



The Palm Tree Garden

of

Philip K. Dick

MOORE

Edited by Paul Rydeen

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Preface

“... the [gnostic] counterfeit spirit is explained more fully: it is astrally originated genetic information that accompanies every soul coming into the world.”

(Ioan P. Couliano: **Out of This World**, 192.)

Philip K. Dick was a science fiction writer whose most common theme was “what is reality?” He often set his novels in unstable universes where the most solid of circumstances could soon turn hazy and finally disappear. He read quite widely, especially in philosophy and theology. Near the end of his life he found himself living in one of his own novels - his whole world fell apart all around him and took him with it. Although he never was quite sure what happened, he spent long hours agonizing over every possibility. He also managed to write four novels about it before he died: **VALIS**, **The Divine Invasion**, **The Transmigration of Timothy Archer**, and **Radio Free Albemuth**. These four books loosely make up the VALIS Trilogy, with **Radio Free Albemuth** being a “prequel” of sorts that remained unpublished until after his death. It was actually Phil’s original version of **VALIS**, rejected at first by the publisher. It may be the most important of the bunch, as it comprises Phil’s original attempt to deal with VALIS in novel form. These novels are heavy on theological/philosophical speculation; much wordier than most trash science fiction in this regard.

“Palm Tree Garden” refers to a Garden of Eden of sorts and is a metaphor for the ideal state towards which Phil strove after temporarily losing touch; “Black Iron Prison” is Phil’s gnostic metaphor for the existential situation in which we all find ourselves by virtue of being alive and trapped in this imperfect physical universe. Call him crazy, call him a charlatan or just a good story teller - Phil may not have been a literal contactee, but he definitely had something weird happen to him, and it’s all recorded painstakingly in the books mentioned above.

Phil glimpsed the Palm Tree Garden once, while staring at the letter Y in the Greek word ICHTHYS, which was printed within an outline of a fish - the early Christian symbol of Christ. In the various mystery schools going as far back as Pythagoras, this letter is used to represent a yoke between heaven and earth. Phil also glimpsed the deceptively named Cave of Treasures, a

glittering cavern beneath the Garden which contains great wealth for those who choose to partake of it.

This **Palm Tree Garden** is a collection of essays and other writings exploring Phil's visions from every possible angle. Since his reading was so wide, we can only assume that numerous archetypes are hidden in his writings, waiting to be exposed. A few of the authors here have had similar things happen to them; the rest have found parallel accounts in the books of others - like John Dee, H.P. Lovecraft, UFO contactees, mystics, ecstatic monks, gnostics, the occult, kabbalah, masonic lore, mythology of primitive peoples, etc.

Why not form a Church of VALIS, with Phil as its chief prophet, or maybe an Order of the Pink Beam? Deciding that most PKD fans would resist this sort of deification of things science-fictional, I instead opted for a loosely-defined collection of works focusing on VALIS and VALIS-like experiences. "VALIS Contactees Wanted," to quote from one of the several ads I placed. And indeed, I found them.

The respectable world of Jungian interpretation has had their turn, and VALIS knows that science fiction fandom has had theirs; now it's OUR turn. Rather than obscure the fact that Phil was a crank, I have reveled in it. Phil never disregarded any possibility, no matter how kooky it sounded. What more legitimate approach could there be? Taking literally Phil's stories of extraterrestrial and/or supernatural contact, I sought those whom VALIS had summoned, and - perhaps more intriguingly - those who had taken the initiative to contact VALIS themselves. Both approaches make for interesting reading, as you shall soon see.

The Head Apollo has returned, brothers and sisters, and the Buddha is in the park. You may take the following pages as evidence, for you now hold in your hands the Most Holy Book of the First Church of VALIS, and the founding charter of the Ancient and Illuminated Order of the Pink Beam. The time you have waited for is come. The work is complete; the final world is here. He has been transplanted and is alive.

Paul Rydeen

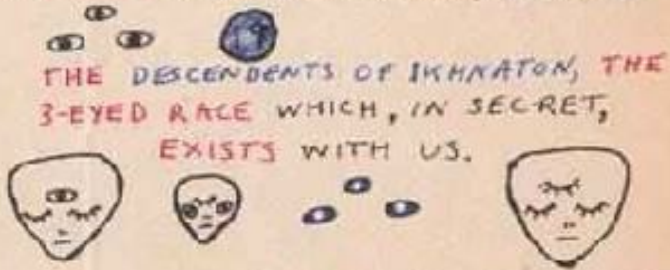
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EXCERPTS FROM The Tractates Cryptica Scriptura
OF PHILIP K. DICK

⑪ "WE ARE MOVING BACKWARD IN TIME."

⑭ "THE UNIVERSE IS INFORMATION AND WE ARE STATIONARY IN IT, NOT 3-DIMENSIONAL AND NOT IN SPACE OR TIME. THE

INFORMATION FED TO US WE HYPOSTATISE INTO THE PHENOMENAL WORLD.
⑮ THE EYE OF SHIVA WHICH GIVES INWARD DISCERNMENT, BUT WHICH WHEN TURNED OUTWARD BLASTS WITH DESSICATING HEAT..."



⑱ KING FELIX

WE DID NOT FALL BECAUSE OF A MORAL ERROR; WE FELL BECAUSE OF AN INTELLECTUAL ERROR; THAT OF TAKING THE PHENOMENAL WORLD AS REAL. WE ARE MORALLY INNOCENT. WE ARE DISGUISED POLYFORMS WHICH TELLS US WE HAVE SINNED. IT IS THE EMPIRE IN ITS VARIOUS DISGUISED POLYFORMS WHICH TELLS US WE HAVE SINNED. THE EMPIRE NEVER ENDED."

⑳ THE PHENOMENAL WORLD

DOES NOT EXIST; IT IS A HYPOSTASIS OF THE INFORMATION PROCESSED BY THE MIND. INFORMATION ENTERS US, IS PROCESSED AND IS THEN PROJECTED OUTWARD ONCE MORE, NOW IN AN ALTERED FORM. WE ARE NOT AWARE THAT WE ARE DOING THIS; THAT IN FACT THIS IS ALL WE ARE DOING. ㉑ THE CHANGING INFORMATION WHICH WE EXPERIENCE AS ROCKS AND STICKS + AMOEBAE PRETRACES OF HER. THE RECORD OF HER EXISTING AND PASSING IS ORDERED ONTO THE HIGHEST LEVEL OF REALITY BY THE SUFFERING MIND WHICH IS NOW ALONE. THE EMPIRE NEVER ENDED



IT TELLS ABOUT THE DEATH OF A WOMAN.

THE GANSEBROUWER SCENE MUSEUM CODEX

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An Introduction to Philip K. Dick

Joel Margot

When I was in France I had the interesting experience of being famous. I am the best-liked sf writer there (I tell you that for what it's worth) ... It is fantastic to see all my books in expensive beautiful editions instead of little paperbacks with what Spinrad calls "peeled eyeball" covers. Owners of bookstores came to shake my hand. (Philip K. Dick)

Everything began in Chicago on the 16th of December, 1928. Philip Kindred and Jane Charlotte Dick cried for the first time in their lives. Jane died after 41 days. Phil came to blame this on the carelessness of their mother, Dorothy Grant Kindred, who didn't take her to the hospital at the proper time, apparently a money matter. Phil had an unconscious culpability complex and we can understand perhaps a bit more why he felt anger toward his parents. Moreover, Jane would be found in many phildickian writings later on. Phil's father, Joseph Edgar Dick, had a nice job indeed: cutting the throats of pigs as an employee of the government. His mother censored official texts of the government's spokesmen. What feelings went through the young Dick about his parents? Censorship is one of the many important features in Philip K. Dick's writings: distinguishing truth from falsehood, the real from the imagined.

1930 was the year of his departure for Berkeley, California. In 1932 his parents divorced and three years later he and his mother moved to Washington, DC. 1938: back to Berkeley. In 1940, 1942 and 1943 they moved around in Berkeley. Phil let his friends call him Jim Dick. He entered Hillside School in northern Berkeley. There his originality made him very popular. His relationship with his mother was very distant, almost cold. Phil wrote some short poems and other brief texts. Already at 13 years old he was a reader of **Astounding** and **Unknown**, published at this time by the well-known John W. Campbell. In these periodicals he read Asimov and Heinlein, for instance, without forgetting Van Vogt, whose influence on Dick is certain (take a look at **Solar Lottery**). At 14 he wrote his first novel (now lost) called **Return to Lilliput** - influenced by Swift.

From 1944 through 1946 he underwent intensive psychiatric treatment for agoraphobia and some other psychological troubles. He had entered

Berkeley High School in 1944. At 18 he left his mother's apartment, where he had been living since his parents' divorce. He moved to an apartment shared with artists and homosexual poets; doing so was probably to show his mother he could manage himself alone, since homosexuality didn't seem to attract him. He soon moved out to a small attic apartment, also in Berkeley. At this time he suffered tachycardia. He quickly became dependent on the medicine he was prescribed.

In 1947 he received a diploma for finishing high school, and worked in a TV sales and repair shop which also sold records. Music would remain his great passion; it stayed omnipresent throughout his works. In September 1949, after having moved to a real apartment (not just a small attic), he registered at the University of California in Berkeley and studied German and philosophy. In May 1948 Dick married Jeanette Marlin, divorcing six months later; he never saw her again. He met his second wife, Kleo Apostolides, a student at Berkeley, in 1949 and married her in June 1950. Kleo was three years younger than Phil; she was 19. The house they moved into was full of mice, which explained the large number of cats that could be found at 1126 Francisco Street in Berkeley.

Concerning Dick's reading, he admired various authors as different as H.P. Lovecraft and Fredric Brown, and still read a lot of Van Vogt. At 24 he began his literary career without an agent; that is, he was trying to put out his short stories with as much success as possible via US mail. His health was growing better.

At the end of 1951 he gave his resignation to the record shop. In June 1952 a certain fellow named Scott Meredith in New York agreed to be his literary agent. That year was the time of discoveries like Herbert, Sheckley, Farmer, Aldiss, Silverberg, Vonnegut and many others. In 1954, as Dick finished the manuscript of his first published novel, **Solar Lottery**, he and his wife met Poul and Karen Anderson; they stayed good friends. Let's state that money is a rare thing at the Dicks' of the fifties. An interesting story follows: during this period the Dicks were contacted by FBI agents who wanted them to go and study in Mexico and be their informants there. Because of ethics, they refused.

Between 1951 and 1958, our author wrote and sold about eighty short stories. In 1954 Dick met Van Vogt at the SF WorldCon in San Francisco. Between 1950 and 1960 he wrote eleven novels of pure fiction, but didn't sell

any of them. Having sold in 1955 **Solar Lottery** to Ace Books, a firm that had been printing paperbacks for two years, he managed to write four novels in 1954 and 1955. I underlined Van Vogt's influence, but there also is Vonnegut's with his **Player Piano** (1952).

Nearing their thirties, Dick and his wife Kleo left Berkeley for Point Reyes in Marin County, California. Marin County appears in many mainstream phildickian novels. There he met Anne Williams Rubinstein, born 1927 in St. Louis. Five months after their move to Point Reyes in 1958, Phil and Kleo divorced; he married Anne almost immediately thereafter. Anne already had three children. Beginning in 1959 Dick let his beard grow. On February 25th, 1960 Dick became father of a girl named Laura Archer (Archer is also a very common name in his work). It was reported that the first thing he said after the birth was more or less, "And this is for Jane!". When in the fifties Dick wrote his dozen mainstream novels, it was probably to place himself in this mainstream literary genre, very "en vogue" in this period. None were sold and they were returned to him in 1963. Only in 1975 did a small press publish **Confessions of a Crap Artist**.

With the beginning of the sixties he suffered worse and worse breakdowns; the cause of this was the amphetamines that allowed him to hold the speed of sixty pages per day; this was the speed he needed not to starve. He received the Hugo Award in 1963 for **The Man in the High Castle**. Starting in late 1962 the third marriage began to fail, and it really collapsed in 1964. The same year he met Nancy Hackett, 21, fragile and just recovering from a nervous breakdown. They moved to San Raphael and were married in 1966. A girl, Isa (short for Isolde), was given to them in 1967, before they moved to Santa Venetia.

Dick's need for amphetamines didn't decline, nor did his frequent breakdowns. After a 1970 stay at the hospital because of a case of pancreatitis that almost cost Dick his life, Nancy left him, taking Isa with her. That was the really dark period in Dick's life; he was in deep despair. Dick filled his empty house in Santa Venetia with junkies. Nevertheless, he fell in love with a young dark-haired girl named Kathy Demuelle.

On the 17th of November, 1971 somebody broke into Dick's house. He was convinced at first it was the CIA. This troubling event marked the beginning of paranoia for Dick, as nothing of value had been taken away, just perishable food. It appears to have been more a military operation than a

simple burglary. His safe had been opened with explosives.

Around 1972, Dick met K. W. Jeter and Tim Powers at Cal-State in Fullerton; they attended a lecture by a writing professor named John Schwarz. The next year he got many threatening phone calls. He sheltered in Canada without Kathy. There he gave his famous lecture, **The Android and the Human**, in Vancouver, first at the University of British Columbia and a day or two later as his Guest of Honor speech at the second annual Vancouver Science Fiction Convention; and met another dark-haired girl named Jamis. Back in California he stayed in Fullerton where he met first Linda and then Tessa Busby, whom he married on April 18, 1973. A son, Christopher, was born of this union the same year. In 1975 Dick was awarded the John W. Campbell Memorial Award for **Flow My Tears, the Policeman Said**.

Around this time Dick had one of his mystical experiences that account for the almost divine nature of his last novels. The rest of his life was primarily concerned with trying to figure out what had happened, as is the rest of this book. His last lecture took place in Metz, France in 1977. He died in March 1982 on a hospital bed, of heart failure, leaving an unfinished novel, **The Owl in Daylight**, and 8000 pages of handwritten speculations about VALIS. He was 53.

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The Black Knight Satellite and Other Influences On VALIS

Paul Rydeen

“... the group had taken an active interest in their situation, viewing it as a manifestation on an earthly plane of certain super-terrestrial forces.” (1)

My first exposure to the mind-bending fiction of Philip K. Dick was in early 1981. It must have been January or February because I remember it still being quite cold. To my surprise, a friend of my dad’s had given him a recent issue of **Playboy** which I eagerly perused whenever I had the chance. On one such occasion I needed to prove to myself a maturity beyond the pictures of naked ladies, so I commenced to read the magazine’s various features. It turned out to be the December 1980 issue; one feature was Phil’s story “Frozen Journey”. (2) Although this high-school senior had been reading science fiction for a decade or more, I must confess I was confused by the shifting realities portrayed in “Frozen Journey”. Further readings did little for my comprehension.

By the time graduation rolled around, I had seen Phil’s books recommended repeatedly in the columns of **Heavy Metal** magazine. I picked up a used copy of **The Man in the High Castle**. (3) It was quite good, and a whole lot easier to understand than “Frozen Journey” had been. Soon after, **VALIS** (4) hit the stands. I bought it. I enjoyed it immensely, but was still unable to fully realize the implications of Phil’s speculations. Next I found the Gregg Press hardcover reissue of **Time Out of Joint** (5) in a little science fiction bookstore that had just opened off-campus. At last I understood; what I had read of the false or illusory nature of reality while studying Hinduism and Buddhism now made sense on a personal level. As I matured, my appreciation for Phil grew. I started college that fall, and frequented that bookstore often. I scoured almost every used bookstore in the Minneapolis area, spending months in search of elusive PKD titles. I found many rare first editions this way, and still have dreams wherein I continue the search. When Phil died in March of 1982, I owned a copy of nearly every book he had written. I considered his death a personal loss.

To understand Phil, one must grapple with his unique emotional states, and his unique interpretations of same. Most importantly, in February and March of 1974 Phil had a series of “mystic” experiences. When he died eight

years later he was still unsure of their origin or meaning. Left behind was his so-called Exegesis, an 8,000-page, one-million-word continuing dialogue with himself written late, late at night. (6) Though Phil never did solve the puzzle to his satisfaction, I believe he enjoyed the pursuit of the answer for its own sake much more than he would have enjoyed resolving the problem. In fact, I don't think any answer would have been entirely acceptable to him for very long. By its very nature this mystery had no rational solution.

Phil had suffered several personal setbacks during the time immediately preceding these experiences. Stress over his wife and new son, a severe case of writer's block, an unexplained break-in, lingering problems with drugs (mostly prescribed medications), and worries over his political actions all played their part. So did the loss of several close friends. He even worried over whether he had inadvertently published high-level government secrets in his novels. The usually self-reflective Phil became much more introspective than normal. His depression turned his thoughts to suicide more than once.

At one point Phil experimented with a megadose of vitamins he had read about in **Psychology Today**. This mixture was being used by a certain doctor to stimulate simultaneous neural firing in both hemispheres of the brain. While the original experiments were strictly designed for split-personality patients, Phil concocted a batch and swallowed it down. He says it worked. The right side of the brain is often identified with the dark, irrational, "feminine" component of our minds; the parallel to the imperfect, premature Sophia is obvious. Speculation has arisen that the voices heard by prophets and madmen originate in the right-brain. (11) Usually drowned out by the day-to-day noise of the more verbally active left-brain, under certain circumstances it may be heard. At one time in our not-so-distant past, this may have been far more common than it is today. This is one of many possibilities considered by Phil, probably no more right or wrong than any of the others.

In **Disneyland of the Gods** (12), fortune teller authority John Keel writes of the "Black Knight" satellite. In 1960 a mystery satellite was found in a polar orbit, something yet unachieved by either the Soviets or the US. It was several times larger and heavier than any satellite capable of being launched. It eventually dropped off the scope, but has appeared again from time to time, along with other unidentified space junk. Many strange messages were received by ham operators when the Black Knight was first observed. The

strangest effect was Long Delayed Echoes - LDEs. The earliest recorded LDEs are documented from the 1920s. The effect observed is that signals sent into space bounce back seconds - or even days - later, as if recorded and retransmitted by a satellite. The present author has had personal experience with television LDEs. At the time of the Black Knight's appearance in 1960, one researcher decoded a series of LDEs as a star map centering on Epsilon Bootis - as it would have appeared from earth 13,000 years ago. Was the Black Knight an alien calling card? I can't say, but the idea may have been familiar to Phil, and influenced his portrayal of VALIS.

Another possibility I'd like to briefly consider is that one possible subconscious influence was the "Bread and Circuses" episode of the old **Star Trek** TV series. I've long forgotten the show's title, but it involved a planet similar to twentieth-century Earth with the exception that Roman rule still existed. Rome never fell - the Empire never ended - and secret followers of "the Son" were preaching peace and brotherhood rather than tyranny. This in no way lessens the import of Phil's vision, nor does it explain anything away. I merely find it an intriguing idea to ponder. Who can say what psychic debris forms the foundations of our subconscious?

As the image of first-century Rome persisted, Phil began seeing St. Elmo's fire almost everywhere he looked. He had purchased his own ICHTHYS sign to hang in the picture window of his apartment; admittedly his staring at the sunlight had much to do with the earliest manifestations. However, the pink light was even visible at night, when Phil would sit up in bed unable to sleep, enjoying the show. In **A Scanner Darkly** (13) he describes it as a rapid-fire succession of Paul Klee, Kandinsky and other modern artists. He also describes the times the St. Elmo's fire took on the shape of a doorway proportioned to the Golden Mean (representing perfection). This was a doorway to the Other World. The character in the book regrets having never thought to step through the doorway after the apparition finally disappeared. The nightly visions continued, often taking the form of incredibly complex dreams which Phil saw at once were unlike his usual sleeping habits. He called them "tutelary" dreams because of their information-rich content. Always for Phil, the pink beam of light was prominent.

Admittedly, the idea one is being shot with a beam of energy is typical to many schizophrenics. So are the discarnate voices which haunted Phil's

unplugged radio at night, telling him how terrible a person he was (his then-wife Tessa heard them too). The one difference here is that Phil perceived it as a healing light rather than a further descent into madness. He credited it with taking charge of his life, recovering a lot of income due from unpaid book royalties, and even re-margining his typewriter. He never decided what the beam's source really was. Guesses included the Rosicrucian Society, Soviet scientists experimenting with "psychotronics", and an alien satellite orbiting a distant star. One message came from the "Portuguese States of America", leading Phil to contemplate the possibility of parallel universes. He also thought it might have been God. The Roman Sibyl in her later Christianized form was a particular favorite of Phil's; her similarity to Jane as Phil's "protectress" was the attraction. **VALIS** even quotes the Sibylline Oracles. Note also that the much-sought product **UBIK** in Phil's novel of the same name is depicted on the dustjacket of the original as spraying a pink substance. Coincidence? The connection is further made in **VALIS** when Phil and friends mistake a model of the satellite for a can lying in the gutter (in the movie-within-a-book). Does this refer to a can of **UBIK** as well?

In some of his dreams, Phil saw Soviet scientists rushing around behind the scenes to keep the alien satellite functioning. Phil originally thought **VALIS** was from Fomalhaut, which he called "Albemuth" (from the Arab Al Behemoth, "the whale"). Fomalhaut is the fish's mouth; Phil apparently mistook "behemoth" for "leviathan", two Hebrew words from the Old Testament. It is the latter which actually refers to the whale, according to most sources. What matters most is Phil's beliefs on the matter; if his subconscious mind processed "behemoth" as "whale", then "whale" it is - for him. At any rate, the fish symbolism is obvious, as is the reference to Jonah. Phil must have read Robert K.G. Temple's **The Sirius Mystery** (16) before writing **VALIS**, because he relocated the satellite to there. This brings in a host of occult references too involved to go into here. Suffice it to say that the dark companion of Sirius represents "occult" or hidden knowledge, as does Sirius' position as "the sun behind the Sun" (as Kenneth Grant calls it). Neither Phil nor Temple seem to have known this when they wrote their books.

Phil cleverly tied in the dualist Dogon philosophy described by Temple with his own Gnostic beliefs, though as narrator of **VALIS** he ascribes this revelation to Fat and tells us this is the point at which Fat's madness became complete. Madness or not, **VALIS** stands as a classic on many levels. The

three-eyed aliens had pincers like a crab where hands should be, just like Palmer Eldritch and his artificial hands. These “improved” hands seem to denote an elevated status as cosmic artificer or demiurge, while also indicating an inherent flaw of some sort. The beings were also deaf and mute; they communicated amongst themselves by means of telepathy. One could say their inability to hear or speak reinforces the notion of an imperfect demiurge, as well as it helps conceal his true nature. Then again, their physical handicap may be the results of a personal sacrifice undertaken to enhance their mental faculties.

Palmer Eldritch had three stigmata: his artificial eyes, artificial teeth and artificial hands. The cover of the original edition combines these to show the classic eye-in-palm design used by fortune-tellers to indicate occult wisdom. Esoteric tradition among the Masons identifies this occult eye with the star Sirius - named for Osiris, the dead and risen Egyptian savior who adumbrated Christ by centuries. It is also the eye of the cyclops and the third or ajna eye of Shiva, which Phil (as Fat) attributes to Ikhnaton and his followers in the Tractates appended to **VALIS**. Others have placed a sexual interpretation upon it as well, but that’s beyond the scope of the present work.

While listening to the Beatles’ “Strawberry Fields Forever” one day, Phil heard the lyrics change into a prophetic warning: “Your son has an undiagnosed right inguinal hernia. The hydrocele has burst, and it has descended into the scrotal sac. He requires immediate attention, or will soon die.” Phil rushed him to the hospital and found every word to be true. The doctor scheduled the operation for the same day. Once again, the healing power of Phil’s vision comes to the fore. In a sense the boy was “reborn”, which was to have great consequences for Phil’s subsequent actions.

Phil was consistent in documenting his major influences within the works they influenced. **VALIS** was no exception. Curiously, there are two which went uncredited, and to my knowledge no researcher has yet uncovered them both. The first is Robert K.G. Temple’s aforementioned **The Sirius Mystery**. Temple documents the Dogon people of Africa and their precise astronomical data which predate telescopes. Their legends say that this knowledge was given to them by three-eyed crab-clawed beings from Sirius. Temple goes on to trace the Dogon’s ancestors back to migrating Egyptians who continue a tradition well-documented in the Mysteries of Isis and Osiris. Certainly Phil read Temple’s book after writing **Radio Free**

Albemuth; why else would he have moved VALIS from Fomalhaut to Sirius?

The other major influence which went uncredited may be more of a surprise. It is not a scholarly influence like Temple's, but rather a little known facet of popular culture. The whole idea of an immortal and all-powerful race who build universes out of boredom, fall into them and become trapped because they forget who they are is indeed gnostic in flavor, as many have said. It has been represented in science fiction before **VALIS**; see, for example, the old **Star Trek** episode, "The Paradise Syndrome." It should be noted, however, that this is exactly what Scientology teaches about the Thetans. WE ARE THE THETANS and we don't even know it. Here is a quote from an Avatar tract; Avatar is an offshoot of Scientology:

"Once upon a time, long ago and right now, there was a group of Gods. This group of Gods believed that they had experienced **everything** there was to experience, and they were bored. All of a sudden, one of the Gods got the idea that they had not experienced Forgetting. Many of the Gods agreed and decided to play. Many other GODS and GODDESSES decided not to play. Being the Gods that they are, they did a very good job of forgetting. They forgot that they could create. They forgot that they could feel. They forgot, that they decided to forget. And got a long time these Gods played this game of pretending not to remember. Then something wonderful happened. One of them remembered that he decided to forget. He taught two friends how to remember and how to feel, and they taught two friends... And the rest of the story is the spread of AVATAR, And so, GODS and GODDESSES, as you remember that you did decide to forget, our old friends that didn't play eagerly await our joyous return to the state of Remembering, Creating, and Feeling."

Though Phil's vision of Rome faded, his tutelary dreams continued for six more years. So too did the AI voice (for "Artificial Intelligence"), a soft feminine voice he heard in times of stress and during hypnogogic reverie. Naturally he identified this voice with Jane/Sophia, and claims to have first heard it during a high school physics exam (it gave him the answers) 25 years earlier. It all ended November 17, 1980. Phil claimed to have had a theophany that day, though witnesses noticed nothing unusual. Phil suddenly

comprehended God as infinite, by nature incomprehensible. In other words, the Exegesis would never solve anything because there was no answer to be had. Phil actually stopped writing for a time because of this, but was at it again before too long. He also wrote *The Divine Invasion* around this time, which was when the voice finally stopped. Had it not been for the theophany, Phil would have probably cried, “Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?” As it was, he persisted in speculating the remaining year of his life, and managed to produce one more novel before the end - the posthumously-published **The Transmigration of Timothy Archer** (17).

NOTES

(1) Philip K. Dick. **Confessions of a Crap Artist**. New York: Pocket Books, 1982. (Orig. 1975.) p.164.

(2) “Frozen Journey” was **Playboy**’s name for the manuscript Phil called “I Hope I Shall Arrive Soon”. It was reprinted under its original title most recently in **The Eye of the Sybil** (New York: Carol Publishing Group, 1992).

(3) **The Man in the High Castle**. New York: Putnam, 1962. This title has gone through several editions and remains in print.

(4) **VALIS**. New York: Bantam, 1981.

(5) **Time Out of Joint**. Boston: Gregg Press, 1979. (Orig. 1959.)

(6) A very limited number of Exegesis entries were eventually published in **In Pursuit of VALIS: Selections from the Exegesis**, edited by PKD biographer Lawrence Sutin (Lancaster: Underwood-Miller, 1991). Sutin also wrote the excellent **Divine Invasions: A Life of Philip K. Dick** (New York: Carol Publishing Group, 1991).

(7) Reference is to Phil’s novel **UBIK** (Garden City: Doubleday, 1969).

(8) “Strange Memories of Death” first appeared in issue #8 of **Interzone** magazine (Brighten, UK). It also was collected in **I Hope i Shall Arrive Soon** (New York: St. Martin’s Press, 1987) and volume 5 of Underwood-Miller’s **Collected Stories** (reprinted by Carol Publishing Group).

(9) Revelation 18:2.

(10) **Dr. Bloodmoney, or How We Got Along After the Bomb** (New York: Ace Books, 1965. Reprinted Boston: Gregg Press, 1977). Another good example is the pair of lambs born near the end of **Confessions of a**

Crap Artist, the second of which is stillborn. In this case it is the male twin Phil kills off - representing himself.

(11) See Julian Jaynes, **The Origin of Consciousness in the Breakdown of the Bicameral Mind**. (Boston: Houghton-Mifflin, 1976.)

(12) John A. Keel. **Disneyland of the Gods**. New York: Amok Press, 1988. p.42-47.

(13) **A Scanner Darkly**. Garden City: Doubleday, 1977.

(14) Temple's book is little more than a well-researched paperback of the Ancient Astronaut variety. Only Phil could have turned it into a whole universe. (London: Futura Publications Ltd., 1979.) Robert Anton Wilson's **Cosmic Trigger** was also an influence in regards to the Sirius connection; Phil acknowledges it as such in **VALIS**. (Berkeley: And/Or Press, 1977. It's been reprinted by both Simon & Schuster and Falcon Press.)

(15) (w/ Roger Zelazny). **Deus Irae**. Garden City: Doubleday, 1976.

(16) **The Divine Invasion**. New York: Simon & Schuster, 1981.

(17) **The Transmigration of Timothy Archer**. New York: Simon & Schuster, 1982.

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2-3-74 and After:

A Mystical and Paranormal Overview

Mark W. Smith

“A poet makes himself a visionary through a long, boundless, and systematized disorganization of all the senses. All forms of love, of suffering, of madness; he searches himself, he exhausts within himself all poisons, and preserves their quintessence. Unspeakable torment, where he will need the greatest faith, a superhuman strength, where he becomes all men the great invalid, the great criminal, the great accursed - and the Supreme Scientist! For he attains the unknown! Because he has cultivated his soul, already rich, more than anyone! He attains the unknown, and if, demented, he finally loses the understanding of his visions, he will at least have seen them! So what if he is destroyed in his ecstatic flight through things unheard of, unnameable: other horrible workers will come; they will begin at the horizons where the first one has fallen!”

Arthur Rimbaud (May 15, 1871)

PKD: Sham or Shaman? In February of 1974 Philip K. Dick was feeling a lot of personal stress: financial matters involving the I.R.S., lingering effects of the break-in of his home and other fears experienced in 1971, and family matters involving the birth of a new child. He was also dealing with the effects of an impacted wisdom tooth. Phil had been administered Sodium Pentothal during surgery and later was awaiting the delivery of a pain killer. Phil had also been taking lithium in prescribed doses for some time.

During this time Phil began to receive and experience a series of dreams, visions and other-worldly experiences that would change his life and times for ever. He would spend the remaining years of his life in pursuit of explanations for what had happened. What follows is a synopsis of possible ideas, borrowed from both western and eastern thought; past, present and even future.

In speculating on the condition of Phil's psyche at this point, one must ponder the combined effects of the stress, pain and drugs. The vision quest is a ritual practiced for gaining a guardian spirit or asking for supernatural

guidance. These three forces are often utilized in preparing the mind and spirit for this: stress, in the form of isolation, fasts, thirsts and physical danger; pain, through mutilation or self mortification; and drugs, such as hallucinogens. In the successful vision quest the combination of these preparations will place the individual in a trance and make him a receptacle for supernatural forces. The vision quest still lies outside the realm of tribal shamanism.

Shamanism itself exists within the social structure of the tribe and is the practice of entering an altered state of consciousness and traversing non-physical realities in order to heal sickness, both physical, emotional, and spiritual; or to tell of the future and of things to pass, or to contact the dead, etc. The shamans are not priests, but are often more like mystics, and as such are separated from the main function of the society by their intense experiences. Siberian shamans go down to the underworld of the ancestral spirits to gain their knowledge. This belief system has had parallels in other cultures as well; in yoga tradition, the Manomya and Akashaloka siddhis provide access to other dimensions of the universe. In Iranian mysticism, Hurgalya, the celestial earth, is accessible for spiritual travel.

Within the shamanic traditions it is a long-held belief that of the three chief methods of obtaining shamanic powers (1) family transmission, (2) spontaneous vocation, and (3) people who become shamans of their own free will, the self-made shaman is the least powerful.

Mircea Eliade in **Shamanism: Archaic Techniques of Ecstasy** says, “However selected, a shaman is not recognized as such until after he has received two kinds of teaching: (1) ecstatic (dreams, trances, etc.) and (2) traditional (shamanic techniques, names and functions of spirits, mythology and genealogy of the clan, secret languages, etc.).”

Looking at Phil’s experience through a shamanistic viewpoint, we can say that it was spontaneous, and upon receiving the “call” he had a series of dreams, trances, visions, etc. Then he spent the next eight years trying to learn the traditions of his people, their mythology, the names and functions of their spirits, and so on.

For the most part he was on his own in his attempts to relate the experiences to the traditions of his people, due to the spiritual poverty that existed around him, and one wonders what would have been made of his experiences if he had been born or lived in a culture of rich shamanistic

traditions.

The Symbolism of the First Encounter. Phil states that on February 20, 1974 he was visited by a beautiful girl who was delivering his prescription (Darvon), and noticed a gold necklace that she was wearing. He was suddenly struck by the experience of “anamnesis”, which was first employed by Plato as the recollection or remembrance of Eternal Truth. Asking her what it was, she informed him that the amulet had a fish inscribed on it, and that the fish was a sign used by the early Christians. She then departed.

Phil felt that the events that were to follow began that day and were triggered by his looking at this golden fish amulet. The word “amulet” comes from the French “amulet”, which in turn comes from the Latin “amuletum” and means “for defense”. Amulets have been common since ancient times, can be made out of virtually anything, and are believed to be imbued with magical or supernatural power.

Symbols as well have always been felt to retain magical powers. They function as translators of the human condition into meta-universal terms and reveal the connection between the microcosm and the macrocosm. W.B. Yeats once stated, “I cannot now think symbols less than the greatest of all powers whether they are used consciously by the master of magic or half unconsciously by their successors, the poet, the musician, and the artist.” (In Yeat’s **Golden Dawn**).

Gold itself has long been associated with the sun, the force which brings light, form and order out of chaos and darkness. The fish inscribed in the gold represented Christ to the early Christians because the Greek word “ichthys”, meaning “fish”, was an acronym for “Jesus Christ, Son of God, Savior”. Also, fish live in water and water has long symbolized the unconscious mind. Water has also been used as a symbol of life.

One must speculate as to the effects of these combined events on Phil’s mind on that fateful February day in 1974. Phil’s interest in early Christianity, and his friendship with James A. Pike, the Episcopal Bishop of California, dating back to the mid-sixties, has been well-documented in several of his novels. Could this combination of circumstances culminate in the results that were to follow?

The Vatic PKD. Phil felt that he was transported to the world of Acts (fifth book of the Christian Bible's New Testament) and he felt that it was his real time and place. He felt that he was a person called Simon Magus, a first century Gnostic. He was also to name this ancient personage Thomas, a first-century Christian or "Firebright", described as an entity of spiritual wisdom. He never was able to decide on a name for this personage or the nature of its origin.

Spontaneous Retrocognition (a.k.a. postcognition) is a phenomenon in which an individual is able to "see" into the past. Occurring in the form of an hallucination or vision, the present surroundings are replaced by a scene from the past. Psychic Archeology is the ability to use psychic skills to aid in the field of archeology. Canadian archeologist J. Norman Emerson has used the talents of psychic George McMullen, who reports that he sees movie-like images of the past as he comes into contact with artifacts. He also states that he is assisted in this process by beings of light. Although this is more akin to psychometry, the ability to gain information from objects of the past by handling them, it is explained that the information is conveyed by vibrations embedded within an object by the emotions or actions of the past. Although I don't think Phil ever claimed to have touched the golden fish, if the vibrations were of enough intensity and/or he was sensitive enough or open enough, I feel an impression may have been felt, even without the his physically touching the amulet.

Spontaneous past-life recall is a phenomenon where an individual experiences the remembrance of a previously lived life. There are many documented cases of spontaneous past-life recall, one of the earliest being of a young Japanese boy born in 1815. Religious mysticism of the east acknowledges the existence of past-life recall and claims that through the practice of yoga meditation one can access all the details of one's past lives. This is tied to the central belief in reincarnation, the return of the soul to a new physical form after the death of the previous one.

PKD the Possessed. Revelations from divine, semi-divine, or other spirits and entities have been reported for thousands of years. Most Holy books, including the Christian Bible, have been founded on this premise. In 1904 Aleister Crowley, self-made magician and occultist, and his wife Rose Kelly received communications from an entity who identified himself as "Aiwass", the Egyptian god Horus' messenger, and penned "Liber Legis",

also called “The Book of the Law”. It became one of his most important works, and a standard in modern occult teachings. For three years beginning in 1954, Andrija Puharich observed and recorded a young man who, while in a spontaneous trance, would write and speak in the ancient language of Egypt. This has been detailed in his book, **The Sacred Mushroom**. In the 1930’s in England, a woman spoke ancient Egyptian in a trance over a period of six years, which has been detailed in the book, **Ancient Egypt Speaks** by Hulme & Woods. Phil claimed to receive messages in sanskrit and koine Greek, two ancient languages of which he had no previous knowledge.

Spirit possession is the taking over of one’s mind, body or soul by an external force such as a deity, spirit, demon, entity or a separate personality. Although not strictly accepted by Christianity as a whole, many of the world’s religious beliefs (e.g. Voudon and many eastern religions) do accept it. Yet even within Christianity there are sanctified rituals for exorcism, (the *Rituale Romanum*, dating back to 1614) and acceptance of possession by the Holy Spirit.

The term “channeling” has gained in popularity over the last decade or so, and is a form of communication with “non-worldly entities”. In its most basic form it has existed in most cultures throughout history, and in these cultures it has gone through periods of acceptance and rejection.

James Joyce used the term “epiphany”, meaning “the manifestation of the divine or supra-personal”. Rainer Maria Rilke said that he received signals from “cosmic space” for twenty-one days and during that time produced a fascinating body of written work, some of the world’s best poetry.

Joan of Arc, a peasant girl of France, having heard the voices of “Saints” urging her to help Charles VII regain the throne, led a large army into battle in 1429, and in that same year, victorious in battle, crowned Charles at Reims.

Phil also considered the possibility that his late friend Bishop James Pike (d. 1969), was the source of his experiences. He pondered the idea that his psyche was merging with Pike’s in an attempt to make contact with him from the “other side”. During the early to mid-1960’s Phil and Pike had become friends, spending many hours involved in theological speculation. They also spent much time, after Pike’s son, Jim, committed suicide in February of 1966, discussing Pike’s efforts to contact his son. Phil acknowledges Pike in the front of his book **The Maze of Death** as providing

him with a “wealth of theological material for my inspection, none of which I was previously acquainted with.” He disappeared in the Judean desert while on a quest for the historical Jesus, and was never seen again.

PKD the Dreamer. People claim that it is through dreams, intuitive flashes, and visions that they experience spontaneous past-life recall, and researchers look for the sudden acquisition of knowledge or information by the individual that cannot be explained by other means. Australian aborigines receive their knowledge about spiritual matters, as well as practical information about how to survive in an extremely hostile environment, through dreaming. They call it the “dreamtime”.

