

Photo of Phil © Tessa Dick, by kind permission

October 2012

LOS ANGELES 2019
PHIL ON LSD
EMPATHY BOXES
THE UNTELEPORTED
MAN

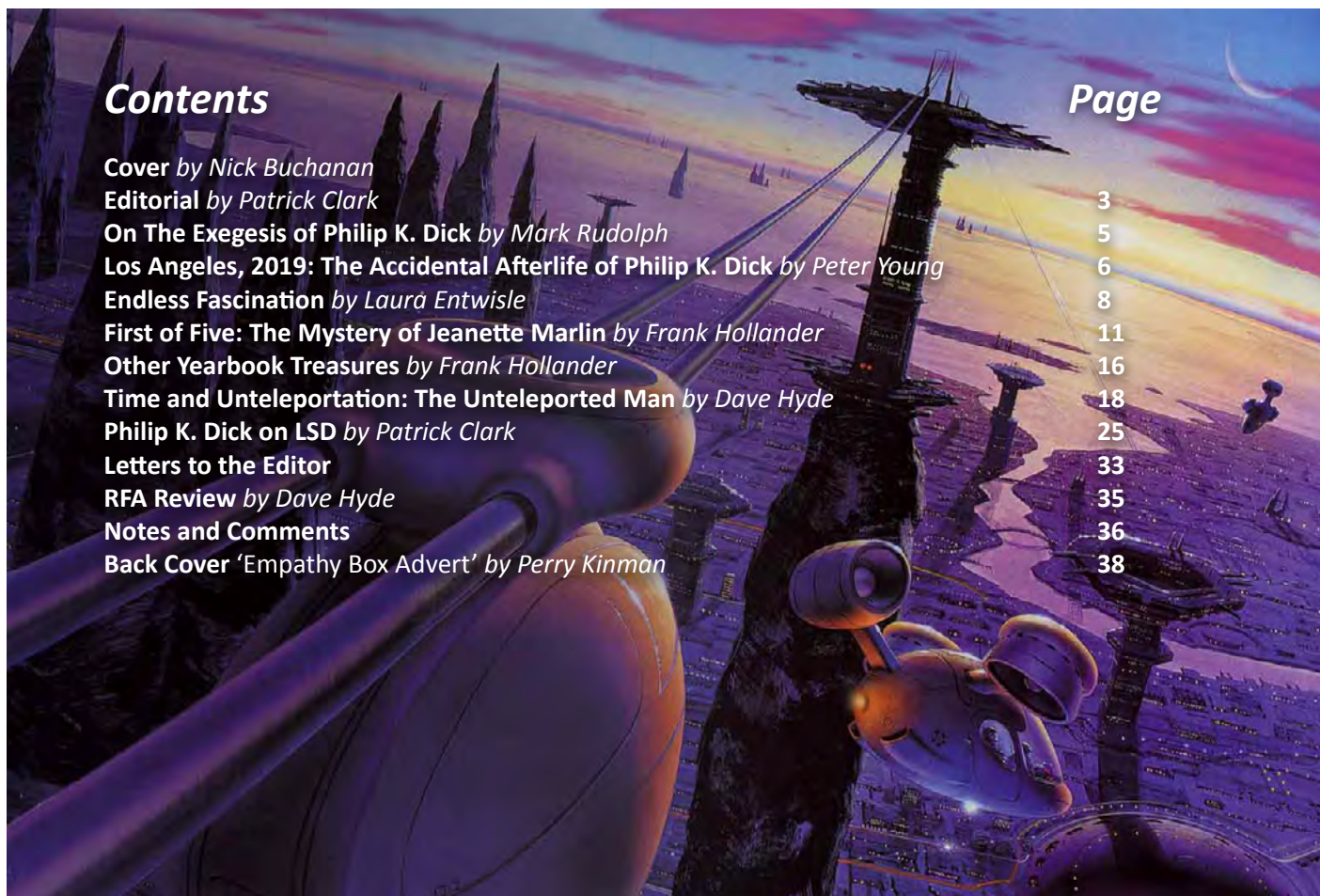
THE EXEGESIS
EVIL FACE IN THE SKY
POST FEST REPORT
JEANETTE MARLIN

Sponsored by
ARAMCHEK

Cover Artwork by Nick Buchanan 2012

P K D

#26



Contents

Page

Cover by Nick Buchanan	3
Editorial by Patrick Clark	5
On The Exegesis of Philip K. Dick by Mark Rudolph	6
Los Angeles, 2019: The Accidental Afterlife of Philip K. Dick by Peter Young	8
Endless Fascination by Laura Entwisle	11
First of Five: The Mystery of Jeanette Marlin by Frank Hollander	16
Other Yearbook Treasures by Frank Hollander	18
Time and Unteleportation: The Unteleported Man by Dave Hyde	25
Philip K. Dick on LSD by Patrick Clark	33
Letters to the Editor	35
RFA Review by Dave Hyde	36
Notes and Comments	38
Back Cover 'Empathy Box Advert' by Perry Kinman	

Otaku is a zine made by fans for fans.

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

The Otaku Team have enjoyed the writing and ideas of Philip K. Dick for decades, and continue to do so.

The subject of Philip K. Dick benefits from diverse perspectives, opinions, and insights.

In this zine we hope to explore the Novels, Short-Fiction, Non-fiction and ideas of Philip K Dick.

If you would like to contribute (a letter of comment, an article, essay or review) please make your submission in MS Doc, Rtf or Txt form to the Otaku Team c/o Patrick Clark via email:

pkdotaku@gmail.com

All submissions are welcome and considered, but we cannot promise that all will see print.

Thank you for maintaining the dialogue!

-- The PKD OTAKU Team

PKD Otaku Layout, Logo, Graphics and Typesetting
by Nick Buchanan enquiries@positive-effect.co.uk

© Copyright

Please note: Every article, letter, review, illustration and design is used here by consent of the author/ originator. Such work may not be reproduced in any form without their express permission. If in doubt, please contact Otaku, we will be happy to help you.

Editorial

by Patrick Clark

I was thinking of Phil the other day, something I often do. He's always hanging around, sometimes standing just around the corner, sometimes sitting across the table having a cup of coffee, sometimes on the couch fiddling with the TV remote. Not physically there, of course. There in spirit; there in...essence? Maybe you know what I mean. For you it's maybe not Phil. Maybe it's a different writer or a musician or a philosopher or a friend. Someone who is there even when they are not there, if you know what I mean. For me it's Phil. After all, I've known Phil longer than anyone else except my family. Longer than my wife; longer than any of my friends. So I think about him all the time.

I was in Japan recently and spent a good deal of time in the city of Osaka. Osaka, man...Osaka is like a huge science fiction novel: futuristic-looking towers piercing the sky, miles of neon lights, giant television screens crowding the streets, hordes of people, a cacophony of sounds, colors, advertisements, traffic and food. It's rather mind-

boggling, really. It's like being plunged into a 3D video-game. And I thought, "Man, I wish Phil could see this!" He'd recognize some of it I believe. Here was one of those gleaming sci-fi cities from the 50s he and his fellow writers used to imagine. If for just five minutes Phil could have lost his agoraphobia and strolled down the packed Shinsaibashi-suji arcade or popped over to the Umeda Sky Building or gotten on one of the amazing trains I think he would have loved it. Maybe soaked it all up and put it in a new novel.

"Man, I wish Phil could see this!"

A few weeks later I'm in church and the first reading was from

Proverbs 4:

Get wisdom.

Though it cost all you have, get understanding.

Cherish her, and she will exalt you;

embrace her, and she will honor you.

She will give you a garland to grace your head and present you with a glorious crown."

In his homily the priest, who teaches theology at the local seminary, remarked that our English word "wisdom" doesn't do justice to the Greek original. The Greeks had a number of words for what we call "wisdom": *Episteme*, which means empirical knowledge, *Techne*, which is tech-



Osaka by Night - Stock image

nical skill, *Noos*, which is intuition, *Phronesis*, which is prudence. But the wisdom that Proverbs urges us to acquire is different from all of these. The wisdom of Proverbs is *Sophia*, which is knowledge of the eternal and the unchangeable. *Sophia*, the good Father explained, is a direct emanation from God. It operates all the time, even in our sleep. It illuminates our dreams as well as our waking life. Humans cannot really learn *Sophia* the way then can learn *Techne* or *Episteme* but humans can accept *Sophia* as a gift, freely given, by The Divine. And I'm sitting there in the pew and think, "Man, Phil would love this stuff." I had a vision of him approaching the priest after the service and discussing the whole issue from Phil's decidedly unique viewpoint.

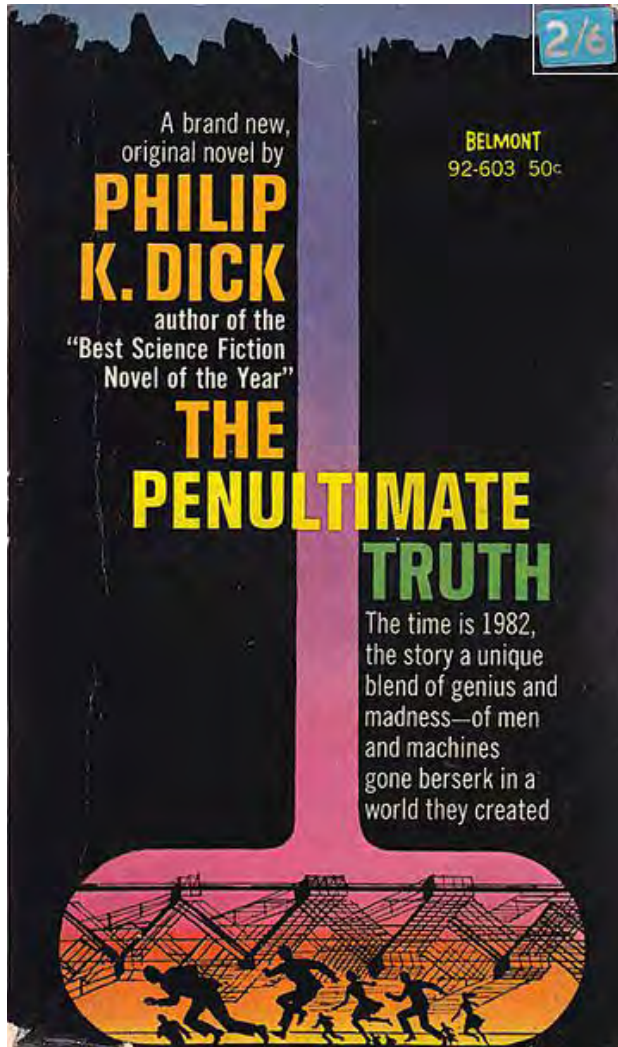
It's not even news anymore. An American armed aerial drone took out some people the other day in the Middle East. Happens all the time now. "Terrorists" perhaps but who can say for sure. Those drones flying over Afghanistan and Pakistan and Africa and, for all we know, California are truly an evil sci-fi weapon. You're some Taliban walking around or attending a wedding or sleeping in a house and all of a sudden a hellfire missile comes from out of nowhere and blows you away – along with everyone 50 yards around you. You can't see it coming; you can't avoid it; you probably don't even get a chance to scream. There's a chance the missile will make a hash of it and leave you to die slowly and horribly rather than take you out all at once. Fuck, I'm surprised the drone doesn't set down and eat the bodies after the smoke clears. I've read that some drones are now semi-autonomous, that they are programmed to take action on their own should the need arise. And Phil taps me on the shoulder and says, "I told you so." Indeed he did: **THE PENULTIMATE TRUTH** chapter 12. Two robotic leadies have captured Nicholas St. James as he emerges from his tunnel to the surface. Unable to contact any hu-

mans for directions the leadies have to decide St James' fate themselves. One says "The point is that Mr. St James has told no one below in his tank anything as to the conditions on the surface and hence his death would be regarded by them as a bona fide war casualty." The other leadie agrees. It being too much trouble to try to contact a human authority and given that no crucial information

has been sent to the tanks, the simplest solution, the logical solution, is to kill their prisoner. They don't, or rather they are destroyed before executing St James. The chilling aspect of this incident is that the leadies have arranged things so that St. James' death will be seen as bona fide, legitimate, legal in fact. Phil's grasp on Things-To-Come is truly scary. He foresaw semi-autonomous robotic weapons back in 1964. And let's not even start on the "Yancy-fication of our presidential candidates and their dreary "debates." Phil saw that one coming in 1955.

Thinking about Phil is always a dicey proposition. Sometimes, as with Osaka and *Sophia*, it's exhilarating. With the drones it's a stone-cold bummer. I suppose, on balance, there is more to dread in Phil's pre-cog depictions of the future – *his* future; *our* present. The bad stuff was maybe easier to foretell. Phil lived through three wars, dozens of assassinations, the expansion of the surveillance society, the

erosion of the environment, a plague of drugs, the triumph of mass media and the collapse of his personal life. Bad stuff all around. So he knew the downside. Yet that was not all there was. In the end there was *Sophia* as well. Even a cursory reading of **THE EXEGESIS** shows that however baffled he was by his experience with the Divine, that same experience filled him with great joy and ultimately a great peace. When I do think about him or listen for him at the back of my mind, it's the joyful, peace-filled Phil I hope I hear.



On the Exegesis of Philip K. Dick by Mark Rudolph

© July 2012

When time stops, *"the substrate is revealed."* So begins PKD's **Exegesis**, his end-of-life compulsion to understand the revelation he experienced in February and March 1974. He may have seen through to the underlying reality of, well, our perception of reality; he may have had a small stroke; he may have had an acid flashback; or he may have been visited by a superior intelligence.

PKD was a man of ideas rather than of action, but he had passion for his ideas. That passion drove him to devote every ounce of intellectual energy to understanding his vision, which he felt to be critical not only to his understanding of his life on this planet but to the future of mankind. Now that may sound out there – the ravings of a crazy person who sees visions and hears voices – like say Joan of Arc – but he wasn't crazy; he was wildly devoted, single-minded, and productive, leading his army of readers to share his vision.

Passion propelled him, as anyone can attest who has been in the grip of passion for a person, an idea, a cause, or a vision; when passion strikes, it cannot be denied. And he didn't deny. He wrote himself into physical and emotional hell, and he wrote himself out of physical and emotional hell, and in so doing he left us with a body of work as unique and powerful as any from the second half of the twentieth century – entertaining, provocative, funny, and challenging to our ready-made life-assumptions.

PKD desired nothing less than a fundamental understanding of the universe through the prism of its informational underpinning.

There are several ways to discover PKD. You can read his best novels; you can read his best stories; you can scrounge around garage sales and on-line for old magazines with his earliest works; you can read essays and interviews by and about him in those old mags, and increasingly in the "mainstream" periodicals as his work caught on and the "mainstream" caught up; you can rent the movies made from his novels and stories, then you can read the underlying works and compare them to the Hollywood versions; and

if you want to go deep, you can go straight to **Exegesis**.

PKD explored every possible angle for his sudden insight by writing constantly for the remaining eight and a half years of his life. He analyzed himself and his own work especially ten novels he felt to be form a meta novel. He wrote; he debated with himself; he called his friends in the middle of the night; he figured it all out only to dismiss his findings in the cold harsh light of morning when he started the process anew.

He had reached a point in his career where money began to flow more freely, a fan base had formed, international markets were bestowing more praise than his home country, and SF conventions were inviting him to keynote and paying for his trips. Throughout everything his overriding ambition remained to understand his revelation.

I spent months reading **Exegesis**. The Lethem edition runs to 900 pages. The material was too dense for me to read

more than ten to twenty pages at a time. I didn't want to race through it. I wanted to let the ideas linger, fester, germinate, and then to return to the book from time to time for a blast of PKDickiana. I admire how he challenged absolutely everything, especially his own ideas and solutions, and how he took the BUT WHAT IF side of every auto-debate.

He hammered unrelentingly at a problem to see just how malleable are the assumptions upon which we base our worldviews. He asked THE QUESTIONS and discarded each answer to further test corollaries and opposites and take unexplored paths. He read deeply and widely, dreamed constantly, thought and argued with himself, and talked for hours to friends who listened. Who knows, he may have understood THE BIG QUESTIONS a little

better at the end, and as only he knows, he may have been ready for death when it came.

If you like PKD, and if you like digging into a writer's journals for insight into how and why he wrote what he did, read **Exegesis**. If you aren't familiar with PKD, this is still a violently good read. And if you stick with it, you'll end up reading his novels which is exactly what you should do after you make his intimate acquaintance.



**'He challenged
absolutely
Everything'**

Planet Los Angeles, 2019: The Accidental Afterlife of Philip K. Dick By Peter Young

The gigantic mass is immobilised before the eyes. It is transformed into a texturology in which extremes coincide – extremes of ambition and degradation, brutal oppositions of races and styles, contrasts between yesterday's buildings, already transformed into *trash cans*, and today's urban irruptions that block out its space...

Its present invents itself, from hour to hour, in the act of throwing away its previous accomplishments and challenging the future.

— Michel de Certeau, 'Walking in the City', *The Practice of Everyday Life*, 1980

Here's an entertaining but ultimately diverting thought: there may or may not be any number of alternate universes in which Philip K. Dick agreed to write the dumbed-down film novelisation he was asked to do for *Blade Runner*; also, in at least one of those universes, Dick did not suffer a fatal stroke during its filming, lived on to regret his decision and in time-honoured fashion tried to buy up every copy to remove it from circulation.

Of course there are both good and bad elements to this scenario: Dick would have been with us for longer, but no artist enjoys living in the same universe as their creative mistakes. And whilst those alternate universes would encapsulate any number of possibilities, of course neither of those events came about: in this universe Dick stuck to his principles and refused to write it, but nor did he, or could he, hang onto life after his stroke. Five days later,

like tears in rain, everything was lost. It was his time to die.

