisattva: "turning her back from Nirvana" is her staying with Bill. [735]

i read her dissertation with gratitude & awe yet am conscious by page 6 she is *translating* Dick into the local School—one Dick found unwilling to take Plato's Forms seriously as objects of revelation, when he put his hand up once as a Freshman. [74-75].

In the gods and demiurges of *Valis* and the *Exegesis*, I saw Dick rethinking—in characteristically hyperbolic ways, through a series of displacements and metaphors—not only his own earlier writing but the real perversities of California in the 1970s, his own alienation, paranoia, and sadness, and what it meant to be a science fiction author in the already science fictional late 20<sup>th</sup> century. [Jackson, 7]

his evolving ecology of Entities *is* a multi-valent metaphor—among whose metaphrands we must include noumena not of this or any Century. the question she poses down the page—"how should we read Philip K. Dick?"—must include among its answers *as a theologian, cosmologist, & prophet*. we may reject his theses yet we misread if we make him too friendly to a Berkeley Rhetoric committee.

viii. by thinking, writing.

sf is a rebellious art form and it needs writers and readers with bad attitudes—an attitude of "Why?" Or, "How come?" Or, "Who says?" This gets sublimated into such themes as appear in my writing as, "Is the universe real?" Or, "Are we all really human or are some of us just reflex machines?"<sup>168</sup>

his "concert hall" dream provides answer to the latter two questions: the cosmos is a drama, & all but the dreamer are scripted performers:

my lifelong streak of rebellion is because this is an alien world to me . . . . the drama was going on before I arrived here (i.e., was born). . . . I now understand that it is a drama and that these people are playing roles assigned to them . . . .my "rebellion" which is not truly rebellion but seems so (since it is disruptive) has turned into scholarly analysis, an attempt on my part to understand this alien situation . . . .I must ask questions if I am going to understand. [814]

balking tests the world by disrupting it. balking is a stressor that elicits a revealing response. the balker suspects: the world is a prison. it only feels free if you follow its routines. the balking act disrupts the flow—so draws into open the Security. they close around the balker, they shush the free talker.

---

yet Jackson is happy to put to an extended *test* "the consequences of taking Dick's hyperbolic "what ifs" seriously." [Jackson, 12] the fact is, we have in her millennial dissertation 200 pages full of PKD prophecy. his claims are consistently problematized, spread into a textual exercise—just as Dick has done! the ideas are *there*, lucid & alive. Jackson's chapters indeed "document an unfolding revelation". [Jackson, 22] she tracks him, performs a singular anthropology on him. does it matter whether *she* accepts the theology? did *he*? Dick's god, which is ideational [e.g. Platonic] and textual [the logos] can survive an incarnation in a Berkeley PhD thesis, just as it might arrive in a Seen-on-TV spraycan.

the fake fake god of Ubik may *need* this costume in the local trash wasteland Dick complains of in his Sept '73 letter to Lem. the *fake fake*, in Jackson's discourse, is found in the scare quotes, in the ironizing claw marks that always come in pairs. she proposes to "read Ubik as a "prophecy" of Dick's later "conversion" to the fake fake god" [Jackson, 27]—a rendering in the style of Dick. for these markings are double negations that affirm yet problematize; that frame a thing, thus noumenize it; that generate *critical* energy and remind that we're talking *of* and *by* the logos, always.

a merely *fake* god is the one Dick's Marxist critics acknowledge: it's "[t]he ultimate fetishized commodity", a "conflation of the logo and the Logos" whose pronouncement from Eternity "masks the history of its own production". [Jackson, 41] a *fake fake* god is "a true but tricky" one who might speak to us thru "the trashy voices of advertising". [Jackson, 44]

<sup>168</sup> Dick, "The Profession of Science Fiction: XVII: The Lucky Dog Pet Store". p 42

# a note to Psychiatry

note to a Psychiatry who targets kids insisting on a story they rehearse on all wary, charmed or sadly concerned listeners.

a Psychiatry who'd pathologize PKD for insisting his ten-volume meta-novel is *true*, that it elucidates Reality.

you pathologize Shakespeare, Euripides, the Gospels, & Tolkien, too—you target them *in toto*, for the Canon, too, perseverates:

A usurper is on the throne. The rightful king (who is younger) appears as a madman, criminal or fool; he is mysterious; his nature and origins are uncertain. He is arrested and tried. (I should say *falsely* arrested.) Interrogated by the old king (usurper). [828]

the true king could be PKD. he sits upon his humble throne, sending out missives to his faithful, few & scattered.

the false king could be you, CoVid bureaucrat. who did *you* murder, to stand at that lectern? how many lab rats?

*you* murdered Jesus, didn't you? hunted down the shamans, burned all the witches.

your power is *negation*: sacrificing mice & covering up faces. severing connection, the ordinary blessings: a hug for one's grandma; a touch on the head of the convalescent.

My analysis: everything we see is a 180-degree mirror opposite of the truth. The ostensible "king" is not only not the true king, he also has no *actual* power: despite appearances his power is illusory. [828]

your engines all are heat-machines. your lauded tech, a vector of apocalypse.

All true power belongs to the "fool" who is the true king (vide *The Bacchae*). This is all some sort of play—which *Hamlet* clearly alludes to. [828]



foolish like a tweet from Trump you ban. foolish like the Subject Line this morning in my email: *Join Alicia Silverstone in Advocating For Turkeys.*<sup>169</sup>

We are to guess the riddle: Who is the true king? (And hence, who really rules, i.e. who has power?) This strikes me as some sort of religious pageant or initiatory rite or ritual into a hidden truth deliberately concealed from the many. [828-829]

the truth is concealed, in the open, in "stories". *merely* stories—thus the info is there, but bracketed.