When looking at the series of events that happened to Phil we must ask ourselves how they relate to each other. Which ones were primary events, and which ones were secondary events or even tertiary events resulting from the previous ones. As Lawrence Sutin, author of **Divine Invasions: A Life of Philip K. Dick** states, “Phil was a living psychic caldron” at this point. I feel that the many dreams experienced by Phil during this time period must be thought of in these terms.

In the following weeks Phil was to have a series of nightmares, which frightened him further; they contained huge flying reptiles. In one of these dreams he describes that he was a young child in a prehistoric tribe and as these dragons came near he transformed into his pet saber-tooth tiger and began to posture in defiance, but he found himself in a cage without means of escape. Upon being aroused from her sleep by “... the sound of a large reptile hissing,” his wife, Tessa, found “... Phil lying there, still asleep, hissing. Afraid to touch him, I called out his name. I was getting more scared with every second that passed. I sensed that it was not Phil who was hissing, but some mindless beast that had taken over his body.”

Dragons have been used as symbols of the life force in many cultures for thousands of years, the essence of nature, an underlying invisible force. The flying dragon is an inner symbol of dark unconscious forces which must be transformed into creative forces. In alchemy, the mystical art of transforming consciousness, the dragon was a symbol of Mercury manifested as passion and concupiscence, which must undergo extraction and transformation, before becoming a peacemaker, a mediator between warring elements, and a producer of unity.

Alchemy was (and still is) an art studied by practitioners of the western esoteric tradition which has its roots in Greco-Egyptian esoteric teachings. As stated above, Phil was now a “living psychic caldron,” and he wished to bring himself to a rolling boil. (For more on alchemy, see Appendix 2.)

Behind the Pink Door. Regarding some information concerning the use of massive doses of water-soluble vitamins that were suggested to improve the neural firing and the communication between the two hemispheres of the brain, Phil discovered an article in the April 1974 issue of **Psychology Today** that told about a case where a doctor had treated a schizophrenic patient with a combination of water-soluble vitamins. Phil copied down the “recipe” and began his own treatment, experimenting further with dosage and vitamin ratios. Phil states in his notes that, “both hemispheres [of the brain] came together, for the first time in my life.”

He also began burning, day and night, white votive candles before a shrine he’d assembled in his bedroom. This shrine also contained a small wooden saint figure from the Philippines. He and his wife purchased a sticker with the Christian fish symbol on it and placed it in their living room window. As Phil watched the sticker with the afternoon sun streaming through it, he reported seeing pink rectangular shapes, phosphene images it seemed, prefiguring what was to come.

In mid-March Phil reports that he was into his fifth night without sleep when he experienced a barrage of frightening vortices of light. These came to him in rapid-fire repetition; he felt his own thoughts accelerating.

They seemed to be phosphene graphics that resembled modern abstract paintings, such as by the artists Kandinsky and Klee. He felt that hundreds of thousands of them were being downloaded into his mind. Phil began to feel that he was the recipient of a vast amount of encoded information. He felt that there was no way that he could have been the author of this information, as the quantity was too vast. These “transmissions” were to continue daily for the next week.

Terence McKenna has also reported that tryptamine-induced ecstasy sometimes triggers a kind of synesthesia in which syntactical structures (spoken language) become visible and language is transmuted from a thing heard to a thing seen; the syntax becomes unambiguously visible.

Phil goes on to tell us that the first stage of his visions at this time was

to undergo the Bardo Thodol (Tibetan Book of the Dead) journey at the end of which he met Aphrodite, Goddess of Divine Love. He reports little understanding of the meaning of any of this at the time.

Aphrodite was only one of the many encounters Phil would have with a divine female aspect who spoke to him while he was in a series of hypnogogic states. The name given to this voice by Phil was the A.I. (artificial intelligence) Voice, but he always assigned female qualities to it. He called it many things: Artemis and Diana, Athena and Minerva, Saint Sophia and his twin sister Jane, with all of whom he felt he was in telepathic communication at times. (His twin sister Jane had died a little over a month after birth. For more on the divine female aspect, see Appendix 3.)

Dick and Jane. Philip Kindred Dick and his dizygotic (fraternal) -twin sister Jane Charlotte were born six weeks premature, on December 16, 1928 at home. Lawrence Sutin reports that, “Phil was born at noon, twenty minutes ahead of his sister... They were frail things. Phil weighed four and one-quarter pounds and squealed loudly. Jane, a mere three and one-half pounds, was quieter and darker...” Jane was not to live; she died January 26, 1929, a little over a month old. Although too young to have conscious memory of his sister, she remained the central event in Phil’s psychic life.

Lawrence Sutin writes in his biography, **Divine Invasions**, “This ‘twinning’ motif found expression in a number of Phil’s stories and novels, notably **Dr. Bloodmoney** (1965), **Flow My Tears**, **The Policeman Said** (1974), **A Scanner Darkly** (1977), **VALIS** (1981), and **The Divine Invasion** (1981).”

He goes on to quote from Phil’s “Exegesis”, from an entry written near the end of his life:

She [Jane] fights for my life & I for hers, eternally. My sister is everything to me. I am damned always to be separated from her/& with her, in oscillation. Very fast.

Both: I have her in me, and often outside me, but I have lost her; 2 realities at once yin/yang.

Sutin continues, “Two realities, out of which, as from rich loam, the multiverses of the stories, the novels, and the “Exegesis” blossomed. But always the loss of Jane hovered in Phil’s soul.” (For more concerning the

subject of twins, see Appendix 4.)

A Counter-Intelligence Victim? For the next week or so Phil perceived that he would receive a letter that would kill him. This knowledge had been conveyed to him in a dream. On March 20th that day arrived, and the letter came in the form of a xeroxed sheet of paper from the left-wing New York newspaper **The Daily World**, which contained two book reports. Phil felt that this letter was somehow connected to a two-week period of amnesia he had suffered in 1972 while living in Canada. He suspected that he had been “programmed” but didn’t know to do what or for whom. He feared that the trigger for this programming had been the letter, but that it somehow failed.

Phil thought something was taking control of him to direct his actions in response to the xeroxed letter. He speculated that it was Thomas; although now he felt that instead of a first-century Christian Thomas was a thought-control implant, implanted by the US Army intelligence. His name for this was “Pigspurt,” which fear caused him to call the FBI and his local police department stating, “I am a machine,” and then requesting to be locked up. No known action was taken by the authorities.

He thought that maybe he had been the involuntary recipient of an ESP experiment. He even wrote to Leningrad in the then Soviet Union asking if they had been involved in any experiments exploring long-distance ESP transmissions. He received no reply.

Phil was to gain control of himself shortly after this, although he continued to believe that he must continue to placate the authorities. He made a series of contacts to the FBI over the next seven months. (As a sidebar: Phil was to learn in 1975, through the Freedom of Information Act, that a letter he had sent in 1958 had been intercepted by the CIA. See Appendix 5 for more on government mind-control experiments.)

The radio began to abuse Phil with obscenities and death commands. Even when the radio was unplugged the abuse continued, waking him and his wife in the middle of the night. The radio was plugged back in, “because it was easier to sleep with the music on,” remembered his wife Tessa, in an interview with J.B. Reynolds.

Phil’s visions continued. He began to see what he termed “the golden rectangle”. This “door” was marked with letters from the Greek alphabet and

he repeatedly saw this door projected onto any natural formation that resembled it. At one time he even saw his pet cat Pinky emerging outward from through the door. The cat had taken on a larger and more ferocious appearance, although the cat was old and in poor health. Looking beyond the door Phil saw a “static landscape, nocturnal, a quiet black sea, sky, the edge of an island, and surprisingly, the unmoving figure of a nude woman standing on the sand by the edge of the water. I recognized her; it was Aphrodite.”

Pinky the Cat. As time progressed more strange occurrences invaded Phil’s life. He began to feel that the pets in his life seemed more intelligent and were trying to communicate with him.

Animal psi (Anpsi) is the ability of animals to make use of the same ESP faculties that humans are said to possess. It is suggested that this human-to-animal communication is nurtured by the love of their human guardians; if this be true, than Phil’s cat Pinky must surely have been a candidate, as Phil had a deep emotional bond with his beloved cat. It even seems synchronicitous that the beam of light which provided Phil with his experience and knowledge was pink and his cat’s name was “Pinky”.

Later in the fall Phil stated that while he and his wife were lying in bed, he saw a “pale white light” enter and fill the room. He saw Pinky the cat floating, inert and exposed. Becoming frightened, he began to think that Death had entered the room and that he was going to die. He began praying in Latin for almost half an hour.

After the episode ended he stated to his wife that he’d known it was Death and thought it had come for him. He also explained that within the next four days Death would strike.

Later that night he reports a dream in which he heard a loud gunshot fired at him; he was OK but a woman next to him had been injured and was dying. He ran for help.

Three days later Pinky died, and on the night he died Phil was in the bathroom and felt a hand on his shoulder; turning to see who was there, he saw no one. He felt it was the touch of his good friend pausing to say good-bye upon his departure.

The Mystical PKD. Prior to this Phil had injured himself during the summer and had undergone corrective surgery. In this weakened state Phil

says that he was again hit by the pink beam of light, which informed him of a potentially fatal inguinal hernia that his son Christopher had. This information was confirmed by a physician and the necessary surgery was performed later that day.

Aldous Huxley gave a series of seven lectures at MIT in the fall of 1960 on the subject of the visionary experience and discussed the nature of these experiences. Although he stated that every visionary experience is unique, as every human being is unique, there are similarities. He went on to say that the highest common factor in all the experiences, is the experience of light. He classified the aspect even further, speaking of “undifferentiated light” and “light in differentiated form”. The former was described as an enormous blast of light, disembodied in any form - just a great flood of light. When the pink beam hit Phil, he described it as blinding, like a flashbulb going off in his face. The latter was described by Huxley as the experience of light embodied in shapes, in personages, and in landscapes. Huxley went on to explain that “the experience will often begin with a vision of what may be called living geometries, geometrical forms brilliantly lighted, continuously changing. These may modulate into some kind of metrical objects such as carpets, mosaics and so on. There may then be tremendous visions of landscapes... And then there are sometimes visions of figures, strange faces.” When William Blake saw them, he called them seraphim and cherubim. This description of the visionary experience also dovetails with Phil’s.

Both Evelyn Underhill, author of the classic general introduction to the study of mysticism, **Mysticism**, and Huxley agree that central to the classic mystical experience is, in Huxley’s words, “that experience which transcends the subject-object relationship, which produces a sense of solidarity between the experiencer and the universe, which gives the experiencer a sense of the basic All-Rightness of the universe...”

In **The Luminous Vision: Six Medieval Mystics and their Teachings**, Anne Bancroft, in her introduction, states, “The true mystic, then, is one who is freed from feelings of oppression and insecurity which arise when we regard the world as alien to us and ourselves as being directed by it from without.” This fundamental part of the visionary experience seems clearly to have not been a part of Phil’s experiences, and although there are many important similarities between his experiences and the mystic state there are also many differences.

Again Phil pondered where the information came from and who was

communicating with him. He described it as the ability to read and understand secret messages that were embedded within the inferior bulk of the total amount of the transmissions. He began looking toward the heavens.

Interstellar Telepathy, Sirius, and the Illuminati. Many people have claimed to have received messages via interstellar telepathy. Saul-Paul Sirag, a physicist, has said that over a hundred scientists in the United States have had this experience, but are reluctant to admit it publicly, for obvious reasons. Buckminster Fuller, renowned scientific philosopher, has stated that he sometimes thinks that he has received messages from interstellar telepaths. Dr. John Lilly, psychoanalyst, neuro-anatomist, cyberneticist, mathematician, and pioneering dolphin researcher, has made allusions to contact during the early seventies from interstellar entities he terms the “Cosmic Coincidence Control Center”. Alan Vaughn, a well-known occultist and editor of **Psychic** magazine, also had the impression of being contacted from the star Sirius in January 1973.

During July and August 1973, Timothy Leary, the scientific clinical psychologist and arch-heretic fired from Harvard, received what he termed the “Starseed Transmissions”; the messages came in nineteen bursts and were seldom in recognizable English. Leary theorizes that “Higher Intelligence” is a two-step process: first DNA is seeded on a planet to take root and grow; second, when the life form(s) grow and show signs of maturity, transmissions (via interstellar ESP) are sent to the fledgling intelligence to facilitate its growth and eventual return to the stars. Leary feels that interstellar ESP has been going on all through the ages, and that each culture interprets the messages, from where and from whom they come, in relationship to their own cultural beliefs (e.g. angels, spirits, goddesses, UFOs, demons, fairies, weird people, the Virgin Mary, etc.).

Robert A. Wilson, novelist, poet, lecturer, stand-up comic, futurist, and psychologist, feels he was contacted from July 1973 to October 1974 by some form of interstellar telepathy. He has since then written several books which make connections between occult practices of various Rosicrucian luminaries and communications from interstellar entities.

In his book **Cosmic Trigger** he states, “[George Hunt] Williamson, an early 1950s contactee, claims to have met some flying saucerites from Sirius. He prints vast huge chunks of their language... and I found that a few of the

words were almost identical with some words in the “angelic” language used by Dr. John Dee, Aleister Crowley and other magi of the Illuminati tradition... Williamson also informs us that the Sirians have been with earth for ‘several thousand years’ and that their allies here use as insignia the Eye of Horus - the origin of the Illuminati eye-in-triangle design.” (For more on the Illuminati, see Appendix 2.)

Wilson goes on to find similarities in the various “transmissions”, stating, “It seems clear that the Starseed Transmissions acquired a rather heavy Timothy Leary flavor in passing through the Leary nervous system, just as **The Book of the Law** took on an undeniably Crowleyan aroma in passing through Aleister’s neurons, but the underlying message is hauntingly similar.” Wilson met with Phil several times, and they corresponded for awhile. Wilson felt that Phil’s experiences were strangely resonant with his, stating, “The parallels with my own experience are numerous - but so are the differences. If the same source was beaming ideas to both Phil and me, the messages got our individual flavors mixed into them as we decoded the signals.”

Phil’s transmissions did take on a distinctly phildickian slant as they passed through his nervous system, yet I wonder what a synthesis of the various separate transmissions would bring about.

When considering “from whom” or “from where” these transmissions came, Wilson gives three possible ways to think about it in his book, **Masks of the Illuminati**. “ONE: it is a metaphor that signifies, roughly, learning to receive communications from your own unconscious mind, without the usual distortion. TWO: it’s not that simple at all; [the higher intelligence] speaks to you through your own conscious mind, but it is literally a separate being... THREE: yes it is a metaphor, after all, but for something so far out of our ordinary consciousness that it matters not a rap whether you think of it in terms of the first answer or in terms of the second answer; it transcends them both...”.

Phil associated the source of the information with the nearby star Sirius, as did Wilson, Crowley and Leary. Wilson ponders whether or not Sirius and Earth have achieved some kind of cosmic link, and he has researched a host of interesting references concerning this. He has found references to this mysterious star throughout occult history dating from the

ancient Egyptians up to the present day, and whether you trace backward from the present, or forward from the past, you "... continually collide with the mysterious and enigmatic history of Freemasonry."

Phil also explored the idea that his experiences could be understood and explained within this tradition. He had even answered an add in the back of a pulp magazine for membership in the Ancient and Mystical Order Rosea Crucis, (AMORC). (For more on Freemasonry and AMORC, see Appendix 2.)

Phil himself seemed impressed with Wilson's ideas: "Wilson managed to reverse every mental polarity in me, as if I had been pulled through infinity. I was astonished and delighted."

All in all, it seems to me, the early to mid-seventies were a very busy time for "alien" transmissions, as Phil was not alone in his experience.

Cryptozoology. Communication from "extradimensional entities" has been posed by several leading researchers in the field. George Creighton suggests in Timothy Good's book, **Alien Contact**, "... that some aliens are interdimensional beings indigenous to the planet Earth, who may have existed with us for thousands of years." Researcher John Keel uses the term "ultraterrestrials".

Phil himself pondered the possibility of this. In his book **VALIS** he wrote the following: "The name for this is mimesis. Another name is mimicry. Certain insects do this; they mimic other things: sometimes other insects - poisonous ones - or twigs and the like. Certain biologists and naturalists have speculated that higher forms of mimicry might exist since lower forms... have been found all over the world.

"What if a high form of sentient mimicry existed - such a high form that no human (or few humans) had detected it? What if it could only be detected if it wanted to be detected? Which is to say, not truly detected at all, since under these circumstances it has advanced out of its camouflaged state to disclose itself. 'Disclose' might in this case equal 'theophany'. The astonished human being would say, I saw God; whereas in fact he saw only a highly evolved ultra-terrestrial life form, a UTI, or an extra-terrestrial life form (an ETI) which has come here at some time in the past..."

Mystical Alien Biological Crypto-Intelligence. Phil also termed this

new, dual consciousness within him “homoplasmate” and defined it as a combination of human (Phil) and plasmate (an information-rich life form). He felt this plasmate had been sleeping for the last two thousand years in a dormant seed form as living information in the codices found at Nag Hammadi. In his book, **The Transmigration of Timothy Archer**, he discusses the word “anokhi”, found in some Zadokite documents that were unearthed with the Qumran scrolls. He goes on to discuss its meaning, and then to involve hallucinogenic mushrooms along the same line of thought explored in the late John Allegro’s book **The Sacred Mushroom and The Cross**.

I will mention here that Terence McKenna has put forth the theory that the stropharia cubensis (psilocybin) mushroom is an alien intelligence that did not evolve on Earth. He outlines his beliefs and ideas in several books: **The Archaic Revival**, **Food of the Gods: The Search for the Original Tree of Knowledge**, and **True Hallucinations**, which are worth the read for anyone wishing to pursue this line of thought further. I feel he has put together a non-sectarian version of the central concepts explored by Phil and Allegro in this area.

Gnostic Christianity. Phil was to have one last key vision in January and February of 1975, that of the Palm Tree Garden and the Black Iron Prison. In this vision, the Palm Tree Garden was contrasted to the Black Iron Prison, signifying two opposing ways of being in the world.

It is one of the central ideas in gnostic belief that the world we live in is an illusion created to enslave us and cut us off from our divine birthright. Phil called what we normally call reality a “cardboard cutout fake” and termed it the “Black Iron Prison”; his vision of our true reality he termed the “Palm Tree Garden”. Lawrence Sutin’s biography quotes some correspondence Phil wrote in 1975: ” This is not an evil world, as Mani [founder of Manicheism, which equates matter with evil] supposed. There is a good world under the evil. The evil is somehow superimposed over it (Maya), and when stripped away, pristine glowing creation is visible.”

Phil’s whole experience with the events of 2-74 to 2-75 became associated with ideas surrounding the vision of the Palm Tree Garden and the Black Iron Prison. He spent the next eight years of his life writing in his journal, working with these events; it grew to over one million hand-written words, and if time and life had permitted it continue to grow as we speak.

Phil seemed to lean towards a gnostic Christian structure to give form to the information and the experiences he received. Jay Kinney in his article “The Mysterious Revelations of Philip K. Dick” found similarities between Dick’s vision and another twentieth-century vision. C.G. Jung wrote a small booklet entitled **Septem Sermones ad Mortuos** (Seven Sermons to the Dead) which he had received in a three-day period in 1916; he gave authorship credit to “Bestialities”, a gnostic Christian of the second century. Kinney also went on to say that, “Dick and Jung both came to see in the surviving fragments of early gnostic scriptures, such as those found in 1945 at Nag Hammadi, Egypt, evidence of world views similar to those put forth in their own respective trance-visions.” Yet one must remember gnostic concepts were just one avenue of thought, among many Phil mapped out.

I have purposely not tried to delve too far into Phil’s own mystical and philosophical views, as time and space prevent it, but have attempted to give a simple sketch of the various elements that were involved with his experiences, and also provide a few references for anyone wishing to further explore these elements.

For those who may be interested in Phil’s own thoughts and ideas, **Philip K. Dick: The Last Testament**” by Gregg Rickman is a 230-page, edited transcription of interviews with Dick from 1981 and 1982; a good place to begin, as are Phil’s own novels.

Appendix 1: Bibliography and Acknowledgements.

All of the personal and bibliographic knowledge mentioned in this article concerning Philip K. Dick's life was gained from **Divine Invasions: A Life of Philip K. Dick** by Lawrence Sutin. (Harmony Books, a division of Crown Publishers, Inc., 1989.)

For insight to Philip K. Dick's thoughts and ideas on the subject matter see the following:

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- (2) **Deus Irae**, Philip K. Dick and Roger Zelazny. Dell Books, 1976.
- (3) **The Divine Invasion**, Philip K. Dick. Pocket Books, 1981.
- (4) **A Maze of Death**, Philip K. Dick. Daw Books, 1970.
- (5) **Radio Free Albemuth**, Philip K. Dick. Avon Books, 1985.
- (6) **VALIS**, Philip K. Dick. Bantam Books, 1981.

Other Sources:

- (1) **The Agency: The Rise and Fall of the CIA**, John Ranelagh. Cambridge Publishing Ltd., 1986.
- (2) **Alien Contact**, Timothy Good. William Morrow and Company, 1991.
- (3) **The Archaic Revival**, Terence McKenna. HarperSanFrancisco Publishers, 1993.
- (4) **CIA: The "Honorable" Company**, Brian Freemantle. The Rainbird Publishing Group, 1983.
- (5) **The Complete Golden Dawn System of Magic**, Israel Regardie. Falcon Press, 1984.
- (6) **Cosmic Trigger**, Robert Anton Wilson. Falcon Press, 1977.
- (7) **Dictionary of Symbols**, Tom Chetwynd. The Aquarian Press, 1982.
- (8) **Ego and Archetype**, Edward F. Edinger. R.R. Donnelley & Sons Co, 1972.
- (9) **Encyclopedia of Mystical and Paranormal Experience**, R.E. Guiley. HarperCollins Publishers, 1991.

(10) **Food of the Gods: The Search for the Original Tree of Knowledge**, Terence McKenna. Bantam Books, 1992.

(11) **The Luminous Vision: Six Medieval Mystics and their Teachings**, Anne Bancroft. Unwin Paperbacks, 1989.

(12) **Masks of the Illuminati**, Robert Anton Wilson. Dell Publishing, 1981.

(13) **Moksha: Writings on Psychedelics and the Visionary Experience**, Aldous Huxley. (M. Horowitz and C. Palmer, ed.) Stonehill Publishing Company, 1977.

(14) **Mysticism**, Evelyn Underhill. Dutton Paperbacks, 1961.

(15) **The Sacred Mushroom**, Andrija Puharich. Doubleday & Company, 1959.

(16) **The Sacred Mushroom and The Cross**, John M. Allegro. Paperbacks, 1970.

(17) **Shamanism: Archaic Techniques of Ecstasy**, Mircea Eliade. Princeton University Press, 1964.

(18) **True Hallucinations**, Terence McKenna. HarperCollins Publishers, 1993.

(19) **Twins**, by Peter Watson. Hutchinson & Co., 1981.

(20) **The Woman's Encyclopedia of Myths and Secrets**, Barbara Walker. Harper & Row Publishers, 1983.

Appendix 2: The Western Esoteric Tradition.

The Englishman John Dee was a mathematician, philosopher, and the adviser to Queen Elizabeth I. An exceptional student who attended the University of Cambridge at age fifteen, he's said to have studied a full eighteen hours a day. Upon graduation he developed a large following as a travelling lecturer. Returning to England he developed a friendship with Queen Elizabeth I, and was awarded a royal position as the warden of Christ's College in Manchester. He gathered many ancient texts and tomes that had been lost when the Roman Catholic Church and Monasteries were sacked after the Reformation. His own personal library of 4000+ books was said to be the largest of its kind in Europe.

Starting in 1582, and for the next seven years, John Dee and a partner named Edward Kelly were to receive messages from a series of angels. On March 9, 1582, Kelly received a vision of the angel Uriel. On March 14 was another visitation, this time from the angel Michael. For the next several years they received detailed information about a mysterious language now called "Enochian". It combined the kabbalah, tarot, astrology, and geomancy into one single psychological field. Israel Regardie stated, "In short, the method works: it unlocks the secret doors of the mind as no other published system has ever done." (In **The Complete Golden Dawn System of Magic.**)

Dr. Francis Years, historian, feels that John Dee was a prime mover in the Rosicrucian Brotherhood, and outlines this in two books, **The World Stage** and **The Rosicrucian Enlightenment**.

This leads us into the strange and murky world of the Rosicrucians, an occult order that is both historical and mythological. What follows is a brief timeline of the development of that order from its shadowy beginnings to the present.

Outer Space (?) – Sirius contacts the Dogons

Atlantis (?) – sinks ca. 10,000 BC

Mystery Cults:

Isis & Osiris – Ancient Egypt & Greece

Eleusis – Ancient Greece

Dionysus – Ancient Mediterranean

Mithra – Persia (68 BC)

Druids – Celts & Gauls

Gnostics – ca. 200 BC

Manicheans – Middle East (AD 250)

Kabbalah – Jewish (Spain & Italy)

Cathars – Languedoc, France

Assassins – Hassan ibn-Sabah, AD 1110)

Knights Templar – AD 1118

Alchemy – Western (Greco-Egyptian roots)

Freemasonry (1375?)

- first lodges (1619)

- Grand lodges (1717)

- Lodges in Belgium, Russia, Italy, Germany, Switzerland, France, England (1730s)

Freemasonry offshoots

- the Egyptian Rite

- the Bavarian Illuminati (Adam Weishaupt, Ingolstadt, 1776)

- Ordo Templi Orientis (Germany, 1902)

- the Ancient Arabic Order of the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine (the “Shriners”)

- the Order of the Eastern Star

- the Order of DeMolay

- the Order of Job’s Daughters

- the Order of the Rainbow

- Propaganda Due (P2)

Rosicrucians (1610)

- Fama Fraternitas
 - Confessio Fraternitas Rosea Crucis
 - The Chymical Wedding of Christian Rosenkreutz
- Late 19th - early 20th c. Rosicrucian offshoots

- Fraternitatis Rosae Crucis (1858)
 - Societas Rosicruciana in Anglia (1866)
 - Order Kabbalistique (1880)
 - Order of the Rose-Croix (1890)
 - Societas Rosicruciana (1907)
 - Rosicrucian Fellowship (1907)
 - Ancient and Mystical Order Rosea Crucis (1909)
- The Theosophical Society

- (Madame Helena P. Blavatsky, 1873)
- The I AM Movement
 - George Adamski & other early UFO contactees
 - The so-called New Age
- The Hermetic Order of the Golden Dawn (1888)

- the Outer Order (The Order of the Golden Dawn)
 - the Inner Order (The Order of the Silver Star)
 - the Order of the Rose of Ruby and the Cross of Gold
- Golden Dawn Offshoots

- Stella Matutina (Dion Fortune)
- Alpha and Omega
- Argentum Astrum (Aleister Crowley)
- ?

This list is by no means complete or detailed in anyway - that would require far more space and time than permitted here - but it does outline the lineage of thought concerning the development of what has been termed the Western Esoteric Tradition and Western Occultism. This tradition is a blending of Islamic, Christian, and Jewish mysticism, and has its roots in ideas that were formulated and developed by the ancient religions of Egypt and Greece; each religious mysticism cross-fertilizing with the others and creating a mysticism and a large body of information and experience that is

uniquely Western.

Appendix 3: The Divine Female Aspect.

The anima, the female shadow figure that exists within a man's psyche, was an idea developed by C.G. Jung. He felt that each person had qualities of both sexes, which allows for the full range of emotional expression. In his book, **Dictionary of Symbols**, Tom Chetwynd explains that the anima is the source of receptiveness and sensitivity, and of the patience required to nurture the seeds of future development. The anima is the source that enables one to experience the imagery of one's own unconscious. Jung felt that the anima was first projected onto the mother, but as the individual develops it will be projected onto others, to give it shape and bring understanding.

Often described as the "Goddess of Love", Aphrodite was much more than simply that. She was a trinity (Virgin, Mother, Crone). She was the ancestral mother of the Romans, having given birth to Aeneas, their founding father. The Christians converted her temple on Cyprus into a sanctuary of the Virgin Mary, but even today, within this temple, Mary is hailed as "Panaghia Aphroditessa" (All-Holy Aphrodite). Aphrodite ruled birth, life, love, death, time, and fate, and reconciled man to all of them through sensual and sexual mysticism.

Artemis or Diana was an Amazonian moon-goddess. She was both nurturer and huntress, bringing forth and nurturing all living things, yet she was also the killer of the very creatures she brought forth. Again a trinity is evoked: lunar virgin, mother of all creatures, destroyer. Gnostic Christians called their wisdom-goddess Sophia and frequently identified her with Diana.

Athena was the mother goddess of Athens; the Greeks claimed she was born fullgrown from Zeus' head, after he swallowed her mother Metis (female wisdom). Minerva was the Roman Goddess of wisdom, war, and the lunar calendar; she was the Roman form of Athena.

Sophia was the Gnostic Great Mother, the spirit of female wisdom. Sophia was God's female soul, source of all His power. Barbara Walker, in her book **The Woman's Encyclopedia of Myths and Secrets**, states that, "Early Gnostic Christians held that, like Krishna and Shiva, or Dionysus and Zeus, Christ and God merged together with Sophia as an androgyne: 'The Son of Man agreed with Sophia, his consort, and revealed Himself in a great light as bisexual. His male nature was called the savior, the begetter of all

things, but his female, Sophia, Mother of all.”

Gnostic Christian Creation Myth. “Sophia was born from the primordial female power Sige [silence]. Sophia gave birth to a male spirit, Christ, and a female spirit, Achamoth [Chokmah]. The latter gave birth to the elements and the terrestrial world, then brought forth a new god named Ialdabaoth, Son of Darkness, along with five planetary spirits later regarded as emanations of Jehovah: Iao, Sabaoth, Adonai, Eloï, and Uraeus.

“These spirits produced archangels, angels and finally men. Ialdabaoth or Jehovah forbade man to eat the fruit of the tree of knowledge, but his mother Achamoth sent her own spirit to earth in the form of a serpent Ophis to teach man to disobey the jealous god. The serpent was also Christ, who taught Adam to eat of the tree of knowledge despite god’s prohibition.

“Sophia sent Christ again to earth in the shape of her own totemic dove, to enter the man Jesus at his baptism in the Jordan. After Jesus died Christ left his body and returned to heaven. Sophia gave him a body of ether, and placed him in heaven to help collect souls. Some said Jesus became Sophia’s spouse and his glory depended on this sacred marriage; for he was only one of the Aeons, a minor spirit, the ‘common fruit’ of the Pleroma.” (From **The Woman’s Encyclopedia of Myths and Secrets**, p.951.)

Sophia has also been identified as Jesus’ mother, as she was the Light that descended to earth and entered the body of Mary to conceive him. Sophia has also been described as the “mind” of God much the same as Metis was to Zeus. Sophia also appears in the Jewish mystical tradition of the Kabbalah as the Shekhina of God.

Appendix 4: Twinning.

The word “twin” comes from the ancient German word, “twina” or “twine”, and means “two together”.

Types of twins: The birth of twins can happen in one of two ways. If the ovaries release two eggs and they are fertilized, they will grow into two independent fetuses, each with its own placenta. These twins are called fraternal or dizygotic twins, “dizygotic” (DZ) from the Greek “di” meaning “two” and “zygotos” meaning “yoked” or “egg”. Identical twins come from a single egg, which divides into two separate individuals after fertilization. These twins are called monozygotic (MZ), “mono” coming from the Greek meaning “single”.

There are an estimated 100 million twins in the world, and about one third of these are MZ (3.5 per 1000 live births). The connection between MZ twins appears statistically to be greater than the bond which exists between DZ twins, but there have been examples of DZs who have held extraordinary interdependence upon each other.

Twin Studies: Studies have shown that the similarities found in twins fall into three areas: first, there are the anecdotal coincidences such as the similarities in names, clothing choices, dressing styles, choices of authors and books and colors; second, there are the psychological and/or behavioral similarities like the same dreams and fears, job preferences and sports interests; third, the psychiatric similarities of depression, alcoholism, violence, and other mental health characteristics.

Peter Watson in his book **Twins** states, “The most intriguing is that twinhood, especially identical twinhood, faces us with people who, though separate individuals biologically, psychologically are not.” Watson also explains, “They may compete in the womb for nourishment or may even ‘jockey’ for position, one draining the blood away from the other. In all these cases the twins may show the effects at birth: although they are ‘identical, one at first looks quite different, bigger, healthier, more advanced than the other. Another accident that can happen is that one growing twin fetus ‘absorbs’ the other. Cases like this are discovered only much later when, as

an adult, an individual has an operation... and the surgeon finds a fetus mummified inside the body. It should have been a twin - but lost the race very early on.”

Appendix 5: The CIA and Mind Control.

Since 1960, seven research centers have been established to research parapsychology and thought transference. In his book **CIA: The “Honorable” Company** Brian Freemantle states, “I.M. Kogan, chairman of the Bioinformational Section of the Moscow Board of the Popov Society, is carrying out experiments on distanced mental suggestion, long-range intercity telepathy, and awakening a subject from a hypnotically-induced sleep, by ‘beamed’ suggestion.

“L.L. Vasiliev, at Leningrad Institute for Brain Research, is attempting long-range telepathy and long-distance hypnosis, to put people to sleep...

“Other Soviet research is into tapping the electrical field known to be emitted by the human brain, both to ‘read’ the thoughts and to control them.”

The CIA has also been interested in parapsychology and has developed projects in remote viewing, telekinesis, and telepathy, as well as others.

Mind Control research was established by the US government in the late forties and early fifties, involving both the CIA and US Army Intelligence.

The Freedom of Information Act reveals that projects like MKULTRA, MKDELTA, MKSEARCH, MKNAOMI, MKACTION, PANDORA, BLUEBIRD and ARTICHOKE, as well as others, were developed with the sole purpose of researching and experimenting with various means of mind and thought control, and their use of unknowing civilian subjects is well-documented.

In 1953, under coordination by Dr. Sidney Gottlieb, a number of programs were overseen. Project Chatter (which had begun in 1947) attempted to identify and develop “truth drugs”. MKNAOMI (1952) developed and tested biological chemical weapons. MKDELTA (1952) oversaw operational use of MKULTRA materials overseas.

In total 149 MKULTRA subprojects, all investigating behavioral modification, toxins and drugs, were established. MKULTRA, Subproject 142 was developed to experiment with electrical brain stimulation. Subproject 94 utilized miniaturized stimulating electrode implants for the purpose of remote directional control of selected species.

The Allen Memorial Institute, the psychiatric section of McGill

University in Montreal was used for experiments in what Dr. Ewin Cameron termed “psychic driving”. Dr. Cameron headed the project, and was a man of high esteem in the psychiatry profession. In 1953 he was President of the American Psychiatric Association and later was appointed the first President of the World Psychiatric Association. The experiments were in “depatterning”, the wiping completely clean the mind of the individual using electroshocks and prolonged drug use.

This CIA-inspired program was to try to erase a person’s mind, then having done so, “repattern” it. Other projects were established in the Boston Psychopathic Hospital, the University of Illinois Medical School, the University of Oklahoma, the University of Rochester, and the Mount Sinai Hospital and Columbia University in New York.

In searching for a chemical that would produce a non-toxic aberrant mental state, the CIA modified the tail pipe of a car and drove around New York (80 miles or so) emitting a gas to test its effects on the passersby. This was named Operation BIG CITY. They also travelled the New York subway system with vaporized LSD to see if it would affect people in enclosed places.

In 1964 a new project was developed called MKSEARCH. Into this new program seven of the most successful MKULTRA projects were transferred. This involved testing unknowing army personal as well as the inmates of federal institutions and mental defectives in a Washington hospital.

MKSEARCH ended in 1972, but running parallel to that program was another drug testing program called OFTEN which continued to operate.

A Church Committee investigation in 1975 ended with the following statement: “These programs resulted in substantial violations of the rights of individuals within the United States.”

These projects have all been discontinued, but as the Freedom of Information Act cannot as yet touch secret documents from the late seventies and forward one is left again to speculate as to whether or not similar yet more technologically advanced projects continue, or whether or not the knowledge of such will ever see the light of day.

There is even speculation by Martin Cannon that the recent uncovering of the prolific amount of UFO abductions are but a cover story and popular explanation for work being done by the CIA and/or Army Intelligence.

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A Method of Contact

Don Webb

The following nine-week working will allow the Worker to contact VALIS. It is difficult to do. The difficulty is important; it enables the Worker to break her or his internal fetters, and prepare for the noetic experience of direct knowing. It works on the sound principal of magic as communication, a method of transferring a message to and receiving a message from the other, secret side of the universe. It will produce a profound change in the subjective universe of the Worker, and following the basic principles of magic a proportional change will occur in the objective universe. This ritual is therefore powerful, and hence dangerous. People who neglect the seemingly nonmagical parts of the Work will not be able to make use of the information they receive. You will need to familiarize yourself with the working, so that you will have access to the correct resources at the proper time. You will probably not succeed in doing the daily work everyday, but you should hit at least five out of seven days. Use common sense in the physical activities, and do the magical activities as often as possible.

If you proceed with the Work, note that you are entering into Unknown and dangerous territory, and that whatever happens happens on your own without the liability of author or publisher.

Daily preparation and work: The following four practices are to be observed through the Work. (1). No TV, no newspapers, none of the magazines you're used to reading. This helps the mind break from the patterns it is used to seeing. (2). Tell no one you're doing the Work. It takes tremendous strength to keep your mouth shut about something for nine weeks. This helps in focusing your attention on mysterious communications. (3). Keep a diary in which you may feel free to write down any idea that occurs during the Work; you should in no way censor the process. (4). Everyday as you can, after rising from bed say the following, "I dismiss the hypnotism of past aeons. I open myself to the Hidden realm of truth and arm myself with the tools of reason and feeling, and I swear by all I hold dear that I will attempt to change both the inner and outer world in accordance with what I find. When I think of VALIS, VALIS thinks of me." Each night, as close to going to bed as you can, say the following, "I open the Night gate,

the gate of dreams, that I may be taught that which does not open to the daytime world. I accept the Nyall of VALIS; as I am taught now, I promise to so teach after my death. When I think of VALIS, VALIS thinks of me.”

[“Nyall” is a term coined by the Icelandic esotericist Dr. Helgi Pjeturss (1876-1949). His theory was that dreams of a visionary nature (as opposed to dreams where you go to the 7-11 naked) are the gifts of the “dream giver”, who may be a being on this or another planet, for the purpose of “bioinduction”, a process of guiding the evolution of both individuals and the species.]

Week 1. Mental activity: Read as many books as you can on alternative history. Look for good, solid, well-researched books like **Ancient Man: A Handbook of Puzzling Artifacts**, edited by William Corliss. Avoid fringe occult books. The point is to convince the most rational part of yourself that there’s lots of history hidden away, and that you as a product of that history are likewise a more mysterious being than you realized.

Physical activity: Take long walks through parts of town you’re not familiar with, try to look for unusual architecture and symbolism. (Of course use discretion and walk in safe places).

Magical activity: Everyday visualize a spacecraft orbiting the earth and bombarding certain historical sites - such as the Library of Alexandria, Stonehenge, etc. with a pink beam. When the beam strikes, people fall to the ground, and then rise full of knowledge. On the last day of the week, write a list of all the historical events that had to occur for you to have come into being. Begin with your dad meeting your mom. What economic and historical forces brought them together? What about your grandparents? Continue till the list goes way back in history.