Blade Runner contains a number of metaphorical allusions to death and meeting one's maker, although of course there's no afterlife for a Replicant, even a Nexus-6. Given the sad fact of Dick's passing during *Blade Runner*'s filming, it is as if, for the film's fans, there has become something singularly inevitable about the circumstances surrounding the film's timing, creation and aftermath. It clearly chose the right time to be born: that's an aspect of *Blade Runner* that ought to give pause for thought to fans of a genre that many believe began with *Frankenstein*. Here in real life, with Dick's early death we lost the creator but were given one further masterpiece, a de novo creative work helmed by another hand that has often served as the best entry point into Dick's creative output. If we briefly burden *Blade Runner* with some unintended metaphor, the coincidence of Dick's demise during production has some unintentional synchronicity with the film, in the scene in which the world loses Tyrell, the genius creator, and is left with his creation Roy Batty, the flawed but magnificent Replicant. But *Blade Runner* has hardly killed off the future career of Philip K. Dick in the way that Roy Batty conspired to kill his own cre-



ator. In giving us a stripped down and polished version of Dick's novel, retooled for thrills and noir and a slow build to such high drama, Scott brings out the essence in what he and screenwriters Fancher and Peoples had understood Dick was getting at all along. Scott was acting as midwife to Dick's central idea and, through a tortuous route

and a difficult birth, delivered an inspirational child to the world.

And the world in 1982 was clearly ready, because the uni-

'Hong Kong', 2007. (late night movie @ Flickr)
Photographer link: <http://www.flickr.com/photos/martyn>

verse of Blade Runner was already out there – all the film did was capture a particular zeitgeist. It was Scott himself who coined the term “like Hong Kong on a very bad day” to describe the atmosphere of his projected film as it was in pre-production. (It’s curious how the film has become identified with both Dick and Scott equally – the same can’t be said of any other director with a movie lifted from a PKD story, even with Spielberg and Minority Report). Before he died, Dick for once overcame his distrust of Hollywood and came round to appreciating how Scott was adapting his work: “I saw a segment of Douglas Trumbull’s special effects for Blade Runner on the KNBC-TV news. I recognized it immediately. It was my own interior world.

They caught it perfectly.” Dick clearly felt many of the right decisions were being made regarding the film itself, and he also approved of the film’s script: “After I finished reading the screenplay, I got the novel out and looked through it. The two reinforce each other, so that someone who started

with the novel would enjoy the movie and someone who started with the movie would enjoy the novel.”

It’s significant that the only indications of the film’s setting are in that part of the title sequence that declares “Los Angeles, November 2019”, and the use of LA’s Bradbury Building and Ennis House as interiors. Unless the viewer knows of these real-world locations they will be lost for reference points in this vast sprawling metropolis that could, effectively, be anywhere. The buildings themselves are used to provide atmosphere, their locations embedded so deep in the city’s grand visual magnificence that they are lost in this dark urban future that barely resembles Los Angeles as we are ever likely to know it. What is far more noticable than Los Angeles, specifically, is how

Blade Runner focuses throughout on Asia: almost half the film’s actors are Asian, the video billboard advertising focuses on a smiling Japanese geisha, and Deckard is introduced in what must be the city’s Chinatown, a locale that fits him like a comfortable coat. As Ridley Scott initially implied, it could even be Hong Kong. Apart from the title sequence the city as a setting is never identified recognisably, and it could almost be any major world city of the future. In fact, it could almost be any major world city of today.

Deckard: “You remember the spider that lived in a bush outside your window? Orange body, green legs? You watched her

build a web all summer. Then one day there was big egg in it. The egg hatched—”

Rachel: “The egg hatched—”
Deckard: “And?”

Rachel: “And a hundred baby spiders came out. And they ate her.”

This fictive scene is one of Blade Runner’s

several allusions to death and one kind of afterlife, one that somehow echoes the film’s place in the world today. For me it embodies an entire sequence of events, from Dick’s inspiration, to the completed novel, and then the

creation of Blade Runner, and ultimately wherever we notice the film reflected in the real world around us. Those “hundred baby spiders” figuratively encapsulate all those references to the movie that have ever been ut-

tered when exclaiming at the sight of a dark, rain-soaked, neon-lit cityscape, “It’s like something out of Blade Runner.” One of the ways the film has clearly found a place in the world is in our own compulsive and incessant visual referencing of it.

Dick’s comment on Trumbull’s special effects – “It was



“Tokyo at Dusk – Blade Runner”, 2009, (Trey Ratcliff)
Photographer link: <http://www.stuckincustoms.com>

‘It was my own interior world. They caught it perfectly.’

my own interior world. They caught it perfectly” – suggests how the film has become (and let’s have fun with the word) a nexus point of reference for all the alternate Blade Runner-esque cityscapes that already exist around the world. And when the sun goes down, Philip K. Dick, as the figurative spider who laid that egg that begat our common description of those hundreds of alternate cities and/or universes, has an afterlife in every one.

Do we now live in a Dickian world? Or a Ballardian or Brunnerian one? A bit of all three, truth be told, with maybe a little more emphasis on Dick and with a dash of several other literary epithets too. But cities themselves inspire us to look to two enduring SF films, Metropolis and Blade Runner, for descriptive inspiration. And to what Dickian futures could these darkly atmospheric, horizon-spanning habitats be taking us?

Among other things, Blade Runner is about living with – and cleaning up the mess left by – the bad decisions of others who’ve gone before you. Cities are built on layer upon layer of strategies, good or bad, and are the planet’s newest environment. They are simply there, for now, and we muddle through as usual. Our inability to determine where we’re heading with them makes me simultaneously sad and exuberant, much like the human race itself – the answer is out of reach yet also, surely, within our grasp. Beyond providing for our immediate survival, I simply have no idea to what possible futures these ultra-complex human hives are taking us.

Then again, who does?

All photos used to illustrate this article have been designated Creative Commons by their respective photographers.



‘Blade Runner’s Manhattan’, 2007. (Thiago Santos @ Flickr)
Photographer’s link: <http://www.flickr.com/photos/thisant>



Endless Fascination by Laura Entwisle

© October 2012

As soon as I heard there was going to be a PKD Festival in 2012, I knew I was going. As with many present at the festival, getting there was a challenge, for some, almost impossibly so. People came from all over the world, probably some traveled from other worlds. And go I did. As did so many others. Zowie! I went with the sole purpose of being saturated by all things Phildickian, and indeed I was.

I'm not naming names- there were far too many, both old and new, and I'd only forget people. Except for David Gill, who, ably assisted by co-workers, friends, students, minions, and acolytes, organized an entity that grew from 12 or 13 when it started, to somewhere in the area of 130 - I have yet to get a count, but that's a close estimate. The whole fest, from my perspective, was a beautifully choreographed dance of people and processes. I learned a lot about PKD that I hadn't known, I found out some things that I had an opinion about that were verified. I was helped by gracious people. Had some beer and stuff. Ate well. Had fun. Expanded my consciousness by being around such an inherently wild, endlessly fascinating, and grinning bunch of Dickheads. "We Are Aramchek," as Jonathan Lethem proclaimed. It was pretty cool, each individual in a self-created PKD world, but all managing to blend and balance the myriad perceptions and deceptions. The presentations were more than interesting, sometimes electrifying. It was a feast where the courses were delicious, rich and satisfying.

A high point in the midst of high points was watching the movie *Radio Free Albumuth*, a movie made by Dickheads, for Dickheads, in an auditorium filled with Dickheads. I liked the casting- Nick exuded innocence and courage, Phil kept up with it all, Alanis Morissette was awesome as

both singer and actor.

Pink beams abounded, mysterious goings-on, betrayal and love, the paranoia, doom, and hope were entwined.

And I rode back to the motel with Sylvia's old commie mother, Mrs. Aramchek!

A friend asked which part of the festival was my very favorite, the best. 'Just being there'. No, no, the very best part. 'Me sitting there with this enormous variety of

happy Dickheads'. To discuss the festival would be a task as long as the fest itself. It was amazing being with others who, for whatever reason, were overcome, at some point in their lives, by PKD. Here were people who have written books I've read and treasured. There were people from the other side of the world and points in between. Others who had physically been there in the very different aspects of PKD's complicated life and writings. It

was a particular delight to see and hear Pamela Jackson, Linda Castellani, Grania Davis, and Laura Tonesi.

Look, all I can really do is gush. I was there amongst people I had 'known' for some time, through e-lists, books, a wonderful and dedicated few in the flesh at the 2010 Nederland CO Festival. Now I look around, and I'm surrounded by extremely knowledgeable scientists, professors, spiritual and religious geeks, meticulous experts, students and teachers of all branches of arcane scholarship of Philip K Dick. Dreams, drugs and dystopias. Gnosis. Electric sheep. Pink beams. Authors who have written novels, biographies, critiques, interviews, and dissections of Phil and his work. There were dedicated Dickheads who edited massive amounts of phildickian scribbled pink beam information. And they were all fans, all having some kind of lasting bond to an author so-called dead to these many years. I've had many of their books and stories since decades past, some acquired just recently. So many fans, so many areas of interest and discussion. Too few moments with people I wanted to talk with or listen



to, people I had met at the first fest. But some was better than none, and visiting with new Dickheads was quite captivating. Friendliness, kindness, generosity, and the willingness to explore to the ends of sanity itself. Qualities I indeed love in Phil Dick, and qualities that were evident in the people around me. All was not lightness however; a number of Phil's demons were

explored during the two day conference.

Philip K. Dick has been endlessly fascinating to me. I've shared his books with people around here in Springfield, MO; somehow he manages to come up in conversations with me; mostly due to the fact that generally, things seem related to PKD in some fashion. And there I was, in a country that was inhabited by the Dickiest of Dickheads. Yeah, it was good!

Disclaimer

Events and/or people may or may not actually have been present or co-existent, or perceived in any way through a reliable consensual world-view. There is **always** the possibility that we are living in a computer, or that I have people who help me cope in this uncooperable distressing world by building a mythical author and his fans to comfort and keep me strong so I can finally bring down the forces of darkness, I think. Or, we are all dreaming this together. Or.....I dunno.

Post Script

"I mean, after all; you have to consider we're only made out of dust. That's admittedly not much to go on and we shouldn't forget that. But even considering, I mean it's a sort of bad beginning, we're not doing too bad. So I personally have faith that even in this lousy situation we're faced with we can make it. You get me?"

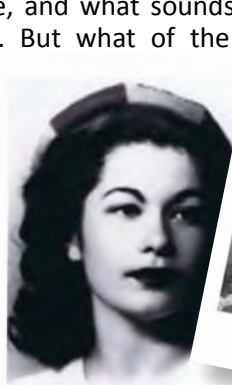
I think we did!

Illustration Source unknown - if you did it, please email and we will credit you.

FIRST OF FIVE: THE MYSTERY OF JEANETTE MARLIN by Frank Hollander

© October 2012

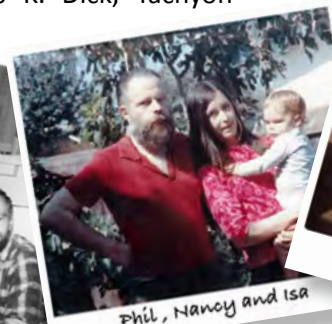
After reading about Philip K. Dick at any length, one quickly learns that he was married and divorced five times. If one continues to read, inevitably four of the wives become quite familiar, their names a shorthand for the different periods of Dick's life. Kleo. Anne. Nancy. Tessa. Numerous stories about them are part of the lore. We know enough that we can debate the particulars--how these people influenced the life and works of Dick--what sounds true, and what sounds like complete baloney. But what of the first, Jeanette? That is, Jeanette Marlin? There is comparatively little known about this person, this wife, this marriage, even in comparison to Dick's various significant others we also "know" on a first name basis.



Kleo Apostolides



Anne and Phil



Phil, Nancy and Isa



Phil and Tessa

Publications, 2010).

We have an abundance of biographical information about Dick in large part because of the early efforts of three primary biographers. First, Gregg Rickman interviewed Dick several times in the year before his death, intending at least some of the material to lead to a biography. Rickman published three books containing much of those interviews, but the third book was also a full-blown biography covering Dick's early life and career until 1962 (**To The High Castle: Philip K. Dick: A Life: 1928-1962**, Fragments West, 1989). Rickman's biography is by far the deepest study of Dick's early years. Unfortunately, the book is long out of print, and the announced second half of Rickman's biography remains unpublished.

Anne R. Dick, Dick's third wife, bravely charged into a project of researching his life soon after he died. She finished a book in 1984 that is part memoir and part biography. Her narrative starts in the middle of Dick's life when they met, follows him through to the end, and only then backtracks

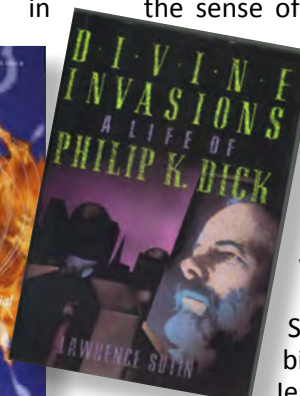
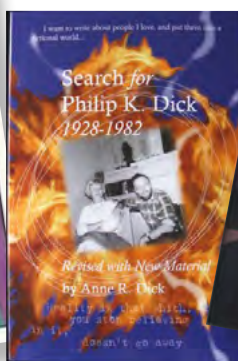
to the beginning for a quick sprint through the earlier years. Although Anne's material was used extensively by her fellow biographers, her book (in revised form) was not published until more than a decade later. Unfortunately, the book was expensive, and not widely available (**Search for Philip K. Dick: 1928-1982: A Memoir and Biography of the Science Fiction Writer**, The Edwin Mellen Press, 1995). With further revisions, Anne's book only recently entered the mainstream of PKD publishing, first as a self-published title (Point Reyes Cypress Press, 2009) and then picked up by a traditional publisher (as **The Search for Philip K. Dick**, Tachyon

Finally, there is Lawrence Sutin, who was not far behind Rickman and Anne with his own research.

Sutin wrote a biography that appeared very shortly after Rickman's (**Divine Invasions: A Life of Philip K. Dick**, Harmony Books, 1989). Sutin's biography has reached much larger audiences than the other two, and remains in print (Carroll & Graf, 2005). In fact, the stature of the book is such that, even though all three biographies are "authorized" in the sense of having access to family

archives and permission to quote material, Sutin's book is essentially now the "official" biography (just try a Google search for an "official" PKD biography and see where it leads).

So what did these three biographers find out about Jeanette Marlin and her marriage to Dick? A look at the indexes suggests that it was not much, though Rickman's version of the story fills several pages (Rickman: pages 172, 182, 183-6, 423; Anne (Tachyon edition): pages 15, 245-246; Sutin: pages 59-60, 64). The consensus portrait of Jeanette is easy to summarize, and remains great material for jokes. Dick, a teenager, loses his virginity to Jeanette, a "sexually frank"



older woman, in the basement of University Radio, establishing to Dick and his mother's relief that he was not "a homosexual." Dick immediately married Jeanette, and almost as quickly divorced, because he feared that she or her brother would come and destroy his precious record collection.

The biographers' sources for this portrait of Dick and Jeanette are: (1) Dick's "footloose" coworker at University Radio, Vince Lusby, (2) Dick's school friend Gerald Ackerman, (3) a later girlfriend, Betty Jo Robirds, (4) Dick's mother, Dorothy, whose recollections are filtered through Dick's cousin-turned-step-sister Lynne Aalan, or through Tessa, (5) Dick's father, Edgar, (6) court records of the divorce, and (7) Dick himself, as told to Rickman, Kleo, or Tessa (or through his fiction, which I will not attempt to summarize). None of the information came from Jeanette, her friends, or anyone in her family.

From these sources, not surprisingly, we know very little about Jeanette or her family (though the existence of a brother seems likely!). We cannot even be sure of her age during the marriage, or what she looked like. Rickman states that Jeanette was blond. Edgar remembered "a short fat little girl, very pleasant." Dick was nineteen during the marriage in 1948. Anne reports that Jeanette was twenty-six. Sutin says "late twenties." According to Rickman, Dorothy had told Lynne Aalan that Jeanette was twenty-five at the time. Dorothy had to sign legal documents for Dick because he was underage. Dorothy believed the couple had nothing in common, but consented because the marriage would nonetheless help Dick to mature.

Lusby is the source of the story about steering a customer Dick's way at University Radio and arranging for them to have sex in a storage room in the basement, thus relieving Dick or his mother's supposedly quite serious worries about homosexuality. As Anne and Sutin tell it, the customer was Jeanette, and the result was the marriage. As Rickman tells it, the basement room was beautiful--for the "very expensive Magnavoxes"--but the customer is unnamed. Though perhaps the customer was Jeanette, and Rickman is being coy, Rickman suggests she was only one of a series of later encounters that Lusby and Dick enjoyed (after Dick's initiation into the pleasures of the flesh) in a remote apartment they called "The Tower of Sin."

In any case, Lusby and Ackerman both visited Dick and Jeanette in their apartment during the marriage. Ackerman, by then an apparently confident member of the "LGBT" community of his day in relatively tolerant Berkeley, was put off by the couple's social awkwardness. Ackerman remembered a lack of affection between the couple in their undecorated apartment lighted by bare bulbs, with Jeanette standing behind an armchair like it was a shield, and Dick not getting out of his rocking chair. Lusby also remembered an undecorated apartment, and witnessed "terrible fights" between Dick and Jeanette and her brother.

So what did they fight about? What ended the marriage so quickly? According to Lusby, Jeanette and her brother threatened to burn Dick's writings while he was out of the apartment. Dick was so terrified that he took his stuff and moved out as soon as the Marlins were not around. Dick told Kleo that the stated grounds for the divorce had to do with Jeanette threatening to break his record collection, and the judge said that was most ridiculous. Lusby remembered being a witness at the divorce hearing, and confirmed that the records were an issue. Dick told the judge that Jeanette would become annoyed because Dick played the same records incessantly that he first picked out for her at University Radio. Despite the ridiculousness, the judge granted the divorce.

Dick said a few things later about the marriage that might contain kernels of truth. Among the least credible, Sutin reports that Dick told Tessa that he kicked Jeanette out of the apartment after less than two months of marriage because she told him she had the right to see other men. Dick told Rickman that he had not been in love, that Jeanette was just someone who came along. But Robirds, a later girlfriend who preceded Kleo, believed the divorce must have been amicable because Dick said they had been comfortable together, that he kept Jeanette's picture and still called her "my sweetheart." Anne reports that Dick liked Jeanette because she had left him alone. And years later, according to Lusby, Dick remained grateful that Lusby saved him from homosexuality.