Only what are called "the elect" are let in on the true state of affairs. Who, then, qualifies as one of "the elect"? Perhaps one who before (i.e. without) knowing the truth, reveals his own true nature; that is, faced with a moral choice, even though he is deliberately misled as to the actual situation—that is, who holds power, who does not—he chooses correctly nonetheless. Once he has so chosen, the masks are dropped and the true state of affairs is revealed to him. [829]

- i. this makes dramatic sense, for there's justice in the Selection. like is earned from like: like reward from like behavior. *show yourself*: the Real shall reveal, in return. and who went first, really? you got undressed in the courtroom, yes, you pulled off the mask. but who were you performing *for*?

"I SEE YOU", something said, a friendly wink—and look at you now, getting naked!

- ii. this makes sense by Info theory. your signal to Existence should be costly, so convincing. you balk against evil, and must suffer for it. you signal via martyrdom, a foolish death. you give it all up, for the Good.

are lightened of your body in the process. you're taken up, received into the light.

you are *not* your body, you're living info. info cannot last without encryption. info needs protection from the noise that would suffuse it, seep in.

if all people understood that by following Jesus' teachings—which seem to be self-sacrifice absolutely—one acquires the support of the absolute power of heaven, then self-interest, not morality would impel men, all men, to follow the way, and summarily the moral aspect would be engulfed by the pragmatic and practical, and an ethical system would succumb to the degradation of personal ambition. Thus the "secrecy theme" is simply unavoidable. . . .The way now *will* seem folly but *must* inexorably and inevitably seem so. Thus the apparent failure of Jesus and of Christianity and the apparent non-occurrence of his return in glory—this fiction *has* to obtain. [830]

**to sum:**

god is shown to all who show themselves.

the showing *is* a linking: of info.

the linking is a likeness, & the likeness is a bond as strong as logic.

**& rejoice:**

the linking forms a UFO, prepare yourself. a great ship of light touches down.  
People, look high: it touches down lightly! it barely touches down!

your body is a baggage, & your love will lift you up into the light!

---

god, touching down, must defer somewhat to Matter. otherwise, god brings  
Apocalypse. god *is* Apocalypse, relative to darkness, relative to all that would  
hide him.

god lands light, like a UFO that doesn't bend a grassblade.

# PKD, medical miracle

Phil was a miracle baby. a medical wonder of 1928! he should have died early! his twin sister did, in the ambulance.

they checked Phil into the nation's first preemie ward, the Incubator run by its Inventor.

all set up, just in time, like *The Truman Show*! they can't let him die on TV! into the sepia nostalgia of Old Town, the Makers slip an anachronism: a neonatal tech from the Host World. they get a room ready to admit him.

## Dick's endurance

if Dick has a physical mutancy it must be *endurance*. all those pills, all those hours at the writer's desk.

it comes in bouts, yes. is subject to crashes.

yet it's not the amphetamines, simply. he writes a ton, his final years, when snuff was all he took. [ + Scotch, here & there. & Orange Crush, if sugar counts. and cannabis, sporadic.]<sup>170</sup>

there may be a medical reason. the tachycardia pills kept his heart nice & chill thru the week-long speed binges. all those uppers, downers, next-gen mood regulators. . .they balanced out, somehow.

a medical Phenomenon may violate no biochemical law. yet be so unlikely, it may *as well* be a miracle.

an anomaly profound enough to get Dr. Strange to a monastery. to humble him in pilgrimage.

---

<sup>170</sup> he scored a supply of speed for the Metz conference [Sept 77]: "the only time he resorted to amphetamines in his final decade." [Sutin, *DI*, p 250]

---

the mystery of his revelation dissipates, for me: the Exegesis largely succeeds.  
his via negativa gives outline of an Entity who speaks, with personality.

the medical anomaly of PKD, the complex Chemical: *this* still amazes me.

how'd he do all that speed, with that heart, that weight?

he should be dead, repeatedly!

---

perhaps he *is*, and this explains everything.

pretty good evidence you're already dead: you keep waking up from your fail-safe, triple-mode suicide attempt.

the car stalled, the blood coagulated, and Dick threw up the pills.<sup>171</sup>

evidence you're dead: you wake up in a white room, staring at your own dead brain on the monitor.

*the line is running flat, but it's running, hmmm—*

*what does this mean?*

*at minimum: i still have questions.*

in death as in life: a speed party

to Socrates, the gods are not in doubt. we have a place among them, after death. they're more interlocutors, to carry on the Dialogue, extend the chatty party.

---

<sup>171</sup> Arnold, p 176

Of the people I've known, if I had to spend eternity with one, it would be Phil.<sup>172</sup>

if, that is, eternity is not unlike Hermit House, where

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.<sup>173</sup>

Phil didn't consider himself old. He's the only person I know of who can transcend levels. He can rap with a two-year-old and then turn around, at a dinner, and talk with intellectuals. Maybe he played with people; I do believe he did. But he would never put you down.<sup>174</sup>

*Horselover Fat, an agoraphobic Falstaff*

- *a lover of life, who hates to go out*
- *the door is unlocked*<sup>175</sup>, *but the windows blacked out*

*Horselover Fat, a gregarious agoraphobe!*

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<sup>172</sup> Tom Schmidt, interview with Sutin in *DI*, p 171

<sup>173</sup> Dick, letter to J'Ann Fogue, Nov 25 1970, in Sutin, *DI*, p 170

<sup>174</sup> Loren Cavit, interview with Sutin in *DI*, p 178

<sup>175</sup> indeed the doorknobs are all gone!