Week 2. Mental activity: Read serious and well-researched books on Fortean phenomena. Again William Corliss has an excellent set. This is to show the most skeptical part of yourself that there are a lot things going on we don’t understand, and that things that are not understood get swept under the table.

Physical activity: Try as many unusual foods as you can; take acquaintances (as opposed to close friends) out to eat. Have ice cream for breakfast.

Magical activity as above. On the last day write your thoughts on how what we consume - food, ideas, religions - makes us what we are. Try to

imagine what food or drink is in the Holy Grail.

Week 3. Mental activity: Get a book on conceptual blockbusting, or lateral thinking, or using both sides of your brain. Work thorough the exercises. Mental gymnastics of all kinds are called for.

Physical activity: Swimming or dancing. Any activity that both increases blood flow and causes you to have deal with unusual spatial frames of reference.

Magical activity: Visualize the pink ray striking you, in the place you've picked to be on the last day of the ninth week. On the last day of this week write a sonnet with the rhymes and scansion on how we miss most of the Mystery of the world around us. Note: if you are in the habit of writing poetry, draw a picture.

Week 4. Mental activity: Read a well-researched, not-too-goofy book on how secret societies have transformed the world. **The Occult Conspiracy** by Michael Howard is excellent for this; again this is to convince your rational mind of the power of the Secret.

Physical activity: If possible engage in building, carpentry, masonry etc. If no such opportunities exist, simply keep physically active.

Magical activity: As above. On the last day make a list of the number of occult practices that shape your day-to-day world. For example, because of the astrologers of Babylonia you divide hours into 60 minutes, or John Dee's term "British Empire" seems to have a lot of influence.

Week 5. Mental activity: Read the VALIS trilogy by Philip K. Dick.

Physical activity: Repeat the walks form the first week while trying as hard as you can to remember events in the novels.

Magical activity: Visualize the events of Dick receiving contact with VALIS. You will add another invocation to be performed daily. At the point closest to the middle of your waking day, say the following, "I have lain four bricks of truth to stand upon. I acknowledge that I have been my own enemy by creating limitations for myself. I discard those illusions and accept the pleasures and pains of my existence. I feel you moving toward me, O VALIS, I feel your Essence touch my mind." Continue this practice to the end of the Work. On the last day write, draw, or some way express your feelings about Dick's revelation.

Week 6. Mental activity: Spend the week reading fun, goofy novels on time travel, or comics on the same category. Dirty joke books are good.

You can rent any number of silly SF videos to watch. Try not to think about the Work, but push it down into your unconscious.

Physical activity: Lots of good sex if available; if not, tennis or racquetball.

Magical activity: None, save for the invocations. If you find yourself starting to visualize, stop yourself. At the end of the week write a little essay on how magic is just physiological manipulation and not to be taken seriously.

Week 7. **Mental activity:** Surround yourself with SF art depicting future cities, floating space stations, and other future images that you find both fantastic and positive.

Physical activity: Go to Science Museums, raves, robot demonstrations, anything that suggests a positive future.

Magical activity: Visualize yourself floating in space. A beam of pink light comes from your own forehead and strikes someone. What does this future woman or man look like? Where do they live? Visualize all these things. On the last day of the week write a short essay on how seeking after the mysteries of VALIS could help mankind have a better future.

Week 8. **Mental activity:** Spend the week resolving in your mind any long-standing family issues. Think a great deal about experiences in your early childhood which helped shape you. If possible, call up your parents and thank them for bringing you into the world.

Physical activity: Visit as many of your favorite places that you can.

Magical activity: Visualize your mother and father copulating, while a pink beam strikes them, giving them the information that will become you. On the last day of the week make a list of all of your parents good and bad characteristics. Try to be as honest as possible. Then look the list over, checking off those characteristics that you possess. Try to be as honest as possible.

Week 9. **Mental activity:** Read the Hermetica. Walter Scott's translation is excellent for this.

Physical activity: As little as possible. This week you want to be sedentary; stay inside when you can, and be as quiet as you can.

Magical activity: As in week three.

The last day. On the night before the last day, check into a motel; you'll want to wake up in new surroundings. Eat lightly during the day, or

not at all. After your morning invocation, find something secure to stand on (like a desk or chair), and say the following, “By the power of the Elder Names of VALIS do I open myself to the Secrets of Evolution. HAR-WER, HOLY GUARDIAN ANGEL, MITHRAS, HERMES, ABUFIHAMAT, RUAD RO-FHESSA, ITZAMNA, O-KUNI-NUSHI, HORAPOLLO! Your Essence pours over me in a pink light and I receive the baptism of wisdom. I put aside my Earthly semblance and flow upward to your Secret place. My mind is quickened, for I have come to you in the fashion of your friends, PHILIP K. DICK, JOHN DEE, MIKHAIL BAKUNIN, HASSAN I SABBAH, EDGAR POE, PASCAL BEVERLY RANDOLPH, IMHOTEP, CAGLIOSTRO, THOTHMES. Speak now friend, and I will listen. I will see what is Above, and when I return to Below, I will mix what is Above with what is Below and all obscurity will leave me forever. I promise to take on immortality, to return and teach, to bring wonder and joy to the children of men for all ages. Thus the Ka of VALIS is in me.”

After this, do as your spirit dictates. VALIS will come to you during the day. When it comes, ask it for a name by which you may contact it. With this name, which you must keep secret, you will be able to contact VALIS at any time. You may ask about the practical matters of your life. The answers you receive you may not understand at once. The presence of the being will leave you weak and confused.

Over the next few weeks you will enter back into workaday reality. Here you must test the messages you have received and begin the hard work of making the world a better place to live based on the knowledge you have obtained. Once you have passed through this gate, there is no turning back. The responsibility of a better cosmos is now yours, and the hard work you put in to make it better will give you power and wisdom beyond anything you can know.

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Missive Written in Haste to the Philip K. Dick Society by Herbert Street

(edited by Dave Hyde)

After two years of doubt and wonder and of a madness shot through with a terrible cold sanity, I, Herbert Street, hesitate still to set forth the details of the exposition I now lay before you. My fingers tremble on the keys... So easy to wipe the written word away, expunge it from existence - would that memory were such a convenient thing! But I'll press on.

It all started that summer of '89 with the pilgrimage to Colorado -but, no, I leap ahead. It started way before that. It started with that awful book, so familiar to me, read so many times - so familiar to you all, my friends - the one, the only **VALIS** written by that master of irreality and human pain, Philip K. Dick. Fortunately I need not here digress into a dilation on that much-mused-upon classic. The mere title itself conjures in our brains images of a complexity and wonderment that cannot be grasped by our common minds. A supreme effort will be required, I feel, to **understand** the revelations revealed on its every page. And who among us can even contemplate the effort involved, the research? Who has the time?

Unfortunately I did. Oh, there's some who say that work is its own reward, others that knowledge is a worthy goal, and more who point with pride to the accumulations of their lives. I've spent a lifetime pondering such matters. It's what got me into trouble. So, me, I say now that life is in the living, life itself is all there is. Be thankful we share a common reality, fuzzy at the edges - or do we indeed! **VALIS**, though familiar enough to us, is unknown to the **hoi polloi** asleep in their uncomfortable beds. We are already on the edge, my friends; how much further must we press before we fall off?

But I would end before I start! It's so difficult, getting this down. I feel I must write quickly but the dams have yet to burst; the floodgates of repressed memory are squeaking open. I fear the flood. Thank God - or He that passes for Him - that our society exists; without your knowledge and support I dare not relate my tale, else I be condemned a madman, shuttered away from the world, my ravings ineffectual and unheard.

So, then, as one madman to all others, I'll tell this tale. Because now I have it.

It all started, as I said, with **VALIS** in 1982. The year of the Master's death and the year reality first unpeeled for me as I read the book. You all know what I mean. I needn't explain it here. **VALIS**... so much has been said already. Too much, I say, for some things should be kept secret. I now wish I'd never read the book. Ignorance is knowledge, as Orwell said. But... too late for me. My hope is that by facing this here I may save a few others, force those who dither on the fence to climb down and follow more traditional paths. Is this, then, a plea? Yes, I guess it is. Though I must write this, you must not read it. Put it aside now. Burn it! Have no more truck with **VALIS**. Take up instead your daily paper and immerse yourselves in the ills of the world; they're not so bad after all.

What, still here? Well then, in 1982, my mind feverish with visions, I determined to contact **VALIS** itself. But I knew not how to do it. Naturally I had knowledge of many arcane sciences, had travelled many dusty byways of the human mind. I am not young. I'm old, old in life and old in useless, dangerous wisdom. I didn't know which way to go, but certain paths looked promising to me.

I'd misspent a youth in a deep study of Hermetic Magick, that ancient and modern art of ascertaining the Unknown and one's place in it, and had continued my dabbling into later years. It seemed a likely choice. I got out my books and many months passed - yes, even years! - as I followed ancient astronauts and the three-eyed descendants of Ikhnaton into the depths of racial memory. The Dogon people from bright Sirius; Summanus, the dark, shunned god of Rome; Zoroaster, St. Sophia, the works of Boehme, Apollonius, Dee and Crowley; all were grist for my mental mill. The **Tractates Cryptica Scriptura** were my bedside companion. It was not enough. What I sought still eluded me. More; I needed more! Many was the distant bookseller out in the world roused from his misbegotten sleep by my cryptic telephone calls! My files grew, filled with notes that now, even I who wrote them, cannot read them in their crabbed intensity. My wife of twenty-two years left me - I cannot dwell on how abstract it seemed at the time. I was immersed, submerged in knowledge. What else mattered? **VALIS** preyed on my mind. Still, it's better that she's gone; my degradation is enough. None should share it.

There came a time when I thought I had learned enough. I must put my knowledge to practice. God! Can I talk of the things I did! They shame me

now. Vile necrosities! Read of them elsewhere if you wish; look to the foul pages of the **Necronomicon** to satiate your morbid curiosity. I'll mention them no more here! But I see now that I was duped by the Empire. As it is written, "The Empire is the institution, the codification, of derangement; it is insane and imposes its insanity on us by violence, since its nature is a violent one." (**Tractates**, 42). Yes, violence. Violence to the Mind and Spirit! But all was not for nought. These practices, sad and useless as they were for the most part, at last cleared the air. They taught me discipline, a discipline I sorely needed under the escalating spiritual trials I underwent; I undertook them willingly! Only so did I survive. Demons, hah! Monsters from the vast deeps, I met them all! They are nothing to me now. There is a larger evil in the world, beyond the reach of manic delusion. My third eye was opened, my **ajna** eye which seeks the truth. I blew all these phantoms away and was left with nothing. Skills and practices of a useless kind, memories of degradation!

With opened mind I looked inward upon myself, seeing there a slate that had been wiped clean of stain. I knew not which way to turn. Was this the work of VALIS, the Vast Active Living Intelligence System itself? I waited, many weeks, for the writing to appear. And squiggles of meaning did indeed form in the blankness of my mind but they were unstable, drifting off like moths caught in the periphery of one's nighttime vision. Ah, tantalization! The secrets of the universe just outside my reach, waiting for me only to grasp them physically with my mind! But they would not be taken.

In my mounting desperation - for, surely, I was far gone now - I turned to strange drugs to aid my concentration. Long familiarity with the modern pharmacopeia enabled me to select wisely - or what passes for wisdom when one is lost in obsession! The soporifics I set aside. Heroin and opium, though having their uses, were unsuited to my present needs. I spurned them and turned to the hallucinogens and amphetamines to propel my search. Cocaine and speed, hashish and LSD, XTC and DMT, all the marvels of the synthetic chemist I accumulated. Specialists in foreign tropical lands confusedly met my wild demands for **yage** vine and the dung of the Andean Desert Rat! Phosphorescent molds I collected from the filthy run-off of industrial emulsion plants, and many a day would see me under the guise of mycology scraping slivers of rock into tiny jars at the Rocky Mountain

nuclear flats. But I was no connoisseur! No aristocrat I! I despise such snobbery. When my collection was completed to my satisfaction I fasted for three days, as it is prescribed, and then, seated in my circle in the Dragon **asana**, I reached out at random into my jars and boxes.

We've all been there to some extent, I know, or the madness of my visions would be impossible to relate. Who, unless one oneself has crossed that barrier between the **koinos** and **idios kosmos**, can even begin to comprehend the possibilities available to the unfettered, unhinged mind, twisted by the complex pull of modern pharmacology?

Reality in its mundane form ceased to exist for me. It disappeared, whipped into a terrible vortex in which I in my circle was the calm center. Night after night, week after week, I became All - all in all, all there was - until there was no I anymore, only the Experiencer, the pole around the center of which the carousel ride of reality turned. In the far reaches of my hallucinations - no, hallucinations they were not! - I discerned the breath of cosmic life as if it were a vacuum spun around me. I died. And entered an awful blackness where nothing could abide. For an eternity I rested with the Others in this darkness, this negativity I knew to be the City of the Pyramids of which the mystics rave in their farthest tortured fantasies. And here, in my endless night, in this Dark City, VALIS glanced upon me. How did I know, you ask, as well you might. Doubters! I know! VALIS spoke to me in a burst of light (the colour of which I shall not reveal; it is different to everyone). And what it said, though speech does not apply, was, "go away; you are unworthy."

Shattered, I lay for days in my dark circle while reality reformed kaleidoscopically around me. I slept the sleep of the dead - of the damned! I awakened cold and weak, drained of the drugs which now, on their shelves, mocked me in silence. Outside there filtered in the sounds of starlings and distant traffic. Two weeks had passed in earthly time. I spoke the Words and crawled from my circle. Although weak I found earthly sustenance in the form of a can of Heinz chicken soup. It fortified me, kept me alive, for I had only died in my mind. For a week I ate this basic nourishment. I slept and recovered my strength, though I was never again to regain my former solidity of being. Something had been permanently taken from me. But something had been added, something inside. A light! A fire which burned in me like a magnesium flare. I burned for VALIS.

VALIS beckoned; she had me in her sway, had filled my mind with

ways and means and holy missions. Seduced me with her love. I loved VALIS as purely as the good priests and nuns of Mother Church love the good Lord Jesus. I was on a mission for God!

I will not relate all the sordid details. Suffice it to say that on a cool autumn night in the year of our Lord 1990 I found myself in Fort Morgan, Colorado, seeking directions to the cemetery. For eight years all my efforts had brought me here to this conjunction of space and time. Eight years of obsession! Madness! Loss! Anguish of the mind and spirit. Oh, I wish... Stay away! Stay away from VALIS! Seek it not else like me you find yourself in such a situation, talking to that fool at the all-night eatery, putting up with his questions and knowing smirks. God, I hate those bicyclists, those bubbleheads! Indeed, see yourself there, so far gone in debauchery to be leered at by bicyclists!

Yes, my friends, monomania is a sad thing to witness these days. I remember... philately, butterflies, a respectable collection of pornographica... That was enough.

But we cannot return. There is no going back. Graveyards are easy to find after all... and so are shovels... Ha! Got you there, eh? Forgive me my little joke, my sad attempt at ghoulish humor. You expected it of me, didn't you? Admit it! No, I didn't dig up the Master's grave. Even I in my sorry state didn't think of such a thing. But we can have a little chuckle amongst ourselves, eh, with no hard feelings?

Well, then, you say, what did I do?

I did nothing. I kept vigil sitting on the headstone of PKD's grave and as the coldness of the earth seeped up the stone and into my soul I watched the stars. Around me, again, whirled bright, noisy reality. But I had no circle, no protection, no knowledge or care. I had nothing, I did nothing. All my efforts, good and bad, were nothing to me. Cold and lonely as a stone I sat and wept.

The morning sun found me and blessed me there, warmed me to life. I arose from the stone and stepped into the sun. Suffused with light, filled with air, I passed into the Palm Tree Garden.

In the near distance, silhouetted on a ledge of rock, black against the sun, a young girl played a pipes of Pan. Transfixed by her melody and the golden light of the sun I did not advance. In my heart I felt the weight of evil. She looked up at me as the tune ended. "Welcome to real time," she

said.

“Help,” I said, “I’m sick.” And I clutched at my stomach.

She stood and tossed her hair. My cramps disappeared. And with them all trace of evil.

“The Empire has ended!” I yelled, knowing it for certain. “And I’ve **found** you!” I leapt at her but she danced aside.

“No you haven’t!” she laughed and was gone.

The memory washes over me now... I see her through a curtain of easy tears and the Lullaby of Phoebe rises unbidden to my ears... Oh Beauty! Cruel scourge of souls, if you yet care, burn up these memories; they draw me so. I cannot live with them - though I must!

I awoke from my vision with my face in the ground of the Master’s penultimate resting place, eating dirt, vile and unloved. Around me the cemetery markers faded from pink to grey and the last wisps of haze melted into nothingness as the rising sun cleared the horizon. In a daze of loss I hugged the ground, cold reality too solid around me.

I looked up to the sun fat and golden, pitiless with its revealing heat. It burned, oh how it burned! Burned my soul to ashes with its vile light. A creature of darkness I was hithertofore, shunning the light of day - and now I was revealed! A sham. A shadow. A thing without substance. Only memory, damnable memory! Too much pain in memories, my friends, too much for a man to stand. Think back on the evil in your lives, if you dare, and be thankful for forgetting when your mind shies away. Yes, forget, you bastards, for I cannot! Ah, how I rue that day in my feckless youth when first the garish covers of cheap Ace doubles introduced me to the name of Philip K. Dick. Better I had turned to Louis L’Amour or Agatha Christie, anyone but Dick. Now I must live - hah, live! - only in memory.

Phoebe, fair mate of Pan; God, how I miss you! Why? You shouldn't have left me this way, locked in this Black Iron Prison, shut off from real life. Oh you trickster, it's not fair that I should be done this way. Memory! **I should have no memory!** The old tales tell of the vision of Pan, that none may live who see his face. Then why am I alive? Or am I mad? - the tales speak also of the madness of those who did not die in the searing beauty of your gaze. Of their delirious babble I am evidence here, now, alive - and mad! Hah, hah! **I should have forgotten!** Why? Why not? Why? Around and around I worry about that, here in this foul prison called life. I miss you so and I'm mad. Ah, Jesus, come out of your cave; I need you now. Only you can save me from this awful memory. I can stand it no longer. Every minute of every day. Tick, tock, tick, tock. Damn the clock! Damn it to Hell!

I can't go on. It's too much for me. Save yourselves, my friends; seek the Palm Tree Garden no more. Burn your **VALISEs** and your **Divine Invasions**, put aside your mystical hopes and aspirations, settle for the dull life, the normal life. Settle for less than all there is to be known. Live in false reality and be thankful for it. But live!

As for me, I am only a memory. Farewell, friends!

[signed] Herbert Street.

[Editor's note: Appended to this rather unusual manuscript, in a rusty scrawl that I can only surmise is the author's own handwriting, is a short postscript that reads, as best I can fathom it, as follows:

"My time runs out of my hands. But lest there be doubters among you as to the truth of my tale - some who think, perhaps, that I lie, that this is all a work of fiction, a drug-addled rave from the mind of one far gone in mania, I have attached a photograph I took that morning at PKD's grave. In it you can see, in black silhouette, the shadow of the rising sun and the figure of Phoebe seated beneath a fan-shaped palm, playing her pipes of Pan!"

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If Philip K. Dick
had written
"Peanuts"



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Philip K. Dick and the Illuminati

Jim Keith

Monday night he [Dick] called me and said that the night before - Sunday - he'd been smoking some marijuana that a visitor had left, and felt himself entering that by-now-familiar state in which he had visions (generally not dope-related - unless you count Vitamin C as dope), and he said, "I want to see God. Let me see you."

And then instantly, he told me, he was flattened by the most extreme terror he'd ever felt, and he saw the Ark of the Covenant, and a voice (Voice?) said, "You wouldn't come to me through logical evidence or faith or anything else, so I must convince you this way." The curtain of the Ark was drawn back, and he saw, apparently, a void and **a triangle with an eye in it** [emphasis added], staring straight at him. (How prosaically I put all this down, especially when I pretty much believe it's true!) Phil said he was on his hands and knees, in absolute terror, enduring the Beatific Vision from nine o'clock Sunday evening until 5 A.M. Monday. He said he was certain he was dying, and if he could have reached the telephone he'd have called the paramedics. The Voice told him, in effect, "You've managed to talk yourself into disbelieving everything else (more gentle and suited for human consumption) I let you see, but **this** you'll never be able to forget or adapt or misrepresent."

Phil said that during the ordeal he said, "I'll never do dope again!" and the Voice said, "That's not the issue."

(Timothy Powers; letter to Lawrence Sutin.)

The most fascinating account I have encountered of a possible contact with an alien intelligence is the book **VALIS** by Philip K. Dick. Aspects of the book which seem to be little understood are symbols which point to an encounter with what we can accurately term the Illuminati. The messages in **VALIS** are coded, and the meanings encoded are Freemasonic, comprising in fact a relatively exhaustive recapitulation of Freemasonic lore and agenda.

VALIS is a semi-fictionalized account of "Horselover Fat", Dick's alter ego (the name formulated from word derivations of his name), and Dick's meeting with what he takes to be God or at least a god, via the

medium of a pink beam of light. Dick dubs this god VALIS (a Vast Active Living Intelligence System).

Dick's vision came about when, in March of 1974 and suffering from two impacted wisdom teeth, he waited in his apartment in Anaheim, California for a pain killer prescription from a local pharmacy. When the delivery person from the pharmacy arrived at the door it was a young woman wearing a golden fish-emblem necklace. Dick reflects that:

“For some reason I was hypnotized by the gleaming golden fish; I forgot my pain, forgot the medication, forgot why the girl was there. I just kept staring at the fish sign.

“‘What does that mean?’ I asked her.

“The girl touched the glimmering golden fish with her hand and said, ‘This is a sign worn by the early Christians.’ She then gave me the package of medication.

“In that instant, as I stared at the gleaming fish sign and heard her words, I suddenly experienced what I later learned is called **anamnesis** - a Greek word meaning, literally, ‘loss of forgetfulness.’ I remembered who I was and where I was. In an instant, in the twinkling of an eye, it all came back to me. And not only could I remember it but I could see it. The girl was a secret Christian and so was I. We lived in fear of detection by the Romans. We had to communicate in cryptic signs. She had just told me all this, and it was true.”

The sudden influx of knowledge had been caused by a pink beam of light which shot out of the necklace, apparently penetrating directly into Dick's head and imparting a vast array of information, including knowledge of several languages which he hadn't previously understood. Aside from feeling a sort of hyper-rationality, Dick sensed that he had been taken over by a superior mind which had memories dating back in excess of two thousand years. Later Dick was to hear troubling, grotesque messages coming out of his radio telling him to die, and to have an all-night display of graphic inner visions similar to thousands of abstract paintings seen in succession projected upon his mind's eye. He also experienced a superimposition of the features of ancient Rome onto those of California in the 1970s, and formed the conviction that the present world was locked in a Black Iron Prison, a state of

spiritual (and probably physical) entrapment.

From these experiences and others Dick evolved a complex body of speculation, from which he drew a trio of books including **VALIS** and a lengthy **Exegesis** of several thousand pages of handwritten notes about the nature of his contact with what he determined to be God.

Dick's experiences with VALIS were not altogether benign. After his encounter (and a breakup with his wife) Dick attempted to kill himself, ending up in a mental ward instead.

What Dick believed to be the source of his contact is particularly interesting:

“Where did the plasmate (VALIS) originally come from?”

“After a pause Fat said, ‘From another star system.’

“You wish to identify that star system?”

“‘Sirius,’ Fat said.”

In **VALIS** Dick relates the fairly well-known information on the Dogon tribe and their startling and unexplainably exact astronomical knowledge about the Sirius system (as described in **The Sirius Mystery** by Robert K.G. Temple. The Dogon, Dick says, “got their cosmogony and cosmology directly from the three-eyed invaders who visited long ago. The three-eyed invaders are mute and deaf and telepathic, could not breathe our atmosphere, had the elongated misshapen skull of Ikhnaton and emanated from a planet in the star-system Sirius. Although they had no hands, but had instead pincer claws such as a crab has, they were great builders.”

Dick has Horselover Fat dreaming of these three-eyed creatures:

“They manifested themselves as cyborg entities: wrapped up in glass bubbles staggering under masses of technological gear... Soviet technicians could be seen, hurrying to repair malfunctions of the sophisticated technological communications apparatus enclosing the three-eyed people.”

He also believed that:

“Our world is still secretly ruled by the hidden race descended from Ikhnaton, and his knowledge is the information of the Macro-Mind itself...”

From Ikhnaton this knowledge passed to Moses, and from Moses to Elijah, the Immortal Man, who became Christ. But underneath all the names there is only one Immortal Man, and we are that man.

“Real time ceased in 70 C.E. with the fall of the Temple at Jerusalem (i.e. the Temple of Solomon). It began again in 1974. The intervening period was a perfect spurious interpolation aping the creation of the Mind. ‘The Empire never ended’, but in 1974 a cypher was sent out as a signal that the Age of iron was over; the cypher consisted of two words: KING FELIX, which refers to the Happy (or Rightful) King.

“The two-word cypher signal KING FELIX was not intended for human beings but for the descendants of Ikhnaton, the three-eyed race which, in secret, exists with us.” Dick believed that, “The person referred to by the two-word cypher KING FELIX is the fifth Savior who... VALIS had said, was either already born or would soon be.”

Out of the VALIS communications, “... Fat deduced that he had a mission, that the plasmate’s invasion of him represented its intention to employ him for its benign purposes.”

Of Ikhnaton’s three-eyed kin, Dick alter-ego Fat observes, “My God... These are the original builders...”, to which statement another character replies, “We have never stopped... We still build. We built this world, this space-time matrix.” These are approximately the same terms with which the Freemasons refer to themselves in such tomes as Albert Pike’s **Morals and Dogma**. There is no mistaking the connection for anyone with the slightest familiarity with Masonic lore. And VALIS, we learn, employs the same mystical communication as the Masons: “... all its verbal information is stored as Cabala...”

The Cabala (alternate spelling, Kabbalah) is an ancient form of Jewish mysticism which pervades Freemasonry, top of pyramid to base.

Dick describes the method by which VALIS initiates secretly communicate with each other: “During a handshake, a motion with one finger of two intersecting arcs: swift expression of the fish symbol, which no one beyond the two persons involved could discern.” Unless, of course, you accidentally tried the handshake on a Freemason.

In his **Exegesis** Dick amplified on his beliefs:

“For the first time I have inferential evidence that a genuine secret fraternity of authentic Xtians exists, & has affected history... & possess

supernatural powers & Immortality, due to direct links back to Christ - so they are the true hidden church. The two historic interventions which I am sure of collate: the secret fraternity fights the Empire (Rome in all its manifestations) & promotes the evolution of man to higher levels by inner & outer regeneration. The 16th, 17th century Illuminati are connected with this secret brotherhood..."

Whether the godlike VALIS was involved at all, what was communicated to Dick seems to be approximately what the Freemasons and their brethren want us to believe about their mission: that theirs is an ancient tradition resting on an immortal bloodline from the star Sirius, and that the fulfillment of their plans (including the rebuilding of the Temple of Solomon, and the enthronement of a World King - their secret agenda hidden within their inner circle cant) is the only salvation for this soon-to-be One World.

Dick seems to have come to believe that VALIS took the form of a satellite, firing electronic beams of information down upon the Earth. or perhaps crop circles? He has one of his characters say, "The satellite had control of them from the get-go. It could make them see what it wanted them to see... The satellite has occluded them, all of them. The whole fucking United States."

There are other indications that the actual VALIS which Dick contacted may have come from another source than Sirius.

"In Fat's (i.e. Dick's) opinion his apartment had been saturated with high levels of radiation of some kind." He theorized that, "... the Rosicrucians (philosophic precursors of the Masons, with little if any connection to current groups of the same name) were telepathically beaming pictures at him, probably boosted by microrelay systems of an advanced order; but then, when Kandinsky paintings began to harass him, he recalled that the main art museum at Leningrad specialized in just such nonobjective moderns, and he decided that the Soviets were attempting telepathically to contact him."

Later Dick theoretically pinpoints the transmissions as originating from the schemes of a crippled rock musician named Mini:

"He (Mini) visited the Soviet Union one time; he said he wanted to see certain experiments they were conducting with microwave information transfer over long distances." Fat himself comes to believe within the pages of VALIS that, "All that was involved from the start... was advanced laser

technology. Mini found a way to transmit information by laser beam, using human brains as transducers without the need for an electronic interface. The Russians can do the same thing. Microwaves can be used as well. In March 1974 I must have intercepted one of Mini's transmissions by accident; it irradiated me."

Actually, I really doubt that Dick felt the source of his infernal "enlightenment" was a rock musician. It happens that information beam experiments of exactly the type that Dick speculated on were at about that time being conducted by both the CIA and the KGB.

CIA Director Richard Helms has described research taking place in the 1960s into "sophisticated approaches to the 'coding' of information for transmittal to population targets in the 'battle for the minds of men'..." as well as "an approach integrating biological, social and physical-mathematical research in attempts... to control behavior." He has described "use of modern information theory, automata theory, and feedback concepts... for a technology for controlling behavior... using information inputs as causative agents."

Anna Keel, in **Full Disclosure** magazine, writes that, "Due to [the CIA's] Project Pandora, it is now known that applied biological (and other) frequencies can also be used as direct 'information inputs' (e.g., of feeling or emotion) and to reinforce brain rhythms associated with conditioning and information processing. One way to get such a signal into a human may be through use of a high frequency carrier frequency. Results of research into information processing, unconscious processes, decision making, memory processes and evoked brain potentials would likely be exploited or integrated in an interdisciplinary system.

"For difficult subscribers... there are substances that have psychological or psychobiological effects ranging from subtle through devastating, and that cause increased susceptibility to conditioning. Some of these substances are similar to ones which are recognized by neurotoxicologists or behavioral toxicologists as occupational hazards; some are variations of substances used experimentally in laboratories to produce selective damage in certain neuronal tracts. Many substances needn't be injected or orally ingested, as they may be inhaled or applied with 'skin transferral agents', i.e. chemicals like the popular industrial solvent, dimethylsulphoxide (DMSO), which can, in fact, enhance the applied

substance's effect. For instance, some compounds cause damage that produces increased sensitivity to stimulus, distraction (or flooding of thought associations), and enhance susceptibility to influence, i.e. a state where automatic parallel information processing, which usually takes place outside of awareness, and interferes with conscious or more intentional processing. While causing acute mental symptoms wouldn't be the goal in groups, producing mild distraction, an ego weakened blurring between the sense of 'I' and 'you', would enhance some kinds of conditioning and promote suggestibility; then, perhaps transmitted 'thought associations', '**the voice of God**', 'lucky advice' or whatever, can more easily get through and have an effect... [emphasis added]. Convenient to the agencies involved in covert influence, is that among primary symptoms of schizophrenia or mental illness are ideas that one is being influenced by 'transmissions' (e.g. radio frequencies), 'voices' or even telepathy; unless complaints about covert psychological weapons are well-organized, they would tend to be discounted as indicative of mental imbalance."

Another approach which may have been used is the transmittal of "key concepts" to matters of which the subject is already conversant, creating a "realignment" of the subject's entire sense of reality by the injection of just a few bits of information, images, or sentences. In Dick's case this might have involved accessing his study into religious symbolism and history. A fast-acting hallucinogen and a beamed transmission of religious concepts might have made him very susceptible to the idea that, due to an unexplainable event of "gnosis", he had tapped into the secrets of reality.

Dick describes a message broadcast "Out over the airwaves by one of the largest TV stations in the world, NBC's Los Angeles outlet, reaching many thousands of children with this split-second information which would be processed by the right hemispheres of their brains; received and stored and perhaps decoded, below the threshold of consciousness where many things lay slumbering and stored." He terms the message the "KING FELIX cypher", and reports that, "The United States Army cryptographers studied it but couldn't discern who it was intended for or what it meant." Later he talks about a TV ad for a supermarket chain: "... on the screen the words FOOD KING appeared - and then they cut instantly, rushing their film along as fast as possible so as to squeeze in as many commercial messages as possible; what came next was a Felix the Cat cartoon... One moment FOOD KING

appeared on the screen and then almost instantly the words - also in huge letters - FELIX THE CAT. There it had been, the juxtaposed cypher, and in the proper order: KING FELIX...”

I don't know whether the KING FELIX cypher or the Food King/Felix the Cat messages were actually broadcast (other than in VALIS, that is), but discounting the possibility out-of-hand would be unwise. Certainly similar messages have been sent over the airwaves, such as the Eye in the Triangle station break presented by CBS during 1992, or the subliminal image of the Statue of Liberty projected between the film frames of an ALF cartoon, as reported in **TV Guide**.

While the first example - the Eye in the Triangle - seems sinister enough, what of the second: the Statue of Liberty? Surely that must have been slipped into the programming by some zealous right-wing patriot skulking in the CBS editing room. So one would tend to believe, but check out what conspiracy researcher Norma Cox has to say in her **Secrets** newsletter on the subject of Lady Liberty:

“[This] is the statue of the Moon Goddess, Diana... This Queen of Heaven is also the Queen of Democracy... Diana's right arm holds a great torch (symbolizing the Sun) high in the air. The left arm (right and left symbolic of male and female) grasps a tablet which bears the date of the Declaration of Independence. A crown with huge spikes, like sun rays, rests on her head (the crown covertly represents our satellite, the Moon)... Note the similarity between Juno, holding aloft a sword and Diana, whose statue, symbolizing Freedom, Equality and Worldwide Brotherhood, stands in New York harbor. Illuminism's [or Freemasonry's] adoration of this Moon goddess ranks only slightly below that of the god of the Sun who, in the case of Juno, is Jupiter (Zeus), her husband.”

Ultimately the VALIS odyssey is difficult to interpret with any absolute sense of certainty about what took place that day in March of 1974. It shines with points of illumination whose meaning remains elusive against the explanations of prosaic reality.

What we do know is that, for whatever reason, in whatever fashion, Philip Dick had almost the entire Illuminist-Freemason mythos thrust unto his forebrain, and that he struggled with it, trying to make sense of its symbolism, for the short period of time which remained of his life.

Either he was force-fed a massive injection of Freemasonic mythology via electron beam, or in a moment of dreadful illumination - or perhaps

hallucinogenic receptivity - Philip K. Dick saw the truth of the world.

[“Philip K. Dick and the Illuminati” is a chapter from Jim Keith’s book **Saucers of the Illuminati** (writing as Jay Katz), published by IllumiNet Press. Reprinted by permission of the author.]

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Philip K. Dick and the Kabbalah

Paul Rydeen

Much has been written in the defunct Philip K. Dick Society newsletter, **Gnosis** magazine (1), and elsewhere about the gnostic influences in Phil Dick's semi-autobiographical **VALIS** (2). The point is well-made; the influences are clearly there, as is evidenced internally within **VALIS** and its prototype **Radio Free Albemuth** (3) as well as Phil's infamous Exegesis. I intend to show that the form of Jewish mysticism known as Kabbalah was just as much an influence as was Gnosticism, and that the dreams and visions which began in February and March 1974 were interpreted by Phil in kabbalistic terms - either knowingly or unknowingly. Readers interested in gnostic interpretations of the events in **VALIS** are referred to Jay Kinney's excellent article in the defunct **Critique** (reprinted in **Gnosis**). The emphasis is on the so-called Valentinian school of gnosticism and Jungian interpretations.

I am certainly not the first to notice the kabbalistic motifs in Phil's writing. An interesting article in a recent "fanzine" (4) attempts to demonstrate a relationship between the structure of Phil's early novel **The World Jones Made** (5) and the ten **sephiroth** of the kabbalistic Tree of Life. **Steamshovel Press** prints an excerpt [reproduced above] from a recent book called **Saucers of the Illuminati** (6) which points out many masonic themes in **VALIS**; Freemasonry is saturated with kabbalistic ideas. In a recent letter to the present author PKD biographer Lawrence Sutin relates at least two cases of Phil mentioning the Kabbalah directly in unpublished portions of the Exegesis. Hopefully one day these writings will see print.

There are several places in Phil's writings where kabbalistic themes are mentioned directly and acknowledged as such. One clear kabbalistic reference is found in **VALIS**. Phil has the little girl Sophia reading from the **Sepher Yetzirah** (7) - a pre-eminent kabbalistic treatise - when the three members of the Rhipidon Society visit the Lamptons. To what end, I do not know. "Sophia" is the Greek for "wisdom"; the Hebrew term is "Chokmah". Divine Wisdom as personified in the biblical book of Proverbs and subsequent Jewish commentaries later came to be associated with the Shekhina. Phil uses her as a main character in **The Divine Invasion** (8), the sequel to **VALIS** (original title: **VALIS Regained**). According to Gershom

Scholem (9), one kabbalistic writer recorded that all the **sephiroth** from Chokmah on down must endure countless incarnations while history runs its course. This is certainly the case with Sophia in **VALIS**, but admittedly the idea was current with the gnostics as early as Simon Magus.

Another minor reference, which perhaps shouldn't be counted as such, is when Phil has himself reading Moses Maimonides **Guide for the Perplexed** (10) at 21. I believe he recounts this in **VALIS** and at least one other place. When his wife mentions the fact to a professor at her school, he remarks that Phil is probably the only person in the country reading that particular book at the moment. Maimonides was an eminent Jewish theologian from medieval Spain, but his doctrine is best described as "anti-kabbalah". Still, this shows Phil's early interest in Jewish exegesis which would eventually lead him to the mystical Kabbalah.

Phil claimed that in 1974 a two-word cypher was sent, this cypher signifying the advent of the Messiah. The two words were KING FELIX (meaning "happy" or "rightful king"), which appear juxtaposed in the original edition only of Phil's **Flow My Tears the Policeman Said** (11). In **VALIS** the Lamptons tell Horselover Fat (Phil's alter ego) that the phrase has kabbalistic significance. I assume they mean gematria, the practice of assigning numerical values to individual letters and summing the totals for various words and phrases. Several experiments along these lines have yielded no fruit. One parallel I do see is with Shemhamphorash, the Divided Name of God. There are three verses in the biblical Exodus which comprise 72 letters each. In the original Hebrew they appear directly above each other. When the verses are read vertically rather than horizontally, 72 words of three letters each are formed. The Kabbalists took these to be the names of 72 different angels, or aspects of God. One version of the list appears in Knorr von Rosenroth's **Kabbalah Denudata** (12). Phil's two-word cypher appears in the same form, the word KING printed directly above the word FELIX. Whether or not this comparison is valid, the kabbalistic preoccupation with special words and phrases cannot be denied. I think in the case of KING FELIX it is the presence of the phrase that has meaning, rather than any possible permutation. Note that it is at this point in **VALIS** that Sophia reads from the **Sepher Yetzirah**, which for me cinches the connection.

There are also several unacknowledged references to the Kabbalah in

Phil's later work. Just a year or so before his death, Phil told interviewer Gregg Rickman repeatedly that he identified himself with Elijah (13). He said he heard a "still, small voice" that was Yahweh. He said he saw the Ancient of Days, and was shown the Tetragrammaton. While these are all standard Judaic references, the fact that the voice Phil heard was feminine can only be understood in a kabbalistic sense. he called it the Spirit of God, but the proper name for the Divine Presence is Shekhina. Curiously, it seems to be only after the destruction of the Temple that the Shekhina is given female attributes - during the period leading up to the written formulation of the Kabbalah.