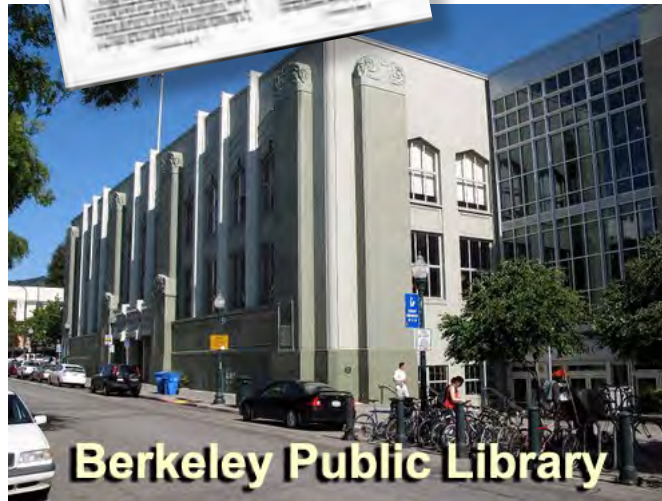
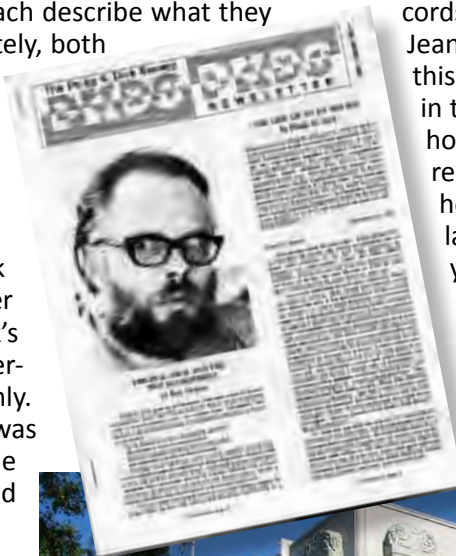
Rickman found the divorce records in Alameda County. This is all we can really be confident about: married on May 14, 1948 in Santa Rosa, separated October 29, divorce final on November 30. Jeanette charged Dick with "extreme cruelty." Dick did not contest. Then Jeanette disappeared. Edgar thought she remarried and later died.

The 2007 documentary film "The Penultimate Truth About Philip K. Dick" includes a short segment on the marriage to Jeanette. Ackerman and Kleo each describe what they heard from Dick, but appropriately, both doubted the veracity of the stories. Ackerman said that Dick told him he married the first girl he slept with because he thought he got her pregnant, but that sounded "too good to be true." Kleo said Dick told her that Jeanette's brother visited and objected to Dick's huge record collection and interest in music, which was not manly. Dick felt the record collection was "physically threatened," thus the marriage ended. Kleo doubted that was the whole story.

My discovery of more information on Jeanette started with some idle chatter about my perennial hope that a new biographer will come along--a professional--instead of another fan. Someone who would know how to dig up new information from census records, court documents, and such, and not keep repeating, as if fact, the same old flimsy stories Dick told about himself. Also, I was preparing for the 2012 Philip K. Dick Festival in San Francisco, which was to start with a walk through Dick's Berkeley. I read as much as I could of the biographies, PKDS newsletters, and interview books, and focused especially on the Berkeley years.

From idle chatter and dutiful reading, I progressed to idle Google searches. Pretty quickly I had Jeanette's family information from the 1940 census, which was first released publicly earlier this year (2012). With that one page of raw information I can report completely new information about Jeanette and her family, and demolish a part of the biographical consensus.

The 1940 census attempted to record a snapshot of the United States population as of April 1 of that year. The records I found place a Marlin family with a girl named Jeanette at 2211 Byron Street in Berkeley--surely this is our Jeanette Marlin. The address is roughly in the same neighborhood as the Francisco Street house where Dick later lived with Kleo. The census record states that the Marlins lived in the same house in 1935. In 1940, the rent was twenty dollars a month. Jeanette's father, Arthur, was forty years old, and he was born in South Dakota. Jeanette's mother, Lydia M., was thirty-seven, and she was born in North Dakota. Both had an eighth grade education. Arthur worked as a longshoreman for a shipping company. He earned \$1900 in 1939 during forty weeks of work. No employment is listed for Lydia.



Jeanette was the oldest of two children, both born in California. Jeanette's middle initial initial was "J." Her brother was "Wendell A." In 1940, she was 13 years old and had completed seven grades of school. Wendell was twelve years old and had completed five grades of school. So ... just do the math! Unless the

records are inaccurate (doubtful, with Jeanette's mother listed as the source, and the years of schooling providing internal consistency), Jeanette would have been twenty-one, maybe twenty-two, years old in 1948 during the marriage to Dick. Her notorious brother Wendell was less than two years younger, essentially the same age as Dick. And the Marlin family, unlike Dick's, was working class. Add these facts to what I summarized above from the biographies, and one imagines a significantly different story of Dick's marriage to Jeanette.

The next step in my research was in Berkeley, where I

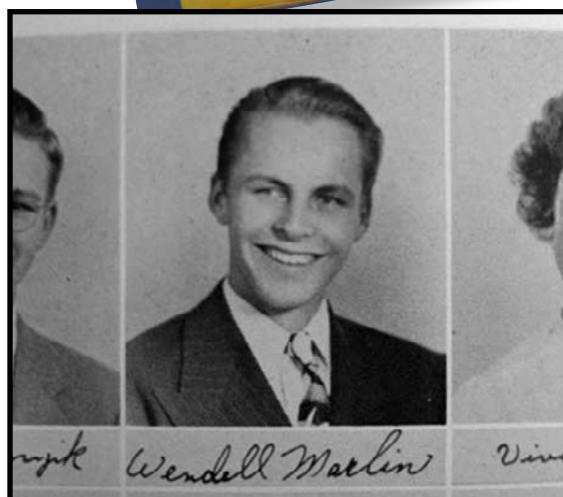
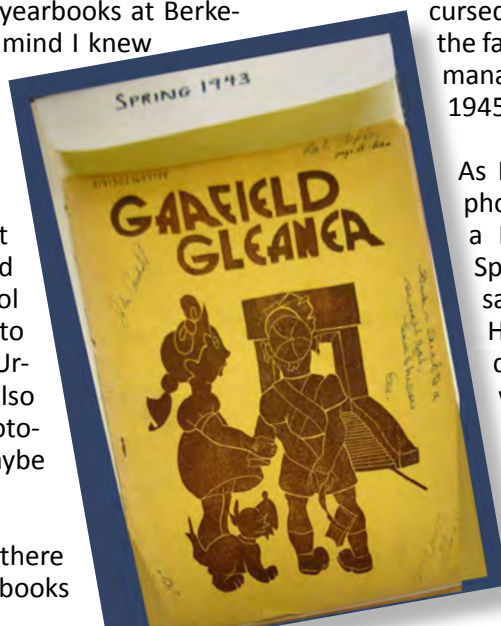
65	1924	Marlin	Arthur	Head	R 20	R	no	M	vr	30	M	26	No	ya	R Dakota	Finland
66			Lydia	Wife	H			F	vr	27	M	23	No	ya	S Dakota	Finland
67			Wendell	Son				F	vr	3			No		California	S Dakota
68			Wendell	Son				M	vr	2			No		California	S Dakota

Finland	67	23	0	No	ya	Painter	House	28X1	4/2/46							65
Finland	68	23	2	No	ya	House Wife										66
S Dakota	98															67
S Dakota	98															68

planned to look through the school yearbooks at Berkeley Public Library. In the back of my mind I knew from an online discussion comment by Jim Flannery that a full set of Berkeley High School yearbooks was collected at the central library. Although I doubted there were undiscovered photos of Dick, I felt that the yearbooks were still an untapped wealth of information about his school years. At a minimum, I expected to find pictures of his friends, and of Ursula Kroeber (Le Guin). Now I could also search for that ultimate prize, a photograph of Jeanette! Failing that, maybe her brother.

In preparation for the trip, I found there were indeed many high school yearbooks listed in the Berkeley Public Library's catalog. In fact, there was more than one yearbook issued per year because in those days there were two graduating classes each year. Also, there were some yearbooks from Dick's junior high school, Garfield. My time was going to be limited, but it promised to be an exciting hunt.

The fateful morning arrived and I entered the library with a herd of citizens at 10:00 a.m. After I completed some separate research in the Berkeley Daily Gazette newspapers (which has many issues online in Google Newspapers, but with significant gaps), the helpful librarians brought out the stacks of yearbooks I requested. Thirteen Berkeley High School yearbooks dated from 1943 to 1948, and eight Garfield Junior High School yearbooks dated from 1940 to 1944. My time was running out, but I went through the yearbooks methodically, looking for Marlins. I



cursed every "Martin" I found, oblivious to the fact that the famous baseball player and manager Billy Martin, Berkeley High class of 1945, was one of the pictures I looked at.

As I found familiar names, I took digital photos, quickly, inexpertly. Finally, I found a Marlin, and it was Wendell, in the Spring 1943 "Garfield Gleaner." First, I saw an enigmatic table listing the class's Hates, Hopes, and Hobbies. For Wendell, Hate was "Hollywoods." Hope was "Some bone." Hobby was "Little ideals." Well ... more questions than answers there. I searched again for photos. And there he was in a group shot, the smug punk who would go on to physically threaten a great man's record collection. And finally, in the Fall 1945 "Olla Podrida," Berkeley High's yearbook, I found Wendell's high school graduation portrait. Still smug, still a music hater.

But no Jeanette--not in high school or junior high. What happened? Did she somehow not go to public school? Did she not graduate? Was she missing from a yearbook that failed to list graduates not pictured? I knew there were other junior high schools in Berkeley, but if Wendell went to Garfield, there would be Jeanette at the same school, right?

The collection of junior high yearbooks was perhaps less complete, so maybe she just slipped through somehow. Alas, the search was fated to be only a partial success, with only Wendell to show for it.

The story would end there, if not for two strokes of luck. After the festival, I did more online research in the Berke-

31	22164	17	20	Pro	Marlin Arthur	Head	0m	21	40	M	15	8	North Dakota	1	same house	
32					Lydia M	Wife	1	7	21	37	M	26	8	South Dakota	68	same house
33					Jeanette J	Daughter	2	7	21	13	D	7	7	California	18	
34					Wendella	Son	2	m	21	12	D	6	6	California	11	

216	Pro	-	-	-	1	36	Long shore Shipping	5	106	51	1	10	19.00	216	31
	Pro	Pro	Pro	Pro	14	5	mean shipping							0.12	216
															32
															33
															34

ley Daily Gazette. I chanced upon an item in January 19, 1942, listing upcoming junior high school graduates. I dutifully, habitually, scanned the names, looking for Marlin. And there it was, Jeanette Marlin, one of ninety-four graduates of Burbank Junior High School. So there, finally, was the answer to the question of why she was not at least in the Garfield yearbooks.

The next step was to look again at the library catalogs. I remembered checking the holdings for the other junior high schools, noting the relatively slim collection for

schools other than Garfield; I had not extended my search quite that far. But as luck would have it, there it was in the Burbank listings--just barely--Fall 1941, and two previous yearbooks. I sent a desperate query to the research desk at the library: please, please, please, can you find me a picture of Jeanette in one of those yearbooks? Soon I had a reply: oh yes, there's a graduation picture in Fall 1941, would you like a photocopy? Yes, yes, a thousand times yes!! After a long wait, I finally had it: "Marlin, J." A picture of Dick's mysterious first wife, when she was fourteen years old.

That doesn't quite end the story. I did more online re-



Hendrick, J.	Hernandez, J.	Hollenbeck, R.	Jackson, P.	James, W.
Jimenez, M.	Johnson, C.	Johnson, J.	Johnston, L.	Jones, M.
Jones, I.	Kangas, L.	Kaufman, B.	Knudsen, T.	Larson, R.
Lewis, E.	Locatelli, W.	Lofberg, R.	Lueder, M.	Mack, C.
Mann, E.	Marlin, J.	MacCormick, J.	Mizuhara, A.	Moore, C.

from Fall 1941
Burbank Jr. High yearbook
"the Wizard"



Jeanette Marlin

search, taking a bit more time than in my initial flurry before the festival. First, I found the 1930 census records. Naturally, the Marlin family is ten years younger. Again, they are in Berkeley, but at 1924 8th Street, which is roughly the

same neighborhood as the Byron Street address. Arthur worked as a house painter, while Lydia was a housewife. The 1930 census collected somewhat different data than the 1940 census. Though there is not any financial information, the data include the birthplace of the mothers and fathers of each person listed. Thus, now we know that Arthur Marlin's parents were born in Finland. Lydia Marlin's mother was also born in Finland, but her father was apparently born in Detroit.

The "California Birth Index" lists Jeanette's birthday as January 1, 1927, in Alameda County, with her name spelled "Jeannette." Her middle name was Julia. Likewise, Wendell was born on March 2, 1928, name spelled "Wendel," middle name Arthur. Unfortunately, a short listing at tributes.com records that Wendell died on November 24, 2009 in Pleasanton, California. I have found no hint of any marriages or children for Wendell.

That's the current state of the mystery, which is a fuller picture than we had before. It seems most likely that Jeanette did not graduate from high school, but more records may be waiting to be discovered. It is conceivable that she pretended to be older than she was, but in any case she was barely twenty-one when she met and married Dick.

To continue the search, there are always new things popping up on the Internet, or old things to be found. And one could likely acquire Jeanette's birth certificate from Alameda County, the marriage certificate from Sonoma County, and confirm the divorce records that Rickman found in Alameda County. Maybe there are more distant Marlin relatives to be found who would have information. Beyond that, the trail looks cold again, at least until the 1950 census records are released...

OTHER YEARBOOK TREASURES

by Frank Hollander

© October 2012

Beyond my quest to find evidence of Jeanette Marlin in the Berkeley school yearbooks, I was looking for pictures of Dick's friends, Ursula Kroeber (Le Guin), and maybe even some overlooked photos of Dick himself. The biographers were mostly silent on the yearbooks, though Anne mentioned that Dick did not appear in his graduation yearbook--not surprising because he finished

schooling at home because of his illness. PKDS newsletter #12 included a possible Dick photo from an "Electric Crew" picture in a 1946 yearbook.

To prepare for the trip to Berkeley Public Library, I studied the biographies to learn the details of the years Dick went to various schools. First, though, a word about school schedules. The old standard for public schools was: elementary school, grades one through six; junior high school, grades seven through nine; and high school, grades ten through twelve. Currently, an academic year starts towards the end of the summer for most students in the U.S. But the system was different then, at least in

Berkeley, with two separate classes starting and ending each year. Also, school schedules changed during the war because of labor shortages. For simplicity, I treat each academic year as starting in the "spring" of a calendar year and ending in the "fall," or alternatively

starting in the "fall" and ending in the next year's "spring." (In practice, "fall" might start in August or September and "spring" might start in January or February.) Thus, the dates on the yearbooks appear a bit haphazard.

Fortunately, there were enough details in the biographies to sort out all of Dick's Berkeley years. Upon returning to California from Washington, D.C. in 1938, Dick went to Hillside Elementary in the fall, finishing fourth grade, and started fifth grade in the spring of 1939. He then switched to Oxford Elementary, finishing fifth grade in the fall of 1939, and graduated from sixth grade in the fall of 1940.

Dick entered Garfield Junior High in the spring of 1941, finishing seventh grade in the fall, and entering eighth grade in the spring of 1942. He then spent a year at California Prep boarding school in Ojai from the fall of 1942 to the spring of 1943. He then returned to finish the ninth grade at Garfield in the fall of 1943.

Dick entered Berkeley High in the spring of 1944, but soon left due to illness and did not receive any credit. He returned in the fall of 1944 (notably, switching his choice of language studies from Latin to German), and completed tenth grade in the spring of 1945. He then attended eleventh grade in the fall of 1945 and the spring of 1946. For twelfth grade, he attended in the fall of 1946, but left school again due to illness in the spring of 1947. He appar-



ently completed twelfth grade at home with a tutor and was allowed to graduate on time.

From the biographies, Dick's notable school friends prior to high school included George Kohler, Leon Rimov, and Pat Flannery. I found all three listed in the January 1944 Garfield Junior High yearbook, though there is no picture for Kohler. That yearbook corresponds to the fall of 1943 when Dick finished junior high, so all three friends presumably graduated with him. Dick himself is not listed or pictured; his graduation status may have been abnormal because of his year at boarding school, or he may have slipped through otherwise (or maybe in my rush I forgot to look up the Ds!).

In addition to Kohler, Rimov, and Flannery, Dick picked up other friends to various degrees in high school. The biographers named Gerald Ackerman, Richard "Dick" Daniels, and Ron Frankis. (Rickman's pseudonymous source "Steven Davis" appears to be Daniels.) I found pictures for all six in the Berkeley High yearbooks. Ackerman graduated in the Spring of 1946--his yearbook and photograph make a cameo appearance in "The Penultimate Truth About Philip K. Dick" documentary. The "Electric Crew" photo from PKDS newsletter #12 also appears in that yearbook. Kohler, Rimov, and Flannery are all in the fall 1946 yearbook. (Perhaps their absence in 1947 contributed to Dick's agoraphobia?) Daniels and Frankis are in the spring 1947 yearbook along with Dick, who is listed as "Camera Shy."



Another spring 1947 graduate is Ursula Kroeber (Le Guin). She is known not to remember Dick from school, though they were in the same graduating class. I also found Ursula's picture in the Garfield yearbook for spring 1944.

Finally, there are the girlfriends, or the girls Dick worshipped from afar. The only one I looked for in the yearbooks was a girl Dick named in a 1974 letter to his daughter Laura. He confessed that he had named her for Lora Heims, "the first girl I ever dated," in junior high (Sutin page 36). Sure enough, there is Lora Heims in the Berkeley High yearbook for fall 1946.

The photos in this article are the result of a quick search of a big stack of yearbooks. My review of the junior high yearbooks was especially haphazard. And of course the quality of my photos is also quite mediocre, though the source material is typically not so great either. A more careful effort, perhaps with a magnifying glass, or a longer list of names, might yield other treasures, especially from group pictures. A true Dick treasure hunter would want to look at all the marginalia in all the duplicate copies of the yearbooks at the library, just in case. Oh, and there are copies on classmates.com and eBay... Happy hunting!