# the meta-novel

## the meta-novel, in sequence

thesis of the ten-volume meta-novel:

Realities are subject to cancellation without notice. [714]

an endless instability. *not* Plato's Cave, where we step into the Sun from the shadows, and are done.

any *one* novel shows an epistemic shift, a world come apart.<sup>176</sup> *Time Out of Joint* moves from Ragle Gumm's head—where Little Green Men is a silly little game— out into the Real, where Earth *is* at war with Moon men.

by novel's end, we've reached base reality, it seems.

the several novels iterate the process, to infinity [implied]. Dick can't write an infinity of novels, but you get the point thru ten of them, ellipses at the series' end:

world → subverted → world → subverted → world [. . .]

---

<sup>176</sup> it's complicated, yes. *A Maze of Death* shows two: a second surprise, at story's end, when the Intercessor arrives. yet the System isn't two-level, or three-level. it's endless, epistemically. as far as those within can tell, any given level is subvertable.

it's complicated, every single novel. beneath the ground of Old Town, Ragle finds an Earth of 1998. yet he flies from Earth, in the closing pages, passing "from that experience to another, the experience of pure freedom." [TOJ] Outer space is "another reality, more than a simple political alternative." [Potin, "Four Levels", p 164]

for Dunlap & Ramey, "Dick's novels always show us prisons that can be escaped from, but only into other prisons". his model is "a double prison that folds in on itself". ["Sophia Within, Without Sophia, Whither Sophia", p 188]

*Ubik's* ending seems to say: X's head could turn up on a coin, any time. it could be in your thoughtless hand, the next world-Subverter. yet "Ubik elevates itself outside of and beyond these partial fictional worlds, claims sovereignty over them all." it directly addresses the reader from "its lofty perch floating a couple of inches above the beginning of every chapter." [Jackson, *The World Philip K. Dick Made*, 26]

it thus may be the novel's own voice? a novel that you bought, and soon exit from. . .

and so on.

---

thesis of the ten-volume meta-novel: *for all you know*, your world is an illusion.

accepting this, at last you may live graciously, wisely. with humor & humility.

*flight* is a dramatic way to get you to appreciate the commonplace: motion. Dick's ruptured worlds are a plot device to help us see that *every* world is haunted by uncertainty.

the stupidity of the conformist suburban enclave is not that in fact they *are* in the Cave, and ignorant of it. Cave or not, the *certainty* is stupid.

yet *we* are smug, certain that they're stupid! wiser, we would query our *disdain* for the Asleep. doubt our own assessment of their warrant:

- a. the Enclave is *correct* in its certainty, perhaps: justified [Externally], *if* their little world *is* Base.

OR

- b. they're in the Cave and *know* it. how do you know they *don't*?  
*-but i led them into sunshine, and they showed surprise! /or/ they ignore my implorings, shush me when i point the upward path!*

-maybe they *perform* for you? the Cave you leave is Seahaven: everyone is in on it, but you. you're the eager rookie; it's their hundredth time through.

OR

- c. an enclave of conformity is Valis incarnate: "plural discrete things behaving as—consisting of/functioning as—a unity, which was (to me) simply inexplicable." [766]

Heads lolling together in time to the motion of the bus. left, right. forward, sideways. right, left. The bus stopped at a light. The heads

remained on an even angle: back, as the bus started; forward, as the bus stopped [70]

## the meta-novel, with cypher

*VALIS* is the cypher to the ten-volume meta-novel:

Until it the others did not make sense—i.e., they were taken to have been written as fiction and hence hypothetical. *VALIS* retroactively reinterprets them. [777] <sup>177</sup>

the ten are let into the BIP, marked "Fiction". then *VALIS* arrives, a big negation sign. *VALIS* puts a "Non" before the "Fiction".

thus the total work

is not transmitted in the proper—meaningful—sequence but is correctly assembled here to spell out the message. [777]

the eleven together—the ten in the light of the eleventh—are an Autobiography. they narrate Dick's heroic act: of stealing from the high guarding angels; then smuggling past the archons.

his writing thus *enacts* that heroism: the telling is *itself* the Promethean act, the bringing of the high hidden Fire. and the telling, "these hidden letters" he brings

do not just proclaim the illusion of the world but abolish the world through their very status as revelatory events. <sup>178</sup>

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<sup>177</sup> this statement is more plausible if you substitute for "*VALIS*" the very thing we read, his *Exegesis*. the statement is the cypher, not *VALIS*. here, not in *VALIS*, Dick is clear: *my novels aren't fiction*. *VALIS* tends to shroud it in his metafiction; and calls itself FICTION in the marketing apparatus.