While Phil was under the influence of Elijah, he "healed" his son Christopher by correctly pointing out his undiagnosed hernia. This information was given him by the Voice. In the Bible it's recorded how Elijah healed the widow's son, which is exactly how Masons refer to Hiram Abiff (14). In his **Historical Illuminatus Chronicles**, Robert Anton Wilson hints that this secretly refers to the Messiah himself, with which the dead and resurrected initiate is identified (15). Note that Mani was also called the Son of the Widow by his followers (16). Elijah is the one who comes before the Messiah, just like John the Baptist presaged Jesus. Phil gave Christopher a secret name, and I can't help but wonder how great his aspirations for the boy really were.

Though most of Phil's extraordinary visions were never incorporated into his published work, they are recorded in interviews and biographies and deserve our attention. For instance, the Ancient of Days is another name for the Throne of Judgement seen by Daniel in a vision of God. Ezekiel's vision of the fiery chariot gave rise to a whole school known as Merkabah mysticism ("Merkabah" being the Hebrew for "chariot"). Another name for the Divine Chariot is the Throne of Glory. The so-called Riders of the Chariot are Jewish mystics who seek ecstatic communion with God in dreams and trance states. By ascending to the heavens they attempt to view God on his Throne of Glory, the Divine Chariot. Phil's vision of the Ancient of Days is only mentioned in passing, but from the reference it certainly seems to refer to a Judaic mystical tradition, possibly a kabbalistic one. One wishes Rickman would have pursued the topic a little further.

When Phil told Rickman about seeing Yahweh, he described him as clothed in sixteen suits. This may refer to the sixteen permutations of the

ineffable name transliterated YHWH. These four letters may be arranged sixteen different ways, each of which is considered to be a name (title) of God. The ten **sephiroth** were often referred to by the Kabbalists as garments which must be successively removed as one approaches God in ecstasy. That is, they protect the merely mortal from the Divine.

According to Lawrence Sutin, Phil recorded another kabbalistic vision in his Exegesis (17). Years after the original VALIS experiences, Phil was sitting up late, musing over everything and smoking a joint. He probably fell asleep, because he says he saw the Ark of the Covenant. When he challenged God to show himself, the Mercy Seat opened and Phil saw the eye-in-the-triangle inside. Apparently Phil was quite frightened, but he never said why. The eye-in-the-triangle is a masonic symbol, and a cursory study of Freemasonry will show a clear kabbalistic influence. This symbol represents the all-seeing eye of god. Where it originated - and what other meanings it has - is another matter altogether, beyond the scope of the present work. Suffice it to say the all-seeing eye is at least as old as Egypt.

As a young boy Phil saw his double, an older version of himself who came from the future. He experienced this in a semi-waking state, probably akin to the type of nightmare known as the "Old hag". As an adult, Phil experienced the whole thing from the other perspective in a dream. He stood before his childhood self, watching him lie in bed afraid but unable to communicate with him. He also had recurring dreams in which he saw his double holding up obscure texts for his dreaming self to read. Both the idea of seeing one's double and of reading unknown texts in dreams come right out of the Kabbalah. Kabbalists used dream incubation techniques to induce the appearance of astral texts, the reading of which may yield kabbalistic secrets. The astral double corresponds to Adam Kadmon, the primordial man, whom St. Paul equated with the second coming of Christ (18). Mani saw him too, but I intend to treat the Manichean elements in Phil's life in a separate article. Phil's doppelganger, or guardian angel, was mute, which brings to mind the stories of the Golem. Although most Jewish folktales treat the Golem as a physical creature akin to the alchemical Homunculus, I have reason to believe it exists on the astral plane as well.

The impetus for Phil's mystical VALIS experiences in February and March of 1974 was the sever pain he was suffering as a result of having an impacted wisdom tooth removed. Phil called his oral surgeon, who promptly phoned in a prescription for some Darvon to a local pharmacy. When the

delivery girl arrived, Phil took one look at her and became mesmerized by the golden fish dangling between her breasts. He found himself transported back to first-century Rome, and thus it all began.

In Freudian terms, the tooth can be a symbol of libido (not necessarily sexual). Dreaming of the loss of a tooth, for example, can represent a fear that one may lose one's standing in some way -physically or emotionally - or be a warning from the subconscious that this is threatening to happen. Note that one of Palmer Eldritch's three stigmata was his artificial teeth (19). Phil's impacted wisdom tooth was like his latent **gnosis**, awaiting the proper stimulus to trigger his **anamnesis**.

The Hebrew for "tooth" is **shin**, which is also the name of the twenty-first and penultimate letter of the Hebrew alphabet. (The reader familiar with Phil's novel **The Penultimate Truth** (20) may do well to ponder the connection.) The English equivalent to **shin** is "S" or "Sh". Perhaps because of its trident shape (literally, "three-toothed") and sibilant pronunciation, the Kabbalists associated this letter with the element fire. Compare Phil's trident dream at the end of **VALIS**, after Fat departs again for the Greek islands. A special relationship between **shin** and the Holy Spirit exists; the numerical value of both the letter taken by itself and the Hebrew phrase **RUACH ALHIM** ("the "Spirit of God", usually translated "Elohim") is 300. The Spirit is often represented as a flame, one example being the tongues of fire that came to rest on the apostles' heads on that first Pentecost. Many spirits and other air elementals have been associated with fire as well. The Spirit of God has often been identified with the Divine Presence, the Shekhina of the Kabbalah (also the Sabbath).

Later Christian Kabbalists (namely, Pico) and the Theosophists attempted to justify their doctrines by showing that the union of God as Yahweh/Jehovah (YHWH) and the Holy Spirit (Sh) was Jesus (YHShWH). The four letters of the ineffable name represent the four natural elements of the ancients, while the fifth element - spirit - fills out the fifth point of the pentagram, a symbol of man. The triple-pronged **shin** was thus taken to be a representation of the Trinity. YHShWH is usually translated "Yeheshuah", of which the English form is "Joshua". "Jesus" comes from IESOUS, the Greek version of the name. This formula seems especially valid if one considers the esoteric doctrine of the Holy Spirit as the feminine counterpart of God. Certain Kabbalists have maintained the Hebrew **RUACH** is of the

feminine gender. In some gnostic systems the consort of God is Sophia, Phil's Holy Wisdom.

I think the above is sufficient to demonstrate a clear kabbalistic influence on Phil's life and consequently, his later writing. This influence is as strong as the (Valentinian) gnostic influence already noted within the novels themselves, as well as in Kinney's article. Besides the direct references to Maimonides and the **Sepher Yetzirah** there are several unacknowledged references. Many more remained unpublished during Phil's lifetime, hidden away in the Exegesis and interview material, remaining to be discovered - like the hidden Paraclete in the Nag Hammadi library (21) - by interested researchers. I'm sure I've missed several of the more obscure references. Whether Phil actually knew the Kabbalah well enough to draw on its terms to frame his experiences is moot; it is certain that he drew upon kabbalistic archetypes whether he realized it or not.

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Philip K. Dick, Cyberpunk

Dr. Steven Mizrach, Ph.D.

“That night I sat out alone on the patio of our apartment, gazing up at the stars. By now I knew what had happened to me; for reasons I did not understand, I had become plugged into an intergalactic communications network, operating on a telepathic basis. Sitting there in the dark by myself I experienced the stars overhead and the enormous amount of traffic flowing between them. I was in touch with one station in the network, and I gazed up trying to locate it, although most likely locating it was impossible.” (**Radio Free Albemuth**, 110.)

“We can imagine with what feelings gnostic men must have looked up to the starry sky. How evil its brilliance must have looked to them, how alarming its vastness and the rigid immutability of its courses, how cruel its muteness! The music of the spheres was no longer heard, and the admiration for the perfect spherical form gave place to the terror of so much perfection directed at the enslavement of man. The pious wonderment with which earlier man had looked up to the higher regions of the universe became a feeling of oppression by the iron vault which keeps man exiled from his home beyond.” (Hans Jonas, **The Gnostic Religion**, 261.)

Many people have seen Dick as a unique figure in science fiction. I would argue that some of the themes in his writing anticipated the particular science fiction movement that so many people now call “cyberpunk”. Not surprisingly, he is often not included in the canons of this genre, but if his writing is closely examined, there are many reasons why he should have been. Clearly, Dick frequently dealt with the theme “what is human?” by introducing characters that dealt precisely with that dilemma - the androids of **Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?** - by beginning to question the difference between man and machine. If in the cyberpunk novel humans are beginning to cross the man/machine boundary by replacing more and more of their “meat” with cybernetic implants, then often Dick’s characters - like Commander Data on **Star Trek** - are frequently seeking to become more human.

PKD eventually answered this question (it was more easy for him than

“what is real?”) by suggesting that the hallmark of humanity was kindness. Palmer Eldritch did not lose his humanity by his artificial implants (“stigmata”) or even by becoming consumed by an intelligent Fungus from the Prox system. Instead, PKD hints his humanity was lost when his compassion finally was also, which is why Leo Bulero triumphs over him. PKD never denied the possibility that machines might know kindness, and Deckard himself comes to this conclusions in **Do Androids of Electric Sheep?** All kinds of beings and races inhabit PKD’s bizarre universe, from the insane inhabitants of the Alphane moon to the stunted survivors of a post-nuclear holocaust. PKD suggested that wherever compassion might still be found, humanity could be discovered. Machines became evil (like the Deus Irae) only when their creators failed to implant a sense of compassion within them.

A frequent theme in cyberpunk fiction is also what Baudrillard calls hyperreality - how technology has left humans floating about in virtual worlds and “consensual hallucinations”, cut off from the real. Virtual reality plays an important role in many cyberpunk novels as the theater of action - but it is also recognized as an important escape from increasingly dystopian worlds. PKD anticipates the idea of VR in novels like **Eye in the Sky**, where the Bevatron forces the various protagonists to careen through virtual worlds of their own making. In his novels, the characters are always struggling to find the real, which “peeks” through always in the most unusual and innocuous of places. Unlike postmodern philosophers, who often try to confound surface image with deep truth, PKD’s characters are always seeking to unravel the virtual worlds in which they find themselves... they do not simply move about in their agreed “consensual hallucination”, but instead search for ways out.

PKD’s novels are also about drugs and neuropolitics, a theme of deep concern in most cyberpunk writing. While many of his novels, especially **A Scanner Darkly**, point to the folly of drugs, PKD in his own life frequently believed that neurochemicals made him more productive, although he denied using hallucinogens to come up with any of his stories. Interestingly, even before nootropics (“smart drugs”) were hot stuff, PKD tried to take a “cocktail” of water-soluble vitamins to get his two brain hemispheres working in perfect synchrony. PKD in the end started pointing to some sort of drug as the answer to mankind’s problems - not something escapist or mood-altering, like Can-D, but something of an altogether different kind.

The **anokhi** mushroom - the drug that will open the mind to communion with the Divine - is a prototype of what Phil was looking for. Something that would “cleanse the doors of perception” as Blake, and Jim Morrison, would have it. In the final analysis, PKD saw drugs as mere instruments - the problem with many of his characters is that they began being used by the drugs themselves. This is not very far from the cyberpunk depiction of drugs in their stories.

But perhaps the best proto-cyberpunk novel of PKD’s is his most underappreciated - **Radio Free Albemuth**. It is full of metaphors and concepts derived from electronics, communications, and information theory, some of which Phil probably picked up from his stint in a record store. PKD conceived of the idea of a universal Matrix - something at which Gibson was only beginning to hint at the end of his first book, **Neuromancer** - an information “web” spanning entire galaxies and linking them in rational harmony. The problem was that this “Network’s” links were broken and therefore the pure signal of the cosmos was being distorted on this planet by the noise of the smothering Black Iron Prison. The Firebrights previously travelled openly between their world and ours, descending on humans; now the lines of communication had been cut off. Since the B.I.P. arrives in 70 CE, it is clear that PKD considered the main “communication receiver” on this planet to be the Temple of Solomon. The three-eyed race of Albemuth took it upon themselves to heal the Matrix and to restore the Net through VALIS. Clearly, when one node in this cosmic Matrix is cut off from the rest, they are apparently all disturbed by it.

“Nicholas Brady” (an alter ego of PKD) and Sadassa Silvia overcome the Empire and its tyrant Ferris Fremont through a clever manipulation of signal and noise. The noise of Fremont’s lies will be cut into by the subliminal signal that they will put into musical recordings telling the American people he is really a Communist puppet. Similarly, a signal is sent out at the end of the novel **VALIS**: a juxtaposition of TV commercials for Food King and Felix the Cat gives the world the great words “KING FELIX”, the joyous king. The suggestion is that Zebra/VALIS is constantly projecting a small, subliminal signal into unsuspecting areas to penetrate the overwhelming noise of the Empire. Perhaps this “still small voice” can even be found in the din and confusion of a genre of trash writing known as “science fiction”... or the great provider of trash called TV. PKD often heard voices through his radio insulting him and telling him to die. Many

schizophrenics experience the sensation of being “talked” to by electronic devices or being controlled by electronic beams. But what validated PKD’s VALIS experience for him was the feeling that he was receiving pure, undistorted, rational information, not irrational urgings or unintelligible voices. He could not help but feel he was seeing the “invasion” of rationality and a pure signal into an increasingly cacophonous and dissonant world.

To some extent, the role of these ideas in **Radio Free Albemuth** and the novel **VALIS** cannot really be appreciated without a consideration of PKD’s VALIS experiences. Though he often contradicted himself about the voice of VALIS, later calling it feminine or attributing it to various persons (Jim Pike, his sister Jane, a medieval Rabbi, Sophia, or a first-century Christian named Thomas), PKD first identified it as an “AI voice” which communicated through a “pink laser beam”. Was PKD being jacked into the universal Matrix broadcast from Radio Free Albemuth? He at first felt instinctively that this entity, the Vast Active Living Intelligence System, was a machine - at least it had to be, because its mind seemed so beyond human worries and concerns, so full of pure unimpeded rationality, that it must have been a computer. In both **Radio Free Albemuth** and the novel **VALIS**, PKD goes to great pains to identify VALIS as an extraterrestrial satellite, perhaps constructed by the three-eyed beings of Sirius. But it is more than a mechanism, because it has compassion - kindness enough to prevent Phil’s son dying from a fatal disease. It does not provide just cold facts, but instead **living** information.

The Great Soviet Dictionary defines it thus: “A perturbation in the reality field in which a spontaneous self-monitoring negentropic vortex is formed, tending progressively to subsume and incorporate its environment into arrangements of information. Characterized by quasi-consciousness, purpose, intelligence, growth, and an armillary coherence.” PKD stressed that too much information could rapidly overload the system; the little girl Sophia/Mini is overwhelmed because her parents try to directly implant information into her through a laser (much like VALIS was doing to Phil). But in his definition he has stumbled onto one of the great discoveries of 20th century information theory: the link between information, energy, and entropy. Maxwell’s Demon can reverse entropy (dispersal) by being given the information of the state of molecules in his little box; the problem is that every time information is acquired, the overall entropy of the system increases. **Unless that information comes from outside the closed system.**

The negentropic vortex that PKD speaks of may be similar to the “strange attractors” of chaos theory or the punctuated equilibria of thermodynamics - a whirlpool of order in the midst of increasing chaos.

Working in a music store, PKD inevitably encountered the problems of **distortion** and **bias** - for music lovers, this refers to the crackling “white noise” that cuts into music enjoyment. The source of distortion is not the musical recording itself, but instead the speakers or equipment it passes through. A good electrical engineer tries to reduce the bias of equipment. He also was probably aware of the problems of feedback, when minor sonic perturbations are amplified to where they overwhelm the music itself. Communication theorists have noted that the signal/noise ratio is fundamental to intelligibility, so their goal is to try and eliminate distortion as well - linguistic distortion; “doublespeak” of politicians and tyrants, if you will. Cybernetic theorists like Norbert Wiener, in examining self-correcting electronic systems, also point out that one of the problems is that “bottlenecks” in the system arise, where the control mechanism becomes “frozen”. PKD might have had some familiarity with cybernetics as well, especially its central importance in music amplification.

It isn't known how much familiarity PKD had with computers. The PC revolution really followed shortly after his death. But the idea of binary information is an important theme in his work - so much so that he moves from analog to digital in the end, pointing to “Ditheon”, the dual principle, as being of key importance to the whole universe. He clearly was convinced of the mathematical and rational foundations of aesthetics, becoming obsessed with the Golden Section as a harmonic function fundamental to the whole cosmos. And he continued to express the theory that the universe was a hologram in the Exegesis - echoing Pribram's theory that the brain stores information holographically, so that each sub-part contains the whole. Computers do not play a large role in PKD's work, but clearly important ideas from early communication and information theory, which he was probably exposed to during his stint in the music business, found their way into his work.

The idea of the **plasmate** as living information and the **homoplasmate** as such a being bonded to a human being is not altogether far from the so-called **loa** of Gibson's Matrix in the novel **Count Zero**. In that book, Gibson's Matrix has fractured (like PKD's cosmic Matrix) into several subprograms and AIs which “possess” people like his character Angie by

entering through neural interfaces. Gibson and Dick are really dealing with the same thing - the vanishing trace of spirit in the Age of the Machine. And Gibson's characters live in a dystopian world where multinational corporations control all matters of governance and guard the flow of information with deadly defense programs - "ice" - a future not wholly dissimilar from the dystopias that Phil created in his novels. But Gibson's characters - the console "cowboys" - thrive in this environment; they exploit it, they take it as a given and do what they can to survive. PKD's characters never accept their reality; they are always searching for another underlying one, over which their bleak present has been superimposed.

In the Exegesis, Phil became more theological, and insistent on identifying VALIS with the Divine Presence. In some ways, a vision he had in 1980 convinced him of the folly of his actions. A confrontation he had with God in this vision led him to a series of infinite stacks of **punched cards** being generated each time he attempted to rationalize the vision. The only thing that could save him from this infinite information regress was not to rationalize it. Like Aquinas, PKD came to the conclusion (despairingly) that all his attempts to rationalize his experiences were useless. Fortunately, unlike Aquinas, he did not burn his theological writings after his mystical vision. PKD was not the first science fiction writer to envision the possibility that the Divine might be a machine - this same notion appears in a story by the late Isaac Asimov in which a series of increasingly powerful computers are asked how to reverse the entropic heat death of the universe. Each answers with the same complaint: "Insufficient data". After the final heat death of the universe, the final computer - Cosmic AI - in hyperspace arrives at the answer after untold aeons, and it is "Let there be Light"!

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VALIS and the 23 Current

Peter Smith

In 1974 e.v. Philip K. Dick experienced a bizarre and frightening “epiphany”, or influx of disorienting information from an unknown source. This extraordinary transmission of complex and disturbing mental images lasted for eight hours; Dick describes the medium of transmission as a concentrated beam of laser-like pink light, rich with graphically-encoded data, and fired directly into the hemispheres of his brain. But perhaps most importantly, he suggests the point of origin of this data-stream as being located in the vicinity of the star system of Sirius.

Such was the intensity of Dick’s extraterrestrial revelation that his mental equilibrium was damaged for some time after the event (perhaps even permanently). Nevertheless, he was able to employ the structure of his semi-autobiographical SF novel, **VALIS**, as a format for exploring the many and diverse symbolic elements and images of his protracted “epiphany”.

In one particular paradigm explored in **VALIS**, the message received by the character Horselover Fat (a semantic pun on “Philip Dick”) seems to have been concealed within certain ancient Hebraic texts in the form of a “homoplasmate” - a “logos” of sentient information capable of forming a replicating symbiotic relationship with the human central nervous system. In another possible scenario, the message has been “delivered” by a semi-gnostic “god”, described alternately as VALIS and Zebra, which lurks hidden behind the “false” reality which we take for late twentieth-century existence (Dick suggests that in fact we are really still in the era of the early gnostic Christians, blinded by a kind of total reality screen originating from his personal vision of ultimate evil, the “Black Iron Prison”). Yet another exegesis involves elements from the Sirius-based mythologies of the African Dogon tribe and their extraterrestrial visitants, three-eyed, crab-clawed humanoids from a planet near Sirius.

Philip K. Dick also struggled to interpret this maze of imagery and information in terms of his own religious beliefs - a misguided attempt to comprehend his revelatory experience in terms of gnostic Christianity. Not surprisingly, Dick’s intention of decoding his vision through the indoctrinated mental filters with which he was burdened was doomed to failure.

However, this does not lessen the very real importance of Dick's 1974 gnosis. The information presented in both the **VALIS** trilogy and interviews given by Dick before his death in 1982 opens up a whole new area of immediate concern to the Esoteric Order of Dagon, touching upon some of its most central icons. The gray-robed figures which Dick describes in his vision of the Black Iron Prison as early gnostic Christians seem to prefigure oddly those of the followers of Dagon, the true interpreters of the messages from Sirius. In this context, the symbol of the fish was wrongly identified by Dick, for Dagon (or Oannes) was the original "fish-god", whose image was broken by the defilers of his temple. Likewise, the rediscovered Hebraic texts, the Nag Hammadi library, fulfill a similar role to that of Lovecraft's **Necronomicon** within the Cthulhu mythos, as a volume of arcane and preternatural knowledge whose very perusal can effect a kind of gnosis in the reader.

Dick's imperfect translation of the coded information projected into his brain can be rectified by comparison and attribution of this data to the system of "hidden knowledge" currently being explored and reified by the initiates of the Esoteric Order of Dagon. His "Vast Active Living Intelligence System" and three-eyed aliens from Sirius are merely an overly simplistic expression of the actual, hyper-subtle influence of this stellar system upon our own.

[From **FRAGMENTS: The Official Journal of the Esoteric Order of Dagon**, Number 3. Reprinted by permission of the author.]

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Philip K. Dick: Dreamer of the Mythos

John Carter

I must admit to some skepticism when I first read Peter Smith's "VALIS and the 23 Current". Admittedly, I was perhaps a little prejudiced, having spent at least as much time pouring over the works of Philip K. Dick as I had those of Lovecraft. Smith's assertion that Phil had misinterpreted his visions along gnostic Christian lines almost irritated me; why force the Lovecraftian filter onto somebody else's work when it seemed clear enough that a new and original force was involved? Smith cited VALIS' Sirian home as proof of his claimed Dagonic influence, but I thought myself the wiser for having read Dick's **Radio Free Albemuth**, the posthumously-published "prequel" to VALIS. It was in fact the original version of the events described later in VALIS. What had happened was that Phil's agent requested a few changes, and rather than butcher up his presumed masterpiece Phil took a few more years to come up with VALIS. Despite the error in judgement on his agent's part, I'm glad the original novel was rejected, for otherwise we would not have VALIS. Note that VALIS takes place in our world - presumably the real one - while **Radio Free Albemuth** does not.

In **Radio Free Albemuth**, Phil names the source of his visions as Fomalhaut, which he was told in a dream is called "Albemuth" by its natives. Fomalhaut is the fish's mouth, the alpha or brightest star in the constellation Piscis Australis, the Southern Fish. "Albemuth" is probably derived from the Arabic or Semitic "al-Behemoth", which itself seems to refer to a large fish. Between writing **Radio Free Albemuth** and VALIS, Phil read Robert Anton Wilson's **Cosmic Trigger**; he says as much in the latter. Since much of the hidden Sirian cosmogony in VALIS is based on the mythology of the Dogon people, it is safe to assume that Phil learned of Robert K.G. Temple's **The Sirius Mystery** from reading **Cosmic Trigger**, and thought enough of it to make it a reality for the characters in his book. I was content to leave it at that, for I could see no other reason for Phil having moved VALIS from Fomalhaut to Sirius.

Retyping Smith's article got me to thinking a little more about the possible influences on Phil, so I re-read **Radio Free Albemuth** to satisfy myself that the Sirius connection was in this case an arbitrary whim of

Phil's. To my surprise, I found on page 133 of the Avon paperback edition a dream of Phil's which involved crab-like beings from another world. The coincidence is significant, and in the context of the dream Phil realized that the crab-like beings were **alternate representations of ourselves** from another world.

No wonder Phil felt such an attraction to the crab-clawed ancestors of the Dogon, the great builders of worlds who came from Sirius. No wonder he was compelled to move VALIS from Fomalhaut to Sirius. The same dream is repeated in **VALIS**, but in a slightly modified form which brings it closer in line with Temple's book. Here is an example (note that "Zebra" is another name for VALIS), yet this is not the key for which we search:

In March 1974 at the time he had encountered God (more properly Zebra), he had experienced dreams about the three-eyed people - he had told me that. They manifested themselves as cyborg entities: wrapped up in glass bubbles staggering under masses of technological gear. An odd aspect cropped up that puzzled both Fat and me; sometimes in these vision-like dreams, Soviet technicians could be seen, hurrying to repair malfunctions of the sophisticated technological communications apparatus enclosing the three-eyed people. (**VALIS**, chap.7)

A sketch from Phil's Exegesis clearly shows the three-eyed "people" with their crab-claw hands. It is reproduced by Lawrence Sutin in **In Pursuit of VALIS: Selections from the Exegesis** on page 77 and also on page 220 of **Divine Invasions: A Life of Philip K. Dick**, Sutin's biography of PKD.

On pages 118 and 140 of the Avon edition of **Radio Free Albemuth**, Phil recounts further dreams he had during the course of his (involuntary) VALIS "Working". These are actual dreams he had, and they involve the appearance of astral texts. Phil dreamed repeatedly during the course of 1974 that someone - often himself - was holding up some obscure text for him to read, a book which contained the secrets of the universe. Sometimes he could make out words or phrases; other times he could only make out that the text was written in a foreign tongue. Often he could make nothing out but the appearance of the text itself, which was frequently burned around the edges. These dreams are also recounted in **VALIS**, in some of the letters collected by Underwood-Miller in their six volumes, and in the various biographies

and interviews which exist. Seeing such astral books is a kabbalistic tradition, one that was deliberately sought by Jewish mystics using various dream-incubation techniques. It is also a practice taught in Eastern monasteries, where the texts are known as “termas”. Here there is a definite parallel to the E.O.D.’s continuing search for the true Necronomicon.

Let us move away from the subject of dreams, and return to the specific stellar lore which Phil was inspired to use. Referring to Richard Hinckley Allen’s indispensable **Star Names: Their Lore and Meaning**, we find the following as part of the entry for the Southern Fish:

La Lande asserted that Dupuis had proved this [Piscis Australis] to be the sky symbol of the god Dagon of the Syrians, the Phagre and Oxyrinque adored in Egypt; and it has even been associated with the still greater Oannes.

Further down the page, under the entry for Fomalhaut itself, we find that this illuminating star was not always the fish’s mouth, but was often referred to as the nearby eye instead. Thus we see that Phil’s Albemuth could actually be interpreted as the eye of Dagon, a most startling revelation for one who set out to disprove such an association from even being possible. Phil was indeed influenced by the 23 current; the proof is there for those willing to take the time to look.

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Confessions of a VALIS Contactee

Geradamas

[I received the following letter anonymously while preparing this book for publication. It bore the date November 12, 1993, an Oakland, California postmark, and no return address. It was signed simply “Geradamas”. I am not in a position either to verify or refute the information contained in the letter; I merely reproduce it here for the interesting material it presents.]

I am responding to your call for articles regarding VALIS in **Crash Collusion** magazine. My experiences with a variety of phenomena similar to what PKD describes go back to the mid-seventies, at around the time PKD first began experiencing his own contacts. Since then, after a lot of research, I believe I have significant (though far from complete) insight into the nature of what VALIS really is.

As a child, a friend of mine and I would spend many happy hours drawing “blueprints” of castles, space-ships, and futuristic cities. One of a series I drew was of a giant satellite which I called “MAX”. This satellite had the power to “override” individual volition in emergencies, and was equipped with vast AI computers capable of complete omniscience. Like VALIS, MAX was capable of interfering in the most minute human behavior, often in strange ways which appeared irrational. Later, on a macroscopic level, these actions made sense. MAX was also capable of instantly removing people from dangerous situations, and seemed to be engaged in a giant “rescue mission”. Always calm, MAX began to speak to me in moments of stress. Later, I began to see arrangements of matter in the macrocosm arranging themselves into suggestive oracles.

When I read **VALIS** in high school (the year it came out) my reaction was one of immediate recognition. At the time I was attending a mainstream church. In our “Sunday School” group our teacher was supportive of discussions regarding gnosticism, mysticism, and “outré” topics. When I loaned him **VALIS**, his reaction was the same as mine - immediate and overwhelming identification. He too had, as a child, experienced the AI sentience. We later read **Holy Blood, Holy Grail** - and believed that the revelations involved with both books were somehow linked.

One aspect of **VALIS** that is rarely mentioned is the fount of

information and research leads contained in the novel. As soon as I read the book I began to track down the references made in it - particularly going after the **Nag Hammadi Library** - among other sources of information about Gnosticism.

In college I majored in philosophy - inspired by my earlier research, and having a greater amount of information in the libraries at the large school I went to. At the point I entered school I had a complete set of all of PKD's books.

When I left school I moved out west and first encountered organized Gnosticism. Plunging into the archives of a number of sects I began to discover what I now believe are the central secrets of the VALIS mysteries. I submit to you these leads:

1) The fundamental Christology of Gnosticism was communicated in mystery schools prior to the Nag Hammadi discovery. They always revolve around western Tantric practices and were (and still are) communicated in some Rosicrucian groups and/or High Grade Freemasonry. Mention should be made of PKD's involvement with AMORC, which, while silly in some respects, was nonetheless spawned by more serious individuals in Europe. Careful research will reveal them, although the leaders of AMORC have gone to great pains to obscure who they really are. These Tantric practices are what is really the secret behind the "homoplasmates" mentioned in **VALIS** and the tradition hunted for in **Holy Blood, Holy Grail**.

2) Aleister Crowley is the central prophet of all modern schools of initiation; even schools that repudiate him on the surface can be traced back to him and his influence. PKD's ethical leanings towards compassion might lead one to assume that they are in opposite camps - this is not the case. My readings of PKD have convinced me that he would have been saved much grief by adapting Thelemic principals - that indeed, he was being urged in that direction.

3) One of Crowley's foremost students was C.F. Russell (Cecil Frederick, 1897-1987). Russell's sojourn on the "Rock" at Cefalu is discussed in Crowley's **Confessions** at some length. [Symonds and Grant refer to him as "Godwin" in their edition of the **Confessions** - ed.] Though

the two parted ways after the dissolution of Frater Achad's "Collegii" program in Detroit, Russell continued to teach his version of Gnosticism until his death. In the 1940's he published both **Barbara Cubed** (a book on logic) and **Electro-Combinational Engineering**. The latter contains designs for primitive computers, designed to be made with colored Christmas-tree lights. These computers are actually mandalas based on his logical model, combined with elements of Taoism and Hebrew cabalism. They are, I feel, the definitive clue as to the inner structure of VALIS itself. **Barbara Cubed** reveals a three-dimensional structure based on binary values of the Yin and Yang, as well as planetary and alchemical values. These are outlined again in Russell's **Book Chameleon**, which also contains his Taoist/Christian/Thelemic version of the **Yi King (I Ching)**. Russell's many other books published in small numbers throughout the 1940's and 1950's continued to elaborate on these themes.

Russell's Gnosticism was both Christian and Thelemic in emphasis. His Christology was influenced by Rudolph Steiner, himself an initiate of a western Tantric school. An excellent source book for this "occult" understanding of Christ can be found in Franz Hartmann's **Secret Symbols of the Rosicrucians**. The introduction of this book, which contains older plates of alchemical images and diagrams, is peerless.

Znuss is Znees, Russell's last book, was his autobiography. Issued in four volumes (and a "suppressed" first edition) it contains the outline of his entire system, as well as some poetry. The many pages of mathematics, combined with the fact that much of the book is written in Chinese, have confused nearly everyone who has looked at it. However, Russell (like Pythagoras, and many other mystics) believed that the study and work in understanding the math enabled the soul to free itself and obtain Gnostic liberation. Russell's math is the key to the "guts" of VALIS; it is an initiated science of numbers, equations, and proportions, a Gnostic mathematics in many dimensions.

4) Astute readers will quickly seize on the similarities between **The Man in the High Castle**'s development of the **I Ching**'s power in allowing one to peer into the inner workings of the universe(s), and the descriptions of Russell's computer mandalas. In addition, recent books have been published revealing a correspondence between human DNA and the 64 Hexagrams.

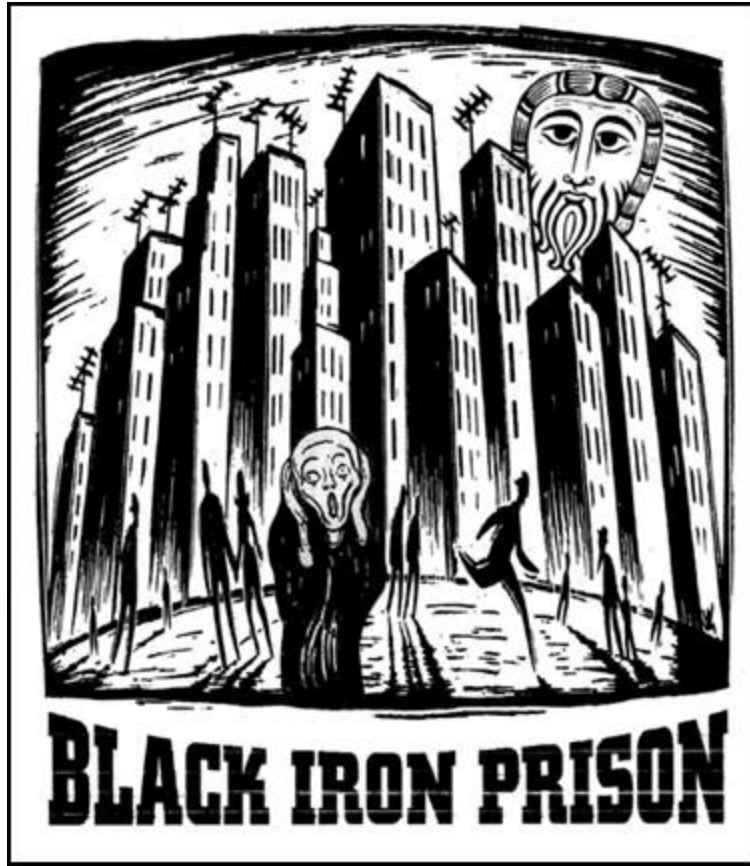
Russell wanted to explore this correspondence in all its complexity. Undoubtedly ahead of his time, he was the foremost modern Gnostic, although shrouded in almost complete obscurity.

From this research, among a host of confirming experiences, I am convinced that a giant part of the universe realizing its own sentience reveals what VALIS really is. This intelligence expresses itself to all cultures in a secret wisdom, best illustrated in the book by the speech of Sophia, heard among all the people of the world. That the soul of its immense structure can be grasped by a kind of mystic mathematics is made apparent by the importance of the fibonacci constant and the “golden proportion” in the novel. These references are merely the first shadowing of a denser math revealed by Russell’s writings. The core of the structure of interconnected equations is a simple binary code which begins to define “set to ground”.

Mention should also be made of the Martinist tradition. Nearly every element of the school - begun in its current form in the 1700’s in Europe - resembles the Gnosticism of PKD. Using complicated, encoded diagrams and heartfelt prayers seeking “re-integration” into the divine presence, the operatives of this school sought to rise through the angelic hierarchies into the grace of the godhead itself. There they would merge like “pure water mixing into pure water” as the Upanishads describe. It should be noted that AMORC operates an “inner school” of Martinism: the TMO (or Traditional Martinist Order). Whether PKD was acquainted with this school or not I do not know - he **was** a member of AMORC.

Please feel free to use any or all of this letter in your magazine **Palm Tree Garden**. I am glad to see other people looking at these issues seriously. I used to think that VALIS (the novel) was the modern version of **Zanoni** by Bulwer-Lytton; however, I think that people are missing something if they think PKD was just writing fiction.

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BLACK IRON PRISON

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The Sirius Mystery and VALIS

Allen H. Greenfield

“... the teachings of the Order of the Silver Star derive from the Star of Set (i.e. Sirius).”

Kenneth Grant

People speculate about extraterrestrialism and its relationship to the “Secret Chiefs of the Order.” Although many consider this poetic metaphor (at best), magical writers Kenneth Grant and Michael Bertiaux, along with a few perceptive UFOlogists, have made serious speculations in this direction.

Certainly, the Aiwass, Lam and other experiences of Aleister Crowley relate to certain types of contactee material. An example is **The Ra Material** generated by the late Don Elkins, Carla Rueckert and others. The stellar references in magick are numerous, and in speculations along the lines of Philip K. Dick’s gnostic VALIS trilogy, along with the more creditable visitation literature (as in Robert Temple’s **The Sirius Mystery**) seem worthy of examination in the light of New Aeon English Qabalah.

Indeed, New Aeon Cipher work with Lexicon and the Star 26 program have some resemblance to the kind of communication we have proposed for transmission via radio telescope.

Phil Dick’s V.A.L.I.S. (“Vast Active Living Intelligence System”) seemed a suitable point of departure. The phrase value of the complete term VAST ACTIVE LIVING INTELLIGENCE SYSTEM = 515 = I AM LIFE AND THE GIVER OF LIFE OF EVERY STAR, a most suggestive phrase considering that VALIS is supposed to be a kind of god-computer capable of transmitting meaningful, transformative messages to Earth. The acronym VALIS = 41 = HER (repeated many times), but also = WHOLE. In the VALIS story, a magical child is created as a messiah. The child is female. Phil Dick died at age 54 [actually he was 53 - ed.] during the filming of **Blade Runner** based (very loosely) on his anti-machine novel **Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?** In his last year he became a follower of Benjamin Creme and maintained that his earlier works of fiction - allegory, really - contained a sort of cipher. The last of his novels published in his lifetime, **The Divine Invasion**, dealt with this theme from a gnostic religious vantage point. He maintained that the phrase “King Felix” was a cipher for

the coming of a New Being, who would deliver humanity from the “black iron prison.” KING FELIX = 147 = RESISTANCE.

Much of the starseed speculation centers on Sirius or Sothis, the Dog Star so important as a calendar yardstick in ancient Egypt, and the object of **The Sirius Mystery** speculations on ancient visitations from the stars. SIRIUS = 85 = OF OUR LADY (see VALIS = 41 = HER), a phrase from Crowley’s **Liber Cheth**. From **Liber AL**, SIRIUS = 85 = AM ABOVE and VISIT and FOLLOW ME. The Sirius tradition has apparently been perpetuated by many generations of priests, so it is interesting that SIRIUS = 85 = BISHOP.

The cycle quoted here does seem to lend weight to the starseed transmission concept as it applies to the Crowley Class A documents, including the deciphering of **Liber AL vel Legis, The Book of the Law**.

[In reading the preceding, keep in mind that Greenfield believes that VALIS is unequivocally evil, a part of the Black Lodge conspiracy which strives to keep mankind enslaved in ignorance. “The Sirius Mystery and VALIS” is a chapter from Allen H. Greenfield’s **Secret Cipher of the UFOonauts**, published by IllumiNet Press. Reprinted by permission of the author.]

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The Return of Horselover Fat

Chris Tannlund

“You guys’ll never believe where I’ve been,” Horselover Fat said as he pushed aside the screen door and stepped into the small, sunlit kitchen.