Ursula Kroeber
(Le Guin)

TIME AND UNTELEPORTATION: More Fun Than A Thingism From Hell: Philip K. Dick's **THE UNTELEPORTED MAN**

by David Hyde

© October 2012

I started rereading **THE UNTELEPORTED MAN** in preparation for the 2012 Philip K. Dick Festival in San Francisco; I thought this strangest of his novels would put me in the correct weird frame of mind for the festivities. And it did, but that is a story that will be told elsewhere. Here I wish to describe the plot of **THE UNTELEPORTED MAN** with some of its features and link things together as best I can. This will not be easy and will require several attempts. If by the remote chance that someone who is reading this has not read Philip K. Dick's novel then I suggest you do so immediately before reading this. If not then incomprehensibility will follow. And for those of you who have read **THE UNTELEPORTED MAN** I urge you to read it again after reading this. It's a matter of time and unteleportation.

THE UNTELEPORTED MAN begins with the hero, Rachmael ben Applebaum, being hounded by a creditor balloon – a futuristic device used by creditors to dun debtors in public and which floats above the debtor's head, just out of reach, and berates them loudly to the amusement of the passers-by. A common annoyance in the novel and put to good use later in the story when a creditor balloon finds Rachmael and an alien called the eye-eater together and realizes that they are both debtors on its list, and cries.

"Zounds! I've caught two deadbeats AT THE SAME TIME!"

Rachmael is on his way to the LIES, Inc. office there to meet with Freya Holm (soon to be his love interest) and discuss obtaining miniaturized deep-sleep components so that he can take his spaceship, the Omphalos – his only remaining asset – on a long, lonely journey to the human colony known as Whale's Mouth on the ninth planet of the Fomalhaut star system. Rachmael needs these deep-sleep components so he can sleep through the 18-year journey from Earth to Whale's Mouth; a journey that, without them, would likely end in Rachmael going insane in-between here and there. LIES, Inc. is a powerful espionage business run by Matson Glazer-Holliday (sequestered in his satellite orbiting in a 'brocade ellipse' around the Earth)

and is a player in the three-way competition between the governing United Nations, a private business called Trails of Hoffman, Ltd., and itself.

Trails of Hoffman, Ltd. (or THL) is owned by Theodorick Ferry an American businessman who employs the Nazi-like Dr. Sepp von Einem, the inventor of the Telpor, or teleportation device in the story, as his chief strategist. THL uses the Telpor to transfer Earth's overcrowded billions to the paradisiacal Whale's Mouth colony on Fomalhaut IX. But, curiously – and noticed by Rachmael ben Applebaum and Matson Glazer-Holliday of LIES, Inc., the Telpor only goes one way: you can go to Whale's Mouth but you can't come back. Dr. von Einem's 'Theorem 1' explains that this is due to the outward flowing nature of space: teleportation works with the expansion of the universe only. Rachmael's suspicion of the Telpor and the fact that his only asset is an obsolescent deep-space ship, combined with his depression, is what motivates him to take the slow trip to Whale's Mouth in the first place. But why is THL so down on him? Why all the public scorn and creditor balloons? Rachmael wants to go to Whale's Mouth and find the truth there.

Trails of Hoffman, Ltd. is opposed by the world government in the body of the United Nations, or UN. Horst Bertold, another sinister German, runs the UN from his offices in New York. The UN runs Earth and THL runs the Whale's Mouth colony. The UN's main weapons experts in the sub rosa war with THL are Dr. Lupov and his assistant Jaime Weiss. The later battle between the UN and THL features Lupov and Weiss versus the warped geniuses of THL: Dr. Sepp von Einem and Gregory Gloch. The struggle is made personal by PKD in that Gloch used to work for the UN but left for THL and more money.

The forces are set, then, and it is Rachmael's determination that puts them on a collision course. Unable to obtain the deep-sleep components, Rachmael anticipates a long haul to Whale's Mouth in the Omphalos. But, LIES, Inc. owner, Mat-

son Glazer-Holliday, has other ideas: All the one-way good news and propaganda from Whale's Mouth has him believing there is only a small THL military establishment there. He imagines a huge power vacuum and sets the forces of LIES, Inc. in motion in a massive, all-out invasion via the public Telpors of Whale's Mouth.

And now the story gets complicated... This from



Sketch from the notebooks of Dave Hyde

here is the text expansion that we are now talking about; the one dismissed by Terry Carr.

When the LIES, Inc. agents get to Whale's Mouth via the commandeered Telpors, they find, not a light military presence but a massive garrison state – and they are in immediate trouble. Matson Glazer-Holliday himself goes over and is killed. Freya Holm is in trouble and on the run. But once news reaches Earth of the THL military preparations the UN decides to join in and sends its forces to Whale's Mouth to aid the beleaguered LIES, Inc. agents. To rescue Freya Holm, Rachmael decides to go along and is kitted out by the UN Advance Weapons Archive experts with a time-warping construct disguised as a common tin of Yucatan prophoz. Thus armed he takes the Telpor to Whale's Mouth, giving up on his 18-year journey to instead aid Freya Holm.

Stepping out of the Telpor, Rachmael is in a maelstrom of violent activity with battling soldiers everywhere. He is spotted by a THL soldier who shoots him with an LSD dart. This affects him instantly and from here on all is changed.

The chaos of a raging battleground now becomes a hellscape of hallucination for Rachmael ben Applebaum. He attacks the THL soldier and brings him down only to see something alien climb from his husk. It hates him, hates being seen. It is a wet, slobbery creature with huge mouth and a single large malevolent eye. He speaks to it in Latin, trying to get it to go away, and realizes that the thing will never go away as time no longer exists.

We next find Rachmael in a UN clinic, location unknown, probably somewhere on Whale's Mouth. He is in with a motley crew of ordinary people who all have been affected by THL's LSD weapon and are suffering from what the wash-psychiatrists call the 'Telpor syndrome'; hallucinating conflicting realities. Rachmael finds out that the oozing, wet hateful creature he saw is characteristic of what his companions – the 'weevils' – call Paraworld Blue. Other paraworlds include White, Silver, Green, and The Clock.

Rachmael phases in and out of his hallucinations, not knowing what is real. None of the other weevils do either; they have each seen a different Paraworld and they are all awful. Even the familiar sight of simulacra President Omar Jones of Whale's Mouth on the clinic TV set, spouting his 'jejune trash' to the no longer listening would-be colonists on Earth, is doubted. And the garrison state they found at Whale's Mouth along with it. No one knows the reality of the situation or of the world's. But

one thing they all agree on: if two people see the same reality then that is most likely the real one. And God forbid that should happen as they are all bad and Paraworld Blue with its disgusting cylopic cephalopods is the worst. And even though the weevils have heard of Paraworld Blue, the important thing is none of those present except Rachmael are experiencing it. So, for them reality is still undetermined.

Perhaps Hank Szantho, one of the weevils, comes closer to the truth when he blames it all on the frugging Mazdasts. These just introduced entities are the ones who programmed Rachmael – and them all – while they were discorporated during teleportation to Whale's Mouth -- to see their specific paraworlds. To which one of the weevils replies, "It wasn't a programming... it was a lack of programming!" The intended

hallucination of the happy holiday camp did not take. And what is left? Well, that's what they're all trying to figure out.

The hallucinations continue for Rachmael as the weevils argue about reality inconclusively. But we find out that the original indigenous creatures on Whale's Mouth, before THL showed up and possibly wiped them out, were the cyclopods – these same Mazdasts -- seen in Paraworld Blue. The point stressed in this section of chapter 11 is that the Mazdast programming did not take at the Telpor stations and what the weevils perceive as reality is not necessarily the real reality. And they don't want to agree on one of their horrible realities. The interest of the UN wash-psychiatrists is based on this: they know the LSD weapon is a THL device, inspired by Dr. von Einem in his Schweinfurt labs, they suspect the general holiday camp hallucination that works for most colonists is just that – a hallucination, and they want to find out from the weevils which of their realities truly obtains.

The weevils discuss whether the THL hallucinations are inspired by the UN's time-warping device that was pirated by Gregory Gloch, the UN progeny prodigy until he defected to THL. They realise that if time-warping is involved then each Paraworld can have its own validity. There is not one reality but as many as seen by the weevils – eleven in number, twelve if you include the initial garrison state vision and President Omar Jones, maybe more. Fiercely the weevils hold on to this last reality merely to have something to hold on to. They fear that if two of their group agree on the same hallucination then it will come true. Rachmael, with his Paraworld Blue threatens them because there is a chance that one of them shares the same perception of Paraworld Blue, and it is the worst

"An aquatic cephalapod with one working eye."

of the paraworlds. And as the weevils note, the danger is not so much to them but to the reality deciders of the UN and, thus, the rest of the world who, if Paraworld Blue obtains at Whale's Mouth, will have to deal with it.

Support for Paraworld Blue is given when Rachmael looks at the tv image of Omar Jones spouting his crap and the tv image notices him and transforms into an aquatic horror with the single dripping eye. Chapter 11 closes with something looking at Rachmael with its mouth, it had eaten most of its own eyes.

This confusion of realities is the result of the THL hallucination weapon. We can see it is a devastating one.

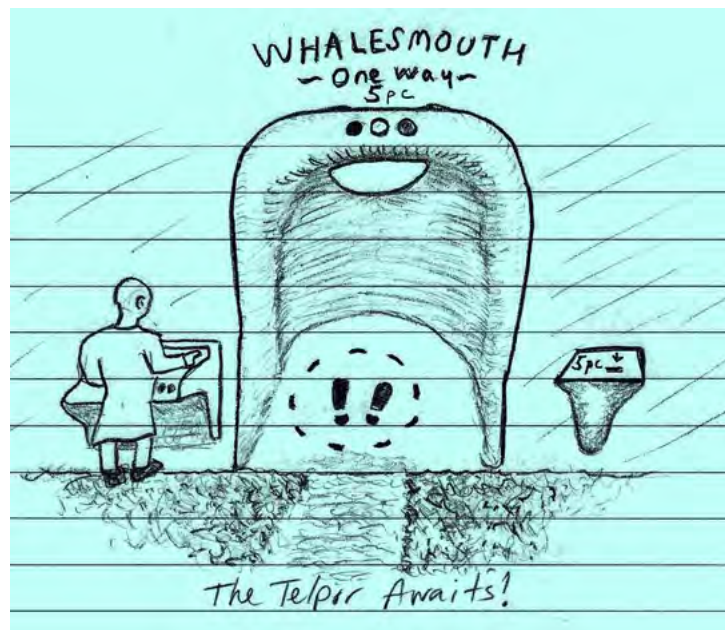
At this point in the novel PKD introduces us to the designers: Dr. Sepp von Einem and his "mysteriously – and rather repellently – gifted proleptic co-worker, Gregory Gloch, in his clanking, whirring anti-prolepsis chamber."

Data is fed continuously to Gloch in his chamber and he processes it and gives answers, suggestions and ideas to von Einem via reels of variable-speed tapes. While von Einem broods over his partner's strangeness he receives a report from the operator of fly 33408 – a super-minned spy device resembling a housefly that von Einem has sent to the UN Advance Weapon Archive to spy out the details of 'variation 3' of the UN's time-warping device. The fly operator, Bill Behrens, then goes on to describe this 'variation 3' – it is camouflaged exactly as the tin Rachmael ben Applebaum has in his pocket. Its effect, according to fly 33408, is that a false memory is implanted into the minds of key THL personnel to the effect that an old time TV character named Charley Falks becomes a fond and influential childhood memory. When von Einem with withering disdain states that he's never heard of Ole'Charley Falks, operator Behrens informs him that's because the UN has not yet planted the memory in his brain. This is all fed to Gregory Gloch in his chamber. Gloch is unhappy, he processes the information on this UN weapon and decides that the weapon is aimed at von Einem in the past with the intent of diverting him from his career path to another in which he does not invent the Telpor. Gloch devises a tactical response, but, as he's about to record his answer to von Einem his own attention is diverted from his reply by a new and annoyingly insinuating voice talking seemingly intel-

ligent babble that makes him forget his tactical response to this new UN weapon which is now attacking him via tape-delay on his automatic data feed! It turns out that 'variation 3' is this same folksy voice of Charley Falks, now planted in the memory of Gloch and now dominating his attention and bringing his data analysis to a halt, much to the concern of von Einem when he discovers it.

What amazing weapons we are discussing here! Perception-warping, reality destroying LSD darts versus debilitating babble delivered by a time-warpage device. I don't know about you, gentle reader reading this, but for me this is one of the most fantastic ideas PKD ever wrote.

And it's not fully developed yet, for we cannot forget the Mazdasts; because in **THE UNTELEPORTED MAN** the question is not "Is Deckard a replicant?" but "is Theodorick Ferry a Mazdast?" But what is a Mazdast? Well, its nothing simple, that's for sure... "An aquatic cephalopod with one working eye", as Gretchen Borbman, one of the weevils describes it; an oozing cyclopean entity emanating diseased malevolence; a native of Whale's Mouth, the ninth planet in the Fomalhaut system. Thanks to Hank



Szantho's suggestion that the Mazdasts are the confusers of reality and the later reading in The True and Complete Economic and Political History of Newcolonizedland by Freya Holm where Ferry actually turns into a Mazdast, give more weight to the idea that Theodorick Ferry is a Mazdast and, in effect, has been invading Earth for the last fifty years...

Before we expand on the Mazdast twist we'll take a closer look at the Trails of Hoffman owner:

Theodorick Ferry is an indeterminate being. He's found to be a simulacrum by Rachmael and Al Dosker, the LIES, Inc. pilot, when they meet him on Dosker's flapple and he flies apart like some mechanical thing, like, in fact, the Paraworld called 'The Clock'. Ferry returns much later in the story when Freya Holm reads of her meeting with him before it happens in the book The True and Complete Economic and Political History of Newcolonizedland. In this text Ferry changes into a Mazdast before her eyes. And, worse yet, this native of Fomalhaut IX infiltrated Earth the very first time mankind went to Whale's Mouth and came back. Which dovetails with the failure of the

holiday camp programming to take in the weevils at the Telpor gates, and, particularly with Paraworld Blue, which Rachmael sees.

But The True and Complete Economic and Political History of Newcolonizedland is a UN weapon, devised by Dr. Lupov and Jaime Weiss. It is not to be trusted in any respect. Indeed, it turns out in the end to be a Ganymedean life-mirror – a despicable lifeform on Ganymede that feeds one's own thoughts back to someone caught in its trap. The ultimate target of this book is Theodoric Ferry.

When Ferry turns up in person to see Freya Holm he bolsters her view of him as a Mazdast by turning into one. But when she employs her hidden gun he flies apart again like clockwork. Freya realises the book was wrong: Ferry is not a Mazdast but the scene is a manifestation of the Clock Paraworld and the earlier similar disintegration of Ferry on Al Dosker's flapple was another instance of the Clock. Which means... the paraworlds are not confined to Whale's Mouth but have already penetrated to Earth. Once again uncertainty rules and if Blue can turn into the Clock then even the paraworlds are unfixed. As for Earth, well, looks like we're up a creek reality-wise and our paddle of the basic knowledge of existence has long ago swirled off into Paraworld eddies in the stream of time. Like in Dick's novel THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRITCH, the characters do not know what is real. They will never find out before the novels end.

But there is one more appearance of Theodoric Ferry. This time, too, he is not himself but is pretending to be some nitwit named Mike Hennen traveling to Whale's Mouth via Telpor. Even so, he is quickly handed a copy of The True and Complete Economic and Political History of Newcolonizedland and begins to read about himself. Only the desperate intervention of von Einem allows Ferry to discard the book and avoid the trap of the Ganymedean life-mirror. In the last chapter Ferry returns at the controls of his spaceship with Freya Holm nearby before the second gap in the novel's text cuts the scene off and Rachmael ben Applebaum shows up with the eye-eater again, this time he is surrounded by eye-eaters as all the weevils become them. He twists the controls of his UN time-warping weapon and... finds himself back in the Fox's Lair restaurant about to collect the deep-sleep components again. This time he succeeds and he and Freya Holm prepare for the long flight to Whale's Mouth in the Omphalos to find the true reality there. The end.

So we're in an overall time loop and start over again near the beginning. This effort of mine to sort out the plot of **THE UNTELEPORTED MAN** has led us deeply into it instead. And I'm not done yet! Gotta dive back in because there are some things yet unexplained and, surely, to convert someone like, say, Terry Carr, to the appreciation that this novel is not hackwork but a finely structured story on a par with the best early novels that Philip K. Dick produced (On a level, I believe, with **THE MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE**, **EYE IN THE SKY**, **THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRITCH** and **A MAZE OF DEATH**) we must come up with a plot summary suitable for printing on the back cover of a mass-market paperback!

Ah, yes... "Paradise. One Way. In seconds the Telpor effect could teleport you from overcrowded Earth, 18 light years to the wide open spaces of Newcolonizedland. 40 million emigrants had found it the final solution to Earth's

problems of pollution and overcrowding. Maybe they were right. Rachmael ben Applebaum wasn't sure. Because there was a problem with the gateway to paradise. No one had ever returned." – back cover of **THE UNTELEPORTED MAN** (Berkley, 1983)

What a mini-masterpiece of succinctness is this blurb! Who writes these things? Wow! What a hook! I could not attempt such a brief but brilliant description. But I must simplify matters somewhat, at least...So another attempt at plot description:

For Earth's overcrowded billions a one-way trip via instant teleportation to the Whale's Mouth colony on Fomalhaut IX promises room to live and a happier life. But Rachmael ben Applebaum is suspicious. Why does no one return? He is in a position to find out as he is the owner of the last deep-space ship on Earth. He decides to take the 18-year trip to Whale's Mouth in his obsolete spaceship and plots to avoid the powerful enmity of Trails of Hoffman, Ltd., the owners of the Telpor and also Whale's Mouth. Rachmael enlists the aid of the international spy agency LIES, Inc. to help him get the deep-sleep components he will need for his long, slow trip to Whale's Mouth. The third major political entity is the United Nations, which is content to let THL transfer Earth's populace to Whale's Mouth but when LIES, Inc. sends its agents there en masse in an effort to wrest control of the colony world and finds there a military garrison which LIES, Inc. is not strong enough to fight, then the UN sends its troops to Whale's Mouth and joins LIES, Inc. in the war against

Blurb from the back of the 1976 UK Methuen Paperback

THE UNTELEPORTED MAN

Whale's Mouth was a planetary utopia for forty million Earth colonists—but none ever returned. It took only 15 minutes to get there by instant teleportation, but it was strictly a one-way journey. If you wanted to return, it was always possible to go the long way round—18 years each way by conventional spacecraft. No one relished that, of course. Then one man decided to try it, and encountered some very powerful opposition . . .