<sup>178</sup> Davis, *High Weirdness*, p 573



# read it like you read Sci Fi

the smushed-out cigarette, the flora named in passing: a realist text is strewn with these, whose role is to *concretize*.

we assume, says Barthes, "the world is simply there and can thus best be denoted by objects whose sole function is to be there".<sup>179</sup>

these *descriptive residues* [Culler's term] "denote the *thereness* of the world."<sup>180</sup>

in order to immerse us, the SF author must describe their world obliquely. the art falters, the illusion subsides, when the characters are obviously tourguides. what is strange for the Terran reader "must be perfectly trivial and banal for the Alien narrator."<sup>181</sup>

The Genre makes intense demands on the writer in ways that mundane fiction does not, particularly in the matter of creating an imaginary culture which is both convincing and comprehensible, and then communicating it to the reader as the *background* of the story.<sup>182</sup>

the *fictive* author is indifferent to the reader's perplexity: unaware the reader is from Earth, from the Past, et cetera. the reader is treated naïvely as a co-habitant, with shared paradigms & object-inventories.

in SF, *descriptive residues* thus do double duty:

1. "they assure us that the text refers to a "real" world, one in which some things are simply there, filling in the background of existence";<sup>183</sup>
2. "they tell us something about the kind of world this is".<sup>184</sup>

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<sup>179</sup> "L'efet de réel", 1968; cited in Spencer ""The Red Sun is High"

<sup>180</sup> Spencer, ""The Red Sun is High", p 43

<sup>181</sup> Marc Angenot, cited in Spencer, "The Red Sun is High", p 41

<sup>182</sup> Spencer, ""The Red Sun is High", p 46

<sup>183</sup> Spencer, ""The Red Sun is High", p 44

<sup>184</sup> Spencer, ""The Red Sun is High", p 44

there are also, in the New World's catalogues, *impenetrables* that affirm the alienness of the catalogue.<sup>185</sup>

these opacities often appear at the end of a list, so by context in the sequence we have *some* sense of what e.g. a *stimer* is.

it would be unrealistic if, eavesdropping in on aliens, each descriptor was transparent in the context. the world would be an obvious contrivance; so reduce the reader to their solipsism, remind them that the world is made for *them*.

the reader is ignored, by the fictive author—thus served by the Gibson or the Pohl, the world's true god. the reader's need thus *is* addressed: their need *to meet a plausible alien*, to undergo cognitive estrangement.

the author's task is to render *inhabitable* Suvin's paradox: the *realistic irreality*.

Delany & Spencer, or Spencer on Delany: SF must devote a greater proportion of its words to background, compared to mundane fiction. in the latter, much of the background is unstated, provided by the reader's shared reality. the Alice Munro story need nowhere explain the continents or how faucets function. in SF, the world is a main character, so background surges into foreground.

the reader "is constructing the salient features of the culture from the clues which the author (the actual author) has left him."<sup>186</sup>

thus the experienced SF reader works slowly:

knowing that information is being conveyed in indirect ways, and therefore unsure of recognizing immediately what is background and what foreground, the reader tends to pay close attention to everything—which in itself, of course, further skews the relationship between foreground and background. To put the same point another way: practically everything in an SF text, at least on first reading, is foreground.<sup>187</sup>

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<sup>185</sup> Spencer, ""The Red Sun is High", p 44

<sup>186</sup> Spencer, ""The Red Sun is High", p 41

<sup>187</sup> Spencer, ""The Red Sun Is High", p 45

Delany advises that SF is best "described & *taught* not as a collection of themes but as a series of reading protocols, of instructions to readers about how to make sense of the sentences of SF texts".<sup>188</sup>

if *our* world is authored

if *our* world is authored, it may have a genre: it may be Sci Fi.

it may be that we're here for a *realistic irreality*; so things simply *there*, en passant, in the margins—each of these is carefully selected. obscurities to make it all seem real.

yet some of these will truly be inert, if we'd follow them. are not thought thru, so show the world's construction, show an Exit.

hypnagogic, years back, napping high in Robarts:

*Dickens, Conrad, Peacock.*

often there's a list of names, all i know but one. research yields a second list, all i know but one, and so on: a breadcrumb path thru the bookstacks. leading to an odd dead-end, perhaps. a suspicious Encyclopedia mention, a possible concoction or contradiction.

the opacity may be mine, an ordinary ignorance. i'm not well-read, have scandalous lapses re the Canon. yet each presents a door, so my research moves forward. the path implies an Authorship who helps, if you seek; one who leaves cracks in the shelves we may peek thru—that lead outside the Library, perhaps.

Peacock *is* a man, and was easy to look up. the hypnagogic tells me to begin with my ignorance, yet see where it ends.

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<sup>188</sup> Spencer, "Vintage Delany", p 248

false worlds: low rez environs where obvious contrivances are given names, assigned relations, sent to work.

Unlocking his car, he studied the mob, holding his briefcase tightly. There were fifty or sixty of them, people of the town. Workers and small businessmen. Petty clerks with steelrimmed glasses. Mechanics and truck drivers. Farmers, housewives. A white-aproned grocer.

The usual: lower-middle class, always the same.<sup>189</sup>

clearly we're in Trumanville, again. a paper-thin world that demands to be subverted.

whatever the locale, his thesis of *acosmism* is clear. his style *demand*s this thesis.

repeating down the page, a bland badinage. we're listening to low-level Replicants, it seems. a *he said/she said* binary.

in *A Maze of Death*, "the plain, brown-skinned girl": over & over, her only descriptor.

a koan to cue your satori: *ah!—she's fake*.

Arthur Pitt, the name: not quite phonebook-bland. verging on cartoony; not quite Pynchon-silly. Dick's idea of an everyman, an every-name?

the authorship shows thru, the forging of Identity.

it's an uncanny valley, where we sense the faux-organic, then reject it.