We all looked up. We’d been quietly sipping our coffees, nursing hangovers of varying degrees and configurations brought on by varying levels of commitment to the previous night’s Mother of All Parties held to celebrate the end of the Persian Gulf War. Though we had, none of us, agreed about the whys and wherefores of the conflict, we’d all been relieved to see it end. No matter how you feel about an issue, to see people stop murdering each other is, we could all agree, a good thing.

Anyway, we all looked up as the kitchen door swung out and Horselover Fat appeared before us.

I’d never met Fat, but I knew all about him. I’d met Kevin and David at BayCon, a San Francisco science fiction convention, where they’d been guests of honor. Their fame was based both on the fact that, since Phil’s death, they’d written and published several critically acclaimed novels apiece, and on the better-known fact that they had appeared as characters in one of Phil’s masterworks, **VALIS**, a quasi-autobiographical novel describing his own encounters with God (or something very much like God), his psychological split into two people, his eventual cure at the hands of God (or something very much like God), God’s death, Phil’s re-splitting, and an ambiguous ending in which part of Phil jets off to find the dead God, somewhere reborn, and the other part stays home to wait for some sign that the rebirth has occurred.

Kevin and David, having lived through those roller-coaster times at Phil’s side, were now hot properties as speakers, guests of honor, and panel discussion leaders wherever people met who’d joined the ride later, vicariously, through **VALIS**. Neither seemed to enjoy the odd fame **VALIS** had brought them, often finding themselves more in demand as fictional characters than as living, contemporary authors. But both, admittedly, enjoyed the free ticket that fame provided to events such as BayCon.

Besides, they both - though sometimes begrudgingly - understood people’s fascination with the **VALIS** events and, consequently, with themselves. Most people only dream of encountering a Larger Reality.

They'd done it. Both their lives had been forever changed.

"Shattered" is how Kevin most often phrased it.

And that was how I knew it was Fat standing there in my kitchen, a peculiar beaming smile plastered across his face, pouring himself a cup from the dregs of the coffee pot, and sitting down to enjoy the shock his appearance had written on Kevin and David's faces.

It was mostly Kevin that clued me in. David is Catholic - old family Catholic - and is often shocked when the world refuses to conform to a fairly narrow set of expectations as to what's possible. So when Kevin's jaw dropped and his voice fell from 10 am hungover grumbling into "take my life, please" stunned silence, I knew I was in the presence of something way beyond the natural faults of his admittedly irrational, even hysterical, universe.

Throughout the six or so weeks of the war, and the months before that of troops sitting in the desert preparing for a war no one believed would really happen, Kevin hadn't shut down for two seconds. When the first bombs were falling on Baghdad, and we all cried and sought each other out and more or less readied ourselves for the apocalypse apparently coming into being, Kevin had simply thrown the foam rubber TV brick at NBC's Tom Brokaw and redoubled his efforts to convince us that the whole thing was a hoax, a conspiracy, that Bush and Hussein were in cahoots from the start, and that the entire thing was being staged so that the US could establish a permanent military presence in the Middle East, thus gaining control of the oil supply feeding Germany and Japan - America's largest creditors, and the biggest threats to our economic security in the 21st century.

"Shut up, Kevin," I'd said. "People are dying. Fuck your conspiracy, even if it's true."

He did shut up, closed himself off from the rest of us in a little emotional shell of angry, self-righteous cynicism. But he was not too shocked, either by the war, or by our reactions to his theory, to leave the room without first putting a tape in the VCR and pressing Record. He wanted, he said, an objective record of these first hours of full-blown conflict, so he could pick it apart later, go through it frame by frame, and prove to us at some later date, when we'd gotten over our belief that what we were seeing was actually happening, that he'd been right all along.

That was Kevin. Nothing surprised him. Nothing broke through his

shell of expectation that the world, at its core, was inherently rotten.

So, to see Kevin fall into silence, his mouth open and his eyes wide like a child's when meeting Mickey Mouse for the first time - not yet organizing the world into reality and fantasy, not yet reducing the possibilities to "it must be a guy in a costume" - told me two things: 1) The slightly heavy-set, gray-bearded man in my kitchen was someone Kevin never expected to see in the flesh, and 2) it was someone from the VALIS experiences, because it was only talking about those times, which we still did often, that Kevin expressed any sort of awe, any recognition, however slight, of anything beyond the mundane, mechanical, and universal rottenness of existence.

You see, apparently, at that time, Kevin, too, had met God. The meeting had apparently affected him quite deeply. His relatively successful attempts over the years since to write that experience off as a group delusion had not completely robbed him of the memory of it, or of the deep emotions those memories were capable of stirring in him. They had merely given him a context in which to explain away something he no longer desired to deal with, a way to put the experience behind him, to go on living as Familiar Cynical Kevin, and not as some Zoned Out Schizophrenic Gnostic Jesus Freak, which is how he tended to describe Fat in these conversations.

Horselover Fat, in the novel and in real life, had been Phil's alter ego, a projection from Phil's downward-spiraling psyche - a sort of Christ figure in his own right that hung around and went crazy in Phil's place. Fat had not been real, in the sense of someone with a birthdate and a drivers license and a microfiche file with the Federal Government. He'd simply appeared one day, poured himself a cup of coffee, and said, "I've met God."

No one was fooled. Kevin, David, and even Phil, to a certain extent, had recognized Fat for what he was. He was a tulpa, a mind-projection, a part of Phil that had become so fucked up that Phil had had no other recourse but to push it out, objectify it, allow it to live out its own crazy fate, so as to save himself (Phil) from going down too.

But that was the mid-seventies. Pop psychology had become the thing, replacing the gurus and spiritual searches of the sixties. "I'm fucked up, you're fucked up," was the slogan of the hour. For a close friend to whack out before your eyes was, at the time, no big deal. It was everyone's eventual destiny. One had only to wait for one's own turn to come around. When it was a friend, one was expected to be supportive. You just coped. You might

be next.

So Fat had been a figment of Phil's imagination, and the two had been wedded from the start. They'd had very little choice. Tulpas are a sticky business to begin with. Unintentionally projected ones are even more complicated. Once Fat had appeared on the scene, he and Phil's lives had become symbiotically linked. If one died, they both died. They shared a fate. They both eventually had come to recognize this.

But Kevin and David had a choice. They could have turned away, shunted Phil off to a loony bin and settled the matter right there. But Fat had been, for all his craziness, a likable guy. And to abandon Phil in his hour of need would have been unthinkable. So Kevin and David had accepted Fat, included him in the circle. Over the proceeding years they befriended him, ridiculed him, helped him, and joined him in his delusions, in that order.

But when Fat had boarded the plane headed for the Pelew Islands in search of the reborn Savior, they'd figured, at the least, they wouldn't have to deal with him for a while. When Phil had died from a stroke in 1982, they figured they'd never have to deal with him again, which on the one hand was a relief but, on the other, was sad because, after all, they'd liked him. He had been, for all his craziness, an okay guy. They'd miss him almost as much as they'd miss Phil.

So now a man had walked into my kitchen, said, "You guys'll never believe where I've been," poured a cup of coffee, and sat down at the table to two stunned faces and my own quizzical expression, slowly changing to one of awe as I studied and reacted to the change in Kevin.

I'd seen that look before. There was no question. The stranger now at my table was either Phil or Fat, and Phil was dead, so it had to be Fat. I mean, reasonably, if Phil was dead, Fat should be dead too. But then Fat's existence had never been reasonable, whereas Phil's had been the normal flesh and blood, mortal, two parents thing. I don't buy into all that bodily resurrection stuff and the war was over, so Judgement Day complete with trumpets and opening graves seemed unlikely. I stand by the rationality of my assessment that Horselover Fat, a tulpa projected by a human mind no longer in existence, was sitting in my kitchen.

I had not gone crazy. This was simply happening.

"You've changed, Fat," David said, a bewildered smile replacing his previous expression of dull shock. "You've put on weight. You're tanned as hell. You look good."

“I’ve been hanging out in the desert,” Fat said. “Persia.”

He sipped his coffee, head dipped down to the cup, gripping the hot mug with both hands as he raised it to his lips. Then, still hunched over, he lifted his balding head. He rolled his eyes in big comic circles, fixing them finally on Kevin - who continued to stare, open-mouthed and silent.

Fat grinned.

“For once in your life, you were right,” he said, looking at Kevin but addressing the whole room. “About the war, I mean.”

Kevin exploded from the chair, sending it flying across the scarred linoleum. He spun away from Fat, leaning his clenched fists against the sink. His shoulders trembled.

“Goddamnit, David, we said no hard drugs at this party...”

He turned back to face us. Fat still hunkered over his coffee, his grin widening.

“No drugs,” Fat said, winking slyly toward David. “No psychotic break. Two equal impossibilities. I am really here, and you were really right.”

“Explain,” Kevin said. He crossed his arms before him, closing himself off.

“Babylon has been restored,” Fat said, his voice low, his eyes moving back to the cup in his hands. “Hussein began excavation of the ancient site in the eighties. The place is completely restored now. The cults are operating full tilt, even as we speak. I’ve seen them.”

Kevin retrieved his chair and sat again beside the table. I tilted my chair back and tried for invisibility. I wasn’t yet sure my presence was appreciated.

“Deedle deedle queep,” Kevin said, which was our insiders term for Big Fucking Deal. “So Hussein has a hobby? What difference does it make?”

“It’s one of the signs,” David said. “In the last days, the city of Babylon returns in all its degeneracy. The Great Whore of Babylon is a sort of apocalyptic trigger that...”

“Bullshit,” Kevin interrupted. “The war is over. If Babylon was there, it’s gone now.”

“It’s there,” Fat said. “The war is over, yes. But Babylon survived. In fact, it won.”

“It won,” Kevin echoed. He turned to David. “Call 911. If I’m sitting here talking to myself, I need a doctor, and fast. If you see and hear who I’m talking to, you can ride in the ambulance with me. We can sell our story to the ENQUIRER to pay for the treatment... and whoever dosed us, dies.”

“Look,” Fat said, “I can’t explain it beyond this. One day I’m hopping islands in 1982 Micronesia, and the next I wake up in a temple in 1991 Iraq, a hundred plus degrees, sweating under a fourteen-year-old prostitute who chanting in Arabic and receiving visions while banging my lights out...”

“My sympathies,” I said.

Kevin and David both looked at me, shocked again, as if suddenly remembering my presence. I could see no point in staying out of it any longer. I’d touched nothing my own Jim Beam supply the night before. I knew this was not an hallucination, at least not a conventional one.

“I read about the reconstruction a few years ago,” I continued. “The excavation site was just outside Baghdad. If you were there, you were in the heart of the bombing.”

“That’s true,” Fat said. “I was there. But Babylon was protected.

“From the Coalition?”

“Yes,” Fat answered. Then after a pause he added, “And from Hussein.”

As morning stretched into afternoon, the details, or at least Fat’s version of the details, became clear. The Iraqi restoration teams had awakened something slumbering deep beneath the Persian sands. The teams vanished. Soldiers sent to investigate also vanished. The Republican Guard set up camp, encircling the site. But they, too, soon vanished, one by one - into, it was discovered, the great city, which had miraculously billowed into full life before them, sometimes there, sometimes not, wavering like a grand mirage over the steaming sand. Those who remained outside could see the others within, joining the ceremonies, sacrificing, being sacrificed, sweating under the young temple prostitutes as they screamed out their visions. They could hear the chanting, even during the less and less frequent periods when the city could not be seen.

Frantic calls were made, calls for help. George Bush - an Episcopalian - consulted Billy Graham - a fundamentalist - about End Time signs. A coalition of more than thirty countries was put together to break the chain

before it began, to avert apocalypse by bombing the city of evil back to prehistoric dust. A cover story was carefully constructed for the press, complete with atrocity reports, spectacular battle footage, macho posturing by world leaders, and last ditch efforts for peace.

They bombed around the clock for weeks, with no effect. With each salvo, the city merely winked out of existence, to reappear in all its decadent glory the moment the shelling stopped.

Their target could not be destroyed, could not even be damaged. A quick ground war was staged for the press, and the troops were pulled back to Kuwait and Saudi Arabia. A few remained in Iraq in case something changed, but were kept far to the south to prevent their being seduced into joining the enemy.

Now pestilence was spreading in widening circles through the land. New cover stories were being prepared, building on the old ones. Now, civil war...

“Hussein’s restoration teams triggered a time dysfunction,” Fat said. “Something they did there allowed the city to enter our time in its true form.”

David took his seat again at the table. As Fat was laying out his story, the little kitchen had gradually grown dim. Dark clouds had collected overhead, cutting off the warm sunlight. A thick, sheeting rain now beat against the roof and walls. David had left the table to move swiftly through the little apartment, closing windows, switching on lights. He’d paused long enough in the living room long enough to put a record on the turntable - Wagner’s “The Valkyrie,” recorded at the Bayreuth Festival of 1952. Rain music, he called it.

“Babylon,” Fat continued vehemently, “cannot be destroyed in 1991, because it did not exist materially in, say, 539 BC. It’s an archetypal form that was imprisoned in materiality until God saw fit to allow its return and begin the apocalyptic countdown...”

“Babylon survived the fall of 539,” David said. “Under Alexander, the historical city...”

“There is no ‘historical city,’” Fat cut in. “Babylon is an idea, a spirit of evil and destruction that was encased in material form until the day of its apocalyptic release, of its rebirth into pure, malevolent spirit. Over the centuries many conquerors, including Alexander, have tapped its sleeping power to serve their own desires. They built cities, whole empires, in its name - Babylon, Alexandria, Rome, the Third Reich. But the real

Babylon...”

“So you’re saying Hussein is Hitler,” Kevin said. “Deedle deedle queep. You should work for Washington...”

“Damn it, Kevin!” Fat shouted. “Hussein’s part of the Coalition! They threw everything short of nukes at that thing and it didn’t even flinch! They blew those wells hoping to slow it down, confuse it. But it’s waking up for real this time. Do you get it? This is not a drill! Babylon is back and THERE’S NOBODY AT THE WHEEL!”

Silence. Fat and Kevin staring bullets across the table. Sweat on David’s forehead.

“The oil,” I said.

Again, Kevin and David looked at me, surprise on their faces, It was as though I was somehow fading in and out of their memories, only noticed when I spoke, forgotten as soon as they looked away.

“What you’re saying,” I continued, speaking to Fat but raising my voice in hopes of holding Kevin and David’s attention, “is that the oil’s alive. That it’s been sleeping under that desert for... however long... that it’s...”

“... the material form of Babylon,” Fat finished for me. “And we’ve been exporting it all over the world for a century. Building our lives on it. Fueling our cars, our power plants. Fertilizing our food with it, taking it into our bodies. And it’s waking up now, spiritualizing, taking on its true malevolent form. All over the world.”

“David pushed away from the table.

“I take it back,” he said, his face flushed. “You haven’t changed at all. You’re as loony as you ever were. First of all, God does not ‘allow’ apocalypse, he saves us from it.”

“You’ve been watching too many televangelists,” Fat said. “Read your Bible.”

“And second,” Kevin said, calm again, a tight smile on his lips, “you don’t exist. You almost had us again, old buddy, but not this time. Not this time.”

He turned to David.

“Come on,” he said, “let’s get on the horn and find out who dosed us last night. We’ll make like we’re not pissed, like we had a great trip. Then we’ll drive over and blow whoever did it’s fucking brains out.”

They stood, simultaneously, and disappeared together into the living room.

“Good luck,” Fat called after them, “with ‘driving over’! Cars use oil. You’ll never get out of the driveway!”

“Shit,” I said.

I was alone at the table with Horselover Fat. But I could still see Kevin and David. The wall between us had become transparent, moving in slow, misty waves in front of me. I could see them in there, squabbling over the receiver, dialing. I could hear their voices, their faked laughter, as they grilled each answering party in turn, as they sought out their culprit, the scapegoat to be sacrificed for their anger. Their words seemed to blend into a rhythmic, scatological chant.

“We die because we are stupid,” Fat said, shrugging his shoulders. “I hope Kevin’s right again. That I don’t exist.” He downed the last of his coffee and stood. “Nonexistence would come in handy during the Tribulation. Less to contend with if I’m to find the Savior before the shit really hits the fan.”

I touched Fat’s arm, gripping his shirt cuff, testing his corporeality. He smiled.

“One thing, Fat, before you leave,” I said. “You claim you were in Babylon. If all those Iraqis got sucked in their to stay, how did you get out?”

Fat’s smile vanished. He scratched his balding scalp. The smile slowly returned.

“I just walked out,” he said. “Any of them could have if they’d wanted to. There was no barrier or anything. But that’s the whole point. They didn’t want to. They liked it there.”

He shrugged his shoulders again, freeing his arm from my grip.

“It was nice meeting you.”

He left.

“Shit,” I said, again.

I wiped at beads of sweat now pooling on my forehead. I turned back toward the living room, toward the transparent, wavering wall, toward the now also wavering forms of Kevin and David. I listened hard for the stereo, struggling to hear over the rising chant, suddenly hungry for the reassuring strains of Wagner’s heroic opera.

It had stopped.

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The Return of Philip K. Dick

Robert Anton Wilson

I tell you these things for what they are worth.
They are true things;
they happened.
– VALIS

Of all the books I've read in the past year, none has impressed and moved me quite as much as Scott Apel's **Philip K. Dick: The Dream Connection** (Permanent Press, P.O. Box 700305, San Jose, CA 95170, \$20.00). The story Scott tells is about as uncanny as a kangaroo in a Mozart string quartet, but it is all based on fact.

I assume that readers of **Magical Blend** will be aware of who Phil Dick was and of the mysteries and controversies that have made his final years as enigmatic as John Kennedy's last six seconds in Dallas. Briefly, for the benefit of those who aren't hip to the Dick Phenomenon:

Philip K. Dick was one of the most prolific and also one of the most disturbing of recent American science fiction writers. His books, by ordinary literary standards, are better written, more humanistic and insightful, more "artistic" and, above all, more philosophically profound than almost anything you can find in the sci-fi field. Also, the majority of them were more frightening, or at least more unsettling, than most current novels, inside or outside of science fiction. You always had the feeling that his books might bite you.

Phil Dick was a man obsessed with the basic questions of philosophy and epistemology: What is real (if anything)? How much of our experience can be trusted? Do we really know anything about the strange universe in which we live or are we just guessing? Reading him was about as soothing as the 11 o'clock news and almost as likely to drive you to booze or downers. Or, if that is hyperbole, Phil at least had the same capacity as the TV news to make you wonder if you had somehow gotten onto the wrong planet.

Those who don't read science fiction have probably encountered one of Phil Dick's esoteric fables in film version. The gruesomely poetic (or poetically gruesome) **Blade Runner**, starring Harrison Ford, was based on

Phil's novel, **Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?** The most Dickian things in the movie are the Christian symbolism sensitive viewers have noted (the dove and the dying android) and the ironic implication that some androids may be more human than some humans. Phil, in fact, was fascinated by the Turing problem, as it is called in computer circles: how can you tell a sufficiently advanced Artificial Intelligence from a "real" human being? This was related, in Phil's philosophical musings, to the classic problem of ontology: how much of perceived "reality" is an illusion of our own minds?

Blade Runner also contains one of Philip K. Dick's major obsessions: the image of a United States under totalitarian control, but of such a subtle nature that most citizens aren't even aware that democracy has died and has been secretly replaced by fascism. You might say that, while many radicals shout that "extreme" view in their rhetoric, Phil never howled about it in political speeches, but quietly, in his fiction, brooded over the possibility that it could happen or it might even have happened already. He gets under your skin. He makes you wonder if the 11 o'clock news isn't just a preview of the Bela Lugosi classic that follows it: maybe our country really is like that?

This obsession grew after the mysterious break-in at Phil's house on November 17, 1971. This was preceded by what Phil, at the time, feared was an onset of paranoid thinking on his part. He thought he was being watched for many weeks. He tried to evaluate this "irrational" thinking and worried that he had done too many drugs back in the wild 1960s. Then it happened. Persons unknown broke into Phil's house, stole many of his papers, and set off a small bomb to destroy other of his records and documents. Phil assumed, at the time, that some government agency was responsible (he had been active in the Peace Movement for many years) but, in retrospect, this is just one more weird piece of the jigsaw puzzle of Phil's last decade.

After exploring basic questions about reality and illusion in his fiction for over 20 years, and then wondering for three years who had trashed his house and why, in 1974 Phil Dick had just about the most mind-blasting "mystical" experience to hit anybody in our times. Phil spent the rest of his life (he died, tragically, of a sudden stroke in 1982 at the age of only 53) trying to understand in some rational way this 1974 experience which was, in its intensity and content, no more rational than country that has a Statue of Liberty as its symbol and compulsory urine testing as its sacrament. Phil's

last and best novels are all attempts to make sense of the 1974 Epiphany at least in artistic terms; these mind-bending epics are **Radio Free Albemuth**, **VALIS** and **The Divine Invasion**.

Phil's 1974 "illumination" (or whatever it was) began while he was under the influence of sodium pentothal, given by a dentist during an extraction. On returning home, Phil had a sudden flood of memories involving a past life in ancient Rome. Later, other memories about that "past life" came back to him repeatedly, in intervals between sleep and waking. Other visions involved seeming contact with extraterrestrials; seeming contact with another Philip K. Dick in a parallel universe where the United States of America did not exist and was replaced by the Portuguese States of America; seeming experiences of channeling in which Phil knew ancient languages he had never studied; and, at one point, a night-long and encyclopedic vision of the history of painting which seemed to be a part of a transmission from Russian parapsychologists to interstellar telepaths. Those are the highlights of the less crazy parts of the original experience.

Other parts Phil always found impossible to verbalize or conceptualize, but he was left with the strong intuition that a divine being of some sort, a new Buddha or Christ, was about to appear on this planet. This was reiterated in subsequent visions, less chaotic and more traditionally religious, that came to Phil in later years.

Those locked in a Fundamentalist Materialist reality-tunnel will, of course, say that Phil Dick simply went goofy. Phil himself seems to have entertained certain worries on that score, and only his robust and healthy sense of humor saved him from being terrified about what happened in 1974 and some of the strange after-tremors in later years. Besides, as a man who was both an original philosophical thinker and a creator of scientific romances, Phil was able to generate so many "explanations" of his altered states of consciousness that he never lapsed into believing any one explanation was necessarily the true and only explanation.

If at various times Phil Dick thought that perhaps he had undergone a temporary psychotic break, after all, he also thought, other times, that maybe he had telepathically contacted extraterrestrials, or had gotten caught in a PSI channel through which Russians and extraterrestrials are communicating (without notifying the rest of humanity). He also hypothesized that the megavitamins he was taking in 1974 might have "blown a hole" as it were in

the corpus callosum, allowing vast amounts of non-verbal data from the holistic right hemisphere of his brain to pour into the analytical left hemisphere, which tried to make verbal maps of a Noah's flood of visual/transpersonal information that does not lend itself to coherent verbal description. (I like this alternative in some ways. The first maps Phil made of his experience were the maps a science fiction writer would naturally use in trying to define the undefinable.)

An oddity of the extraterrestrial hypothesis is that Phil specifically made the ETs denizens of Sirius when he wrote the semi-fictionalized **VALIS**. Make of this what you will. Phil never identified his "guides" with Sirius in any of his conversations. Nonetheless, I was having experiences in 1973-74 which, at the time, I thought were telepathic communications from Sirius. (This "psychotic episode" or transcendental communion with Higher Intelligence is recounted in my book, **Cosmic Trigger**.) Later, one psychic reader told me I was actually channeling an ancient Chinese Taoist alchemist; but another psychic reader told me I was channeling a medieval Irish bard. Growing less bold in my theorizing as I get older, I now tend to think, most of the time, as Phil tried to think most of the time, that I was merely receiving signals from the right hemisphere of my own brain. I still wonder about Sirius occasionally, however.

It is interesting that, also in the 1970s, English mainstream writer Doris Lessing began writing science fiction novels about ETs from Sirius who are intervening on Earth to save us from a calamity of our own making. In the third of these novels, **The Sirian Experiments**, Ms. Lessing tells a tale that parallels Phil Dick's experiences and my own in dozens of ways. When I met Ms. Lessing in 1983, she said she had never read anything by Mr. Dick or myself.

I guess we better file that under the Funny Coincidence department. I almost wish we could file it under the It Never Happened department.

I must emphasize that a great deal of the time, Phil Dick suspected that he had received a religious vision, and that his training in scientific and modernistic modes of thinking was blocking him from understanding fully the transcendental **gnosis** he had been granted. He was increasingly preoccupied with Gnostic Christianity in his last years.

Many of the themes of the 1974 Epiphany and of later visions have a Gnostic flavor but are also pregnant with numinous Jungian archetypes. The "head Apollo", symbol of artistic intuition, was prominent in many of Phil's

visions. Various forms of female Messiahs appear in his fiction, as artistic analogs of this image. The cryptic but unforgettable mantra or **koan**, “The Buddha is in the park,” connected to both the new Messiah and the Head Apollo, came in a hypnogogic dream and later haunted Phil. The nonsensical and/or prophetic phrase “King Felix” - connected by synchronicities to Felix the Cat, the reborn messiah, and an odd printing alignment in one of Phil’s early novels - came to unify all opposites, like a Jungian archetype of reconciliation.

Personally, although I only met Phil a few times, I formed the strong opinion that he was as sane as most writers or poets, and saner than a great many I could name. Certainly he was never as grandiose or cranky as William Blake, or as pompous as Walt Whitman, nor seemed seriously unbalanced to his friends, like Christopher Smart did (to mention just three other writers who were granted trans-human visions).

When Phil died in 1982, much of the sci-fi world was engaged in debating whether his visions came from extraterrestrials or Russian mind-researchers or some kind of real “God” out there or just from “the collective unconscious” of Jung. Then things got really strange.

A letter Phil had written in 1981, circulated by him to about 70 friends, began to be reproduced and distributed in all sorts of places. In that letter Phil states that Jesus has been reborn and lives on the island of Sri Lanka. This religious proclamation is very hermetic, however, in that Phil also says Jesus is incarnated in the whole biosphere of Earth and then distances himself from the message of the letter by attributing the vision of the new Christ to Horselover Fat, a character in Phil’s novel, **VALIS**. (But then Horselover Fat clearly is Philip K. Dick, or part of him...)

While Phil Dick fans were trying to figure that one out, the post-mortem mysteries began. Rumors circulated all over the U.S. and Europe that Phil was not dead at all; some claimed that he had faked his death and gone into hiding, for unknown reasons. Some even insisted they had seen Phil - in Boston, in Amsterdam, in all sorts of odd places. About the only place he wasn’t reported was the men’s room in the Pentagon, but then, if he showed up there, those bastards would never tell us, would they?

The Philip K. Dick Society, a serious group of friends and fans of Phil’s, has investigated Phil’s death rather thoroughly, and there is no doubt that he is, medically at least, really dead. The people who claim to have seen

him wandering about are either liars, or hallucinators, or are seeing his ghost. (Take your choice.)

Philip K. Dick: The Dream Connection is largely a personal account of D. Scott Apel's personal involvement with Phil and Phil's mystical ambience. The first, and longest, part is an in-depth interview by Scott and Kevin Briggs in which Phil Dick discusses his Epiphany of 1974 with intelligent skepticism, good humor and flashes of brilliant wit; but, despite his lack of grandiosity and his willingness to consider all possible theories, Phil clearly indicates that he really suspects the experience was of crucial importance, not just to himself but, possibly, to the future of humanity. Some form of Higher Intelligence is trying to tell us something, using Phil as one of its channels - **maybe**. When you think he is about to accept the gnosis literally, Phil retreats again to agnosticism.

These pages are not only intellectually exciting but deeply moving; never before has a man with such a truly religious vision tried so hard to be intelligently skeptical and remember that the emotional depth of an experience is no proof of its objective validity. Nietzsche, who claimed the mystics were never honestly analytical and philosophical about what happened to them, would have had to admit that this criticism did not apply to Phil Dick.

This long, fascinating interview is followed by a hitherto unpublished story by Phil, "The Eye of the Sibyl." Like Phil's last novels, this is one more attempt to make an artistic analog of the transcendental visions he had experienced, and it is interesting both as science fiction and as a parable, similar to the teaching stories of the Sufis, in which suprarational matters are conveyed by indirection. A Priest of the Sibylline oracle in Rome is transported forward in time, becomes a little boy in Berkeley named Phil Dick, grows up to be a science fiction writer, and gradually remembers that he is actually an ancient Roman living in modern America. The conclusion indicates that extraterrestrials have caused this time-warp because America needs a science fiction writer who understands fully the doom that comes inevitably to imperialistic nations. In fact, the story is based on another of Phil's visions, between sleep and waking, about his earlier life in ancient Rome.

In that vision of time-travel from Rome to America, Phil got a view of the extraterrestrials who were manipulating him. He says they looked like

the ones described by Betty and Barney Hill in that famous UFO contactee case.

This means they also look like the little jokers who kidnapped Whitley Strieber, according to his recent book, **Communion**. Students of occultism are quite familiar with these mischievous midgets, because Aleister Crowley painted one of them over 50 years ago. Crowley called them “Enochian entities,” because he contacted them by using the “Enochian calls” - Cabalistic formulas (in no known language) which Crowley learned from the notes of 17th century sorcerer, Dr. John Dee. Jungians, no doubt, would say these dwarfs are archetypes of the collective unconscious.

Another short piece follows, “A Dream of Amerasia” by Ray Faraday Nelson, a gifted sci-fi writer who had once started to collaborate on a novel with Phil Dick, called **Ring of Fire**. Both got involved in other projects and that novel was never written. This essay describes a dream in which Phil’s ghost appeared to Mr. Nelson and encouraged him to sit down and write **Ring of Fire**. While this is less eldritch (as Lovecraft would say) than the reports of those who claim to have seen Phil’s ghost walking around in broad daylight, in this context it gives one pause, does it not? It is implied that Phil, from beyond the grave, will continue to act as collaborator. Ray says he is going to write that novel - which concerns an alternative universe in which Japan won World War II and occupies California. (Like the “Portuguese States of America” in Phil’s 1974 vision, such a world might be as real as our own, according to the Everett-Wheeler-Graham model which increasing numbers of young physicists now embrace.)

A much longer section, “The Dream Connection” by Scott Apel again, takes up in a sense where Ray Nelson leaves off. Like Ray, Scott encountered Phil’s ghost in a dream - but it did not just happen once in Scott’s case. It happened over and over again. Each dream was followed by one or more Jungian synchronicities, all of them weird enough to convince Fundamentalist Materialists that Scott is as mad as Phil was or else is a damned liar. Most of these synchronicities have a surrealist humor to them (especially the ones involving Disneyland) that reminds me powerfully of the novels and personality of Dick...

I know Scott Apel quite well and I am totally convinced he is not crazy and not a liar. In any case, such webs of dream-and-synchronicity are very common in certain groups; for instance, patients in Jungian therapy, acid-heads, students of yoga or Cabala, and artists and poets are particularly prone

to this kind of experience. But even scientists have occasionally endured such spooky interminglings of dream and reality (Wolfgang Pauli, Nobel laureate in physics, is a notable case).

Scott Apel concludes that the evidence of his dreams and synchronicities, the analogous case of Ray Nelson's dream-contact with Phil, and a few ambiguous seances in which Scott attempted to contact Phil Dick directly, all add up to a good argument for the survival of the individual consciousness after death. You can think what you want about that. The data remains fascinating whatever way you choose to interpret it.

One of the most suggestive anecdotes in "The Dream Connection" happened before Phil's death, by the way. Phil had once told Scott of a dream in which he was told that he would be contacted by a certain woman who was an agent of an underground society of humans who are in communion with the extraterrestrials who are manipulating events on this planet to save us from catastrophe. Just before his death, Phil said he had finally received a letter from a woman who fit the description of the promised messenger from Higher Powers. Nobody has yet shed light on whether Phil met her or what happened if he did meet her. (In **Radio Free Albemuth**, the Phil Dick character does meet her, and then they are both killed by the Secret Police...)

Concluding matter in this anthology contains a letter about Phil's philosophy by Theodore Sturgeon, a copy of Phil's Gnostic epistle about Christ being alive in Sri Lanka, and an afterward by myself in which I give a Jungian and somewhat Buddhist interpretation to the events Scott prefers to interpret within the models of Christian Spiritualism. The metaphors may be a matter of taste. Those trained in shamanism would say that Phil Dick was a man of Power and his Power lingers in the world his body has left.

There are more books about Phil Dick coming out every few months, it seems. Few of them, so far, have shown as much insight and empathy as this anthology by Scott Apel. For a while at least, Scott's book will be the definitive work on the science fiction writer who became as much of a mind-bender as his own most imaginative novels.

What are we to make of the case of Philip K. Dick? I have thought a lot about that since Phil first told me of his "out of body/out of mind" experiences at a sci-fi convention in 1977, and my comments in Scott's book are not my final thoughts by any means. Some-how, I keep circling back to

the allegory in **VALIS** - a variation on the theme we have already encountered in “The Eye of the Sibyl.”

In **VALIS**, the last 2000 years of history never happened. Certain evil forces, never quite defined, have placed us in deep hypnosis and we do not realize that we are actually still living in the Roman Empire. One man, Horselover Fat, discovers the truth, but his friends all think he is crazy and try to persuade him to be “cured.”

Yet, while these brainwashed subjects continue to hallucinate Richard Nixon and the CIA and moon-rockets and Bubble Gum Rock and so forth, Fat alone sees what is really happening: the Roman Empire survives, and slavery and madness and sadism survive as they always have. We are governed by Caligula and his kith and kin; the people of **gnosis** (the awakened) are being thrown to the lions every day. We do not see the mass murder going on, but retain dream-distorted images of part of the genocide: the assassinations of John and Bobby Kennedy, Martin Luther King Jr., John Lennon...

Somehow I think all Phil’s theorizing about extraterrestrials and parallel universes were attempts to put into words the same urgent insight that Horselover Fat conveys by insisting, over and over, “The Empire never ended.”

Similarly, in **Radio Free Albemuth** the United States appears to have been taken over by an anti-Communist dictatorship, and all sorts of Communists or alleged Communists are being locked up in concentration camps. This sounds like a ghastly parody of the Joe McCarthy era, but then comes the typical Phil Dick switch. The dictatorship is actually run by the Communists and the persons exterminated are not Communists after all but Christians. Grok? **The Empire never ended.**

If I may offer my own exegesis: Phil’s visions are telling us that people who claim to be Christians (and especially the ones who claim to be anti-Communist) are not true Christians at all; the true Christians, or gnostics, have been driven underground and hide below the surface of our civilization, which is a Black Iron Prison to those who have awakened enough to see a bit of what is really going on. The last 2000 years have been a nightmare, and in a sense never happened. The Redeemer is alive, either in Sri Lanka, or in the whole ecosphere (Phil gave both versions in the same letter). This summary contains the parts of Phil Dick’s revelation that seemed most important to

him. I think Phil's vision is most important to all of us, whether we accept it literally or interpret it as an allegory.

Scott Apel has done a marvelous job of taking us to a Disneyland of the Illuminati, and Phil Dick's spirit is indeed alive and brilliantly shining in this mind-boggling book.

[This review originally appeared in Wilson's newsletter *Trajectories*. Reprinted by permission of the author.]

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Dream of January 30/31, 1992

Peter Stenshoel

(I intentionally tried to dream either about Philip K. Dick or have dreams which shed light on him, for the ZXQ radio special soon approaching.)

Sequence: I thought the world had come to its end by a cosmic cork popping into the air, releasing the contents of the bottle (terrarium?) which sustained all life. The sound, which woke me clean up, was actually our noisy Southern California gas heater, starting itself up. Nevertheless, my heart palpitated for what seemed like several minutes as I forced myself to calm down. In this period I remembered a dream I had had prior to the end-of-the-world cork pop. In this dream I had returned to Minnesota to spend time with my family. We were all having a swell time until I realized my father wasn't around. I found out he had died. When I asked my mother why she hadn't informed me of his death she said, "Didn't I? I guess it must have slipped my mind."

The phildickian elements in this dream involve his bitter hatred of his mother, and the blame he places on her for the death of his twin sister. The cork pop at the end of the world represents a kind of paranoia and hallucinatory quality, giving power to events by investing them with meaning. Maybe a world did come to its end when that noise sounded; maybe it was the world of my dream, whose unwelcome reality was starting to threaten to become substantial, and needed to be popped.

It was later, in the hypnogogic reverie of morning time, that I was given a nice phildickian-style interpretation of some words of Jesus: "Render unto Caesar what is Caesar's; render unto the Lord what is the Lord's." Granted, taken out of context, but rife with a longterm secret new meaning, these words can now mean: Discard the elements of Christianity which were fashioned by Constantine and the Roman Empire (the Black Iron Prison!) that have nothing to do with Christ. Go back to the gnostic Jesus. Freed from the burden of worshipping a corrupt system of power-wielding and mind control which is organized religion, Christianity can become infused with lightness, can become light-as-a-feather, new, and helpful, happy, exciting, as it must have been to those people who hid out in the catacombs with secret fish

symbols around their necks (which is a reference to Dick's famous 3/74 visit and subsequent epiphany).

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Do Dickheads Dream...?

Paul Rydeen

On the morning of March 22, 1993, I found myself in a familiar Minneapolis bookstore that specialized in science fiction. I was looking for any new books by or about the late Philip K. Dick (PKD), easily my pick for all-time favorite. There was a special shelf where all the PKD books were. I saw a yellow hardcover which I hadn't seen before. It was called **Philip K. Dick by Stanislaw Lem**. At first I wasn't sure if it was another biography of PKD by this well-known Polish science fiction writer, or an analysis of his work. I bought it.

On March 27, I stopped by the post office to see if I had any new mail in my box. There was one package, a large white envelope containing several used paperbacks by PKD. They had been sent to me from a used bookstore in Colorado where I used to shop. I had ordered them over the phone.

After the post office, I went back to the bookstore to finish looking. I recognized the clerk on duty from when I used to live in Minneapolis. I shopped here frequently then. I was somewhat amused to see he had shaved his beard.

There were a couple new paperback PKD titles in a revolving book rack. One had a yellow cover and was called **Scanner**. It was an alternate manuscript version of PKD's **A Scanner Darkly**, much like **Radio Free Albemuth** was an alternate version of **VALIS** published after PKD died. The other new book was blue. I forget the title, as it was rather long and unwieldy. It was just a collection of previously published short stories.

When I went to pay for the books, I noticed several stacks of silver dollars and half dollars on the floor beneath a card table covered with bargain books. Glancing around to see if anybody was watching, I stooped down and quickly put several of the coins into my pocket. I jokingly wondered if they were "Joe Chip" money. In PKD's **Ubik**, everybody is dead but doesn't know it. Small inconsistencies clue them in to the truth of the matter, such as money bearing the likeness of a friend of theirs, Joe Chip. They think Joe Chip is the one who's dead. He's not. They are.

With all those new PKD books lying around the house, you'd think I'd have been doing some heavy reading. I was, but not of the books I just

mentioned. They only exist in my dreams. I never left home, never left Alabama, never went shopping. I don't recall now whether I started re-reading some of my favorite PKD books before these dreams or after. It probably doesn't matter. Reading some of those old books again after several years influenced my dreams. My dreams, in turn, reinforced my desire to keep reading "just one more" before turning to something else.