Trails of Hoffman, Ltd..

Rachmael ben Applebaum, unable to get the deep-sleep components and involved with LIES, Inc. when they invade Whale's Mouth, decides to take the Telpor trip there and rescue Freya Holm. When he exits the Telpor he is attacked by a THL soldier and shot with an LSD dart. Instantly the world changes for him and everyone in the story. What is reality? is the question asked here, and it is no idle one! The very nature of reality for mankind on Whale's Mouth – and on Earth – has to be decided. So we find Rachmael, along with fellow delusional hallucinationalists, being studied in a UN clinic. Each of these 'weevils' sees a different reality, or Paraworld. The one that Rachmael sees known as Paraworld Blue is the worst. The UN watches closely to see if any of the weevils have the same view of a Paraworld. This is critical because if they do, if, say, two of the weevils share Paraworld Blue, then the UN's thinking is that this particular Paraworld Blue is the real reality because it is shared; and, if not already the real reality, then, again because shared, has the danger of becoming the real reality. This is why the weevils are so scared in the UN clinic. If two of them do share the same Paraworld then the UN would shoot them. Better a dead weevil or two than a Paraworld Blue or The Clock.

These paraworlds, in a further twist, may be either a THL weapon or the result of a lack of programming by the Mazdasts during teleportation, with the further complication that THL itself in the person of Theodoric

Ferry may be possessed by the natives of Fomalhaut IX – the Mazdasts – and ever since the first faster-than-light (not teleportation) trip to Fomalhaut IX and back, the Earth has been invaded by these aliens, some fifty or sixty years ago...One can see the UN's concern! And appreciate the weapons they deploy in self-defense: the time-warping device, Dr. Bloode's

book, good Ole' Charley Falks – I shudder thinking of this character, like some childhood memory from hell, one of those cold-sweat feverish dreams of shredded madness where pure inanity makes the nightmare complete. Jaime Weiss! What a character! What a warped genius! And the relish he takes in his audio feed to Greg Gloch is gruesome to behold:

"Pun, there," a jovial masculine – somewhat elderly voice – was in the process of intoning. "Life of you, life lived over... see?" It then chuckled loudly in a comical but distinctly vulgar fashion. "Heh-heh," it gloated. "How you doin', ol' boy, Gloch there, ol' fella?"—Berkley, 1983 p175.

Jaime Weiss! I'm still laughing after copying out that quote. You can practically see him drooling with evil joy over his total control of Gloch in his prolepsis chamber. But Weiss is not dealing with idiots. This attack is countered by THL's von Einem with a homotropic dart that,

in the end, spells Weiss's doom. With this device PKD was far advanced of his times: surely military advanced weapons experts are working on something similar right now, to send a signal over the internet and make some terrorist computer explode in the operator's face! It could be done...



The Cover of the 1976 UK Methuen Paperback

When I first reread **THE UNTELEPORTED MAN**, starting just before the PKD Festival and continuing through it until I finished it last week, I got to chapter 13 and I sensed something important there that eludes me now, but I'll try to get at it. The sense of irreality established by Dick is raised to a new level with the introduction of the eye eaters in the person of the dead Matson Glazer-Holliday of LIES, Inc. What the hell is this thing that eats its own eyes, talks like a Laurel & Hardy version of Matson Glazer-Holliday, and in the funny scene mentioned above is dunned by the creditor balloon? Matson Glazer-Holliday is dead. Killed by the THL shortly after the invasion of Whale's Mouth. Yet here he is in the form of an eye-eater. Is this another Paraworld for Rachmael? No, because

"He was seeing it. Not a deformed, half-hallucinated, pseudo-image, but the actual presence of the underlying substrate-entity which inhabited or somehow managed to lodge itself in this Paraworld for long periods of time – possibly forever, he realized with a shudder. Possibly for the total, absolute duration of its existence."
– Berkley, 1983 p146.

And the creditor balloon's presence – something from the old world of Earth before the trip to Whale's Mouth and, therefore, supposedly real, ties all three characters together in the same place at least, affirming that a shared reality is a real one. It is not a hallucination and it can only be another form or variation of Paraworld Blue. In this world of the eye eater, Rachmael ben Applebaum, and the creditor balloon, PKD is very careful to tell us exactly what the eye eater is:

A zygote formed between the indigenous inhabitants of Fomalhaut IX and homo sapiens gives us evidence of the dominant aspect of the so-called 'Mazdast' genetic inheritance. From the twin radically opposing strains arises what nominally appears to be a pure 'Mazdast,' with the exceptional reorganization of the organs of sight, the cephalopodic entity otherwise manifesting itself intact and in its customary fashion. — Berkley, 1983 p154.

So the eye eater is something that just sort of nudged its way in to Paraworld Blue, showed up one day and barged in. Which makes sense: Rachmael has just read this quoted passage in Dr. Bloode's book. This particular version of the book is unique to Rachmael. It's a book of lies. It's a test of the effectiveness of the book as a weapon on Rachmael, preparatory to its use on other characters. Matson Glazer-Holliday as the eye eater is a UN device somehow (and that's the tricky part) inserted

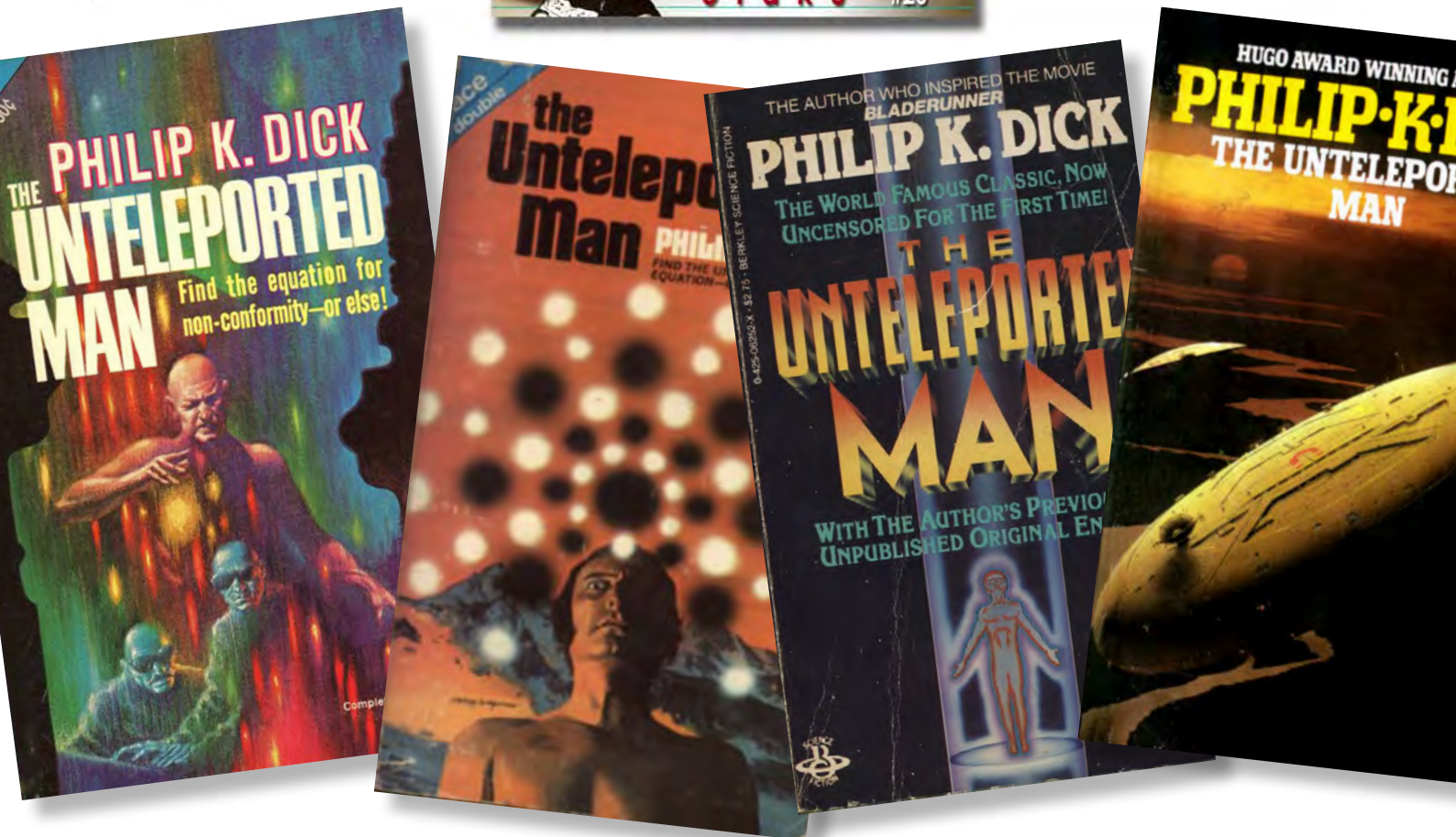
into Rachmael's hallucination so that he accepts the absolute validity of Dr. Bloode's book. The eye eater is an impellent, it impels Rachmael to read the book, and once inside it will, of course, be difficult for him to get out with his mind intact.

"The Unteleported Man is a unique experience for each reader"

The thought arises about the eye eater as zygote, and perhaps this is an alley that will profit from future thought, that is, the eye eater is a conclusion of Matson Glazer-Holliday, it says in the book. But is he not dead? Is PKD here introducing some theological aspect to an already extremely complicated story? Possibly,

but I think what is most likely is that Dick intends the eye eater as a means to deliver and give credibility to The True and Complete Economic and Political History of Newcolonizedland as an artifact from the 'real' world. Remember, Rachmael is tripping his brains out. Time is not for him. By no means have the effects of the LSD dart weakened. Rachmael succumbs to the book and is caught but soon it is lost to him when he rephases to find he's been diddling Gretchen Borbman back at the clinic. PKD provides the necessary background to convince Rachmael of the validity of the book: Matson Glazer-Holiday was deemed necessary by Lupov and Weiss so they inserted him into the hallucination as the eye eater. Dead or not, it didn't matter and questions of ontology were not even considered. The 'voice' of Jaime Weiss is all over the eye eater. Theodoric Ferry, Mazdast or no, picked the wrong people to mess with when he or it took on the best weapons experts that mankind could produce.

The plight of Freya Holm is something to consider too. After she and Rachmael take the Telpor to Whale's Mouth they never meet again until the story kicks back to the beginning again at the end. Her situation is similar to that of Rachmael's but she's also on the run. As a trained LIES, Inc. agent she has managed to avoid capture by THL only to be busted by a tour guide in a peripatetic bathroom. She's tossed about all over and eventually is handed a copy of The True and Complete Economic and Political History of Newcolonizedland by the two THL agents in the flapple. She realises this is a version of the UN's time-warpage device distorted by THL. But, in fact, her surmise is wrong, it is wielded by the UN. An unnecessary complication, it seems, until one considers the UN's ultimate purpose of trapping Theodoric Ferry somewhere where they can ensnare him in turn with the Ganymedeian life-mirror in the form of Dr. Bloode's book. Freya Holm plays the role of bait. This is how the UN knows where and when Theodoric Ferry is leaving Earth via Telpor to



Whale's Mouth. The attribution of the time-warping device to THL is a notion planted in Freya by the UN psychiatrists. And in case we want to assume that Freya Holm's reality is the 'real' one, perhaps spotting an oversight on PKD's part in that he just sort of wrote her in, the implication is made that she, too, is in a UN clinic somewhere undergoing numerous tests from "gadgets you use to keep people thinking along the exact lines you want," as she says to the deformed wash psychiatrist Dr. Lupov in the pseudo-spurious text of Dr. Bloode's book. There is no reality here.

In fact, there is much to consider in **THE UNTELEPORTED MAN** or **LIES, INC.** in its alternate title, The eye eater, for instance, is overjoyed by such idiotic low rent jokes as "the book business is hidebound" or "the hopes of the woolen industry are threadbare", the very sort of thing to drive someone nuts when asked to come up with one – as is Gregory Gloch in his chamber when introduced to this new game of 'Thingismtry' by Charley Falks:

"And now, little ol' Greg," the voice intoned, "how 'bout a Thingism from you'all, Eh?" Can you come up with one?

But I must end this article somewhere although it

is much fun writing about this funniest of all Philip K. Dick novels. Certainly I hope my thoughts here will rehabilitate the novel from its criticism as hackwork. No hack cranked this out but a man at the height of his powers with a new idea or two.

I'm still laughing!

Afterword:

The actual publishing history of Phil's story from 1964 novelette to multiple expanded versions with different titles takes some sorting out. It seems, like Dr. Bloode's book within the novel, that **THE UNTELEPORTED MAN** is a unique experience for each reader! The version I've just read is the Berkley 1983 edition, with gaps. A glance

"Perception-warping, reality destroying LSD darts"

through **PRECIOUS ARTIFACTS**, our PKD bibliography, shows that there are five, possibly

six published versions of this story. I have yet to find a copy of the Mariner edition so am not sure what the text is. I assume it follows the Vintage edition of 2004 which I also lack. I hope to have a second essay on the publishing history of **THE UNTELEPORTED MAN** soon, hopefully for the next PKD OTAKU.

Dave Hyde / Ward, CO 10-7-12.

PHILIP K. DICK ON LSD

by Patrick Clark

A Compilation of Philip K Dick's comments concerning LSD

"I've been on drugs (never mind what), and I experienced what they like to call an "expansion of consciousness." And I am now unfit for the real (you know, koinos kosmos) world. I never got back. I saw God & the Antagonist (related, as Bergman knew, to Death), even the hook of God."
(PKD to James Blish, May 22, 1964)

‘.the Redeemer -- Whom, I guess I mentioned, I saw in a drug-inducated [sic] "hallucination."
(PKD to James Blish, June 7, 1964)

"He left the other cap of acid for Nancy and me, and that night we divided it, each of us taking half a standard dose (I suppose about 75 mg). I had a theory that if you took such a small amount you might not go so deep into it, would retain more of a sense of reality and meantime enjoy colors and sounds, etc. I was right; at least for myself ... I saw all manner of joyous coloration, especially pinks and reds, very luminous and exciting, and I had several great insights into myself (e.g. that I had had two attacks of schizophrenia, one when I was six, the other when I was eighteen, and that my basic fear was a return of this). Nancy, it would seem, experienced nothing at all except as sense of well-being -- which I also had, before the color sensation began. I wonder why it didn't affect her more; I wonder, then, what a full dose would have done. Frankly, I'd like to get hold of some more; it was an altogether pleasant trip, one which I was sorry to see slide into the oblivion of the past."

(PKD to Jack Newkon, November 17, 1965)

"Recently I took yet another dose of LSD-25.... Under LSD I saw radiant colors, especially the pinks and reds; they shown like God Himself. Is that what God is? Color? But at least this time I didn't have to die, go to hell, be tormented, and then raised up by means of Christ's death on the cross into eternal sal-

vation. As I said to J.G. Newkom [a friend of Dick at this time] when I was free of the drug, "I don't mind going through the Day of Judgement again, after I die, but I just hope it wont last so long." Under LSD you can spend 1.96 eternities, if not 2.08.

Under LSD I have [sic] a vision of a seventh or eighth period of Beethoven: string quartets with chorus and four soloists.

Religion ought never to show up in SF except from a sociological standpoint, as in Gather Darkness [a novel by Fritz Leiber]. God per se, as a character, ruins a good SF story; and this is as true of my own stuff as anyone else's. Therefore I deplore my Palmer Eldritch book in that regard. But people who are a bit mystically inclined like it. I don't. I wish I had never written it; there are too many horrid forces loose in it. When I wrote it I had been taking certain chemicals and I could see the awful landscape that I depicted. But not now. Thank God. Agnus Dei qui tollis peccata mundi [Lamb of God who lifts the sins of the world]"
(*"Will the Atomic Bomb Ever Be Perfected?"* 1966)

"[He] has been experimenting with hallucinogenic drugs with the hope of developing a deeper concept of the invisible universe of unchange beneath the transient surface of day-to-day reality."

(*biographical note on the dust jacket of Now Wait for Last Year*, published 1966)

"I don't advocate any of the ideas in "Faith of Our Fathers"; I don't, for example, claim that the Iron Curtain countries will win the cold war -- or morally ought to. One theme in the story, however, seems compelling to me, in view of recent experiments with hallucinogenic drugs: the theological experience, which so many who have taken LSD have reported.

This appears to me to be a true new frontier; to a certain extent the religious experience can now be scientifically studied...and, what is more, may be viewed as part hallucination but containing other, real components. God, as a topic in science fiction, when it appears at all, used



Photo of Phil modified by Nick Buchanan

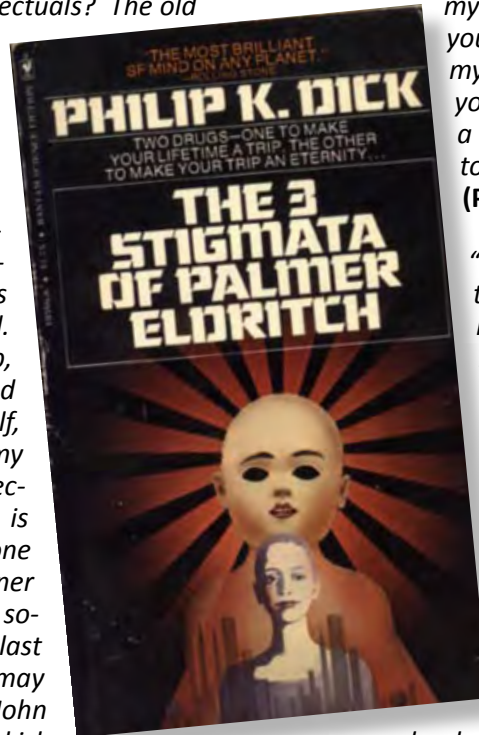
to be treated polemically, as in "Out of the Silent Planet." But I prefer to treat it as intellectually exciting. What if, through psychedelic drugs, the religious experience becomes commonplace in the life of intellectuals? The old atheism, which seemed to many of us – including me – valid in terms of our experiences, or rather lack of our experiences, would have to step momentarily aside. Science fiction, always probing what is about to be thought, become, must eventually tackle without preconceptions a future neo-mystical society in which theology constitutes a major force as in the medieval period. This is not necessarily a backward step, because now these beliefs can be tested – forced to put up or shut up. I, myself, have no real beliefs about God; only my experience that He is present...subjectively, of course; but the inner realm is real too. And in a science fiction story one projects what has been a personal inner experience into a milieu; it becomes socially shared, hence discussable. The last word, however, on the subject of God may have already been said: in A.D. 840 by John Scotus Erigena at the court of the Frankish king Charles the Bald. "We do not know what God is. God Himself does not know what He is because He is not anything. Literally God is not, because He transcends being." Such a penetrating – and Zen – mystical view, arrived at so long ago, will be hard to top; in my own experience with psychedelic drugs I have had precious tiny illumination compared with Erigena.