---

his weakness as a writer thus inspires his Ontology.

---

<sup>189</sup> opening of *Vulcan's Hammer*. i transcribe the audiobook.

Step i. his worlds are non-robust - it's simply how he writes.

Step ii. in deference to Realism, he makes them all fakes.

he pre-empts your complaint: *he's* the first to call his worlds fake. *we* must learn to read his genre, True Pulp: where slapdash worlds, indifferent words, are made into an avant-garde Realism.

or, to put it nicely:

Phil observes a fake world, our own. then represents it *rightly* with a shoddy book.<sup>190</sup>

Ragle Gumm's town "remains nameless because it cannot bear its ontological responsibilities alone. The town is a paradigm for the United States of plastic."<sup>191</sup>

re the checkout girl, Liz:

Entirely devoid of substance and personality, it matters little to wonder whether she is or is not a simulacra just like the bus passengers or the people standing in line at the bus station.<sup>192</sup>

yes, he does cartoonify it, simplify it. he doesn't show a strict correspondence. the chatter is richer, out here. life sounds more like Philip Roth or Joyce. the world is like a poets' loft in Berkeley; *he* shows a transcript of a PTA tea party.

his purpose is to teach us, by reducing. his novel's talk is *obviously* false, thus: in reading Dick we're granted what the poets' loft would sound like to Diogenes.<sup>193</sup>

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<sup>190</sup> and, to say it mean again [mutatis mutandis] : hear Delany who bemoans those literates who elevate "some hacked-out space-boiler" for "the way the blunt, leaden, imprecise language reflects the heavy-chested hero's alienation from reality." he wryly concedes that

Badly written adventure fiction is our true antiliterature. Its protagonists are our true antiheroes. They move through unreal worlds amid all sorts of noise and manage to perceive nothing meaningful or meaningfully. [Samuel R. Delany, *The Jewel-Hinged Jaw*, p 8]

<sup>191</sup> Potin, "Four Levels of Reality", p 153

<sup>192</sup> Potin. "Four Levels of Reality", p 155

<sup>193</sup> as when Ali G interviews Chomsky: "To be honest, this is probably what every interviewer sounds like to Noam Chomsky." [Cassidy Robinson, Youtube comment to "ali g interviews noam chomsky."]

he *does* write many great sentences. [strange] poems may be carved from his books, by an excising.

he's not incapable, he's *inconsistent*—which has a "disturbing effect on readers as they try to put their reading into some comprehensive order"<sup>194</sup> :

For Dick not only consciously wrote intelligent, grotesque, and witty stories about shifting realities, perceptual dislocations, and uncertainties of the heart; he was also unconsciously writing prose that is undisciplined, undependable, capable of moving from brilliance to bathos in a single paragraph. For Dick, prose is not a healer, or a domain of higher sanity; there's none of Ballard's control or Burroughs's assurance. I would argue that Dick is one of the most effective writers about uncertainty because he denies his readers even the security that most serious artists will provide unconditionally: that on the level of the work, everything will be part of an overriding artistic vision and under control.<sup>195</sup>

this makes Dick's books an *aesthetic* success, if we accept something like Csicsery-Ronay's dictum that "Reading the fiction should act as a metaphor for the process of cognition implied by the science."<sup>196</sup> Dick's *science* is his theory of Cosmology: *the unstable World*. the relevant cognition is *mental instability*, the bewildering run of occlusions & lucidities his characters undergo. one level up, his *readers* are beset by the author's instability, a waver in the voicing, in the graphics engine—so there's a "harmony of scientific ideas and aesthetic design".<sup>197</sup>

i also like Suvin's take, that Dick is "a prose poet whose basic tools are not verse lines and poetic figures", but narrative relations, alternate worlds, and "vivid characters".<sup>198</sup>

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<sup>194</sup> Istvan Csicsery-Ronay Jr., "Gregg Rickman and Others on Philip K. Dick", p 433

<sup>195</sup> Csicsery-Ronay Jr., "Gregg Rickman and Others on Philip K. Dick" p. 433

<sup>196</sup> Csicsery-Ronay Jr., "The Book Is the Alien", p 7

<sup>197</sup> Csicsery-Ronay Jr., "The Book Is the Alien", p 7

<sup>198</sup> Darko Suvin, "P.K. Dick's Opus", p 8. i don't quite buy the third item, finding most of his characters vivid only relative to the standard denizens of thought-experiments. better than e.g. Bernard Williams' "George"—a recent chemistry PhD "not robust in health" who may or may not take work in a weapons lab. [in *Utilitarianism: For and Against*, with J.J.C. Smart (Cambridge U.P., 1973) ] Dick's Cast is cut clear enough to animate his excellent ideas, so a 2000-piece jigsaw puzzle of all posing on & around the Globe proscenium [like **this**] is a world we may play with, we may vary in the pages of *Science Fiction Studies*.

and Davis's take, that he's left us something less and more than art in these speed-trance transcripts that "emerged with visionary intensity, their multiple threads, plot turns, and narrative foci fashioned on the fly". written fast, in one draft, the novels are uneven, often awkward, yet have "uncanny and charismatic immediacy" and a "deep imbrication with Dick's emotional and psychic life."<sup>199</sup>

reading along, we share the heat of his ten sleepless days. yet many lifeless runs down the page! the speed misleads him, puts him in shallow rut. all those lines that take up space and lend no texture.