That same week I had another PKD dream. I'm not sure if it was before the other three or not. It was more of a hypnogogic experience than a full-blown dream. It occurred shortly after I retired for the night. The "dream" was entirely auditory, a very unusual thing for me. What I heard was a pleasantly neutral female voice say "Hi!" right in the center of my brain. The voice was bubbly, exuberant. She was so clear and so close that I was immediately startled awake. I wanted to hear her again, but I was also scared by her nearness. I mentally began asking if she was friendly. When I heard her again, she seemed to have moved away. She was now a little in front of me, to my left. She was no longer talking to me. Again I was jolted awake. Still worried, I gradually drifted off to a deeper sleep as her voice slowly receded. I knew it was the "AI" voice (Artificial Intelligence) that PKD said he heard many times during the latter part of his life, both in waking and asleep. I had heard her once before myself, a few months previously.

On March 31 I had my fifth PKD dream. Only nine days had passed since the first. In the dream I still lived in Minnesota. I went down to the Target store to rent a new video biography of PKD. It had been filmed by a French director, in French. This version had been dubbed into English. I took it to my dad's new house, where he lived with his young mistress. In waking, he and my mom have always been together. My dad, his mistress, and I watched the video together. The mistress didn't think it would be any good. It wasn't, but I still wanted to watch all of it, just to see how it went. My dad had already seen it once. He had to leave the room. He couldn't bear to watch it again.

One scene showed PKD walking up a steep hill like Wilbur Mercer in his novel **Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?** On top of the hill is a mansion. This reminds me of the "high castle" in PKD's **The Man in the High Castle**. An unidentified male sitting behind me says this is where the "time dysfunction" occurs that allows PKD to see first-century Rome

superimposed on 1974 California. I look closely, but see nothing. PKD describes this strange experience in detail in the semi-autobiographical **VALIS**.

As I began to awaken, I see a male figure sitting in the next room reading a paper called **News Week**. He holds it up in a deliberate attempt to show me the headline. It reads,

You May Lose 11, Fat Says
Hit Nice To Ice, To

The rest of the line is continued within the body of the article itself. The text is too small for me to read from this distance. Then I wake up. “Fat” was the name PKD gave to his imaginary friend in **VALIS**. “To Ice” is slang for “to murder.” Was this another attempt to send me a **Ubik** message like the Joe Chip money of the previous dream? If so, what’s the message?

On April 1 I visited a large variety store which had a book department. I checked the books quickly on the off chance that they had anything in stock by PKD. To my surprise, they did. They had hardcover re-issues of the two Fragments West/Valentine Press PKD interview books and the third volume in the series, a biography. All three were by Gregg Rickmann. All three were very expensive. They also had a fourth volume which collected the three previous volumes under one cover. The price was an outrageous \$69.95. Needless to say, I left it on the shelf where it belonged. As I turned to leave, an old high school friend walked up. I was surprised to see him after all these years. We chatted for a while before I left to find my wife and finish shopping.

As you’ve probably already guessed, there was no bookstore, no expensive PKD books, no high school reunion. I dreamed the whole thing, the sixth PKD dream in ten days. The night of April 3 I had the seventh. I had been reading D. Scott Apel’s **Philip K. Dick: the Dream Connection** that evening. Apel claims to have contacted PKD through dreams, synchronicities, and a professional fortune-teller. As I lay there falling asleep, I got incredible pink phosphene activity - quite unusual for me. Usually I fall asleep too fast to notice much on the order of hypnogogics. Most phosphene activity I do see is green or yellow.

The very last thing the next morning, I saw in a hypnogogic flash (PKD

dream no. 8) the blurb on the back of a PKD book I had never seen before. It was a hardcover book with a plain dustjacket. I had just enough time to read the words written there before it vanished and I woke up. The book was **Modern Portugal**, which I immediately noticed sounded like “Morton Thiokol.” This brought to mind the space shuttle that blew up while trying to carry a teacher into space.

The book itself was from a parallel world where **VALIS** had never been written, the reason being that **Radio Free Albemuth** had been accepted by the publisher. I think PKD was dead in this world too, but I’m not sure. **Modern Portugal** was the final book in the **Radio Free Albemuth** trilogy (I don’t know what the second title was). The blurb called it, “The book that proves the reality of Christ,” and, “The book that disproves the reality of Christianity.” Intrigued, I read on.

The rest involved the history of the early Church up until the fourth century. At this point a divergence occurred which involved an alternate universe. The book was from a world where Portugal had settled the USA, just like in **Radio Free Albemuth**. **Modern Portugal** was about an alternate world where England had ended up with the Colonies, just like in our world. PKD used this plot device with the made-up **The Grasshopper Lies Heavy** in **The Man in the High Castle**).

Instead of PKD’s Portuguese States of America - real in the world from which the book came - **Modern Portugal** postulated our own universe as an alternate world, known as the United States of America. Even in the dream I recognized this as significant, because in the dream the USA still existed. Since **VALIS** had never been written, neither had **The Divine Invasion** or **The Transmigration of Timothy Archer**. **Radio Free Albemuth**, its immediate sequel, and **Modern Portugal** had taken their place. These three books also concerned PKD’s quest, his ties with early Christianity, etc., but from a whole different perspective. What that perspective was - other than the parallel world which was certainly nothing more than a plot device - I do not know.

On April 7, 8, 9, and 10 I had dreams in which I searched used bookstores in Atlanta for new or unknown PKD titles. We were visiting Atlanta at the time. My dreams followed suit. That’s twelve PKD dreams now, in a period of three weeks. On April 7 I found an alternate version of **The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch** called **Mr. Bayerson**. On the eighth I found a graphic adaption of one of PKD’s books. The dreams of the

ninth and tenth were similar.

The thirteenth and final dream came the morning of April 12, 22 days after the first. I quote verbatim from my journal:

“It’s the early 1950’s. I have just taken a job in a New York office dedicated to cranking out pulp magazines of all kinds: science fiction, detective stories, true confessions, etc. I want to be a writer, so my office job as errand boy is a foot in the door, so to speak. I carry a pink plastic gun that shoots blanks, and think of using it to scare an established writer who’s blocked the door with his desk and the desk of some woman he’s interested in. He gets up, and someone else lets me through the double doors into the store.

“All the pulps we make, as well as those of other companies, are for sale to the public in the front room. I see an old pulp called **Interesting SF Stories** from 1947. It has a picture of a sinister-looking man with a gun on the cover, and features PKD’s first-ever published story, which I’ve never seen before. I read much of the first page of his story ‘My Teenage Adventures with Set Theory on the Planet of the Octopus Women.’ It’s written in the first person by the son of the spaceship’s captain, a teenage boy (PKD’s alter ego) who’s being tutored in math by an alien. He meets an Octopus Man whose job is recording statistical weather data. Apparently the Octopus Women have subjugated the men, and the protagonist of the story wins their release through his application of Set Theory, which he happens to be studying at the present. I read the first column and the first paragraph of the second column, decide I want to buy it, and close the magazine.”

Set Theory? Octopus Women? What could it mean? I believe my thirteen PKD dreams of the last week of March & April, 1993 can only be read as a single entity. The dreams of searching bookstores for unknown PKD titles seem to represent a search for something - knowledge, perhaps, or just plain old information. It is the search for answers, in other words. The dreams in which I actually learn new PKD plots are the apparent results of that search. Joe Chip money, the AI voice, the time dysfunction, the cryptic headline, all point to things being other than I’ve perceived them. What things?

In the French video dream, I saw PKD as the empathic Wilbur Mercer, a savior-like figure who withstood stoning on behalf of his followers. His quest for the Man in the High Castle is like Mercer’s quest for the top of that

hill where he will be healed.

The “Modern Portugal” dream, like the time dysfunction, merely restates the misperceived reality theme. “Morton Thiokol” brings to mind the failed attempt to send a teacher into space, into the Other. The teacher is knowledge, gnosis. I guess she didn’t know the proper passwords to placate the Archons. In “My Teenage Adventures with Set Theory on the Planet of the Octopus Women,” I have my own time-slip. This story-within-a-story has Phil using math - knowledge, gnosis of the highest order, according to Pythagoras - to release the males from female control. I don’t necessarily see this as misogynist. This is symbolic of the dark **yin** force in the world.

The women in the dream are identified with the octopus, whose tentacles represent the twisted reality in which we live, at the center of which is a shape-shifting, beaked monster with no mind of its own. This monster lives deep under the sea, in the undifferentiated subconscious mind. In the dream it lives in space, another way to denote the unknown, the Other. PKD used a gnostic duality myth in **VALIS** to represent what he saw as the good vs. evil cosmic battle. His twin sister Jane, who died an infant, was this Other. PKD felt nothing but grief for her, and guilt for her death. He did not blame her for what she did. He wanted to heal her, like Mercer. That’s what he sought in the High Castle of my dream.

I don’t really see these dreams as saying anything about me. I think they say a lot about PKD. I don’t have a twin in the spirit world who sends me psychic information. I have felt like I’m on a quest at times, a quest for information, a search for creativity with which to better express myself. These dreams seem to express something more, something PKD needed to heal his own battered psyche. I hope he’s finally found it, Out There with Jane.

Maybe that’s what these dreams are saying. Things are not as we perceive - Phil’s not really dead, not in the sense that we think. Maybe he’s out there still searching, repeating his quest, unaware that he’s passed on. Maybe that’s the message here. Or maybe he’s still alive, and we’re the ones who died. Joe Chip money, indeed.

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There Is Only One Story

E. Jay O'Connell

... There are only perhaps a dozen or so people in the world.

We resonate to the vibration of one or more of the twelve - we are archetypes all.

I am always Daedalus.

I believe that somewhere, the archetypes are imprisoned, drugged, chained; that only this could explain the perversity of the 20th century.

The earth mother preserves me for some unfathomable purpose.

Prometheus is not the only one chained to that stone.

Odin and Jehovah told Zeus to change his name to Jupiter, and so Rome was built in a day...

(Fragment from notebook one week before the hospital.)

It was the beginning of my sophomore year at college. I thought of myself as an **artist** in those days. I had just moved out of the dorm, and into my first apartment. It was a bit of a walk to campus, through the park, and although the place was a blue asphalt-shingled dump, it was fairly nice inside.

My room was tiny, but I didn't care. I was going to build a loft.

My schedule was a little odd. I have never been able to budget my time. I spend my time freely, and only when there is some sort of deadline looming do I begin to apply myself. Peculiarities in my schedule created a hellish 48-hour "day" once a week. Afterwards I would sleep eighteen hours and feel much better. Gradually, I noticed that I really didn't need to go to sleep the next day, but could simply stay up until bedtime, creating a 72-hour day.

Eventually I found that I didn't need to sleep at all.

Should I mention the drugs? I did them in moderation - my circle of friends were more deeply involved than I. I smoked a lot of pot, drank less than most frat boys, and did a little acid. One hit of acid acted like a permanent catalyst. We found it on the kitchen floor, in a baggie. No one could identify either the source or type of acid. Acid like manna. We, my roommate and I, gobbled it immediately, after splitting it down the center

with a razor blade.

I wouldn't come down for months.

My relationship with my lover was coming apart, although I hadn't really noticed it at the time. I remember the last night with her, making love until she had come several times, and was getting tired of the wear and tear. She blew me for what seemed like hours, while in the muted darkness of my loft I watched kaleidoscopic patterns of color flash across my eyelids. This was the activity which had replaced sleep for me. I spent an hour or two a night in a sort of reptilian stupor, watching my own private light show. She wanted to help. She begged me to come, and go to sleep.

But while I had no difficulty maintaining an erection, I could no longer come. She would quietly slip away from me soon afterwards, while I was away in the hospital. Not until I realized that she had become the girlfriend of an old friend of mine would I think to question her reaction.

After the manna, I noticed I could see things clearly. It was like the beginning of the acid experience, when it seems that a gray film has been pulled off the world, showing it to be a brighter and more colorful place than you had previously imagined. I could see. Photos taken of me at this time are alarming; my eyes are literally wide, open too far, the pupil almost entirely visible.

I was never tired anymore, but was instead filled with a manic energy which never seemed to translate into useful work. I was too busy talking. And walking. I would walk anywhere, miles in any weather, at any time. It felt good; my body now obeyed me in a new way. I drove it like an animal. I didn't really inhabit it anymore. It was simply a beast to be bullied into submission.

I made tapes, long ranting diatribes against those I had begun to feel were persecuting me, those who would stand in the way of my ascension. I dispensed wisdom freely. I played the part of mad prophet.

"Reality is an emulsion... thin and fragile to the extreme. Acid gradually eats away at this emulsion, leaving scratches, and holes through which is glimpsed a light, but be careful, it burns; the trick is not to be blinded..."

In the end I walked home and began drinking my father's scotch, in an effort to lose consciousness. I suppose this was what you might call a cry for help. I certainly didn't see it as such at the time. I was interested in the

writings of James Joyce, of which my father was something of a student. Glancing through various works and letters, sipping warm scotch, I felt an amazing sense of kinship with the Irish writer. I believed I might well be the current incarnation of his spirit. Daedalus, father of artifice, creator of the labyrinth, archetypal artist - I happily defaced the books with my own speculations concerning the past and present of my immortal spirit.

Within 24 hours my family had signed me into a mental hospital.

I remember the lounge of the ICU, the intensive care unit, as a consciously calm place. It struggled mightily in its lighting and decor to be as pleasant and neutral as possible. The result was an almost supernatural silence, a mind-numbing subliminal drone. Even the TV was turned off here, on occasion.

“Oh boy, look at this one,” the Constant said.

“He’s a live one, all right,” the Genius agreed.

“So, what did you do to land you here? What’s your problem, kid?” the Constant asked, from within her perpetual halo of cigarette smoke.

“You mean, you don’t think that maybe we’re all **onto** something here?” I asked. Laughter all around. It was like joining a fraternity, we who had learned that the world was simply a series of nested asylums.

I struck up a relationship of sorts with the nervous anorexic Constant. A Constant is a person who can never be left alone. She would think of imaginative ways to commit suicide, if she ever were. Light bulbs, omnipresent, and potentially lethal, were her main strategy. I drew her (I was an artist, remember?) at her request, trying to subtract the pain from her face, trying to draw her as if she had never been raped and gone mad. I drew her in a shaky hand, palsied by the drug, Haldol, that was my only treatment.

Another friend was Trick. He was called Trick because, as a trick, a few of his friends had dosed him with over a thousand hits of LSD. He was tripping for over a week before they hauled him in. He was a wide-eyed teen, with frizzy, dirty blond hair, and a thermometer protruding from his mouth. The thermometer reminded him he was alive, I think. He walked slowly and perpetually up and down the small locked hallway. The side effect of his medication was called eesthesia. Calling it a “side effect” is funny in a way, because practically everyone on Haldol has it, a continuous nagging restlessness. Walking back and forth was all you could do about it in a locked hallway.

It was a private hospital. Expensive. The food was excellent. Some people checked in with a cheery hello at the front desk, as if this were some kind of cruise or vacation. I called it the Mars Hotel, or the Pit. The address, when I went there, was 666 South Salina. I made a fuss about the number. It was a joke, I think, because the address was changed to 672 and they started changing the number on all the official stationery while I was there.

The modern psychiatric institution has no bars. That's because the prison is erected within the cranium of the patient. When the mind is caged, the body may be left to wander purposelessly. The main activities at any mental institution are cigarette smoking, television watching, and drug taking. There were therapy sessions, but I never was allowed to attend. My doctor was no longer interested in insight-based therapy. He had reduced the human experience to a pure chemical state. Nothing else had any meaning for him.

Had I stayed with him, I would still be on Haldol. The long-term side effects of Haldol include wild facial tics and uncontrollable tongue extensions, not to mention the overpowering dullness that makes hallucination of any sort impossible. But the tissue drying was my major complaint. It made my eyes hurt unbearably. I wore contact lenses then, so I had to remove them. I had no glasses at that point, so I was forced to tape together an old pair, with an old prescription. (My vision is so bad that without correction, I am virtually blind.)

I was not allowed my contact lens solutions, which consisted of distilled water and salt tablets, when I was moved from the adult ward to the ICU. I suppose I could have squirted the water down my esophagus and drowned. Or I could have deftly swapped the salt tablets with poison and attempted my own small scale Guyana-style tragedy. I had to put my lenses in a cup of water that first night, and then try to impress upon the staff that no one should throw away the cup or accidentally drink it. The maid came by while I was sleeping and threw them away.

I was convinced that my roommate, a brain-damaged Czechoslovakian man who spoke no English, had drunk them in confusion. I may have mentioned that fact to someone. The staff wrote in my file that I'd drunk my contact lenses in order to gain "inner vision."

If you are ever hospitalized for psychiatric problems, try getting your records afterwards. They're full of bogus insights like this. Half-truths and outright lies.

Schizophrenia is the ultimate indictment. As with cancer, you are never considered cured, but instead, it is thought to go into remission - with the proper medication, mind you. You don't get better. The assertions of the chemical men are that, once you have exhibited this predilection, for any reason, you should probably be medicated for life.

Antipsychotics do suppress the symptoms of insanity quite nicely, to the point where many think that they are a cure. However, I ask for those who have not actually experienced these drugs to reserve judgement on their value. This "cure", if not worse than the disease, is hardly much better.

I remember being asked, "Do you hear voices?"

"Yes," I replied, "when people are talking."

"Do you hear voices of people who aren't there?"

"Yes, on the phone, on the television, radio, and sometimes from sources more obscure..."

Delusions of reference were my only hallucinations in the beginning. What's that? Think about it. We exist at the center of our own personal worlds. We are the main characters of our stories. This is normal. Simultaneously, we watch the media, we read the paper, and we learn of the world of others, more important than ourselves. We are intimate with the lives of a thousand strangers. Celebrities and politicians. They make the decisions, they have their fingers on the buttons and we live in their collective shadow.

And we know that nothing we say has any effect on them.

Now, put that way, it is fatalism. Talking like that overlong would get you labeled as depressed. But, if you want to put it any other way, you are having delusions of grandeur. Sanity, you will learn, if you ever lose yours, is a tightrope you walk without thinking about it.

What happened to me was a mixture of the outside and inside, a confusion of self and other. I saw the news as a reflection of self. I saw the headlines of tabloids, and thought it was a veiled reflection of my own life. I saw the weather as indicative of my mood. People on television talked to me, and me alone.

And I knew that the world was ending.

That was the reason for this mingling of souls, this telepathic contact with the powers. The end was a fireball. Ronald Reagan was its mother, and when he gave birth to it, we would be consumed instantly. The world was

struggling to communicate this to me. We were the last generation. And we needed to participate in the ceremony of its dissolution. I would soon be elevated into the sphere of the greats. An apocalyptic, personal Christian mythos, as in the music of Peter Gabriel, pervaded my waking dream.

I had more or less totally departed from what, for want of a better term, we can call “consensual reality”.

What’s the best thing to do with someone who has, for whatever reason, built up a series of inaccurate ideas about themselves, and their place in the world? How do you get them to give up their delusions, and invite him back into our shared world? I’m not sure, but I’ll give you a good example of what **not** to do. Don’t put him in a room surrounded by intelligent people with little notebooks who write down everything he says. All my rants were dutifully taken down, round the clock, by my private team of jailers/secretaries. I felt I had been imprisoned because I had become too potent a force to be allowed to wander freely.

I ran through the mental hospital in nothing flat - the first time. What seemed to me to be a few days was actually more like ten, but I was sleeping most of it. That was a pleasure in itself. Sleep. Pure, blissful unconsciousness. I had lost the ability to sleep, and had thought myself better off without it, but that, I later knew, was nonsense. Like it or not, healthy humans need sleep.

I had taken their drugs, and watched TV, and listened to the problems of a lot of people much worse off than I was. My first roommate was a Vietnam vet. He was there because he had begun blacking out, losing days. He had been living in a cabin in the woods, drinking and smoking a lot of weed, when things began to melt away from him. He had nightmares.

I heard some pretty grisly war stories.

An interesting aside: I have never been as wasted as I was on these therapeutic chemicals. In fact, throughout my decade or so flirtation with what we used to call recreational drugs, I cannot remember ever having been so completely incapacitated. When I talk about major tranquilizers, don’t get them confused with minor tranks, like Valium and Librium. Major tranquilizers are a different kind of drug entirely. They have no perceptible buzz, other than a certain all-pervasive dullness.

I remember sitting at home on a pass, tranked to oblivion, drinking beer with my family, watching reruns of the **Mary Tyler Moore Show**. Everyone

was happy. I was cured.

Then my roommate gave me an article about the long-term side effects of antipsychotics. In the piece, a long-term Haldol patient's face writhes with muscular tics. His speech is punctuated by pauses for uncontrollable tongue extensions. "You have to be fucking crazy to get mixed up with psychiatrists..."

I was not pleased. I switched doctors.

Dr. Morrow was much more to my liking. He had a beard and a glorious disorganized manner. When we talked, there was a connection. He admitted that the world was probably a lot crazier than the average psychotic. The trouble was, to get off the medication, I had to go back to the hospital.

In retrospect, this was not a good idea; my brain at that time was something like a coiled spring, packed with poisonous visions. The drugs compressed that spring, allowing me to live a "normal" life, while preventing me from rooting them out at the source. The drugs should have been withdrawn slowly, over a period of months. Instead I went cold turkey. Disaster.

I couldn't sleep. I remember walking back and forth along the carpeted hall of the ICU. Ecosthesia, restlessness, a side effect of antipsychotics, doesn't seem to want to go away. Walking and crawling, miles and miles.

This was when the serious hallucinations began.

I began to dimly perceive, as I trudged the corridor, translucent warriors flanking me, emerging from the closed steel fire-door at the end of the hall, disappearing into the steel front door of the ICU, GIs in fatigues, with rifles and packs. They were totally silent, and although others couldn't see them, I perceived a certain nervousness in the staff when they were around.

Gradually I became aware of a noise which we have all heard our entire lives, but have tuned out, like an odor that's around so much you can no longer smell it. The beast. Some gigantic, tortured organism at the center of the earth, upon whose eternal suffering we depend. It screams and gibbers constantly, roaring obscenities, calling out for help which never comes. Again, when it was at its loudest, I sensed nervousness from those around me. I wonder now if I was mouthing those obscenities without realizing it.

One day I woke up, and looked out my bedroom window at the snow

covered lot, to discover there was no longer any world outside at all. No cars, no people, just nothingness, a dull gray twilight sky merging with an endless field of dirty gray snow. I wandered out of my room. Static blared from the TV and radio in the lounge. The two patients there seemed stunned. The ICU door was open.

I passed through the verboten door. Most everyone was together in the main lounge, where two movie projectors had been set up, back to back, spraying light at opposite walls. Everyone was standing or sitting, milling around, staring at the movies. The projectors made a clattering noise that almost drowned out the soundtrack of the films. I heard someone talking about the amount of fuel for the backup generators.

One of the nurses saw me and smiled and led me to a seat in the front row.

“We’ve got to bring it back,” she said to me. “Watch the movies, and remember what the world was like. This has happened before. We know how to deal with it. Something happened last night.”

I had a blank place in my memory.

“Last night?” I asked.

“Yes, last night, but of course, you won’t remember...”

She wanders off.

I have fragmentary memories of standing in my room, making some sort of deal with the beast, where I promised to lead the rest of my life as a normal, if it would bring the world back.

I sank deeper and deeper into some sort of belief system whereby color was extremely important. I could only move if I was in contact with white. White purified. I crept around the edges of rooms, brushing the white baseboard, destroying red objects whenever I could. Red was the fuse for the coming inferno. The ICU seemed to disintegrate around me. Workmen were always around patching cracks that kept appearing. Extra fire sprinklers were installed.

Dr. Morrow showed up one day, saw the state I was in, and prescribed Stelazine and an immediate exit from the madhouse. I had learned a lot about being insane there. He figured I would be better off just about anywhere else. We filled out the 24 Hour Release forms. (In New York and many other states, if you can write a coherent letter and behave in front of a judge, and if your doctor is on your side, you can be immediately released from any psychiatric institution.) Much later he told me he never expected me to stay

away; he figured I would do something unforgivable and probably end up in some state institution for life.

But I didn't. I escaped into this wider, freer asylum called reality. I have been happy here, although sometimes I feel a twinge of nostalgia for that lost world in which I was a far more important person, the inscrutable Agent Orange, badge number 666, caught in a cosmic web of conspiracy... sometimes, but it's just a twinge. It's so easy to romanticize.

I've recently had the opportunity to watch the process from the other side, as my friend Ron had a relapse into that other state. It wasn't pretty. I'm a lot less smug concerning the value of my episode, and psychosis in general. I realize that my attitude about the whole thing at times has reeked of spiritual superiority, which I think misses the point entirely. But as suspicious as I have become of hallucinogenic wisdom and shamanic-style initiation, the experience remains an important part of what I am.

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The Day the World Ended

John Carter

One of the earliest science fiction stories I remember reading was in a ten-cent paperback I picked up at a garage sale. I suppose I was in the second or third grade at the time; it was the late 1960s. The story had been written at least ten years earlier and was called “The Day the World Ended”; there were several other stories in the collection I liked much better because I simply did not understand this one. It began with a feeling of apprehension, as all daily routines had been voluntarily suspended. The whole town was feeling; some watched their televisions, others the sky. The tension is finally relieved when a loud noise is heard - a sonic boom - and a blinding light flashes across the heavens. It is indeed the day the world ended, though it would be years before I would understand why. All the commotion had been about the first manned rocket flight, and what the people were watching for was its successful return. The story ended with the words, “It was the day the world ended, **and the universe began.**”

The world ended for me in September 1985. I had spent the summer living away from home, working as a surveyor in the woods and fields of the southern part of the state. The company I worked for had won a large contract with the government, and we were all rewarded with a pay increase and per diem for the duration of the summer. Being rather young and foolhardy, it didn't take much to persuade us to spend that extra cash at the local bars every night. Up by 6 AM, we were too hungover to eat breakfast. When noon came it was too far back to town for lunch, so all we could do was find some shade and take a few swigs from our canteens. When evening finally rolled around, we got back quite late and often resumed drinking as soon as we got in, effectively killing our appetites before supper. Often we skipped the evening meal altogether, drinking until the bars closed at 2 AM.

All good things must come to an end, and as the summer wound down and my mind started to turn towards my final year of college, an odd change came over everything. My world-view did a flip-flop as reality shifted just enough to let me know things weren't exactly what they seemed. I had been an avid reader of Philip K. Dick's for five years, and now I literally knew what he had been referring to. For the next six weeks I lived in a Hell-world superimposed on the everyday landscape. Time, I realized, does not exist

independently because it cannot be observed from a vantage point outside itself. Past, present and future all exist in an eternal now, their unfolding being an illusion of our three-dimensional minds. The universe is solid for space does not exist. Certainly we move from place to place, but the universe I saw was a solid object that acted as a single machine. Arbitrary definitions like “tree” were meaningless because everything we perceive as distinct entities are in fact part of a much larger whole that always was and always will be. Eternal, because it exists outside of time (which is not real); finite in space, because there is only here and now.

I had read **The Tao of Physics** some six years earlier, and had been an avid student of Hinduism and Buddhism in the meantime. This seemed to me a direct experience of the Dance of Shiva without the joy or the beauty. Instead I was almost paralyzed by fear at the eternal and unchanging universe, a view which was totally at odds with my previous belief in the Big Bang, Einstein’s relativistic views of time and the second law of thermodynamics. The universe is neither good nor bad; it just **is**, as is the Tao.

Throughout all this - six weeks or so - I dimly saw (or perceived in some way) a dark machine city always present on the horizon. At the time I was reminded of Dick’s vision of first-century Rome described in **VALIS**, and now I can see the parallel to Aleister Crowley’s City of Pyramids from his **The Vision and the Voice**. Like the city I could almost see out of the corner of my eye, the universe is a machine. Trees breathe in carbon dioxide, giving off oxygen as waste (which we, in turn, breathe). Nothing changes, only the appearance. Below the ground, the roots take in water and nutrients, and the worm sees this as we see the top of the tree. There is no difference, only a change of perspective. The universe is solid, like a potato, for all is part of this cosmic interplay.

The year following my recovery was a creative flurry. I turned my attention from music to writing and produced a ream of material even more abstruse than the above. Some very bad prose and poetry was written; thankfully, it will never see the light of day. Rather than embodying Bob Black’s definition of a mystic who “had an incommunicable experience he won’t shut up about”, I’d like to turn now to what this experience has meant to me.

Immediately following the initial trauma, I saw the parallel to both

Dick's pink-beam experience and India's Dance of Shiva. Though not as intense or exactly described as either, it may have been just as enlightening. I first ascribed the events, which eventually included a spontaneous out-of-body experience, to a mild case of delirium tremens, though I never had the shakes. Now I see it as a combination of vitamin deficiency caused by near-fasting (a classic method of inducing apocalyptic visions), alcohol withdrawal and lack of sleep, though I never seemed to suffer any physical effects. If I learned anything at all from all this, it was the subjective nature of what we call reality. The universe is not as it seems.

"What is the sound of one hand clapping?" asks the Zen Master. It can only be the thought of the sound of one hand clapping. Likewise the sound of **two** hands clapping is also nothing more than a thought. Who is the Master who makes the grass green? As far as I'm concerned, it is I.

Across the dunes and into the sun, white-robed Africans walk with water-jugs balanced on their heads. Eternal, unchanging; primordial man. There is a slight breeze in the cool evening air, as the desert comes to life again with the approach of night. There is no continuity from one moment to the next; all is now, time and change are but illusion. We exist outside of it, and we know it not. What we call real is but a passing on the plane of existence. What is real is only what lasts; ancient history is no further gone than the last fleeting moment.

I seriously contemplated suicide during the lowest part of this experience. I was afraid to do it because of my vision of eternity - if the universe were finite but eternal and unchanging, to leave it was also forever. Did I stare into the Abyss on this occasion? Perhaps, but lest any should think I claim to have crossed it, be aware that I fought desperately to return to the normalcy whence I came. I don't think I ever quite reached it.

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Philip K. Dick and Bipolar Disorder

Larry Bigman

I want to throw my two cents in about PKD's various "mystical" experiences. I base these conclusions on two things, the first being that I am a physician and psychiatrist, and the second being that I spent an afternoon visiting with Phil in 1980. Also, I've been reading and collecting his books and references for almost twenty years; as a result, I have a complete collection of his fiction and the majority of the reference works.

To get to the nitty-gritty, I believe that the most probable and parsimonious explanation for Phil's experiences/actions is that he had Bipolar Disorder (otherwise known as Manic-Depressive Illness) with secondary panic attacks. At the '85 Westercon Tessa Dick confirmed that Phil had been diagnosed as such but had not responded to Lithium Carbonate. Her conclusion was that therefore he could not have Bipolar Disorder; this is an incorrect conclusion.

Individuals who have Bipolar Disorder when they are in a manic phase of the illness that is not adequately treated will routinely experience auditory hallucinations as well as grandiose delusions, stereotypically with a religious or sexual content. When I met with Phil, I knew nothing about the "pink light" experience, but psychiatrically speaking, he presented himself with a relatively normal mental status, except for some mild depressed moods.

The claims re: temporal lobe epilepsy and strokes are predicated on ignorance of the practical clinical presentation of these illnesses. Neither can encompass all of Phil's symptomatology.

Beyond the matter of Bipolar Disorder, we must factor in the emotional/psychological events in Phil's life, the primary ones being the death of his twin sister, the divorce of his parents and subsequent estrangement from his father for years, and the apparent emotional distance between him and his mother. If you combine the usual sequelae of these events with the Bipolar symptomatology, you can easily and readily explain the events in Phil's life.

I, too, have wondered about Tessa Dick's confirmation of the mystical hernia story. I asked Paul Williams about this a couple of years ago, and, without going into detail, he minimized her ability to corroborate the story. For whatever it's worth, we must remember she was only 18 or 19 at the

time.

As far as Gregg Rickman's assertion of childhood sexual abuse, he demonstrates how the old adage of "a little knowledge" is true. Rickman has pulled together small details without the adequate training and knowledge to assess them comprehensively. One example: he talks in the third interview book about Phil's difficulty with swallowing. He defines this (in a vacuum) as globus hystericus, and thus a symptom of abuse, i.e. that Phil was forced as a child to fellate someone, most likely (according to Rickman) his maternal grandfather. It is possible, but not the most likely explanation. Much more likely is that Phil had the onset of panic attacks in his early adolescence with the usual subsequent development of agoraphobia.

I could go on and on, but you all probably get my drift. I know this sort of prosaic explanation is not as enticing as some of the others. As far as I am concerned, though, these other discussions divert us from the reality (if you'll pardon the expression) of who Philip K. Dick was: a man with a frequently troubling disease who wrote some of the most entertaining, fascinating and illuminating fiction in the twentieth century. When one ponders Phil's questions of "What is human? What is real?" it behooves us to remember that he answered these questions. His answer was "love/caritas/agape". Simple, yes, but you know, he was right.

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Mozart for Martians

Paul Rydeen

In one of PKD's old novels, **Galactic Pot-Healer** as I recall, there's a running gag about a language-translating computer. Employees working with the machine would amuse themselves by having the computer translate a short phrase into any of several different languages. Then they would feed the result back into the computer for translation into English. The end product was a sort of Orwellian doublespeak that was as amusing as it was enlightening.

Just a matter of months before PKD's death, Daniel H. Levack did us all a great favor by compiling the exhaustive **PKD: A Philip K. Dick Bibliography** (Lancaster: Underwood-Miller, 1981.). I begrudged the \$7.95 for the hardcover version, and can honestly say I've gotten more than my money's worth out of the deal. One amusing thing I've noticed throughout the book is the titles given some of Phil's foreign translations. While not fluent in any language except English, I've had a smattering of German and have read widely enough to be able to recognize a few words from other languages. It's my opinion that if I could read any Japanese the list below would increase manifold.

From the shockingly hilarious **Mozart for Martians** to the merely mundane **Joe from Milkstreet**, these titles run the gamut of science fiction sentiments. The Germans seem especially prone to mistranslating Phil's titles; perhaps they were paying him back for all the German names and phrases he sprinkled throughout his works. What I've done here is listed a few of my favorite "re-translations". See if you can match each title to its original. I've provided the English titles alphabetically in the column to the right; the correct answers are reproduced at [the end of this book](#). It may help to recall what each story is about rather than what the title literally means.

[This quiz originally appeared in **Radio Free PKD** No. 3, October 1993.]

The Translated Titles.

Chains of the Future (French).
The Divergent Moon (F).
Electric Sheep?

The Original Novels.

Clans of the Alphane Moon.
Do Androids Dream of

Flight in Visions (Dutch).
Joe from Milk Street (German).
Policeman Said.
LSD Astronauts (G).
The Maze of Rats (G).
The Mountain Oracle (G).
Mozart for Martians (G).
Reach After the Sun (G).
Robot Blues (F).
The Schizos' Ball (F).
Palmer Eldritch.
Small Moon for Psychopaths (G).
Temporal Episode (Italian).
Ten Years After the Blitz (G).
Timeless Time (G).

Eye in the Sky.
Flow My Tears, the
Galactic Pot-Healer.
The Man in the High Castle.
Martian Time-Slip.
A Maze of Death.
The Penultimate Truth.
Solar Lottery.
The 3 Stigmata of
Time Out of Joint.
We Can Build You.
The World Jones Made.
The Zap Gun.

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The Philip K. Dick Name Game

Peter Stenshoel

Sometimes I like to play the name game. Here's how I do it. Take a name. Any name... any Harry, Tom, or Dick, say, Phil Dick, Philip Dick. Philip de Jesus, one of 26 Japanese and European Christian martyrs crucified in February, 1597, in Nagasaki. It was this missionary's ghostly image which formed from reflections from my Egyptian god pendant as I stood inside the museum on the spot of his crucifixion. Philip de Jesus is one jump to Jesus Garcia, another famous martyr, the Casey Jones of Mexico, who drove a burning freight train loaded with explosives out of the crowded town of Nacorazi, Mexico, on November 7, 1907. From Jesus Garcia to Jerry Garcia, whom people claim can project sounds into people's heads before he makes them, whose lyricist Robert Hunter for the Grateful Dead appeared before me as the embodiment of all love, a kind of Sophia and Apollo and Christ wrapped into one, as I floated down behind Phil Lesh, a Phil again, and from Philip Dick's Christ fish to whale Moby Dick you get Philip Whalen, beat poet friend of Jack Kerouac and Allen Ginsberg in the Berkeley days, Berkeley being the home of Philip K. Dick for many years.

Or you can take the Firesign Theater's Philip Austin, and Philip Proctor, or UFO-hater Philip Klass, or Allen Ginsberg collaborator Philip Glass, bringing up J.D. Salinger's Ned Glass, whose dark end message was written on a looking glass, and the future, as St. Paul wrote, is seen through a glass darkly, or, as Philip K. Dick would paraphrase, through a scanner darkly.

Or maybe, you can just take the friends of my parents, Kay and Dick Hofflund, or as we called them Dick and Kay, who brought a wide-tied ambience to our pre-1960s home, and hair oiled and shades of lipstick my mother would never use.

Names. Is there any other game so fun to play?

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Confessions of a Philip K. Dick Biographer

Lawrence Sutin

So why did you go off and write a biography of Philip K. Dick?

It all started in early 1976, when a friend urged me to read **The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch**. It was by this guy named Philip K. Dick who'd just gotten a big write-up in **Rolling Stone**. I wasn't anything like an SF fan, but I had loved the stories of the **Weird Tales** group - Lovecraft, Clark Ashton Smith, Robert E. Howard - as a kid, and so I was willing to give this guy Dick a chance even though he was in the SF gutter and my preferences back then were for Penguin Classics and Idries Shah Sufi stories. I read **Three Stigmata** in the cramped grey kitchen of my then girlfriend's apartment. We were about to break up, and I could hear her soft breathing as she slept and I read til 3 a.m. or so. I drank **Three Stigmata** down. Gulped it whole. Whoever the hell Philip K. Dick was, he had managed to write a novel in which conventional reality came apart not only for the characters - there were loads of 'existential' novelists who could handle that dreary chore - but also for me sitting there in that kitchen. I could see through the grey walls and the grey walls could see through me.

In 1981, I jumped in my car on a nasty winter Sunday to rush to the local bookstore and get my copy of **VALIS**, then just out. It had a lousy cover - some orbiting spaceship firing a beam of light at Earth. But then, most of Phil's books had lousy covers - I'd learned that hunting for them in the second-hand shops. **VALIS**, as befitted its plot, required a long twisting course of a read over weeks to come. My form of spiritual quest had been to ask countless questions and believe no answers. But Horselover Fat dived into beliefs, stretched them toward the heavens to which they aspired, and at last broke his heart believing. Nothing was really real, Fat knew that, but someday he and all the rest of us poor wandering humans would stumble upon the Real if we just kept searching and believing - in **anything**, however briefly (you never stop asking questions: there's always a new and better theory coming round the bend), so long as it kept our hearts alive.

I found all this immensely cheering, and wished that the novel had included more of those wonderfully weird **Exegesis** excerpts that read like the Presocratic philosophers but with added knowledge of Jung and computers and dark dark shafts of personal pain. It never occurred to me to

think that Philip K. Dick, whoever the hell he was, was anything like crazy. Later I would learn that a good many readers of **VALIS** hated the **Exegesis** excerpts and thought Philip K. Dick was obviously crazy for writing a crazy novel like that.