(Afterword to "Faith of Our Fathers" in the first edition of *Dangerous Vision* 1967)

"I suggest that everyone in the group read the Tibetan book of the dead compiled and edited by W.Y. Evans-Wentz, Oxford University Press, 1960, New York. Reason: the LSD experience resembles the Bardo Thodol existence (i.e. the period immediately following one's physical death). Same brilliant colored lights, same time-sense, etc. Question, then: is the LSD experience a sort of premature post mortem journey? And, if so, does this tend to indicate that reincarnation is a fact, that we've lived lives previous to this, and, after this, we will pass on to other lives? And can we verify this -- and experience this -- via LSD? So far I haven't come across any account of the LSD experience in which this aspect is considered. To see a relationship between the LSD

experience and former and later lives. Added point: when I took LSD the first time I believe myself back in Rome, during the Punic Wars; I hallucinated a Roman ax buried in my side (I may have mentioned this to you before; if so, well, hmm). And I found myself able to use only Latin (oh, I told you that, too? Well, well.) Anyway, it's a point worth considering, even if only to discard it."

(PKD to Rich Brown, July 18, 1967)



"The general term which is given to these poets is "metaphysical." But, as I have said before, such terms mean nothing now that we have psychedelic drugs. There have been two times when under the influence of such drugs I have had a clear picture of God, or whatever you want to call IT or Him. In the first experience I saw Him as a vast, awful, evil, brooding entity hanging over the landscape, with slots – empty slots – for eyes. (I subsequently wrote it all up in my book *THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRICH*) which is a "trip"

book. For days He hung there above the landscape watching me with those empty-slot eyes. Finally He (or It) went away, for which I am most glad. The second time (under LSD) I perceived Him as a pulsing, furious, throbbing mass of vengeance – seeking authority, demanding an audit (like a sort of metaphysical IRS agent). Fortunately, I was able to utter the right words: "Libera me, Domine, de morte aeterna, in die illa tremenda, quando coeli movendi sunt et terra, dum veneris judicare saeculum per ignem. Tremens factus sum ergo, et timeo," etc., and hence got through it. I also saw Christ rise to heaven from the cross, and that was very interesting, too (the cross took the form of a crossbow, with Christ as the arrow; the crossbow

launched Him at terrific velocity – it happened very fast, once he had been placed in position). And as to other happenings vis-à-vis LSD, I have already narrated."

(PKD to Rich Brown, August 21, 1967)

"...The scene around her became dull, the light faded and she saw only darkness. Seth Morley, she tried to say but no sound came out. And yet she heard noise; she heard something huge and far off, chugging violently into the darkness.

'God per se, as a character, ruins a good SF story.'

She was alone.

Thud, thud, came the noise. Now she saw iridescent color, mixed into a light which traveled like a liquid; it formed buzzsaws and pinwheels and crept upward on each side of her. Directly before her the huge Thing throbbed menacingly; she heard its imperative angry voice summoning her upward. The urgency of its activity frightened her; it demanded, rather than asked. It was telling her something; she knew what it meant by its enormous pounding. Wham, wham, wham, it went and, terrified, filled with physical pain, she called to it. "Libera me, Domine," she said. "De morte aeterna, in die illa tremenda."

It throbbed on and on. And she glided helplessly toward it. Now, on the periphery of her vision, she saw a fantastic spectacle; she saw a great crossbow and on it the Intercessor. The string was pulled back; the Intercessor was placed on it like an arrow; and then, soundlessly, the Intercessor was shot upward, into the smallest of the concentric rings.

"Agnus Dei," she said, "qui tollis peccata mundi." She had to look away from the throbbing vortex; she looked down and back...and saw, far below her, a vast frozen landscape of snow and boulders. A furious wind blew across it; as she watched, more snow piled up around the rocks. A new period of glaciation, she thought, and found she had trouble thinking – let alone talking – in English. "Lacrymosa dies illa," she said, gasping with pain; her entire chest seemed to have become a block of suffering. "Qua resurget ex favilla, judicandus homo reus." It seemed to make the pain less, this need to express herself in Latin – a language which she had never studied and knew nothing about. "Huic ergo parce, Deus!" she said. "Pie Jesu Domine, dona eis requiem." The throbbing continued on.

A chasm opened before her feet. She began to fall; below her the frozen landscape of the hell-world grew closer. Again she cried out, "Libera me, Domine, de morte aeterna!" But still she fell; she had almost reached the hell-world, and nothing meant to lift her up.

Something with immense wings soared up, like a

great metallic dragon fly with spines jutting from its head. It passed her, and a warm wind billowed after it. "Salve me, fons pietatis," she called to it; she recognized it and felt no surprise at seeing it. The Intercessor, fluttering up from the hell-world, back to the fire of the smaller, inner rings.

Lights, in various colors, bloomed on all sides of her, she saw a red, smoky light burning close and, confused, turned toward it. But something made her pause. The wrong color, she thought to herself. I should be looking for a clear, white light, the proper womb in which to be reborn. She drifted upward, carried by the warm wind of the Intercessor...the smoky red light fell behind and in its place, to her right, she saw a powerful, unflickering, yellow light. As best she could she propelled herself toward that.

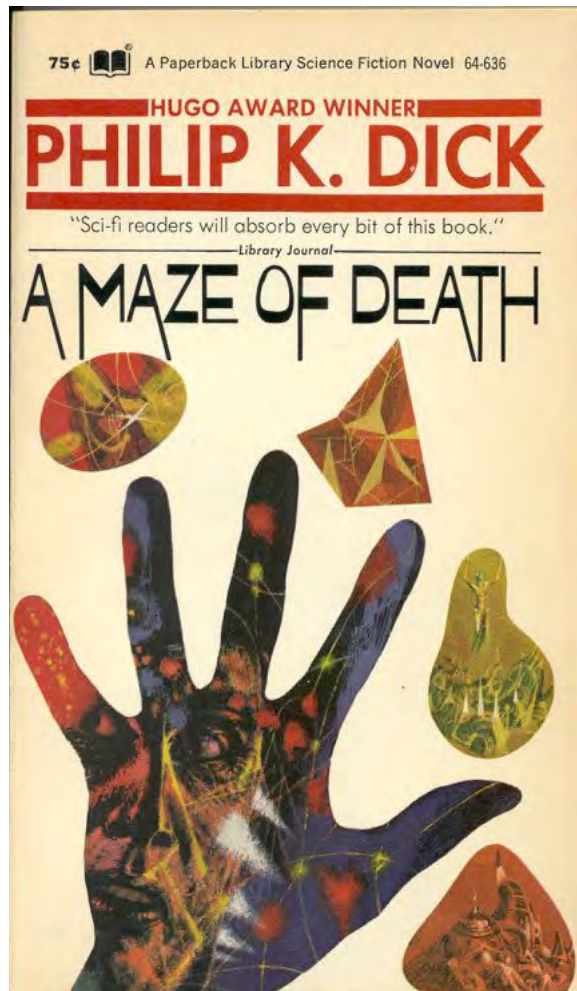
The pain in her chest seemed to have lessened; in fact her entire body felt vague. Thank you, she thought, for easing the discomfort; I appreciate that. I have seen it, she said to herself; I have seen the Intercessor and thought it I have a chance of surviving. Lead me, she thought. Take me to the proper color of light. To the right new birth.

The clear, white, light appeared. She yearned toward it, and something helped propel her. Are you angry at me? She thought, meaning the enormous presence that throbbed. She could still hear the throbbing,

but it was no longer meant for her; it would throb on throughout eternity because it was beyond time, outside of time, never having been in time. And – there was no space present, either; everything appeared two dimensional and squeezed together, like robust but crude figures drawn by a child or by some primitive man. Bright colorful figures, but absolutely flat...and touching.

"Mors stupebit et natura," she said aloud. "Cum resurget creatura, judicanti responsura." Again the throbbing lessened. It has forgiven me, she said to herself. It is letting the Intercessor carry me to the right light.

Toward the clear white light she floated, still uttering from time to time pious Latin phrases. The pain in her chest had gone now entirely and she felt no weight;



her body had ceased to consume both time and space.

Whee, she though. This is marvelous.

Throb, throb, went the Central Presence, but no longer for her; it throbbed for others now.

The Day of the Final Audit had come for her – had come and now had passed. She had been judged and the judgment was favorable. She experienced utter, absolute joy. And continued, like a moth among novas, to flutter upward toward the proper light.”

(A Maze of Death Chapter 11; written 1968)

“My first LSD experience, by the way, confirmed my vision of Palmer Eldritch; I found myself in the hell-world, and it took almost two thousand (subjective) years for me to crawl up out of it.”

(PKD to Bruce Gillespie, June 8, 1969)

“In the novel, Maggie Walsh’s experiences after death are based on an L.S.D. experience of my own. In exact detail.”

(Author’s Foreword to A Maze of Death published 1970)

“Three months ago I took some mescaline [sic] and had many insights, which, by the way, I’ve never gotten from acid.”

(PKD to Roger Zelazny; August 17, 1970)

“Just now I started looking for my volume of Yeats’ collected poems from which to transcribe that one, and I couldn’t find it right away and panic seized me. I felt as if I’d taken acid; you know, groping down a terrifically long tube at something miles away.”

(PKD to Valerie McMillan; August 19, 1970)

“It [*Flow My Tears, The Policeman Said*] is the first really new thing I’ve done since *EYE IN THE SKY*. The change is due to a change that overcame me from having taken mescaline, [sic] a very large dose that completely unhinged me. I had enormous insights behind the drug, all having to do with whom I love. Love. Will love.”

(PKD to Sandra Miesel; August 27, 1970)

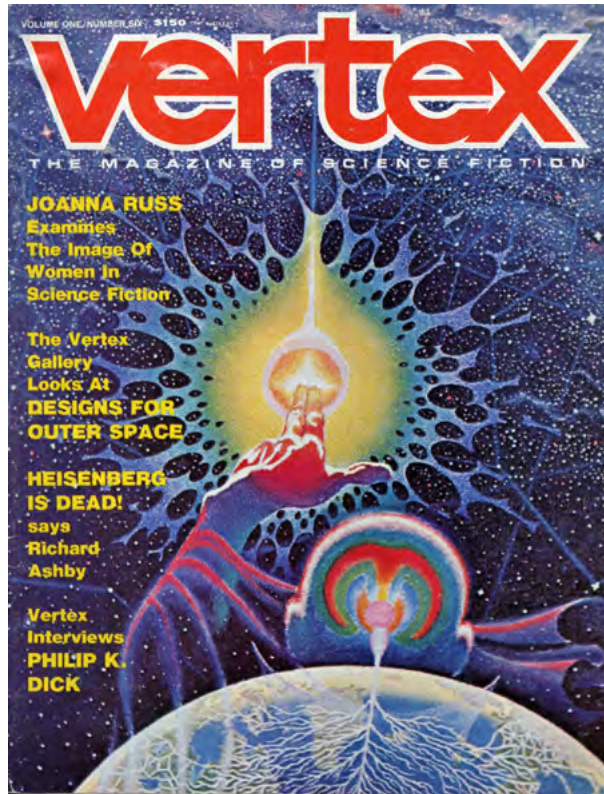
“I have a strange relationship with Latin, by the way, as I’ve probably mentioned. When I take acid I can speak and write in Latin; when I haven’t – ah, I did tell you. Okay.

But I still find it spooky.”

(PKD to Valerie McMillan; September 8, 1970)

“We were doing fine for years and then someone slipped Nancy some LSD and it was all over. I doubt if she will recover, now. So much for the mind-expanding drugs; the expansion is the yawning gap of the grave.”

(PKD to “Bob;” 1972 quoted in The Dark Haired Girl, 1988, page 101)



“Claudia, this stuff could change our world. And I’m beginning to think that it is true. For me it has become a series of inner revelations night after night.”

“God is head of the Communist Party. He is evil. You see him not when you take psychomimetic drugs, but when you don’t. As long as you’re spaced out on LSD and other psychedelics it’s okay; you see standard reality; it’s when you sober up that you see this awful clacking, clanking horror which is God.”

(Letter to Claudia Krenz, July 15, 1974.)

“...In any case I wish you to add the following addition to my “Afterword” which appears on galley page 203 (to the story “Faith of Our Fathers”):

In his introduction to “Faith of Our Fathers” Harlan gives the misleading impression that my story was written under the influence of LSD. This is not so. About all a person can write while on LSD, I have found, is his own short and involuntary obituary. What did influence this story was my desire to produce the most frightening vision I could imagine. Sometimes I think I did too well. I’m just glad this vision isn’t true.”

(Letter to Olga Vezeris [at Signet Books] November 13, 1974)

VERTEX: You are known as one of the first authors to experiment with LSD. What effect has it had on your writing?

DICK: I don’t know of any. It’s always possible that it’s had an effect I don’t know about. Take my novel *The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch*, which deals with a tremendous bad acid trip, so to speak. I wrote that before I had



ever seen LSD. I wrote that from just reading a description of the discovery of it and the kind of effect it had. So if that, which is my major novel of a hallucinogenic kind, came without my ever having taken LSD, then I would say even my work following LSD which had hallucinations in it could easily have been written without taking acid.

VERTEX: Isn't "Faith of Our Father's," from Harlan Ellison's *Dangerous Visions*, supposed to have been inspired by or written under the influence of acid?

DICK: That really is not true. First of all, you can't write anything when you're on acid. I did one page once while on an acid trip, but it was in Latin. Whole damn thing was in Latin and a little tiny bit in Sanskrit, and there's not much market for that. The page does not fall in with my published work. The other book which suggests it might have been written with acid is *Martian Time-slip*. That too was written before I had taken any acid.

VERTEX: How much acid did you take anyway?

DICK: Not that much. I wasn't getting up in the morning and dropping acid. I'm amazed when I read the things I used to say about it on the blurbs of my books. I wrote this myself: "He has been experimenting with hallucinogenic drugs to find the unchanging reality beneath our delusions." And now I say, "Good Christ!" All I ever found out about acid was that I was where I wanted to get out of fast. It didn't seem more real than anything else; it just seemed more awful.

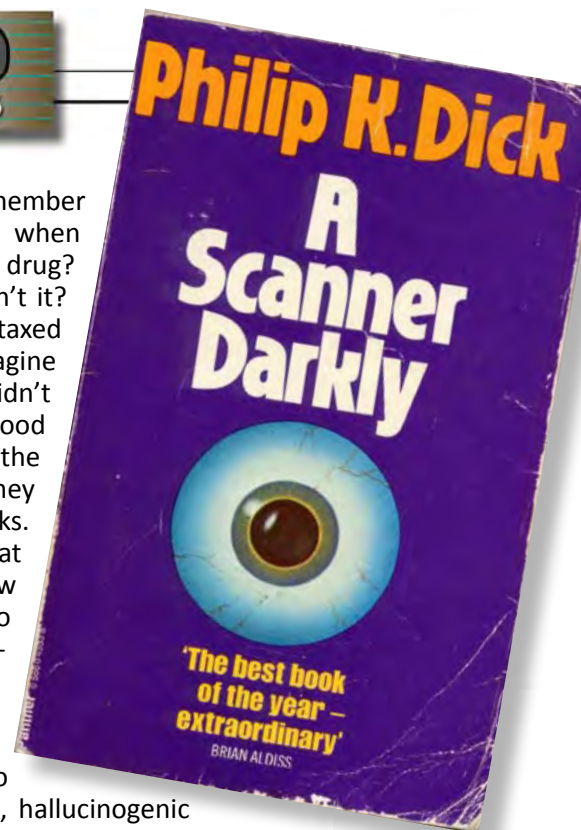
VERTEX: In the light of your own experiences with acid, how accurate do you think *The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch* is as far as drugs are concerned?

DICK: You remember what happened when they got on that drug? It was bad, wasn't it? It was so bad it taxed my ability to imagine bad. And it didn't do them any good to stop taking the drug because they had flashbacks. And nobody at the time knew LSD was going to produce flashbacks. I had it in mind that the ultimate horror would be to get an addictive, hallucinogenic drug out of your system and you would say, "Well, I'm back in the real world now." And suddenly a monstrous object from the hallucinogenic world would cross the floor and you would realize that you were not back. And this is what has happened to many people who have dropped acid. It was just an accidental prophecy on my part.

VERTEX: Doesn't your latest novel, *A Scanner Darkly*, also deal with drugs?