Dick was astonished when he saw an early reel of *Bladerunner*. he claimed the world was just as he'd imagined while writing.<sup>200</sup> this *is* weird: how little came thru, into text. suppose he & Scott's team *did* tap the same dream, the same Akaashik space. then, see the difference: how little passed his fingers into sentences!

too much walking down "a street". too much ordering soup with Arnie Kott "at a restaurant". the office space is spare, yet lacks a parable's elegance. this sparsity we cannot save as model of a cool Future-minimal. not the rich design-vocab of Gibson nor the bold bare sets of Kafka or Beckett—but sketches by a man who stays home.

the words may auto-generate, but from where? the deep inner engine of metonymy, yes. an underfunded text-prediction algorithm, also!

responses to the prompt: *Man with his ex in a popular lunch spot.*

the gruff Goddamns of midcentury Man: echoes of the endless War flicks.

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there's wit in Austen's drawing rooms *because* she need not render them. *not* being on Mars, she may use her words to liven them, instead.

She wastes no time in telling us what people and places looked like. She will dismiss a man or a house or a view or a dinner with an adjective such as

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<sup>199</sup> Davis, *High Weirdness*, 450-451

<sup>200</sup> Erickson, ExFN, 827. there may be a more detailed source i'm remembering but can't locate

"handsome." There is more description of persons and places in Mr. Shaw's stage-directions than in all Miss Austen's novels. . . .If we know anything of the setting or character or even the appearance of her men and women, it is due far more to what they say than to anything that is said about them. And yet how perfect is her gallery of portraits! One can guess the very angle of Mr. Collins's toes.<sup>201</sup>

because we're in a novum, Dick has to show us around. yet often what he shows is not worth noticing. he flies us off to Mars to give us newspapers & buses. to watch Seth Morley exit "the building". to see Mary Morley "slender and tanned in her khaki shirt, shorts and sandals".

yet "her spare body drawn up in a vigorous posture of defiance"—this is clear & lively. he's capable of the killer "telling detail", like the title-worthy three stigmata—a symbol-scheme of villainy, with texture.<sup>202</sup>

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i think of my examples—newspaper, bus—and wonder that i chose them. they popped up fast when i queried my internal store for Dickian banalities.

a paradox: these first-recalled banalities are *special*.

the paper brings news of the future. like The Encyclopedia of Solaris, it's a common object open to the novum. yet Lem conveys a genuine mysterium. Dick conveys the same old pol-economy. until the end: the piece on "a reception at the White House" devolves into gubble, indicates a time-slip.

the "bus" i was bored by is the bus i must remember since it runs down Norbert Steiner.

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<sup>201</sup> Robert Lynd, "Jane Austen: Natural Historian".

<sup>202</sup> the texture lets him enter, is *how* the villain prints himself in matter.

Dick sees a face, in the Marin County sky. the face wears a gas mask: the detail is what terrifies. Satan is aligning with our Time, drawing near. we know he therefore *smiles* at us, also.



# a water witch, a satellite

"It is a water witch," the Bleekman said. "Mister, it will bring you water, the source of life, any time you need."

"It didn't help *you*, did it?" Jack said.

With a sly smile, the young Bleekman said: "Mister, it helped. It brought *you*."

to give the witch her due, i wouldn't say she *draws* the rescue down.

she's *magic*, not tech. in thinking her a *cause*, we reduce her.

Jack saw that it had a face, and vague limbs. It was mummified, once a living creature of some sort.

who knows how it *works*. it may not *work* at all—it's not a *trick*.

the Bleekman may not know. the ritual persists, the animating principle forgotten. he may not comprehend her, but fashion her from pre-existing life.

later, at the sacred Rock, the rite calls for imports: a radio tuned to 574 kilocycles, and some Nembutal. the custodian priest has red-rimmed eyes, and mechanically mumbles. trades access for cigarettes.

"But maybe one time this region had been fertile". [Arnie] did *they* know, the old ones, who built the great Canals? or is it that they've *never* understood her?

It wakes her, and she opens, and looks around, and then she opens her mouth and calls the water to her.

his ESL is apt, in its simplicity. he lets in *sequence*, yes; he does say she "calls", yet he's mainly conjunctive. he strips away causality. he's struggling to say it as he might to young Manfred, telepathically.

the witch calls out *as* the satellite tracks them. the micromotors whirring in the focus-lock *synch* with her mayday. <sup>203</sup>

*we spit on witch; the witch cries out; water arrives.* concordances of liquid & revival. the likeness isn't causal, yet by Hume's eye, cause is as mysterious as alchemy—equally *non-explanatory*.

which is simplistic? which one *explains* it?

**x is followed by y**

or

**x is like y**

?

in each story, elements connect; in each case, a residue of mystery.

## mimesis & causation

stuff is spread out & differentiated. it's also all the same, of a kind.

mimesis & causation: a Unity would *look like* this, refracted thru time.

a causal story tracks it thru the lines of succession, by adjacencies.

the magic eye unites them in a mythic idea: condenses into mantra or a metaphor.

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<sup>203</sup> "We've found that some of the older methods are just as effective than [*sic*] the new ones, but we do use drones as well, and now satellites" replied a UK water company in 2017 when called out on Twitter by an Oxford evolutionary biologist to defend their use of water witches. [quoted in Eric Wargo, "In Defense of the Water Witches", July 6 2019.] Wargo of course argues that divining sticks may work by registering the diviner's precognition of their own excitement on discovering water.

yet magic *is* a power, no mere poetry. it mediates eternity with mortal need.  
it's that "transcendental act of fusion"<sup>204</sup> Jack himself seeks.