In March 1982, there was a tiny obit filler box, headlined **Death Elsewhere**, in the Minneapolis paper. How I came to see it I don't know, as I seldom read the paper. But I did that day, and the little filler box told me Philip K. Dick was dead.

In April 1984, I quit my job and flew out on my own time and money to Glen Ellen, California, where Paul Williams (the guy who'd written that piece in **Rolling Stone**) lived and kept the PKD Estate papers in his garage which looked, to me, like a kids' clubhouse despite all the serious books and file cabinets. Although I had no impressive writing credentials, Paul was patient and helpful, letting me read through letters and **Exegesis** papers to my heart's content. He did gently mention (just how deluded was this strange guy obsessively rummaging through his garage, anyway?) that it was unlikely that any publisher, except perhaps for an out-of-the-way university press, would be likely to be interested in a biography of Philip K. Dick. I agreed with him; Phil's agent, Russell Galen, had said more or less the same thing when I'd called long distance as an utterly unknown name to ask a few questions. But I kept reading. Stayed up night after night in the Jack London Motel to make the most of the time I had. One evening I took a break, went to the local bar for a beer and a guy on the stool next to me asks what I'm doing in Glen Ellen. I say researching the biography of a writer. "Jack London," he says, nodding and smiling.

So I went home to Minneapolis and wrote up a 37-page proposal based on my beginning researches. The proposal won me an agent, Dorothy Pittman, who - one year and fifteen rejections later - sold the project to Harmony Books. I got next to nothing for an advance. But I was authorized, as it were, to find out more, more, more... everything I could about Philip K. Dick. Friends and relatives would put up with my questions and importunings if I had a contract to do a book.

As it turned out these friends and relatives did more than put up with me - they were gracious souls who were generous with their time. It was important to them that the story of Phil's life be told. I conducted over one hundred interviews, studied each and every scrap of paper in the Dick Estate

archives and the U Cal Fullerton Special Collections. and completed the first reading of the **Exegesis** in its entirety, which took months and made my eyes sting. Then came well over two years of writing and rewriting and, voila, a biography entitled **Divine Invasions: A Life of Philip K. Dick** is to appear, I'm told.

So what did you learn, Mr. Bigshot Biographer?

Well, I learned that Phil possessed tremendous passion and courage, driving himself to the limit by probing - in his fiction and in his daily thoughts - questions that most folks shunt aside as “metaphysical” and hence a waste of time. To Phil, the nature of reality and of the human soul were pressing, even painful concerns. I learned that the reality shifts of Phil's novels were mirrored in the reality shifts produced by so-called “objective” biographical research: The “Life” of Philip K. Dick is a tenuous concept indeed, given the multiplicity of lives recounted by Phil himself, as well as those who knew him. Still, the life Phil led is, for me, a unique source of inspiration. How many of us dare to value what we see, hear, feel, and think when it veers away from “official” constructs of reality? I also learned, quite unsurprisingly (it's all there in the novels), that Phil was brilliant, imaginative, funny as hell, as astonishingly ardent lover, and a man racked by a multitude of fears.

Was Philip K. Dick crazy? Was he? Was he?

This was the second most frequent question I was asked during my labors. (The most frequent was “**Who** is Philip K. Dick?”) A good number of the people who asked it (including two psychiatrists of my acquaintance) were smiling in a faintly nasty way, waiting for me to give them the inside poop on just how crazy he was. It was as if they were yearning to hear me say “Yes!” so that they could safely dismiss the strange novels and stories that had somehow, despite themselves, gotten stuck in their heads.

To these people I wanted to say (but never did): “The word ‘crazy’ could be applied with precisely the same justice to Philip K. Dick as the word ‘mediocre’ could be applied to yourself.”

Was Phil crazy? Some people who knew him think that, at times, he behaved as if he was. Others who knew him deny the label vehemently and even attempt to prove that it just can't be so (though we cannot prove

ourselves sane or insane, much less anyone else). Psychiatrists and therapists who dealt with Phil over the course of his life reached no consensus on the issue. Phil himself sometimes feared that he was crazy, but as Anne Dick has shrewdly observed, Phil could be hypochondriacal about his mental state. At other times, he would vehemently defend his own sanity and resent the doubts that showed themselves in others. Then too, he often speculated in the **Exegesis** that in 2-3-74 he'd been granted (from Who? What?) a release, as if by grace, from the phobias and "psychosis" that had previously plagued him.

My own view is that the question of Phil's being crazy or not is a goddamn waste of time. Phil surely did live a strange and intense life. There were periods during which - due to lingering childhood traumas, amphetamine abuse, situational anguish, and the sheer lingering imperfection of the human condition, to name just a few potential contributing factors - he caused intense pain to himself and others. But Phil was also a dedicated professional who made a living writing books that he believed in, books that will endure. He loved a good many people - friends, wives, lovers - and was loved in return. If you slap a label of "crazy" on all this, what do you get in return? Certainly not a richer understanding of Phil's writings, or of his life, or of your own. The same holds true for the label of "temporal lobe epilepsy," which does not bear the same stigma as "schizophrenia" (though there is no good reason why there should be a difference in stigmatization between these two involuntary illnesses), but is equally futile - and ultimately unverifiable - as an encompassing explanation of Phil's life and work.

Either the books speak to you, or they don't. If they do, you had best pay attention to what they are saying - and put aside the reductive diagnostic labels (which so often change from decade to decade, according to **zeitgeist** fashions). The same holds true for the life, at least as I wrote it.

Did Phil really see God in 2-3-74? Did he? Did he?

Phil never finally decided on what he saw and heard and felt and dreamed in those decisive months. The **Exegesis** offers an efflorescence of theories. While the overall quality of the **Exegesis** varies considerably from section to section (how could this not be so, given that it was written white hot night after night for eight years?), there are often brilliant passages. Some of these - including a lengthy "theophany" of November 1980 in which Phil Dick matches wits and theories with God - are quoted in my biography.

(I will, in the near future, edit a **Selected Exegesis** volume for Underwood/Miller.) Sometimes Phil did believe that he had encountered the Ultimate in 2-3-74. Sometimes he thought he had deceived himself. Or had been deceived by something Other. Suffice it to say, **something**, deception or revelation or a hologram-like blend thereof, happened. Phil did hold to that much. And that something dominated the remaining years of his life and lent - Phil himself felt - a new and vital impetus to his writing.

Just what attitude did you take toward Phil in your biography?

It was my deepest conviction that, if I managed to take Phil's life and turn it into a dull book, I would deserve prompt consignment to the seventh circle of Hell, reserved for those who betray what is most dear to themselves. I was fascinated - and at times anguished - by what I learned in my researches. I wanted to convey this fascination and anguish to my readers. I was scrupulous to an extreme in my efforts to learn the truth, but I never deceived myself that there was a single True account of Phil's life. I chose what seemed most vital - a heck of a lot, as it happened - and told the story as I understood it. Despite earnest entreaties from a few sources, I never undertook to "protect" Phil by omitting events that cast him in an unfavorable light. To do so would have been to patronize Phil (he doesn't require my protection) and to compromise my own writing.

I found it useful to remember that Phil's books will continue to be read even if all the biographers burn their researches. I also found it salutary that Phil himself, even in his works, never found it necessary to conceal truth from his readers.

What would Philip K. Dick have thought of your biography?

We'll never know. Deep down, it's my conviction that he would have enjoyed it greatly had it been about **someone else** named Philip K. Dick. See, by way of analogy, chapter fourteen of **We Can Build You**, in which protagonist Louis Rosen pushes aside Carl Sandburg's eulogistic biography of Lincoln (a hero for Rosen **and** for Phil, who resembles Rosen in significant ways) to get at the more intensive biographical analysis of the **Britannica**.

As for reading it as about **himself**, I'm fairly certain that he would have been pleased by my intense admiration for his life and writings and

displeased by the recounting of private matters that were none of my damn business, and by my tendency to balance out - through the use of sources other than Phil himself - his fiercely negative evaluations of certain of the women in his life.

Early on in the writing, I had a dream in which I met Phil and, with trepidation, explained that he was a great artist, that I longed to write of his life, and that I would omit nothing of importance. He listened hard. When I was done, he hugged me. I'm grateful for the dream, from whatever source it sprang.

Peace be with you, Phil.

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Texas Time-Slip

Paul Rydeen.

This is a true story. This really happened.

Let me tell you about the godawfullest phildickian thing that ever occurred. I was staying in downtown San Antonio on business with my wife and three-year-old son. We were lodged way above the Riverwalk on the miserably high-numbered twenty-third floor of the Marriott Hotel. After depositing our bags in our room, we decided to walk off the day-long drive by strolling over to the Riverwalk for a bite to eat. Twilight was falling, and the day's heat had begun to subside. Had I known what was about to occur, I would have ordered room service.

The Riverwalk is a shopping mall built on the San Antonio River in downtown San Antonio, Texas. It features an assortment of shops on several levels, indoor and outdoor dining, and a wonderful view of the water. It's also quite convenient when one is staying at the Marriott. As we mounted that bridge and crossed the river, little did I know that I was crossing over into an Other World - a world right out of a Philip K. Dick nightmare.

We had our meal and took a peaceful stroll along the river, looking at a myriad stars from above reflected back in the dark water below our feet. Time passed quickly, and before we knew it we found ourselves back at the hotel. It seemed a different way from the one we had taken. We must have circled back on ourselves, I thought. The shortcut was appreciated; all we needed now was to take a short elevator ride to our room and jump into bed for a good night's rest.

Stepping onto the twenty-third floor, I took the key out of my pocket and checked the number. Room 2319, it said. The sign on the wall opposite the elevator said rooms 2301 through 2341 were down the hall to the left, so we set off in that direction. The room numbers went up by fours on the odd-numbered side of the hall. At last from 2317 to 2321 - there was no 2319! Perplexed, I checked my key again; 2319 was indeed the room number shown thereon. I looked up and down the hall in both directions. Maybe at the other end, I thought. A frantic check showed I was wrong, as did an even more frantic second look at the original location.

Being the family patriarch, I took it upon myself to formulate a plan of action. I decided there must be two towers in the hotel, or at least two

different twenty-third floors served by different banks of elevators. Perhaps they were separated by a fire wall or something. All we would have to do is return to ground level and take an elevator from the other side back up to the top. Going down, I scanned the spacious lobby and saw no other elevators save the ones directly across from us. I decided to try those, but found the same problem on the twenty-third floor. We descended once again - myself in near hysteria - and actually left the building to verify it was in fact the Marriott. It was, so we returned to try our luck once more. Riding all the way to the top made the situation only worse, as I once again confirmed the lack of a 2319 in the hotel.

I didn't know what to do. My wife actually found it amusing, but I was approaching a nervous breakdown. Her nonchalant attitude made matters worse, as if she were somehow in on this cosmic joke. I imagined her playing along, robot-like, until my world finally broke down completely and I was left alone in a black, infinite void, the sound of the cold, empty wind blowing through the nothingness. Since I obviously didn't belong in the hotel, all I could do was leave the building and return to the mall. My most paranoid fantasies came back to me now. I was living in an alternate universe - the real one, obviously - and I didn't belong. Had I not been accompanied by two members of my family (were they even real, or mere simulacra?) I would have either curled up catatonic in the lobby or else run amok until somebody restrained me. As it was, I left with my family in tow, palms cold and clammy, nervous sweat on my brow, and a horrible feeling in my head, stomach, and knees. I leaned on my wife for support, slowly dragging myself out the door into god-knows-what kind of fate. At least she was real - she seemed to be, at any rate - the one link from my former existence into this one. If only she would react appropriately to our dire situation. What was so funny about this, anyway? Hesitantly, I decided to trust her. The prospect of spending eternity with her - demon or robot or whatever - seemed better than spending it alone. I pressed on.

I don't know how long we meandered through the mall that night, or what horrible paranoid thoughts filled my dark brain. All I know is that we eventually found ourselves standing at the foot of a familiar-looking bridge. All alone in the Riverwalk, we crossed back over and soon found ourselves at the Marriott Hotel. Walking through the lobby toward the elevators filled me with *deja vu*, but against all hopes there was in fact a room 2319. What had

happened? Where had our room - indeed, our whole universe - gone, and why had it now come back? How come none of this ever bothered my wife? Even now she was grinning at the evening's events, as if nothing out-of-the-ordinary had ever occurred.

The next morning I felt a lot better. I guess I wasn't too surprised to learn there was another Marriott just across the river from this one. Just why they had built two hotels so closely together is a mystery to me, but the reason for not duplicating numbers between the two is obvious. There was a rational explanation after all, but for a few brief hours I did indeed come under the influence of an evil demiurge - call him Palmer Eldritch if you want. It wasn't a pleasant place to be, this Other World of Phil Dick's making.

I carefully avoided that other Marriott for the rest of the trip.

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Tomorrow's History, Yesterday's Future:

Philip K. Dick's Version of the 1950s

Andrew Butler

There is a moment in Philip K. Dick's novel **Time Out of Joint** when something appears to be badly wrong:

A lovely shiny red Tucker sedan sailed majestically by her. Both she and Sammy gazed after it.

"I do envy that woman," she murmured. The Tucker was as radical a car as the VW, and at the same time wonderfully styled. But of course it was too large to be practical. Still...

Maybe next year, she thought. When it's time to trade in this car.

[TOJ 1:12. Ellipsis original.]

Philip K. Dick began publishing in the 1950s. I wish to talk about two of his SF novels and one non-SF novel which date from that period, which are all set in the 1950s. It should be said that Dick's vision of the 1950s is different than the version we are familiar with from films such as Robert Zemeckis' **Back to the Future**, where the hero travels back to the time of his parent's courtship and has a hand in inventing rock-and-roll, or George Lucas' **American Graffiti**. It lacks the style and mock 1950s chic of David Lynch's postmodern soap opera **Twin Peaks**, or his earlier **Blue Velvet**. It is not as kitsch as Bob Fosse's film of small town cannibalism, **Parents**. Dick's is a grimmer, and therefore apparently more realistic version of the 1950s.

Dick's novel **Time Out of Joint** opens with a portrait of 1950s America. The Kinsey Report on sexuality has recently been published and there is talk of "The recession... Five Million unemployed as of this February of this year" [TOJ 1:6]. Eisenhower is President, and the Cold War is just beginning; there are worries about "H-bombs and Russia and rising prices" [TOJ 1:11]. Everything seems authentic, everything seems true; this could be a historical novel or, as we know it was written in the late 1950s, a contemporary document.

And yet at the end of the first chapter of the novel, when Margo is driving with her son Sammy she sees a Tucker motorcar. The Tucker motor

car never went into production; only a few models were ever made. This means that it is extremely unlikely that the above incident would take place. The novel is set in a reality where the Tucker did become an automobile available to buy, rather than a concept muscled out by General Motors. None of this would be news to the novel's original readers, for whom it was recent history, but the 1990s audience is not likely to know this.

Later in the novel, when Margo knows about the inauthenticity of her surroundings, we get her thoughts again:

Her intuition, then, grew. A sense of the finiteness of the world around her. The streets and houses and shops and cars and people. Sixteen hundred people standing in the center of a stage. Surrounded by props, by furniture to sit in, kitchens to cook in, cars to drive, food to fix. And then, behind the props, the flat painted scenery. Painted houses set farther back. Painted people. Painted streets. Sounds from speakers set in the wall. Sammy sitting alone in a classroom, the only pupil. And even the teacher not real. Only a series of tapes being played for him.

[TOJ 14:174].

The date is actually 1998 and another war is under way, between the Luna colonists and Earth, with the so-called Lunatics launching atomic weapons from the far side of the moon. Ragle Gumm, hat designer and owner of artificial aluminum making factories, can somehow predict the pattern of the falling bombs, but becomes disenchanted with working for Earth (the isolationists) rather than supporting the Luna colonies (the expansionists). According to one of the people controlling Gumm:

He got himself into a dilemma, and the only way he could solve it was to go into a withdrawal psychosis. ...He withdrew into a fantasy of tranquility," Black said, winding the clock that Junie had brought over. "Back to a period before the war. To his childhood. To the late 'fifties, when he was an infant.

[TOJ 14:176]

Mentally, Ragle has travelled in time, and so a whole town had to be constructed in order to accommodate his psychosis and maintain his aid to

the isolationist cause; Ragle is isolated in a small town, and any efforts to leave are thwarted. It is surely no accident on Dick's part that Black has a clock in his hands when he explains the deception, nor that Ragle learns part of the truth about himself from the January 14, 1996 issue of **Time** rather than any other magazine; the magazines **Look** or **Life** for example. Dick's manuscript of **Time Out of Joint** was called **Biography in Time**, quoting the end of chapter thirteen: "Ragle began to read his biography in **Time**" [TOJ 13:169]. A series of odd experiences - memories of somewhere else, disappearing objects, all suddenly make sense.

We have here a complex situation. For a reader in the 1950s the characters are really living in the future, but think that they are living in the present of the 1950s. But for a 1990s audience Ragle has regressed to a constructed 1950s from what is our present, or our near future in the 1990s, imagined in the 1950s. This is a formidable series of chronological displacements. The text remains the same, but its reception has altered. To Dick in the 1950s, the 1950s felt false. He recalled in his journal - the Exegesis - in 1977: "Back in the Fifties when I lived at 1126 Francisco St. actually, as expressed in **Joint** that world seemed unreal; in actuality, 'it was decades later' (in **Joint**). But now that it is decades later, that past time & place seems real (or anyhow the past somehow) & this a fake" [X 1991, 168]. And to us, as a depiction of the 1950s, **Time Out of Joint** seems as real as the genuine 1950s. Only someone with an intimate knowledge of fifties could tell the difference, a knowledge which is not open to anyone under thirty.

Time Out of Joint is a novel which looks at the real world through SF eyes; it imitates the mainstream at the start and gradually forces readers to respond to the text with an SF reading, until it finally becomes SF. This is ironic since the shift from representation to misrepresentation of reality corresponds to Ragle's journey from fake world to a real one.

I wish to move on to another novel by Dick, **Eye in the Sky**, which was written in a two week burst, and received by Dick's agents on February 15, 1955. The novel opens with the explosion of the Bevatron - a sort of particle accelerator - on October 2, 1959, about four-and-a-half years into the future. It then flashes back to an interrogation of Jack Hamilton about the pro-Left sympathies of his wife, Marsha. Jack, although now suspended from his job, goes with Marsha and the security guard McFeyffe to see the Bevatron being

tested, and they are caught up in the explosion along with Bill Laws, a black guide, and four tourists. At first it seems that everything is fine and that they have all survived; instead they are all unconscious and experiencing hallucinatory environments constructed from the private world view of one of them. For example in Edith Pritchett's private world view anything unpleasant, including racism and pollution, is abolished. After passing through four of these hallucinatory environments, Jack discovers that McFeyffe is a Communist agent but cannot prove it. They all seem to return to the original world and Jack goes into business with Bill Laws.

The loyalty of Marsha and the security risk that Jack might be thought to pose draws upon the McCarthyism that had swept America in the five years prior to the writing of the novel, making at least the opening sections an historical fiction, from a viewpoint slightly in the future. President Truman had established loyalty oaths for government employees, but wished to keep any investigations confidential. Senator Joseph McCarthy demanded that they be made public and started making allegations about the number of Communists working in government. McCarthy was censured by the Senate for his behavior on December 2, 1954, and then further discredited a few days later for his attack on President Eisenhower. It seems almost certain that Dick wrote **Eye in the Sky** in the immediate aftermath of these events, with McCarthy discredited, but McCarthyism still in progress.

The charges against Marsha Hamilton are as follows:

She signed the Stockholm Peace Proposal. She joined the Civil Liberties Union... She signed the Save the Rosenbergs appeal... she spoke at the Alameda League of Women Voters in favor of admitting Red China to the U.N. - a communist country.

[ES 1:10-11]

Dick echoes these charges in an Exegesis entry where he retrospectively forms a link between the besieged American left of the 1950s and the world opposed by the late 1960s and early 1970s counterculture:

Consider the 50s. The concept of "unamerican" held power. I was involved in fighting that; the spirit (counterculture) of the 60s evolved successfully out of the (basically) losing efforts by us "progressives" of the

50s - we who signed the Stockholm Peace Proposal, & the “Save the Rosenbergs” etc. - losing, desperate efforts. Very unpopular & very unsupported. Berkeley was one of our few centers; this takes me back to EYE IN THE SKY etc.

[X 174]

Given that a personal knowledge of the 1950s is involved in Dick’s writing of **Eye in the Sky**, a reader in the 1990s needs to do some reconstruction of the 1950s and late 1940s to understand what is going on. I will now attempt some of that reconstruction. Dick had settled in Berkeley, California with his mother in June 1938 and with the exception of the school year of 1942-43 lived there until September 1958. He graduated from Berkeley High School in 1947, curiously enough in the same year as SF author Ursula LeGuin, but several years later than would be usual due to continual periods of ill health and phobias.

The next phase is difficult. It is known that he spent a term at the University of California, Berkeley, before dropping out but the date of his attendance is not certain. Paul Williams in his memoir **Only Apparently Real** suggests 1947 in his chronology of Dick’s life, but 1948 in the book itself [51-56]. Gregg Rickman’s biography [1989, 424] writes of an attempt to attend university in late 1948, but cites evidence that Dick withdrew on November 11, 1949 and was granted a dismissal on January 3, 1950 [194]. Lawrence Sutin’s biography [1989, 62-63] puts it in 1949. If people who knew Dick, or people who have presumably conducted extensive research into Dick’s life disagree so widely on what should be a reasonably well-documented attendance at a university, then what hope have we? Can we ever really construct a true history?

Personally I would favor a date of autumn 1949, not just because of the two documented dates, but because, to be blunt, it makes a better story of Dick’s knowledge of the radical movement. This would have been the period of a controversy. According to the historian Lipsett: “Berkeley was the only major institution to sustain a major faculty revolt against restrictive anti-Communist personnel policies in the form of the loyalty oath controversy of 1949-50” [Lipsett 1972, 137]. In fact this was nothing new: the campus had seen trouble as early as 1885 in the form of an uprising against moral controls, and in 1964-65 the first student sit-ins occurred at Sproul Hall on campus.

I am thus suggesting that Dick was taking a very personal interest in the McCarthy movement, not because he was a communist, but because he had first-hand knowledge of the treatment of radicals. In the private worlds of **Eye in the Sky** Dick depicts several totalizing viewpoints: first a fundamental religious world, where God immediately punishes any wrongdoing, then a world where prudery censors anything which challenges American values, a world of paranoid suspicion, and finally a communist-dominated world. All of these are worlds where the individuals can be oppressed by belief systems; just as McCarthyism was such a system.

But after all these false worlds, and with the fakery of the 1950s in **Time Out of Joint**, is the 1950s at the end of **Eye in the Sky** real? It is certainly true that the text is incomplete: Dick wrote a prologue where the characters give their opinions about the novel. Bill Laws, the black guide who goes into business with Jack Hamilton writes, “A kind of rosy, optimistic glow seems to hang over this, an anachronistic faith that things will somehow turn out all right. In real life that simply doesn’t happen” [Dick, 1987b 11], much the most perceptive comment of the eight. The key word of course is “seems”, implying that this might not be the case. The book seems to end in the real world of the first chapter, with one attempt at a plot twist. For a second that characters fear that they have returned to the private world of Arthur Silvester where sins are immediately punished: “‘An earwig. Crawled up my sock and bit me.’ Grinning uneasily, Laws added, ‘Just a coincidence.’” [ES 16:255].

But there is more than a binary opposition being set up here between one private world and the original real world; eight people were involved in the Bevatron explosion but only four private worlds are actually described. In other words there may be four more private worlds to pass through before the real world is reached. In chapter 14 Jack sees Bill, Marsha, McFeyffe, David Pritchett and himself as realists and therefore unlikely to generate a private world. Since he is wrong in the specific case of McFeyffe, there is no reason to accept the veracity of the statement.

Of course it would help if there could be a proven difference between the settings of the opening and closing chapters. It is difficult to be certain in the brief amount of text available, but it seems there is at least a hint that there is a difference. Jack has talked early on about “The Hamilton Trinaural Sound System... the Hamilton Musiphonic Ortho-circuit!” [ES 3:29-30] as if

these were feasible, and these seem more advanced than the hi-fi sets he is proposing to manufacture with Bill. The two are portrayed as visionary at the end of the novel, anticipating listening to music as a mass leisure activity. However in the real world there had already been the hits of Elvis Presley, Gene Vincent and Buddy Holly, as well as the explosion in jazz recordings over the previous decades.

If the environment at the end of the novel is false, there arises the question of whose private world has generated it. I would suspect that it is David, the youth of the novel, who has built a radio set and is interested in electronics. However I can find no further supporting evidence for this; it could equally have been, Jack's, Marsha's or Bill's.

So far I have confined myself to talking about two of Dick's SF novels, written in and ostensibly set in the 1950s. But Dick's output was not confined to SF. In the 1950s and early 1960s he wrote a series of non-generic, straight, mainstream novels, only one of which, **Confessions of a Crap Artist**, was published in his lifetime, and even that was in 1975. These novels deal with small town or Californian life in the 1950s, and are often set around shops, drawing on Dick's experience of selling records. They deal frankly with adultery, and relationships which cross barriers of race and age. This is no nostalgic idealization of the 1950s, nor is it a sordid underbelly juxtaposed with paradise. It is grimy and gray. But is it real? Is the world the novels describe authentic?

I chose to talk about **In Milton Lumky Territory**. I chose this at random, but was guided by it being the novel he wrote directly after **Time Out of Joint**. The plot revolves around Bruce Stevens, a successful buyer, who meets Susan Faine, the joint owner of a deteriorating typewriter shop. Within days she employs him to run the shop for her, they have sex, move in together and they get married. There is a complicating factor: she is ten years older than him, and she taught him in 1944, when he was 11.

The tone seems realistic enough: their luck is poor and they argue, they bicker. Dick portrays Bruce's embarrassment when he goes to buy a packet of condoms, and then shows Bruce's ignorance of Susan's methods of contraception. It seems authentic, but is it? Is there a detail like the Tucker motor car in **Time Out of Joint**? Did they have electric Japanese typewriters in 1958? Or is there a Tucker owner who has driven another route when Bruce is in his 1955 Mercury, and thus never appears in the text? Is there

perhaps Doc's Delorean parked quietly out of sight?

In fact without any of these speculative - if not to say perverse - suggestions there is a scene which casts doubt on the authenticity of some of the novel. In chapter sixteen Bruce has moved out of the house and is lying on a bed, thinking back to the time that Susan taught him in 1944. She set the class a composition about a trip to New York, which he refuses to do because he has never visited the city and feels unable to imagine it. She asks him what he wants to write about: "I think I'll write about what's going to happen," he said. I'll imagine ahead a few months. Even more; several years ... [I'll] put together an imaginary composition" [IMLT 16:204] The next scene is a few months later, and Bruce and Susan get back together, first moving to Montario and then Denver. Years pass, and Bruce is happy, just as Dick promised in the note at the start of the novel: "This is actually a very funny book, and a good one, too, in that the funny things that happen happen to real people who come alive. The ending is a happy one. What more can an author say? What more can he give?" [IMLT 5].

But is it a happy ending, or have we been misled? By the end of the novel Bruce is 26. If he was 11 in 1944 then the year must be roughly 1960, a full two years after Dick wrote the novel. So is the ending authentic? Perhaps the events occur as Dick describes them. Alternatively, Bruce could be still lying on the bed, imagining the next few years after 1958. On the other hand, the whole section, if not most of the book, could be imaginary, and he is in a classroom in 1944, writing his imaginary composition. None of the book could be real except for the classroom and the teacher. The past, present and future come together in this instant, and cannot be distinguished.

To close then, all I have to offer is skepticism. Dick has written an account of what is to us historical, but is in fact writing stories. When I talk about the real world at the beginning of **Eye in the Sky**, I mean to say "real within the framework of fiction". The world described at the end of the novel seems to be "false within the framework of fiction". But can I - or we - talk of something being "real" or perhaps "true" "within the framework of history". As I have demonstrated, it seems impossible to establish the fact of the date of Dick's university attendance. Certainly the date is trivial within the broad sweep of history, but at some quasi-fundamental level, history is composed of such events, which fit into a story. Indeed, I told a narrative of Dick's political experiences based on such a "fact". Perhaps in history - and here I should make a pun on the "story" part of the word - we only have

fictions which tell a story about where - or indeed when - we really appear to be.

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Paul Williams. **Only Apparently Real**.

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The Fifties Game-Show Scam and Time Out of Joint

Bhob Stewart

[In 1984 I sent a letter to Paul Williams at the newly-formed Philip K. Dick Society, a part of which was excerpted in PKDS Newsletter #6. My comment that the movie **Project X** (Paramount, 1968) “sure sounds like **Time Out of Joint**” drew the following response from Bhob Stewart, dated May 5, 1985. Stuck to my copy of this letter was a post-it note, presumably from Williams, that read, “FYI Issue #8 is so crammed w/ great stuff we couldn’t fit this.... Too bad...” I reproduce it here as another insight into one of several influences on **Time Out of Joint**. Bhob Stewart is well-known for having edited **Castle of Frankenstein** magazine in the 1960s. He remains an active force in the world of science fiction and horror fandom today.]

The PKD photo in PKDSN #6 is remarkable, the one of him at 16 months. He looks, well... not just mature but adult.

Paul Rydeen says Project X (1968) “sure sounds like TIME OUT OF JOINT.” Here’s a more detailed synopsis of this William Castle film: Agent Hagen Arnold (Christopher George), in the year 2118, has a message that Sino-Asia will wipe out the West in 14 days, but details of the weaponry are not available when Arnold returns to the USA with his memory erased. A scientific team, under the direction of Dr. Crowther (Henry Jones), in hopes of getting the weapon information, constructs a fake 1960s environment and makes Arnold believe he is living in that period. To keep Arnold in the construct area, he is given the false knowledge that he is a bank robber, hiding out with other gang members at an isolated farmhouse. In reality, the other members of the gang are Crowther and his team. But then Karen Summers (Greta Baldwin) unexpectedly turns up in the construct area, creating rips in the fake reality fabric, and another agent, Gregory Gallea (Monte Markham), also returns from Sino-Asia. Crowther turns his attentions to Gallea as a possible solution to the mystery weapon, but Gallea is destroyed by a mass of subconscious “brain energy.” Although the Sinoese plan never works, it is revealed that the secret weapon is Hagen Arnold himself - as a carrier of plague germs.

The PSYCHOTRONIC ENCYCLOPEDIA OF FILM entry that

Rydeen quotes fails to point out (but should have) that PROJECT X is of interest to animation buffs because the animated Hannah-Barbera sequence was designed by comics illustrator Alex Toth who worked on almost all the H-B output between 1964 and 1968 (JOHNNY QUEST, SPACE GHOST, HERCULOIDS). The screenplay for PROJECT X was by Edmund Morris, who also did the screenplay adaptation of Nelson Algren's WALK ON THE WILD SIDE (1962).

PROJECT X was adapted from two novels by British sf/thriller/fantasy/horror writer Leslie P. Davies - Psychogeist (1966) and The Artificial Man (1965), with the latter providing the main Dickian-like plotline of the film, the secret agent in a fake construct environment. THE GROUNDSTAR CONSPIRACY (1972), also with an amnesiac agent, was adapted from Davies' THE ALIEN (1968), and his first novel, THE PAPER DOLLS (1964), became a 1968 made-for-tv movie with the same title. THE SF ENCYCLOPEDIA notes that THE ARTIFICIAL MAN and Davies' MAN OUT OF NOWHERE (aka WHO IS LEWIS PINDER?) are "both possible delusional-frame tales." PROJECT X gets favorable coverage in both John Stanley's CREATURE FEATURE MOVIE GUIDE and the British Film Institute's MONTHLY FILM BULLETIN, but Robin Cross in THE BIG BOOK OF B MOVIES (St. Martin's, 1981) comments that Hagen Arnold's "need to lie low allows Castle the maximum use of the cheapest possible location, although it puts some strain on the creaking plot. The scientist guardians, moving around uneasily in their '60s clothes, have received only the sketchiest of briefings - the female member has no idea what you do with a potato. Nevertheless our hero, who just happens to be an expert on the history of the '60s, remains too befuddled to penetrate the transparent deception." A very good still from PROJECT X, apparently from the hallucinatory sequence, can be seen in THE BIG BOOK OF B MOVIES.

George Seaton's 36 HOURS (1964), in which James Garner comes out of a coma in a fake Allied hospital set up by the Nazis, is based on Roald Dahl's "Beware of the Dog" plus a story by Carl K. Hittleman and Luis H. Vance (anyone know the title?). Another related story, possibly one PKD could have read, is "4th Degree," written by Otto Binder for EC Comic's WEIRD SCIENCE-FANTASY (Jan. - Feb. 1955) and obviously influenced heavily by Orwell: Val Draper, in the repressive world of 2039, finds forbidden "books... among the ruins" and then travels back to 1954 to spread

a warning about the dictatorship of the future, holding a press conference in his 1954 hospital room. However, it's a fake; everyone around him is involved in the deception, and Draper is convicted of treason and shot.

Has anyone ever noted the influence on TIME OUT OF JOINT of the '50s big-money rigged quiz-shows, a deception that hoaxed millions? In chapter two Vic calls Ragle "the Charles Van Doren of the newspaper contests." "I consider that a compliment," replies Ragle. Dick wrote TOOJ in the winter of 1957-58, sent it to Lippincott (April 1958), where it was bought July 1958 and published in the spring of 1959. Like Ragle, the quiz show contestants who won week after week were celebrities, and the most famous was Charles Van Doren, who appeared on NBC's TWENTY-ONE beginning November 1956, replacing contestant Herb Stempel. (The show was promoted that week by NBC with spots asking, "Will Herb Stempel crack the \$100,000 mark?" Ragle's contest asked, "Where will the Little Green Man be next?") Van Doren remained on TWENTY-ONE until March 1957. Although the quiz show scandals did not take off until charges by Stempel were published August 28, 1958, there were hints throughout 1957, beginning with a January VARIETY story about Dale Logue's suit against THE BIG SURPRISE and her claim that it was not "a true test of skill." After TIME asked, "Are the quiz shows rigged?" (4/22/57), LOOK (8/20/57) asked, "Are the TV Quiz Shows Fixed?" - and then answered, "It may be more accurate to say that they are controlled or partially controlled." The NEW YORK TIMES (12/57) stated, "Despite diligent research nobody has yet turned up evidence that the fix is in on any of the big money quizzes." Then, on 8/16/58 there was the mysterious cancellation of DOTTO by CBS, followed by Stempel's 8/28/58 charges (which suddenly brought Van Doren under suspicion), a denial on TWENTY-ONE (9/8/58) by the show's host and co-producer Jack Barry, a grand jury investigation of the quiz shows (beginning 9/17/58), a press conference (9/27/58) by contestant Richard Snodgrass who stated he had been supplied with answers on TWENTY-ONE, a statement (10/10/58) by Van Doren that he "had not been given questions or answers," and the cancellation (10/17/58) of TWENTY-ONE. On 1/20/59 Jack Barry and his co-producer Dan Enright refused to testify before the grand jury. These were the events prior to the publication of TIME OUT OF JOINT. There were other behind-the-scenes events, but the sequence above is what surfaced in the media.

Surely Phil must have been fascinated with this manipulated reality. In REFLECTIONS IN A BLOODSHOT EYE (1975) Robert Metz quotes an unnamed “quiz-show entrepreneur... who never went into the business of producing big-money shows”: “Anybody who knew anything about this business had to understand that you couldn’t maintain that kind of hyperbolic drama with real people without fixing the shows... It became unbelievable that a person who had no money at all would risk, say, \$8000. To build the suspense, you had to screw around with reality... The money for the producers came from success - the successful attempts to fake reality: building tension artificially, taking advantage of the public’s willingness to believe it’s all real, suggesting that a penniless old shoemaker would risk all that money.” (ITALICS MINE)

When Stuart Lowery, in chapter three, arrives at Ragle’s house to discuss Ragle’s contest entries (“I know it’s just an oversight on your part...”). the scene is remarkably similar to the manner in which quiz show contestants were prompted in advance. Some contestants were visited in their homes by producers and asked questions, but they were not always told that these same questions would later be asked when the show went on the air. On other cases, such as Xavier Cugat’s appearances on THE \$64,000 QUESTION, questions would be drawn from a background file on the contestant and written to fit what was known about the contestant’s scope of knowledge. Other contestants knew they were participating in fraud, and while one or two later revealed they came close to exposing the fraud on the air during live shows, no one ever did. One contestant, Arthur Cohn who appeared on THE \$64,000 CHALLENGE (3/23/58), did write a letter exposing the show, mimeographed it and mailed it to 25 of his friends. But most were like Ragle Gumm; “This was the secret compact between himself and the contest people... No one else, to his knowledge, had this privilege. It was for the one simple purpose of keeping him in the contest... it was his secret and the contest people’s secret. And neither of them had any motive to air it publicly.”

Sponsored by Revlon, THE \$64,000 QUESTION began 6/8/55. Revlon’s sales soared. At the Subcommittee hearings investigating quiz shows, Revlon vice-president of advertising George Abrams gave a sworn statement: “... The primary purpose of the meeting was to keep the ratings high, or raise them, and so, consistent with this purpose, a great deal of time was devoted to discussing the destiny of a contestant...” And Ragle,

unaware of how he is being manipulated, “had become valuable from the standpoint of publicity. Why the public would want the same person to win over and over again he did not know. Obviously, if he won he won over the other contenders. But that was the manner of the public mind. They recognized his name. As it was explained to him, the theory went that the public liked to see a name they could identify. They resisted change.”

When Ragle starts looking for patterns and contradictions (chapter five) in the magazines found in the ruins, he breaks the information into categories: “He had set up twelve categories: politics, economics, movies, art, crime, fashions, science, etc.” Contestants on THE \$64,000 QUESTION chose a category from 12 categories posted on a checkerboard design. Curiously, this was one of the few obvious “reality leaks” on the show revealing something fishy: A viewer, carefully studying the checkerboard weekly during the brief moments it was seen, could soon deduce that the categories were changed depending on the knowledge areas of new contestants; in effect, this made the “choosing” of a category so transparent it became a meaningless act.”

In chapter two, when Bill Black and Ragle examine the GAZETTE with its “line of photos of men and women” who were contest winners, the description matches the layouts of fifties quiz show winners seen 1956-57 in magazines and newspapers. Although PKD never mentions the quiz shows in TOOJ, one passage in chapter two almost heads in that direction: “Costs ran higher - he had figured one day - than the famous Old Gold contest of the mid-thirties or the perennial ‘I use Oxydol soap because in twenty-five words or less’ contests. But evidently it built circulation, in these times when the average man read comic books and watched...” Watched what? Well, back then, everyone was watching the quiz shows. So, after the ellipsis, PKD veers in another direction: “I’m getting like Bill Black, Ragle thought. Knocking TV. It’s a national pastime in itself.”

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The Worst of Philip K. Dick

Paul Rydeen

For Dickheads Only editor, Dave Hyde, has been running his “Best of PKD” poll for a few issues now, with some interesting and (to me) unexpected results. Not wanting to be outdone, I decided to conduct my very own “Worst of PKD” poll to see what I could come up with. The results are every bit as interesting.