DICK: It's about an undercover agent who must take dope to conceal his cover and the dope damages his brain progressively, as well as making him an addict. The book follows him along to the end until his brain is damaged to such an extent that he can no longer wash pots and pans in the kitchen of a rehabilitation center. I hope the reader won't say, "Boy! I bet he did that!" This is the verisimilitude the author is trying to create, the sense that the novel actually is real. Now I was at a heroin rehab center in Canada, and I did draw from it, and I've had friends who dropped acid and became permanently psychotic. And a number who killed themselves too. But I wouldn't say that it affected my writing directly, that the acid wrote the book. ("Vertex Interviews Philip K. Dick" Feb. 1974)

"I've been reading my own novel A MAZE OF DEATH. There is no doubt; it is shot full of Zoroastrian doctrine, far beyond what I thought. I can't think of any single explanation for this; part must have been derived from what I had



'I tell you, I went straight to hell, was what happened..'

read (I had already written an S-F novel in the '50s based on this dualistic religion called *THE COSMIC PUPPETS*, for Ace Books), some on what Jim Pike said, and my own LSD vision from 1964 which is depicted with exact accuracy in the novel. But until today I had no idea that this vision, which I had before I met Jim Pike, was totally Zoroastrian; in fact it was only a few days ago that by chance...I came across material in Joseph Campbell's *ORIENTAL MYTHOLOGY*, by accident, which knocked me flat inasmuch as what Campbell says shows my LSD vision to have been Zoroastrian beyond any doubt.

...When I had the vision in 1964 and when I wrote the novel in 1968 I did not know that the vision of a frozen hell belonged solely to the Persian dualistic religion...."

(PKD to Claudia Bush: July 15, 1974)

What about this religious element in the later books?

"I'd always been interested but about five years ago it became more than that, when I became an adult convert to the Episcopal church. I needed to take the sacrament, urgently. I had this experience of absolute evil. I was married with four children and many animals, a very gregarious life until my then wife decided my typing interfered with her meditation. I found a little shack or \$25 a week, in the middle of empty pastures. I was alone there all day, didn't see a single soul. It was like sensory deprivation.

"There flooded in the perception of something in the sky. I wasn't on LSD or any other drug, not at the time; just this deprivation of the sense of other living things about me. What I saw was some form of evil deity...not living but functioning; not looking so much as scanning, like a machine or monitor. It had slotted eyes and always hung over one particular spot. I've used it for the title of my next-but-one story, *A Scanner Darkly*.

"I really believe there is an evil archetype or form-destroyer – eidos-destroyer – normally kept at a distance from us

by society, friendship, conviviality, but which can strike at us when alone. This is what happens in mental illness, this is why LSD is such a deadly drug: it exposes you alone. I've experimented with LSD but always under control."

("Even Sheep Can Upset Scientific Attachment": London Daily Telegraph, 1974)

"In answer to the questions in your letter, I would say:

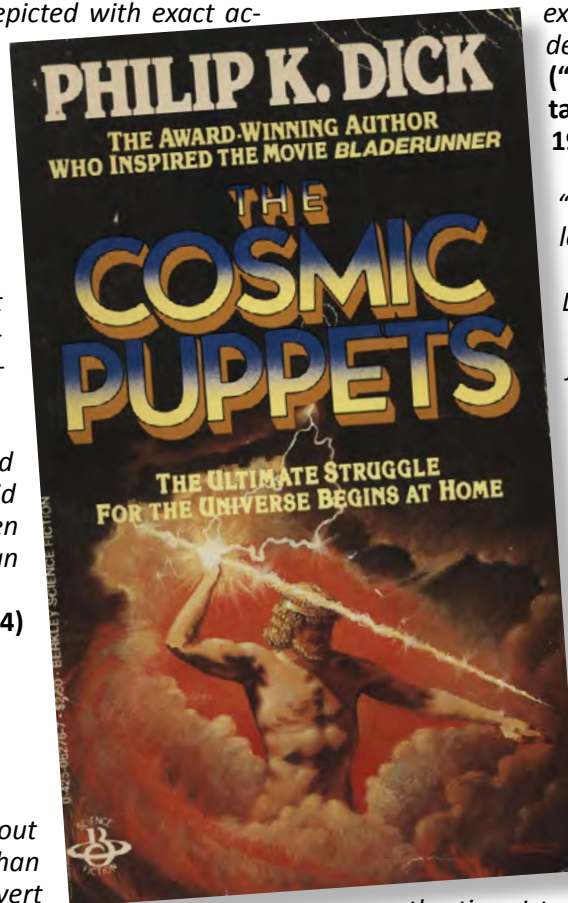
- 1) I have taken amphetamines, LSD. Mescaline and phenothiazines
- 2) I have used amphetamines for energy in order to write, since I was paid very little for each novel and story, and so had to write a lot; whether the amphetamines influenced the content of what I wrote I do not know.
- 3) I used amphetamines for about 18 years. They were prescribed for me due to depression.
- 4) No drug trip has ever inspired me to write anything except a small passage in my novel *A MAZE OF DEATH* that part being based on my first LSD experience (I took LSD only twice).
- 5) I take no drugs at all now. Keep in mind that during the time I took amphetamines their harmful effects were not known. The same can be said for LSD.
- 6) Yes, I certainly have used stimulants to make a deadline; i.e. the amphetamines.
- 7) I do NOT recommend that other writers – or other people in general – take drugs; it's not worth it. Soon I will have a novel out dealing with this, called *A SCANNER DARKLY* (January of next year, Doubleday).
- 8) My drug experiences have allowed me to write more, but probably not better. *A SCANNER DARKLY*, written without the use of drugs, is certainly my best novel.

Further comment: drug use is a major mistake and I regret ever having become involved in it. I have seen too many people die or become permanently psychotic because of

drugs."

(PKD to Dwayne Boggs September 9, 1976)

"But one of the things I have noticed is that when I write a book -- I mean, I'm not sure if I'm precognitive or not -- but I have noticed that when I write a book, very often



"The inner realm is real too."

the events of my life will later resemble events described in the book. This is really true, and it has become quite frightening to me. For instance, I wrote **THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRITCH** before I had ever seen LSD, seen anybody take LSD, or read anything much except maybe one article by Huxley about LSD. Certainly nothing much about LSD, just the kind of romanticism of Huxley, who spoke of, you know, the kind of la-de-da, you know, opening all the doors as if it was just a magic key. And the horrific trips were something of course that he did not go into. Paul Williams simply did not believe I had written that book before I had had any contact with LSD. He checked with people before he was willing to believe that.

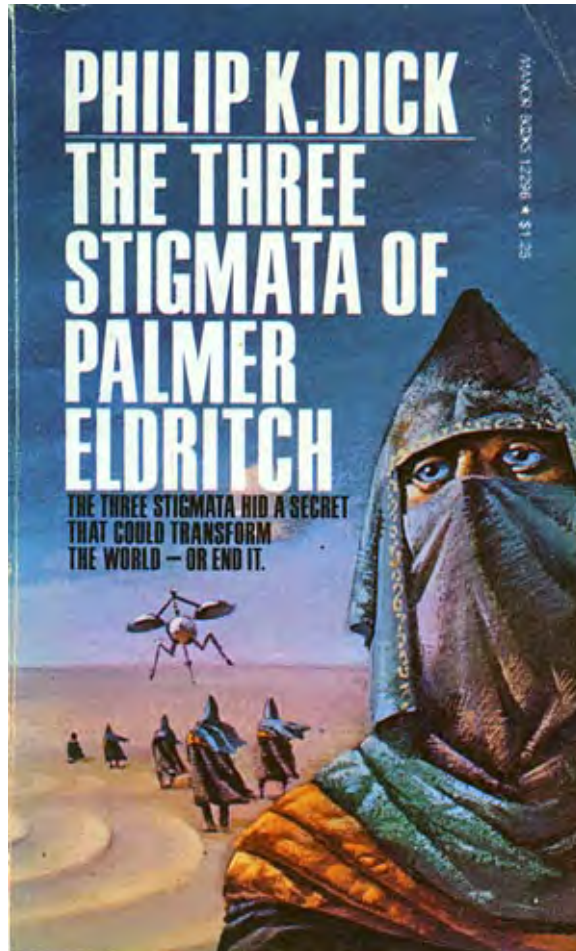
[...]

Actually, I don't think we can say till the memory sets in, till that anamnesis sets in. And when it sets in, as it begins to occur, it will be the great turning of the cosmic wheel for mankind, and the universe.

I'm very optimistic about it. I think it's gonna be a really exciting thing. And although I put down drugs, and I certainly don't recommend that anybody take them, I think that some of the people who took LSD experienced a little of this. And I think that there was a certain validity in what, like, Huxley said about the doorways of perception. And Castenada, too, and things like that -- people who were working with some of the mescaline-type drugs -- that there is another reality very close, that's impinging on our reality, and will probably very soon break through to our reality. Either we will break through to it, or it will break through to us. But the two will impinge on the other, and we will suddenly discover we are in a world which has more dimensions to

it than we had thought."

("An Interview with Philip K. Dick": Science Fiction Review September 1976)



"But I certainly don't advocate the use of drugs. However, one thing that I took that I did like was mescaline. Mescaline is fascinating, it it's good mescaline and not bad acid, weak acid. I took mescaline once and it really was psychedelic -- and altered state of consciousness. It put me in touch with my deepest feelings. It put me I touch with feelings that I wasn't aware that I had. That is, it put me in touch with myself. And it was really marvelous."

("So I Don't Write About Heroes," Fall 1977)

"There's nothing good about drugs. Drugs kill you and they break down your head. They eat your head. In "White Rabbit," Grace Slick says, "feed your head." But I say, "What are you really feeding it?" You're feeding it itself. Drugs cause the mind to feed on itself.

Look, I'll be honest with you. There was a time in my life when I thought drugs could be useful, that maybe if you took enough psychedelics you could see beyond the illusion of the world to the nature of ultimate reality. Now I think all you see are the patterns in the rug turning into hideous things.

A friend of mine had a shower curtain with tigers on it. You know, one of those prints. During an LSD trip once, the tigers started

moving and tried to eat him. So he ran outside into the back yard and burned the shower curtain.

That epitomizes drugs to me: some guy in his back yard burning his shower curtain.

I used to think that drugs put you in touch with

'I used to talk like I was really into acid. But the fact of the matter is that I took it two times'

something. Now I know that the only thing they put you in touch with is the rubber room of a psychiatric hospital.” (Interview with Joe Vitale October 1978)

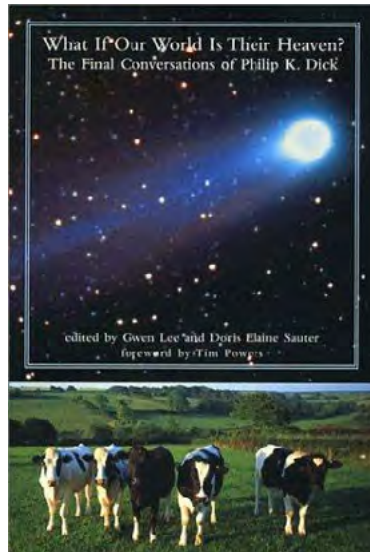
“The only drugs I took regularly were amphetamines, in order to be able to write as much as I had to write to make a living.

...I used to talk like I was really into acid. But the fact of the matter is that I took it two times, and the second time, it was so weak a dose, it may not even have been acid. The first time, though, it was Sandoz acid, a giant capsule I got from the University of California, a friend and I split it, it must have been a whole milligram of it, we bought it for five dollars, and I tell you, I went straight to hell, was what happened. The landscape froze over, there were huge boulders, there was a deep thumping, it was the day of wrath and God was judging me as a sinner. This lasted for thousands of years and didn’t get any better, it just got worse and worse. I felt terrible physical pain and all I could talk was in Latin. Most embarrassing, because the girl I was with thought I was doing it to annoy her. I was whining like some poor dog that’s been left out in the rain all night and finally the girl said, Oh, barf and walked out of the room in disgust.

About a month later I got the galley proofs for **The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldrich** to read over, and I thought, oh dear, I can’t read these, they’re too scary. That book of course is my classic “LSD novel” even though all I had to go on when I wrote it was an article by Aldous Huxley about LSD. But all the horrible things I had written seemed to have come true under acid.

...I regarded drugs as dangerous and potentially lethal, but I had a cat’s curiosity. It was my interest in the human mind that made me curious about psychotropic drugs. These were essentially religious strivings that were appearing to me. By the time of **Three Stigmata** I had be-

come a convert to the Episcopal Church.” (Interview with Charles Platt, May 1979)



“I’ll bet I was able to write **UBIK** because of partially having had a time-into-space-conversion experience prior to writing it (maybe due to psychedelics).” (Exegesis [11:12] December 1979)

“I remember one time, I – the first time I took LSD, uh, I had a friend play only music that I was very familiar with [...] – I had him play, I tried to think of music that was very innocuous. I mean, I didn’t want no sudden surprises. You know, no surprising stuff. I didn’t want any surprises. I didn’t want any loud noises, I didn’t want anything to scare me while I was on LSD, so had him play Beethoven quartets. So he just played Beethoven quartets. Well

I was sittin’ there and all of a sudden the music got real strange, and it got even stranger and it started to slow down, and the notes began to separate and the music stopped and just continued the last notes and played forever and finally turned into a spiny cactus that I could see and there’s a name for that and it begins with “s” and I can’t say it. I looked it up, it’s a word called like “syntheses” or something -- you can look it up – it’s where you convert one sense to another, a sound into, a sound into video and video into sound, or something like that. Because of, I got that. So I saw the Beethoven quartet as a cactus. And with each, with each progression into the next measure, the cactus would grow more complex, so it was accretional. It didn’t, it wasn’t, it wasn’t, uh, successive any longer, it was accretional. And it grew larger and larger and more complex.” (Interview with Gwen Lee January 15, 1982)



Cacti montage by Nick Buchanan (who found it in the preserving machine)

This collection of quotes is intended as a companion piece to ‘Philip K. Dick’s Adventures with LSD’ (PKD-Otaku #25)



Letters to the Editor

Highs Inc.

I enjoyed reading “Philip K. Dick’s Adventures with LSD” in PKD Otaku #25. It is full of good research and is a great framework for continued discussion of a perennial topic.

My theory, consistent with what Dick generally said publicly, is that **THREE STIGMATA** was not a post-LSD-trip novel. The evil-face-in-the-sky vision (or hallucination), which Sutin places in the second half of 1963 rather than 1964, appears more likely the result of Dick overusing his piles of prescription drugs, possibly augmented by his supposed raids on his mother’s medicine cabinet during his retreats to Berkeley. Aside from there being no apparent sources of LSD for Dick in Point Reyes Station (or his mother’s medicine cabinet), it just doesn’t make sense that he would choose a walk to the “hovel” as a time to have an acid trip. Thus, the May 22, 1964 letter to James Blish cited in the article, attributing the “hook of God” and other visions to unnamed drugs, was not about LSD.

I believe that Dick’s first writing after taking LSD was a novel not mentioned in the article, namely the expanded version of “**The Unteleported Man**” (Berkley 1983; Dick’s ca. 1979 revised version remains in print as **LIES, INC.**). One of his editors at Ace, Terry Carr, described the addition to the original novella as follows (PKDS newsletter #6):

“I discovered that what Phil had done was break into the narrative at its crucial point by having someone shoot the narrator with what amounted to an LSD dart, and then he spent 25,000 or 30,000 words telling us about the ‘acid trip’ the protagonist had, after which Phil returned to the original text which had wrapped up the story. The material Phil wrote in the ‘acid trip’ section had nothing to do with anything (it was a great description of an acid trip but honestly, all of it was quite irrelevant to the story)...”

Why was Dick suddenly writing at length about an acid trip? From the SMLA records, he apparently completed the novella version of “**The Unteleported Man**” in August

1964. The story, commissioned to match a cover for “**Fantastic**,” was published in the issue dated December 1964 (and in 1966 as half of an Ace double). The story does not feature LSD or the like, though there is yet another “gaff” hook reference at the end of the sixth chapter. Dick apparently did not send any other completed works to his agent before the expanded-to-novel-length acid trip version of “**The Unteleported Man**” in May 1965. In the November 1965 letter to Jack Newkom discussed in the article, Dick tells outright about dropping acid with Nancy. Whether he was describing his first acid trip in the letter, it seems most likely to me that Dick, whose romance/affair with Nancy started around autumn 1964, had his first experi-

ence with LSD during the dry spell between August 1964 and whenever he started churning out the expansion of “**The Unteleported Man**” that he finished by the next May.

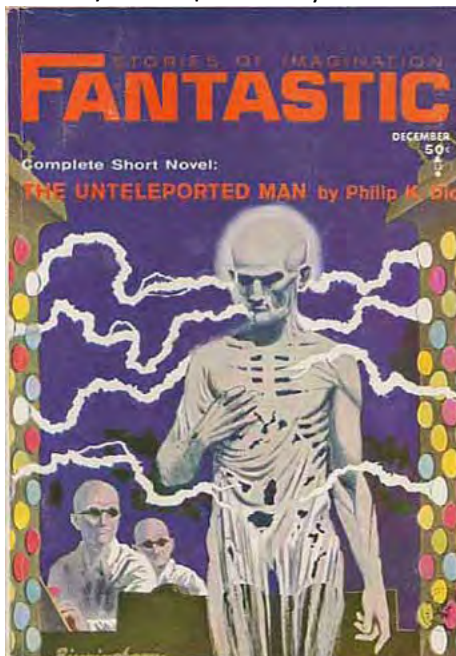
Frank Hollander

Editor Replies:

I am grateful to Frank for reminding me of **THE UNTELEPORTED MAN**, a work I completely overlooked but one quite germane to the discussion of Phil and LSD. The novel’s history is quite complicated. The first half was finished in August (received by SMLA8/26/64). The contract for the expansion requested by Ace Books was signed in early November of that year. In a Jan.10, 1965 letter to Carol Carr, Phil writes, “After New Year’s

I went back to the expansion on **THE UNTELEPORTED MAN...**” (SL1 p. 172) However Phil didn’t finish the piece until May 1985 (received by SMLA 5/5/65). That is an unusually long time for Phil and it’s possible he had trouble with the book. (See Dave Hyde’s *Pink Beam* pp. 147-152 for a detailed discussion.)

In the expansion (**UTM** chapter 9; **LIES, INC** chapter 8), Rachmael Applebaum is shot with an LSD dart upon reaching the Whale’s Mouth colony and most of the rest of the work has to do with the effects of his long trip. This is certainly, then, the earliest detailed writing about LSD. Sutin believes Phil took acid on two occasions in 1964 (*Divine Invasion* p. 141) so by the time he began work on the expansion to **UTM** he certainly had first-hand experience with the drug. In **UTM** the elements of the trip are similar to later descriptions with the “hellscape,” slowed time so



that seconds seem like years, and speaking Latin. There are differences as well. Compared to Maggie Walsh's experience in **MAZE**, the **UTM** trip is much more detailed and it lacks a good deal of the religious imagery of the later description. Phil is pretty consistent about the elements of his LSD experience.