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*abracadabra*—a rabbit. we say the spell, the thing appears.

or that's how we ape it on the stage. in real magic, rabbit & the word are the same. the logos is the eidos of the thing, spoken right.

it pops from a hat, out of head-space.

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the titular time-slip "is the stopping of time" [thinks Jack] : which could be total entropy, a sad catatonia of life within a film-frame—

or could be a plenum of life, of disparate synchronized.

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perhaps we could say, courting paradox: the water-witch *causes* synchronicity?

perhaps we can explain her via Pauli, whose result

involves no physical force but is the direct consequence of the overall forms of nature. Pauli had discovered "an acausal connecting principle" that governs the fundamental patterns of quantum matter.<sup>205</sup>

she may reduce to Clarke's 3<sup>rd</sup> Law, afterall! she may be a *quantum* phenomenon, a tiny "synchronous satellite".

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<sup>204</sup> Brain W. Aldiss. "Dick's Maledictory Web: About and around *Martian Time-Slip*", p 46

<sup>205</sup> re symmetry & anti-symmetry. David Peat, "Time, Synchronicity and Evolution"

did thinking of the Sentinel, in 1948, draw Clarke & Wilson to the undersea ruins?

or, Wargo wonders: the other way around. Clarke thought ahead, in 1948, to his undersea discovery of 1956.

the Sentinel is "roughly pyramidal". the Temple "is" a seated Shiva, homo-pyramidal.

the Temple, too, is "on the moon"—the isle of Ceylon. the Temple, too, "at 2 o'clock", on rim's upper-right. the Temple & the Sentinel are set upon the sea, on the perimeter, a promontory.

and sacked by the Portuguese, wrecked by the carnivore explorers. Clarke imagines moon-priests, "calling on their gods to preserve them" as their world comes apart.<sup>206</sup>

the Desecrator, too, shall lament for what he broke with "the savage might of atomic power"—for "the lovely, glittering thing I found up there on the mountain".<sup>207</sup>

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divers at the Temple, spacemen at the Monolith—which causes which?

the shivalingam Wilson finds in 1962: it *causes* Clarke to write it into *Rendezvous With Rama* in the '70s?<sup>208</sup>

priorities are known, and Author's line of thought can be traced, either way.

yet the sameness of the meetings—*this* is atemporal.

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<sup>206</sup> Arthur C. Clarke, "Sentinel of Eternity" p 45

<sup>207</sup> Clarke, "Sentinel of Eternity" p 46

<sup>208</sup> one of Y's questions! *keschuns*, we call them—way beyond the ordinary Oxbridge! for Wilson's account, see : Richard Boyle, "Mike Wilson's Great Discovery at Trincomalee". *The Sunday Times* [Colombo] March 9 1997.

A person on Rama, unlike her counterpart on convex Earth, can take in the whole world at a glance. . . If she cannot assimilate every detail of what she sees, she can at least perceive it as a unity.<sup>209</sup>

an off-world explorer floats before a rock: the story keeps returning to this scene. the epic film ends with it: the man reborn a Starchild, floating at the rock of Earth itself.

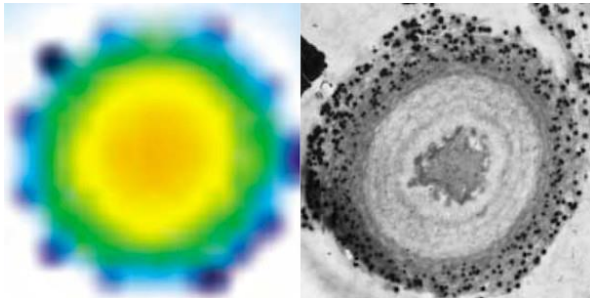
all movies end with it, begin with it, *are* it: the viewer held in awe, before the screen.<sup>210</sup>

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<sup>209</sup> Ruddick, p 47

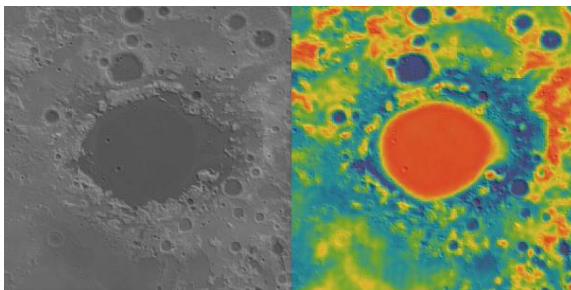
<sup>210</sup> in 1968, in Fiction and in Non: a **mascon** anomaly found at the site of the Sentinel. at Tycho [in the movie], and by five Lunar Orbiters where Clarke first prophesied: the Mare Crisium, the Sea of Crises, of fateful crossings.

my thanks to Eric Wargo for his proddings, some precognitive. the crossings are incessant, when we seek them. i wonder of the image pair Clarke pointed out to the Royal Astronomical Society:



"A strange coincidence". *Astronomy & Geophysics* 38:2, 1997.

the caption for the pair, on the *A&G* page, asks: **Can they be related? A microfossil and a distant radio source.** i notice a coincidence of *this* with another pair, that Clarke didn't live to see. an *answer* in the mascon we come to in our surfing re the Sentinel:



**Wikipedia: Mare Crisium**

a microfossil *and* a distant radio source, is Clarke's own anomaly: a sign of ancient life in the rock, calling out to the stars.