Frank's theory that overuse of prescription drugs explains the evil-face-in-the-sky vision of 1963 is certainly sound in that Phil apparently didn't even try LSD until 1964. But the reference Phil made to James Blish in a May 22, 1964 letter (SL1 p. 71) certainly sounds like acid to me in that Phil describes his experience as "what they like to call an 'expansion of consciousness.'" An "expanded consciousness" was essentially the slogan of acid as in, for instance, *LSD: The Consciousness-Expanding Drug* edited by David Solomon published in 1966. After Rachmael is shot with the LSD dart the THL soldier tells him to "enjoy your expanded consciousness." I don't see that living at Point Reyes would have been a problem in accessing the drug given its proximity to San Francisco and, in any case, Phil apparently tripped with his friends Jack Newkom and Ray Nelson who could have provided the drug themselves. Phil then might well have tried LSD prior to May 22. In a subsequent message to me, Frank speculated that possibly that Phil's "expanded consciousness" could have been the result of psychedelic mushrooms. This is certainly not out of the question. Of course, we don't know for sure. Absent some more letters speaking directly to the issue (the 1964 selection of letters is pretty sparse) we can really go no further.

- Patrick

Give me a hard copy, right there.

Hello, I being a PK Fan am really impressed by your magazine. I am FB friends with Anthony Peake, Nick Buchanan and Tessa B Dick and have had many an interesting conversation with them, on all manner of subjects including much of what Philip K. Dick wrote about. I am 52 and it was only 2 years ago I read my first Philip K. Dick novel since then I have devoured most of them.

It is nice to know that someone else formed the same conclusions that I did, it sort of confirms I am on the right track. For years now I have been telling all and sundry the Roman Empire never went away, it just changed form, ever so subtly, and it still governs and enslaves us today. I have asked Nick if hard copies of the mag can be purchased anywhere because I would like to get them if possible. Keep up the fantastic work I am going to promote your mag to family and friends. Being an ex pugilist I can say hand on heart its a knock out.

Best

Terry Allen

Editor Replies:

Terry, we are pleased that you are enjoying our publication. It is a labor of love, to be sure, so it is gratifying to hear from the readers. The Empire shows no signs of retreating; Phil would be disappointed. As for hard copies of PKD Otaku, I'm afraid that is really beyond our means though we have absolutely no objections to anyone making hard copies for their own use. By all means spread the word.

- Patrick



'Ancient Rome/USA' montage by Nick Buchanan 2012

RFA Review

by David Hyde

© October 2012

This film review of Radio Free Albemuth is abstracted from Dave's long memoir of the 2012 PKD Conference in San Francisco. Spoiler alert.

Back in the Nob Hill room the eating was winding down and David Gill stood up at the main table and started thanking all the people who were there and all his aides and special guests. We all clapped as each person was mentioned. David then started talking about the showing of **RADIO FREE ALBEMUTH**, which would be in a few minutes back at the main auditorium. This movie was much anticipated by most of the fans, many of us, including me, had yet to see it. But first, snag one last beer and back outside to hang with the smokers, smoke another invisible joint and trade my Green Tree Medical Marijuana Clinic lighter to the dude from Atlanta. Erik Davis popped up, genie-like, as is his fashion, and we all chatted and finished the doobage.

As usual, I was late getting back to the theatre and John Alan Simon was briefing the fans. He said he made this movie for us and hoped we enjoyed it. To the fans of Philip K. Dick, **RADIO FREE ALBEMUTH** is his first attempt to describe the pink beam events of 1974 in novel form. I will not describe the plot here. Undoubtedly most of the over 100 people who attended the showing of **RADIO FREE ALBEMUTH** the movie were familiar with Dick's novel and were wondering how this movie would present it on the screen.

I sat in an empty seat next to, I think, the girl with the pink hair, debated with myself whether I should get out my audio recorder and record the sound of the movie, but decided against it figuring this would probably be some sort of copyright violation. So I settled back to watch the movie. I had high expectations for this although PKD movies generally are just like every other movie.

This movie, however, was different. It was science fiction, of course -- and I'm reminded of PKD's quote, when asked if **RADIO FREE ALBEMUTH** was science fiction, he replied *"Oh yes, its definitely science fiction, because the people who overthrow him (the tyrannical president in the novel) are picked at random by an extra-terrestrial satellite system that informs them what to do."* So the movie is science fiction too, but a subtle sf that assumes a knowledge of the sf film genre on the part of the viewers and decides to tell a good story rather than conventional sf movie fare with its heavy reliance on special effects and feel-good plots. The movie moves from a common portrayal of fam-

ily life with husband, wife, baby and best friend Philip K. Dick to a place where these ordinary people are suddenly at the centre of a vast conspiracy on two levels: an alien satellite will not soon go unnoticed by the authorities and the contactees will be hunted down and eliminated. So, an alien invasion is underway and the police authorities use it as another excuse for repression and conjure up a vast Communist conspiracy called 'Aramchek'. Like the disgraced US president Richard Nixon, the president in the movie, Ferris F. Fremont, uses everything as grist for his mill of total control of the populace using police tactics like spying on your neighbors, loyalty checks, and the like to keep the people in fear.

Nicholas Brady and his friend Phil realize they are in danger but have no choice but to continue doing the things the satellite has told them to do. As a music executive Brady has the capability to produce recordings of popular music that may subvert the dominant notions of the State. Of course, in this activity they do not go unnoticed for long and one of the moving scenes of the movie is when Nicholas Brady is dragged outside by the police and summarily shot. No muss, no fuss, no super slo motion blood splattering everywhere. Just a suddenly dead Nicholas Brady.

In the end we find Phil in a concentration camp listening to a pop song with subversive lyrics produced by another record company. He finds hope in the kids.

What I liked about the movie is its close adherence to PKD's plot and how it all starts out nice and normal and then changes, without the viewer truly realizing it, into one of the strangest science fiction movies ever to grace the silver screen. I do not recall the names of the actors but would single out the one who played the part of Nicholas Brady as outstanding and also the actress who played the role of Vivian Kaplan, the FAP-er girl who slept with the character Phil and was instrumental in his incarceration and the death of Nicholas Brady. A good film that takes the entirety of PKD's novel plot and paints it on the screen.

After the movie the director, John Alan Simon, joined us in the seats and invited questions. I hollered out (being half drunk) "Best damn Philip K. Dick movie I ever seen!" I don't recall the discussion at this later date. It was getting late and after wandering around and chatting with some fans I found Henri and we drove home, me talking about my theory that we are involved in a time war and the Empire is pissed and that all those present at the PKD festival were in danger of being rounded up by the Empire's minions as soon as we all got home. But that's another story for another time.



A question that comes up often when considering the EXEGESIS is why did Phil keep at it 'till his dying day? At some point you would have thought that he had said all that could be said on the subject. Instead he continued on. And on and on. It appears that he *couldn't* stop.

One possibility is that Phil looked into the abyss of his own endless theorizing and had a sudden revelation in June or July 1978 (EXEGESIS page 344):

[16:45] If the above theory is wrong (and there is no negative hallucination and spurious reality laid over the real world – which is *quite* different than what seems to be –) then what has been the use of my writing? Also *why* have I been motivated for 27 years to belabor this one theme (including fake memories as an inner analog to fake outer world)?

Is it all just foolishness? My writing has to be dismissed (including the "Acts" and NT material in *Tears* and the "exculpation" cipher, i.e., the good news) and my 2-74/2-75 experience has to be dismissed as a psychotic break. And God didn't aid in pulling down the tyranny; there was no in-breaking, as depicted in the *Tears* dream.

Everything has to be dismissed – my life's work means nothing, my most treasured experience – and I am and have been just crazy –

Because everything is interwoven, it either all stands or it falls. Such stories as "**Precious Artifact**" and "**Electric Ant**" and "**Retreat Syndrome**" tell us nothing – not to mention the novels.

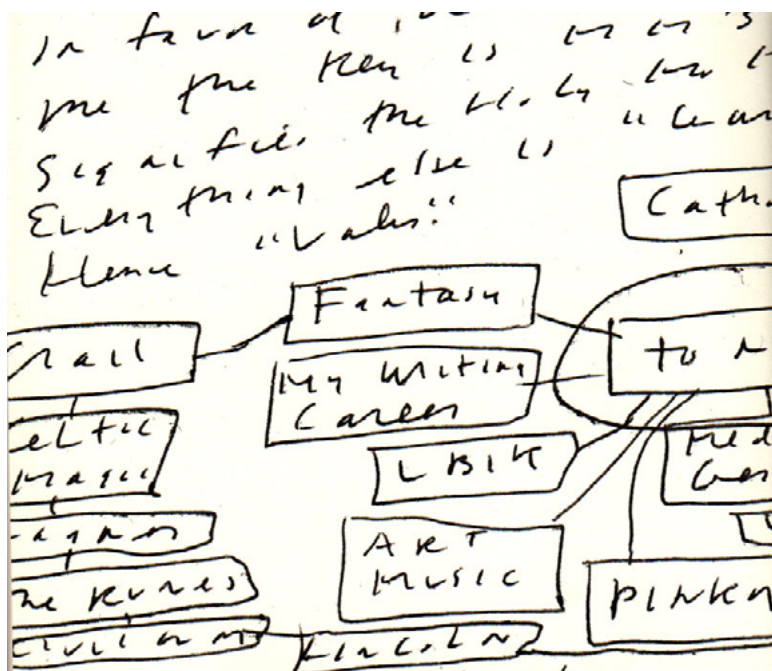
Ubik tells us nothing?

And four years and four months of exegete – wasted.

Rather than face up to this terrible possibility he decided to continue deeper and deeper into his investigations, investigations that could never end, save by his death. The EXEGESIS reminds me most vividly of the game in **THE ZAP GUN** that sucks the alien invaders into a maze they cannot escape.

John Fairchild sent this intriguing observation:

How's this as an epigraph for "**Beyond Lies the Wub**": "Jesus said, 'Blessed is the lion which becomes man when consumed by man...'. (From "The Gospel of Thomas (7)" in *The Nag Hammadi Library In English*, ed. James M. Robinson, 1978.)



Was Phil having odd-ball stuff happen to him in the '50s and was he at that early stage turning it into fiction? So one of the questions that comes up is, is this very early work an example of this? If so, then this is a new chapter in PKD-criticism.

Jerry Denny in London sends the following news:

Heading for a disc release is *Erotibot* starring Maria Ozawa

written by Naoyuki Tomomatsu.

Tamayo is protected by three androids. Her niece, Tsukiyo wants to kill her aunt, but she has to get past her android guards. The review suggests this is cheap, badly made and even the nudity is boring. However it is a comedy parody of *Blade Runner*, for all that is worth and the strapline on the box is "Do heiresses dream of erotic androids?".

And also this:

Vincenzo Natali was interviewed on the subject of his latest project, *Haunter*; and do you know how he described it? "If Philip K Dick had written a ghost story". Wool! That's a tall order. Natali is saying it's a ghost story with multiple layers of reality, told from the ghost's point of view, where we are not sure just what is real. It is not, he emphasizes, science fiction.

Philip K. Dick was influential on Cyber-Punk, in that his novel *A Scanner Darkly* touched on what is crucial in Baudrillard's disintegration into neurosis: "Biological life goes on, everything else is dead. A reflex, machine-like, like some insect repeating doomed patterns over and over. A single pattern. The failed codes of an escape combination. But how can you truly escape yourself?" -- **Mark Downham**, "Cyber-Punk: The Final Solution"

The "art-tech-philosophy collective" Monochrom held a conference in 2008 called *Do Androids Sleep with Electric Sheep?* having to do with "Critical Perspectives on Sexuality and Pornography in Science and Social Fiction." A collection of documents from the conference was published in 2009.

Dick's insights into the true nature of reality were spectacular and varied. Being watched by a gigantic, malevolent metal face in the sky - as he believed was happening for several weeks during a tense crisis in his third marriage - would be distracting for anybody, even if they hadn't been terrified of their father's gas-mask as a child. But only Dick could have constructed an elaborate conspiracy theory out of his momentary confusion as to whether his bathroom light had a wall switch or a pull-cord. (Since he'd never lived in a house with a bathroom pull-cord, he decided he must be experiencing memories from an alternative reality. It seemed the obvious explanation.) -- **Philip Purser-Hallard**, *The Guardian*: August 12, 2006

The minutiae of Philip K. Dick's stories may be difficult—or even unwise—to translate to the big screen. But there's a reason that contemporary Hollywood has repeatedly returned to his work: his brilliant (and sometimes eerily prescient) thematic concerns, which raise questions that have only grown more relevant with every passing year. *Blade Runner* is about what it means to be human. *Total Recall* is about the slipperiness of personal identity. *Minority Report* is a meditation on the nature of free will. In the end, the great virtue of Philip K. Dick's work is its use as an arena to discuss the most important issues of our time. And Dick's great genius—as Hollywood has, to all our benefit, discovered—was adding a little sci-fi sugar to help the medicine go down. – **Scott Meslow**, *The Atlantic*: August 2, 2012

Why is it so fucking hard for movie studios to get Philip K. Dick right? If you're adapting a Philip K. Dick story to film, you need a solid dose of futurism and glossy technology, but you also need an organic, druggy feel underlying the movie, too. Richard Linklater's *A Scanner Darkly* had some flaws, but it nailed the mood: Everything should feel like a bad trip, where every level of reality feels woozy and suspect and plasticized. The creators of the *Total Recall* remake simply don't understand this. To them, a Philip K. Dick story is just a reason to add a science-fictional sheen to your basic brain-dead spy thriller. – **Paul Constant**, "Dickless"; *The Stranger*: August 3, 2012



"Fake Graffiti" by Nick Buchanan 2012

Just In! New Hands-free Empathy Boxes

As advertised on the Jason Taverner Show
132,021Poscreds* (shipping free within Sol System)

No handles necessary

Fuse anytime, anywhere!

"More portable than Portable" is our motto!

2 or 3 can Fuse at one time.

Be the first in your conapt!

Your wife or girlfriend will love it!

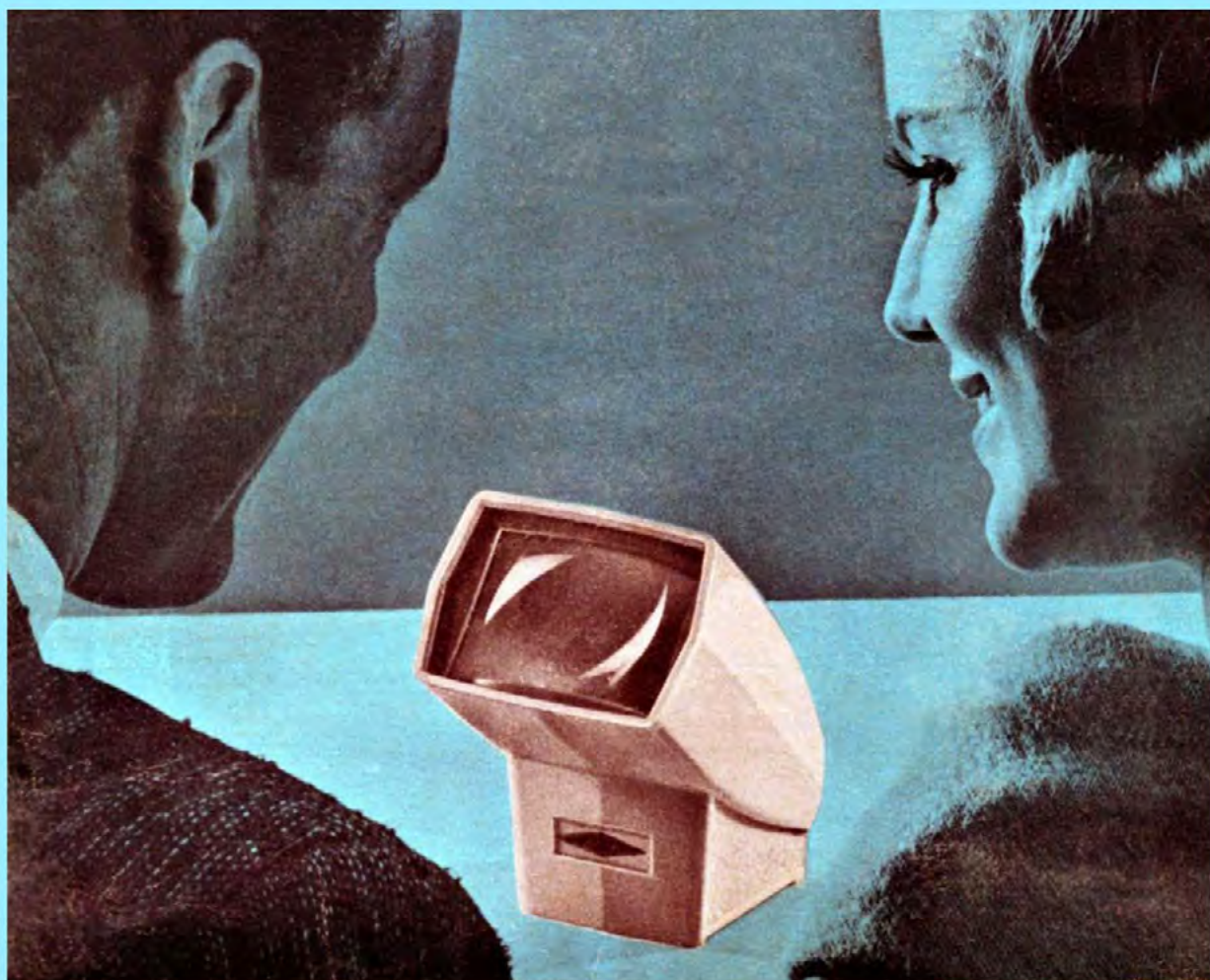
With friends, parties.

Comes in Slag Black, Wub White, and Substance D Blue

Includes case and 100 year battery

First-aid Kit sold separately.

*Wes-Dem dollars, Truffle skins accepted where possible



By Perry Kinman