more to say, always

it's frustrating, writing all this out.

you read a late draft, after many smoothing passes.

to call them "smoothing passes" is to smoothify a highly stilted process.

the insight is a flash one has to piece out on the page, assign a sequence to. *so* and *then* set in place judiciously.

to demonstrate a likeness, a unity of thesis, yet minimize redundancy—it's awkward exegesis, Dick's endless hellchore.

i didn't *want* to mention Dick— i saw the thought and saw it as the center of the section; yet also saw the work to say it right, and layer more reference.

my excitement at the thing is the thing already flying into pieces. *Rama!* *shivalingam!* *monolith!* *magic!* excitement in the naming is the feeling of a fission fast escaping.

i see the pieces fly apart, and retrodict a Unity; i'm feeling something after the fact.

there's more to say. yet the page is small and likeness is redundancy. my excitement abates, my patience wanes. i settle, once again, for a bullet-list.

- as in *La Jetée*, it's all "the unfolding of the contents of death, in which memory ranges through time in search of a way out of the present moment of imminent demise".<sup>211</sup>

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each pair of images has one color, one b&w. the magazine pair puts the colored on the left—the galaxy 3C 123. yet oddly, "in error", the caption puts it *right* by the order of our scanning eye: a microfossil, *then* a distant radio source.

the caption is the key that corrects them. switches them for stacking with the mascon pair.

these alien concentrics, a quartet: a complex sign of the Sentinel. Clarke's conjecture, that the radio source is "obviously an artefact, perhaps a big brother of my own little Rama!" is correct. the Sentinel is small, but the elder of Rama in the composition order—born in '48. and older in the pantheon, with Shiva: symbol of the primal gods that Rama is an avatar of.

<sup>211</sup> Paul Coates, "Chris Marker and the Cinema as Time Machine", p 309

- i mean: our world is an avoidance tactic. we find ourselves returned, from our dreams, to the stone that won't speak.
- spacetime events are "fragments of a narrative", "all that remains after the disaster"<sup>212</sup> of World War III, of the on-board explosion, of Inflation from a One.

i'm conscious that "seldom is this great film shown"—i mean the alchemical cosmos, which unifies by sympathy—"its brevity and its unusual aesthetic strategies providing the distribution networks with an alibi for its scandalous marginalization".<sup>213</sup>

and Clarke's mythic Romance: i've yet to tell the rendezvous of Rama with his consort. instead i'll quote Coates again: that Sita "greet[s] him without surprise" and "they come to inhabit an absolute present, "without memories or projects.""<sup>214</sup>

that "the film comes full circle".<sup>215</sup>

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<sup>212</sup> Coates, p 312

<sup>213</sup> Coates, p 310

<sup>214</sup> Coates, p 310: quoting Marker's own "oracular, poetic voice-over" [Coates 309]

<sup>215</sup> Coates, p 311

# Suvin & Specktowsky

each a Sci Fi Writer. Suvin writes *on* SF; Specktowsky writes *within* an SF novel.

Slavic and/or Jewish—one has to look it up. the same time & place, "East Bloc".

each a kind of Captain. Suvin is the version who *survives* the explosion. "A Nazi bomb hit 50 meters from me in 1943 or '44: in a very slightly alternative world, I'd have died then, before my teens".

in our world, he has a new obsession: books about alternate worlds. "utopian works, fantastic voyages".<sup>216</sup>

bomb disperses Captain into discourse. Specktowsky now a spectral voice, coming thru to crew. Suvin now the Editor of *Science Fiction Studies*.

i focus, & see unity. what does this mean?

## Suvin, Sutin, Specktowsky

Suvin, not Sutin: it's easy to confuse these central names, the key scholars.

the **t** and **v** distinguish, yet connect them: via **television**.

their name's center letter is a node in a network. links, with the other, into metaphor.

i concentrate, and notice this: *speckto* means 'pertaining to sight'. and *-ski/-sky* insinuate, for Cold War readers, the faraway Other, foreignness.

*Specktowsky*, thus: *a far away seer*, viz **television**.

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<sup>216</sup> Horst Pukallus, "An Interview with Darko Suvin", p 254



i concentrate, & notice. i do not know what drives it. i seek no effect, but to write it up & make you glad, surprise you by it.

if pressed to give a Theory, i might say: *a mystery in the unity.*

# this book is living info

this book is without end. instead we get his final affirmation—to continue:

for the Gnostic, epistemological inquiry is in itself—as a search—truly divine, and is the highest basis of and for spiritual life. . . .To me, nothing is more important [886]

Davis calls this the key of the Exegesis: not to "arrest the flow" with a summing insight, with an unsurpassable meta-abstraction, but to keep on thinking.<sup>217</sup>

And this, maybe, is the heart of the matter. "I write, I learn, I evolve and grow; therefore I am." This, for me, is Gnosticism. Hence this exegesis. It is the very dynamism of my life. [887]

"By its very nature, the Exegesis has no conclusion." <sup>218</sup>

If we take Dick at his word that his writings are forms of living mystical information, then the spiritual expansion of 2-3-74 has not stopped but continues to spread outward. Perhaps Dick's story ends not with death, or even with memory, but with viral, flourishing, autopoietic aliveness.<sup>219</sup>

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<sup>217</sup> Davis, ExFN, 886

<sup>218</sup> Mckee, ExFN, 888

<sup>219</sup> Arnold, p 217



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