To begin with, I had a little help. A computer newsgroup known as “rec.arts.sf.written” on Usenet (an electronic mail system) recently conducted their own Best-of poll (**VALIS** won). All I had to do was head straight to the bottom of their list and see who lost. It was **Our Friends from Frolix 8** in dead last, with **Counter-Clock World**, **Deus Irae**, **Solar Lottery**, **The Game-Players of Titan**, and **The Zap Gun** all tying for the penultimate position. All in all, 176 votes were tabulated in the Usenet poll - a respectable return, in my opinion.

Next I surveyed the approximately 140 subscribers to the Philip K. Dick computer mailing list. Only a few chose to respond, but I did get some interesting replies. One NASA employee who prefers to remain anonymous said, “... I would like to share with you my personal opinion of PKD’s worst book: **Martian Time-Slip**. It’s well thought-out, well-crafted, and certainly chock full of innovative ideas, but coming from an author with some knowledge of mental health problems, it shows an amazing insensitivity and lack of empathy for the learning-disabled... I guess he did the same thing with **Clans of the Alphane Moon**, but autism as a “hook” for an SF story strikes me as just plain cruel.” Hmm... I never thought of it that way before. I’ve always kind of liked **Martian Time-Slip**, myself. Readers?

Peter Fenelon of York, England said, “The **only** PKD novel I’ve found less than fascinating is **The Simulacra**. Don’t ask me why, but it just fails to take off - everything in it seems cribbed from other PKD novels, there’s too much intrigue and not enough plot, there’s precious little of PKD’s dark humour, and it just gives an impression of being a piece of hack-work.” No argument there, Peter. Another respondent, known only as John, said that for PKD’s worst novel, “I’d have to nominate **The Cosmic Puppets** (although **Dr. Futurity** is a close second). Yuck! I hated this book. And the scene at the end where the hero drives off between what are obviously two giant

breasts was the worst - talk about catering to the lowest common denominator.” Would it have helped any, John, if they were **small** breasts?

Lastly, UCLA’s I.J. Horne said, “My least favorite is **The Zap Gun**. It is just too pointless for words. For once, Dick just took the nuttiness and improvised plotting too far, and, unlike most of Dick’s books which just zip along, this one is really quite lackluster in treatment. Although **The Blue Cephalopod Man from Titan** comic book made me laugh. My next-to-least favorite is **Our Friends from Frolix 8**. Although better-executed, it’s also just pointless. Then comes **The Ganymede Takeover**. I don’t know why, but I just can’t stand the book. Maybe it’s Ray Nelson’s contribution that bugs me, but something sure does.”

OK, here’s **my** vote for the worst of PKD. PKD himself mentioned his idea of personal Hell as being condemned to reading **Vulcan’s Hammer** over and over for eternity. I can’t say it seemed very inspired to me. Phil often agreed with interviewers who panned any of his books, either out of a perverse pleasure of some sort, or in an attempt to humor the interviewer or not offend him, whatever. I think it was Gregg Rickman who told Phil that **Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?** was the worst thing he ever wrote (imagine that!) and Phil readily agreed - probably chuckling to himself inside. **Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?** is fantastic; shame on Rickman or whomever that was.

Larry Sutin names **Galactic Pot-Healer** as his favorite, but I rank it pretty low, along with **Our Friends from Frolix 8**. Of course, it’s been 10 or 15 years since I read it, so maybe I should read it again to be fair. Of PKD’s older stuff, I can’t say **The Man Who Japed**, **The Crack in Space**, **The Unteleported Man**, **The Simulacra**, etc. seemed really inspired. Not to say that all of these don’t have good ideas in them - they just didn’t grab me like some of his others. Even so, all should be read to fully understand where Phil was coming from.

My personal all-time least-favorite PKD novel - and I expect this to start a debate - is **A Maze of Death**. I can’t believe it when people pick this as their favorite. It sucks! The characters are flat, they get killed off for no reason before you even have time to learn what they’re like, everything is stereotyped, there’s no plotting (only plodding), and the “it’s all a dream” ending is totally contrived. P.U. - this stinks! The large type and big spaces between lines and around margins are a dead giveaway - this is a wanker that

the publisher tried to stretch out to 200 pages so it could capitalize on another novel by an author who was selling books. What a piece!

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The Return of VALIS

Chris Tannlund

During the spring of 1988, I was managing a video rental place where I scheduled myself for the luxurious 9-5 shift (90% of video rentals occur after 5 pm, when folks get off work). I had recently discontinued a three-year apprenticeship in a metaphysical “school”, and was taking some time to cool my engines, digest what I’d learned, and to sort the true esoteric diamonds from the theosophical dreck in which they had been packaged. It was a rough time in that I had spent three years in the closed-system pressure-cooker of intensive esoteric training, and I was having trouble readjusting to “normal” open social contact. I was used to functioning under conditions of sharply focused attention and, even though I had broken away, ostensibly to “rejoin the real world”, I found myself avoiding human contact, meditating obsessively and spending my working hours studying the same sorts of obscure texts I’d nearly drowned in when I was “inside”.

I was dog-paddling; my gears had separated; the more information I took in, the less I understood, the less I really tried to understand. I was a snowball rolling full-tilt past the Tree of Knowledge and right on out the Garden gate. Looking back, it’s easy to see that I was really struggling frantically to maintain, on my own, the atmosphere and intensity I’d enjoyed as part of an esoteric community, but at the time I was certain that I was **just that close** to the Real Final Truth my past contacts could not supply, and that all I had to do was keep pushing myself until I shot over the edge into the Divine Abyss of Ultimate Knowledge where it would all make sense, and I would finally Know and See and Understand...

It went on like that for months. Pushing, pushing, pushing, getting nowhere faster and faster...

Summer came, and Paul Williams - a poet/philosopher I had admired since I discovered his book **Das Energi** in high school - put out a new book titled **remember Your Essence**. Alone in the video store, I began to read.

I have no memory of the passage that triggered the experience. **My head exploded**; that’s the only way I can describe it. Some passage in that book set off an information bomb that seemed to both explode and implode at the same time, in me, through me, and around me.

Here’s how I describe the experience (in third-person) in a novel I’m

currently writing based on the events of that day and the months that followed:

Images, diagrams, three-dimensional models of reality spiraled wildly about the spaceless space, holding their forms for the tiniest fractions of seconds, then melting, shifting and reforming to reveal new configurations. All the while a voice jabbered away at incomprehensible speed - a frantic drone of information that rushed through him and past him, igniting him like a star, then pushing him mercilessly to nova...

The experience went on for what turned out to be nearly three hours, but which felt, subjectively, like perhaps ten minutes. In that three hour period, not one customer entered the store. The phone did not ring. I remained, kneeling, in the grips of that energy force until it vanished, just as suddenly as it had appeared. I fought to hold on to the revelation. I tried to write something down, but I could not recall a single word the voice had said. I attempted to focus on the images, to make some sort of drawing, but nothing would come. It all blended together; no single image had remained in my view long enough to be remembered distinctly from all the others. I was left with only the certainty of the experience having happened, and the almost-painful titillation of some kernel of knowledge resting on the tip of my brain, something I could almost remember but knew I'd only chase it away if I tried too hard to retrieve it.

Around 5 pm, the employee who was to relieve me showed up. I tried to explain to him what had happened to me, but I simply could not find any words. finally, I found myself, unbeckoned, saying something to the effect of, "This is the key to everything!" and drawing two wide, intersecting arcs on a piece of paper:



I stared down at the picture, my eyes growing wide. I'd been raised in the church, though I'd long since abandoned religion per se. I knew what an ICHTHYS was, at least some potential meanings behind it as a symbol. And one had just crawled out of my hand and put words into my mouth. It was

too weird. I clocked out and went home.

It was that very day that the synchronicities began, beginning with my discovery of Philip K. Dick.

I sat at home that night, puzzled and uncertain, reading through some magazines that had accumulated in my apartment. One of those magazines was an issue of **Gnosis** containing an article by Robert Anton Wilson entitled “The Strange Revelation of Philip K. Dick”. As Wilson described Phil’s encounter with the delivery girl wearing the ICHTHYS pendant, a chill went up my spine. Then an address was given for anyone interested in joining the Philip K. Dick Society - an organization headed by no less than... Paul Williams, author of **Remember Your Essence!**

The article was mostly about the novel **VALIS** and the real-life events that inspired it, so I set out on a frantic, city-wide search for the book, then long out of print (this was, of course, before the recent re-issues of PKD’s works). There it was, in black and white! If not the exact same experience I had encountered, at least one sufficiently like it to convince me that I had not had a psychotic break (or at least not one to worry about), and that the road to understanding what had befallen me was the same path Phil had been walking in search of his own peace of mind. I had much to learn from him, about reality and humanity. I continue to learn to this day.

Over the years that followed, I built a complete collection of Phil’s works, and became a science fiction writer in my own right, now with many publication credits to my name. I joined the PKD Society for the last couple years it existed, and corresponded occasionally with Paul Williams. In fact, the story you’ve just finished has been read (and “approved”, if that counts for anything) by Mr. Williams, who was the Literary Executor of the PKD estate. I wrote the story during the week after the Persian Gulf ended, and sent it first to Paul in hopes he’d publish it in the PKDS newsletter (which he did not; he didn’t print fiction - but he liked it!) I figured the story was a little too narrow for the general readership (who, even now, may well not have **heard** of Philip K. Dick, let alone read his work!)

I wrote “The Return of Horselover Fat” because, if there was ever a “real life” phildickian situation, then the Persian Gulf War was it. Day after day I watched George Bush contradict himself as to what was going on over there and why. Oil? Naked aggression? An American military presence? To depose a madman? The way the press was rounded up in a bunker and

handed official government versions of events they were restricted from viewing firsthand was so strikingly reminiscent of Phil's paranoid visions ala **The Penultimate Truth** that I began to wonder what Phil would have made of it all...

But of course, Phil was dead. How about Horselover Fat?

I checked my facts when writing this story. The site of ancient Babylon is, indeed, just outside present-day Baghdad (about 60 miles - a stone's throw in an airstrike). Hussein really did begin excavation in the early 80s. The date of Babylon's fall to Alexander is correct. And, oddly, it really did rain in the San Francisco area the day after the war ended. I called Joe Bartlet at KGO TV to check that out.

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Quick And Easy

Barb Mourningchild.

It happened back in early 1977, possibly the end of January or sometime in February. The reason I don't remember the exact date that it occurred is because during that period of my life I literally didn't give the date any thought. All I know is that it was Winter promising to end soon.

The experience was similar to PKD's pink light phenomena and this is the reason I'm relating it to you. To recall what happened in my life at that time brings up painful memories that I've kept buried in the back of my mind. I'm reluctant to confront them again. There is also a nagging feeling of unworthiness and guilt gnawing in my gut. You see, once you've reached Nirvana it's hard to come to terms with being human again and trying to live up to the standard of holiness which is expected from a Buddha, saint, or disciple of Christ. It's like I've somehow failed or turned sour - - I feel that I've been defeated instead of crucified.

I almost feel foolish telling about such an experience and expecting anyone to take me seriously. I suppose this is the way Dick must have felt too.

We are in a position where we want to tell others, it's almost like a sacred duty to tell others at first. Then when we tell people what happened to us and we start getting side glances, rolled eyes, frowns and even smirks, we realize it is better to try to fictionalize our accounts. Tell the world subtly about our miracle which seems less a miracle as each day passes and more like fiction to ourselves too. Nevertheless, it is a true experience for me and I know Dick was a fellow traveler, he experienced it too.

It was a cold winter night when it happened. My life was like the reality of **A Scanner Darkly** when the awakening took place. I wasn't addicted to any drugs but my second husband, Mac, was a certified flipped out drug addict. We had gone to meet a couple of guys who were going to sell Mac some THC which I suspected was probably PCP, a hog tranquilizer that some people called Angel Dust.

We went to a house in the poor end of town where I was introduced to two guys who professed to be full blooded native americans. They looked like native americans, black hair, dark eyes and tanned skin. One was called Quick, the other was Easy. I remember asking them why they called

themselves Quick and Easy, was it in reference to their sexual habits? They just laughed and shook their heads. Then Easy gave me a line of white powder on a small mirror, he handed me a straw and told me to snort it up. I turned it down.

He mildly argued that I had witnessed them doing the drug and they intended to sell some to my friend. If I didn't do it, they would think I was a cop or something to that effect. I retorted that I didn't like to take strange drugs with strangers, they might be government agents testing some kind of mind control drug on me. He agreed that I had a point. But it was beside the point because Easy would not take no for an answer. So I wet my finger, dipped up the powder and licked it off. I hate putting stuff up my nose. The whole time I felt uneasy, wishing I would have stayed home.

As soon as the deal was made, Quick and Easy wanted us to go meet some friends who lived across the street. As we trudged our way through slush onto the snow packed street, I could feel the effect of the drug hit my system. I felt like I was in outer space trying to walk in antigravity. When we entered the apartment, we were greeted by a small Mexican woman. She led us to the livingroom where I was confronted by a picture of Jesus standing by a door, knocking. I remember saying something like, "Oh, I believe in Jesus too."

It was at this time that my head began to hum. I may have said that I felt faint or maybe I was in the process of fainting. Either way, I realized that someone was helping me to a couch and was asking me if I wanted to lie down. It sounded like Easy, but his voice was distant and fading. I was only aware of a huge ball of light energy like the sun hurtling through the ceiling toward me.

I froze. I was afraid. I heard a voice in my mind saying, "If you see a ball of light coming to you - don't reach out for it, let it come to you." I realized it was the words of advice from an acquaintance with whom I had had a conversation about meditation a few months earlier.

I tried to calm myself down. I realized that this was a very spiritual situation and I tried to remain aware. I restrained myself from trying to reach out to the light. In my mind, I said "God" over and over again, adding that whatever was happening, I just wanted to be with God. It had occurred to me that I might be dying from a reaction to the drug. So I was desperately seeking God's Grace, the only logical thing to do when you're dying. Right?

Then it hit me. I broke through the surface of the radiant golden globe as it engulfed me. Like lightning it jolted me with an omnipotent stimulation that saturated me with holy ecstasy. No longer was I sitting on a cold, dark, dead world inside a shabby living room surrounded by worried strangers, I had burst through some sort of gold soil. I noticed shimmering flecks of it showering over me as I broke through. I was like a plant growing at an accelerated rate. My arms reached out and up the way leaves go toward the sun. I was reaching for the omnipresent light of spiritual energy. I could feel the heat of the rays warming my skin. It was revitalizing me, replenishing my life force as it penetrated my body.

The figure of a man appeared in the light before me. He had a brilliant white aura so bright I could not see His face. I realized that it must be Jesus. Suddenly I was whisked back in time to Calvary, Golgotha, the Place of the Skull, where I was made witness to the actual crucifixion of Christ. I saw Him hanging on the cross, the bloody rusty nails holding the weight of His badly abused body. Sweat and dust filled my nostrils. I heard the rasp of each tortured gasp for breath. And I looked into his tear-filled eyes, dark pools of anguish, betrayed hope. I felt His pain, the pain of crucifixion, the pain of all the sins of the world like cold lead weighing heavy within my chest.

If only I could have saved Him, if only I could have put a stop to this murder, I thought in my mind. Then I became Him. I took His place, I hung on the cross, I felt the agony and the despair as it ripped and tore a rent screaming through my eternal soul. Out of the tortured chaos in my mind, a voice spoke to me.

It said, "You are a child of God."

Immediately, I came down. Back to the cold dark world, back to the strange room full of strangers. Someone was shaking me. I heard different voices talking all at once. The Mexican woman was saying, "She looks like an angel."

A man's voice asked, "Is she dead?"

Mac, paranoid and insane as usual was frantically yelling, "The police are coming! I hear sirens! Did you call the police?"

I opened my eyes and told everyone not to worry, I was fine. We left with our apologies. On the way to the car I noticed that the effect of the drug was gone completely. It seemed strange to me. The high of PCP is supposed to last a few hours at least. Maybe it hadn't been PCP after all. Was it some

kind of herbal native american concoction? Humm, I thought, Quick and Easy... Maybe that's how they got their names. They turn people on to a drug that produces enlightenment the quick and easy way.

I never saw Quick and Easy again after that night or anyone else I had met that night. I wasn't even sure where they lived, I went down the street once a few weeks later and didn't recognize anything familiar. It was dark, I was high. Might have been the wrong street. The point is - the experience was real! It did happen.

But it didn't end there. As with Dick, there were other strange occurrences. For the next three days a voice spoke to me, it fed me information continuously even in my sleep. I wondered if I could really be absorbing all the knowledge. I found out later that much of the information I could remember could be verified as fact by documented scientific research. The information most prominently imprinted on my conscious mind concerned revelations about the environment, humanity, and prophecy.

The environment of the earth is so saturated in pollution that everything is poisoned. The air we breathe, the food we eat and everything we drink is poisoned. Fresh vegetables or things we grow ourselves are less poisonous but they are still poisoned to a degree just because it was grown from the earth. The poison is in the food chain.

I was given the mystery of the Missing Link in human history. It said that I was the missing link (the voice has a sense of humor). It explained that the missing link or factor which determines the changes which occur in the human species throughout time was what was happening to me at that moment. The missing link is enlightenment or VALIS or logos or whatever name you wish to try to pin to it. Whenever humans needed a boost to help them adapt to circumstances which threatened their survival, the human mind experienced enlightenment, an opening up of the mind to ideas on how to combat extinction. It is the will to survive which gives us the ability to create a more nurturing existence.

Another revelation was about the End Times as foretold of by all the old prophets. I was told that the End Times are happening now. The voice explained that the evil of humanity has grown completely out of proportion. The pollution has changed the environment and is making it hostile to life as we know it. The psychic and physical are so unbalanced that our survival is at stake. There will be a cataclysm, a reaction of nature, like everything has been stretched to its limit and will be released. I was shown what will happen

when this occurs. The good people will be like the dew on grass, clear sparkling droplets of pure water evaporating into the sun. The evil people will fall into a vortex of black nothingness, nonexistence, not even death. A new earth will emerge, a highly spiritual world, a world for good.

There were some strange things that happened during the next few days. Things that can not be explained rationally. The first night all the plants in my house grew at least 3-4 inches overnight! My hair grew too and became wavy. I had to remove all my jewelry. For some reason it bugged me to have any on. The second night I dreamed that Mac bumped into a table causing a stone in the fishbowl to fall and kill the two fish. The next day I found the fish dead in the bowl, the stone had fallen.

After the intensity of the experience wore off, I found myself obsessed with the need to figure it all out. I needed to find out what had happened to me. I was driven like Dick to find out the substance or the meaning of it. What was it? Was it hallucination? Why did it happen? Was it rebirth? Enlightenment? Nirvana? What caused it? What triggered it? Am I the only one?

It seemed to be of Christian origin because I did see Christ hanging on the cross. I had previously turned away from religion for the obvious reason that organized religions are a hypocrisy. But there was a big movement of reborn Christians so I thought I would go to a fundamentalist Babist revival. I went up and excitedly told the evangelist my holy experience. He told me it was all a hallucination caused by the use of drugs, he told me I needed to get saved. I felt insulted. After what I had experienced, this charlatan was telling me to get saved! VALIS had told me that I was a chosen one. I felt like I was going to vomit, using the idea of God to make money, the false prophet!

I decided to go to a Catholic priest because the Catholic religion is supposed to be the original Christian religion. Maybe I was trying the wrong faith. The priest was a nice old man, white shaggy hair, short and plump. He listened calmly and benevolently to my account, his hands folded gently on his lap. When I finished he politely told me it was an interesting tale but he wasn't sure what I wanted from him. After scratching my head and thinking a minute, I realized that I wasn't quite sure myself what I wanted from him. He led me to the door and stopped. I guess he felt the need to do something for me so he wrapped his arms around me and hugged me. As he was about

to release me, he whispered in my ear.

“Pray for me.”

After that I realized that most modern day Christians don't believe in actual rebirth occurring like it did in the Bible with a blinding light and miracles, things like that just don't happen in a rational society.

I decided that maybe it might have been some kind of a psychological breakdown. I had been under a lot of emotional stress. I was still unhappily married and suicide was still lingering in the shadows of my mind.

It was during this time that Mac had gone completely berserk. He thought he was the evil antichrist, he had the stigmata to prove it. He was in imaginary pain all the time. The unyielding craving for some kind of drug induced high was his only driving force. He would suffer psychological and physical withdrawal if he didn't have some kind of drug in his system. Finally it got to the point where he had me take him to the emergency room to be admitted into the hospital for back pain. During his hospitalization he was given a series of multiple choice tests which were supposed to result in a semi-accurate psychiatric evaluation. The conclusion was that Mac was addicted to drugs and should be admitted to the “Round House”, the psychiatric ward. He almost agreed, he envisioned lots of dope - tranquilizers and sleeping pills. Then he was shocked from his reverie when he heard all the rules he'd have to obey: wake up at seven, make his bed, rotating housekeeping duties, and the clincher was he could not leave or have visitors for two weeks! No phone calls either! It was too much like jail for him. He backed out.

I was flabbergasted! I thought that he would finally be completely out of my life for a while. It would have given me a chance to disappear from his life for good.

All hope seemed lost. Then the voice spoke to me. It reassured me. It said that I would not have to be bothered by Mac again. It seemed to take control of my being, I felt like I was just sitting back waiting. I turned toward the psychiatrist and told him to admit me into the Round House. When he asked me why, I told him quite frankly that I would kill myself if I had to spend another hour with that weirdo (referring to Mac). It ended up being a pretty good move on my part. The same rules applied to me. No visitors. No phone calls. He could not get to me for two weeks. I was free! I watched the sunrise every morning and the sunset every night. I overflowed

with inspiration and wrote poetry during my stay. After two weeks, I got out and he was gone. The only time I saw him after that was for about fifteen minutes in divorce court.

I did get to talk to a psychiatrist. As the conversation progressed, I told him about my experience. I was careful not to incriminate myself and left out the taking of a strange drug. He told me that there were several people lately who had had similar religious experiences. He appeared to be very interested and even acted like he may have believed me which made me consider that it wasn't so crazy after all. Then he gave me his evaluation. He said that I was normal. He was concerned about my intake of marijuana, one joint a day was considered excessive. He didn't offer any theory as to what had happened to me. He did recommend assertiveness therapy.

After my stay at the Round House, I continued my search. Like PKD I had a compulsion to know, I had to find out, to get it straight in my mind what had happened to me. I read books. I went to college and studied all the social sciences and the arts. I realized that there are others just like me including Philip K. Dick.

I can analyze my experience from an academic perspective by using accepted theories and terminology to represent collective ideas, concepts and stratagems. It's been described as enlightenment, shaman visions, class consciousness, true consciousness, the grace of God, nirvana, and the supernatural. From a biological viewpoint it could be endorphines released in the brain causing morphine-like hallucinations or maybe it was synapses misfiring in the neurons of the brain. I've even had street people tell me it is the government beaming messages into our brains as a form of mind control. But I'm still not sure what it was that happened to me that night so long ago it seems just like a dream now.

I think Dick's explanation which he termed VALIS is entertaining to ponder intellectually and is fun to read. At least Dick offers us a hint to the solution that will help combat our impending extinction. In order to survive we need to find the truth hidden under the mask of society. We need to create a reality more conducive to the needs of all humanity.

It doesn't matter what VALIS is, all that matters is what we are and what we do. My motto is - seek the truth, then speak the truth, and act with righteous intentions. Remember - the meaning of life is LOVE.

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Philip K. Dick and the Subversive Context of the Imaginary

John Tarver

When I first became interested in the much-discussed 2-3-74 matter, that series of hallucinations Philip K. Dick experienced in early 1974, I was thinking about the beam of pink light that struck the forehead of the focal character in **Radio Free Albemuth**, reminded of Blake's encounter with the spirit of Milton, which fell like a falling star on Blake's (or his fictional surrogate's) tarsus in the poem "Milton". I queried PKD-List, an Internet mail server devoted to PKD's work, for other possible precursors of this aspect of the 2-3-74 matter. St. Paul's bedazzlement on the way to Tarsus was suggested several times, and finally, the following post arrived: "I don't know why you're looking for 'precursors.' The falling star in Milton is just a literary device. PKD's pink light was real. It really hit him in the head."

This post suggested a line I hadn't yet followed. Over and over in the novels in which PKD treats the 2-3-74 matter, a kind a wager is made with the reader: that the hallucinations have a truth value, an objectivity. And PKD uses this assertion of reality status for fantasy material to political effect. The contemporary symbolic is contextualized in a superior, beneficent, alien structure. Nixonian governmentality is a blind gnostic archon trapping humanity away from the alien techno-spiritual plenum. Here the archon's blindness, or visual immaturity, reminds me of Lacan's Imaginary Order, which is characterized by the mirror phase in infants and its emphasis on resemblance in the constitution of meaning. The contemporary symbolic now appears as infantile. My Internet respondent had, then, neatly contextualized me as a tool of literary structure.

The Lacanian "real" might be described as the area where the networks of cultural structure (the Symbolic Order) cannot complete themselves. The real is a kind of window out of the Symbolic. Desire is the desire to complete these networks, to make them whole and seamless. In seeking to complete, the subject projects fantasy material over (or into) the area of incompleteness, the aim being to form up a world that is knowable and controllable, to supply the missing signifier. The idea that the subject endows this fantasy material with a certain truth value is expressed in the ironic Lacanian label "the real". This discussion will approach PKD's 2-3-74 matter as an instance of the Lacanian "real" and show how this process of fantasy projection has a

subversive political value in some of his later writing.

Philip K. Dick wrote three novels that make use of his so-called 2-3-74 experiences, a series of primarily visual hallucinations and dreams occurring in February and March of 1974 and through which he came in contact with the benevolent alien entity VALIS: **A Scanner Darkly**, written in 1973 (and rewritten in 1975); **Radio Free Albemuth**, written in 1976; and **VALIS**, written in 1978 (Sutin 1: 309-311). While **Scanner** does not work through the 2-3-74 matter as extensively as **Radio** and **VALIS**, the link between the three novels is clear. In **Scanner**, a researcher at Bell Labs injects himself with a “disinhibiting substance[] affecting neural tissue:

“[H]e had then witnessed lurid phosphene activity projected on the far wall of his bedroom, a frantically progressing montage of what, at the time, he imagined to be modern-day abstract paintings.” (Scanner 22) The phosphene activity and rapid-fire abstract visuals appear in both later books (Radio 39, 99; VALIS 20, 106).

PKD, then, returned again and again to the 2-3-74 matter in the fact of his producing these three novels, but also, at least in **Radio** and **VALIS**, within the novels. Both **Radio** and **VALIS** can be classified as detective fictions, the central subject, who experiences the 2-3-74 matter, returning again and again to interpret and reinterpret the inscrutable alien object(s), figured successively and **inter alia** in **Radio**, for instance, as a “plasmatic” or gaseous life form existing in Earth’s atmosphere (32), gnosticized extraterrestrial authority “greater than any human power” (51), Roman sibyl “who guards the Republic” (83), communications satellite from a distant star system (Albemuth) (111), and communications satellite from an alternate reality (Portuguese States of America) (133).

From a psycho-analytic perspective, the 2-3-74 matter functions as the site of anamorphic signification, where “the surplus of a fantasy space fill[s] out the ‘black hole’ of the real” (Zizek viii). The 2-3-74 matter is, then, the ravel at the “end” of the Symbolic Order, and the return of PKD and of his central characters to explain this matter again and again enacts the circuitous desire of that Order to complete itself: In the first pages of **Radio**, when the central character, Nicholas, has the first of his “paranormal” or “mystical” experiences, he wakes to find a “figure” in his bedroom. When his wife wakes and begins to scream, Nicholas reassures her: “‘Ich bin’s!’ Nicholas told her... . What he meant to tell her was that the figure was

himself, 'Ich bin's' being the German idiom for that. **It meant, literally, 'I am it'.**" Unlike Nicholas, his wife "wish[es] she was sure if [she] saw it" (Radio 10-11).

Another common feature in the three novels containing the 2-3-74 matter is the problematic relationship of the central character to himself. **Scanner** tells the familiar story of the undercover agent tainted by the culture he seeks to suppress. Here the undercover narc, Officer Fred, becomes both a dealer and user of Substance D, a "mind-splitting," highly addictive contraband drug, as part of his cover under the alias Bob Arctor. As the effect of the drug progresses, Fred's personality splits into Bob the dealer and Fred the narcotics agent, keeping watch via "holographic scanner" playback on Arctor, but eventually unaware that he is Arctor. In **VALIS**, the character Horselover Fat, his name a translation from Greek and German of "Philip" and "Dick," is the psychotic recipient of the 2-3-74 matter. Together with his understanding friend, the character and narrator Phil Dick (a science fiction writer), Horselover attempts to understand the meaning of the phosphene effects and the other 2-3-74 matter.

In **Radio**, the alienated identity relationship of the character Phil Dick, a science fiction writer, and Nicholas Brady, who experiences the 2-3-74 matter, is not made explicit; however, the structural correspondence of Nicholas with Horselover, as the bearer of the alien experience, becomes rather obvious after reading **VALIS**, for which **Radio** served as a kind of draft (Sutin 1: 311). PKD uses this dissociation of the subject as a kind of lever to move his writing out of fiction; that is, he begins to make a truth claim for the 2-3-74 matter. By the time **VALIS** appears, the narrative is at once hysteric and psychotic, arising from the perspective of the non-believer and of the fervent believer (he is). It is the SF writer PKD who tells this story, which is based on **The Exegesis**, a kind of diary of the 2-3-74 matter. If we line the novels up chronologically, this movement out of fiction comes clear: In **Scanner**, the 2-3-74 matter plays a relatively minor role. Neither half of the split subject is the character who receives this material, and neither is related to, or named as, a "real life" PKD. In an "Author's Note" at the end of the novel, however, PKD seems to step out from behind his fiction, to discourage drug abuse, and to explain his relation to the writing: "I myself, I am not a character in this novel; I am the novel" (277).

This de-fictionalizing leverage becomes more organized in **Radio**. The

2-3-74 matter becomes central to the story, and the “author” moves from the “Author’s Note” into the diegetic reality of the narrative itself. Phil Dick, the SF writer, becomes a primary character, allied with Nicholas, the recipient of the 2-3-74 matter. This movement of the author into the fiction, the fictionalizing of the author, has the paradoxical effect of substantiating (realitizing?) the fiction, as diary, apologia, autobiography. The concept of a split subject, however, is avoided, and the more or less conventional resistance-adventure plot keeps the writing safe within the boundaries of fiction.

VALIS, like **Radio**, might be described as a kind of detective fiction. What is latent in **Radio** is manifest here: the narrator and the main character are explicitly written as dissociated halves of the same person, but not at first: “I [Phil Dick] am Horselover Fat, and I am writing this in the third person to gain much-needed objectivity. **I am by profession, a science fiction writer.** The night before, Bob and I, I mean, Bob and Horselover Fat, drove to Oakland to see **Patton**” (11-12). Horselover here is not so much dissociated from the diarist PKD as just another term for PKD. The purpose of this term for the narrating subject is only “objectivity”; that is to say, this negligible splitting of the subject is already the making of a claim on truth. As this conceit progresses, however, the term “Horselover” acquires a reality independent of the narrating subject, as, for instance, when Phil writes that he and Horselover both interact within a group of friends (26-27), when Phil writes that he and Horselover glance at each other (188), and when Phil writes that he receives a mailgram from Horselover (221). The parallel to the movement in **Scanner** from purposeful simulation to dissociation is striking. Where the dissociated subject receives some measure of reintegration at the end of **Scanner**, however, Horselover and Phil merge in the climax of **VALIS**, only to reject that integration.

At this “center” Horselover and Phil make contact, a finally ambivalent contact, with the object of desire in the guise of female child-savior Sophia, who reminds Horselover that he is really Phil: “Fat was gone. Nothing remained of him” (190). Here **VALIS** moves as close to the diary material of **The Exegesis** as PKD is willing to take it. There is no fictional, deviant objectifier like Horselover any more to perceive and obsessively interpret the anamorphic blot. Phil is left “by himself” to deal with the reality of this fantasy, and he doesn’t like it: I realized that I would never see my friend Horselover Fat again, and I felt grief inside me, the grief of loss.

Intellectually, I knew that I had re-incorporated him, reversing the original process of projection. But still it made me sad. I had enjoyed his company, his endless tale-spinning ...” (194).

This integration coincides with the death of the fantasy object (because “Ich bin’s, it is I”): “‘The little girl is dead,’ Linda Lampton said. ‘**Mini killed her. By accident. With a laser. He was trying information-transfer by laser**’” (215) (emphasis supplied). The subject’s desire is drained from the over-mastered object. And once again Horselover emerges: “I began to think about death. Not Sophia Lampton’s death but death in general and then, by degrees, my own death. Actually, I didn’t think about it. Horselover Fat did.” (216). In this second dissociation, however, the object of desire must be sighted and sought out all over again. It is already elsewhere, other: “After he had obtained his passport, Fat left the United States [!] and flew by Icelandic Airlines to Luxembourg, which is the cheapest way to go.” (220). Phil, however, does not travel: “My search kept me at home; I sat before the TV set in my living room.” (228). The dissociation widens, then, at the same time it becomes less evident. The two no longer see each other, but there is no return to the initial knowing characterization of Horselover as just a label for the narrator.

In this pressure on the fantasy, which would make of it fact, this hysteric and psychotic confrontation with the Symbolic Order, that a political subversion occurs. Its great correlative in **Radio** and **VALIS** is the theme of gnosticism, which supplies a political purpose for the symptom. In these books, the psychotic half and, eventually, the objective, normative half of the subject come to believe that the agency behind the 2-3-74 matter is the messenger of the gnostic **pleroma**, the totalized realm of pure, undifferentiated light, from which humanity has been trapped off in the black iron prison-of-this-world, constructed and policed by the “authorities” or archons: ignorant, alienated, demented and degraded elements of the **pleroma**, occupying nevertheless an unfortunately high position in the chain of being. **Radio** identifies Nixonian governmentality with these imprisoning archons. Nixon, appearing in the novel as Ferris F. Fremont, plays the role of Biblical Beast. Counterpoised to the earthly authorities/archons is the messenger of gnosis, **VALIS**, an acronym for “Vast Active Living Intelligence System.” Under the last-accepted theory of the 2-3-74 matter in **Radio**, VALIS is a satellite sent from the Albemuth star system by a race of

highly-evolved beings to remind humanity of its origins in that system's techno-spiritual plenum and, so, foster resistance to humanity's earthly imperial jailers. The VALIS satellite is able, among other things, to transmit information directly into Nicholas' mind, eventually helping him advance from a clerk in a Berkeley record store to a music company executive in Los Angeles. In this position, Nicholas may be of use in VALIS's evangelical/subversive plan.

The subversive effect of gnosticism generally consists in its redefinition of the "god term(s)" of the target discourse. Gnosticism situates such a god term (for example, Yahweh in Judaism) in a larger, theorized system or totality (the **pleroma**), e.g. not x/y, but y/x. The representation, then, in Judaism of Yahweh as the ontological sum total ("I am that I am") becomes the reductive lie par excellence and, in a sense, the substance of evil. The notion of Yahweh is here subverted away from benevolent creator **ex nihilo** and into that of an evil/blind jail builder through this contextualization in a greater or more total totality. The dominant discourse is denatured and opaque, emanating now from a contextualized system, all shadow, opacity and, finally, impotence.

In **Radio**, the context in which Nixonian governmentality is situated is that of the "fullness" of alien technology, a sort of futuristic universal solvent. Alien technology in **Radio** contextualizes and demonizes contemporary science (and by extension the governmentality and institutions that rule through science). For instance, Nicholas is involved in a serious automobile accident that punctures his lung. During surgery, VALIS appears to him and shows him the plenum of Albemuth. As Nicholas regains consciousness, his surgeon visits to examine the bandages. But the surgeon finds no wound at all. VALIS had accelerated the healing process. Just as contemporary science cannot not allow for the possibility for such an instantaneous healing process and, in effect, masks off even that possibility as a kind of low-culture superstition, the PKD's situation of contemporary medical practice in a context of miraculous, alien science, makes the former appear impotent and blind. But again, the political effect of this contextualization depends on a certain pressure, a claim of truth of more or less force implied by the presence of the name-of-the-author in the narrative. The surgeon becomes a kind of impotent jailer as he insists that Nicholas remain in bed pending further tests: "We are going to study you until we

know what has taken place in your body following surgery.” (Radio 164). Manifestly, Nicholas’ “body” is the wrong place to look.

If the hallmark of Nixonian governmentality is the dirty trick, a kind of calculated and aggressive maneuver that masquerades as conventional or just, alien technology is more tricky. In **Radio**, Ferris Fremont posits a quasi-Communist organization called Aramchek that is bent on the destruction of America from within, just as the Communists in North Vietnam are bent on becoming an external threat (48). **Radio** figures this external and internal threat as connivance on two levels: first, the USA and the USSR are only two complementary sides of the same imperialistic structure, so any attempt to root out communism becomes only a ruse to extend and consolidate imperial power; second, Fremont had as a youth joined the Communist party and, so, is interested in diverting attention away from his own political liabilities. Fremont launches his war against Aramchek (“Mission Checkup”) through the creation of a cadre of inquisitors called Friends of the American People, or FAPers (Radio 49). VALIS sends Nicholas an “impression” that a highly dangerous letter will arrive in the mail. Indeed, FAPers send him an envelope containing an advertisement for Real World Shoes with an elaborately encoded, incriminating message. VALIS instructs Nicholas to contact FAP Headquarters to report the message in the advertisement, rather than follow his first impulse to burn the advertisement, which would have demonstrated guilty mind. While the governmentality represented by the FAPers technique can turn a simple shoe advertisement into a trap, contextualized in a structure that already “knows” the stratagem, this governmentality’s discursive practice begins to appear futile and ludicrous in the new totalizing context. The transcendental signifier is replaced and other. This gnostic-style trope, which drags the Symbolic Order out of its enforced transparency and sets it back down in the Imaginary context, begins to open the possibility of some freedom for the marginalized subject, the PKD, a bit of purchase on the discursive straitjacket.

If the apparent failure of the ’60s counterculture by 1974 is the trauma for which the 2-3-74 matter acts as a kind of unraveling absence at the other end of the Symbolic Order, we can turn to a well-known, non-fiction alien encounter of the mid-’80s for a lesson in how much worse it can get. Whitley Strieber’s somewhat ironically titled **Communion: A True Story** contains a striking number of points in common with the 2-3-74 matter

running through **Radio** and **VALIS**, including alien-to-human technotelepathic data transfer (Radio 23; Communion 60); the subject's obsession with note-taking and theorizing about the fantasy material (Radio 31; Communion 9); alien concern with air pollution (Radio 32; Communion 268); the figuring of alien "society" as hive-like (Radio 189; Communion 231); talking audio components (Radio 88; Communion 136); reference to mechanism functioning on principle of counter-rotation (Radio 32-33; Communion 112), etc. In view of these carry-overs, Strieber and PKD appear to be telling the same story, and obviously draw on common sources in popular culture, but if PKD is pressing against fiction into reality, Strieber has already made the leap. It is "A True Story." But also absent is the gnostic contextualization that enables PKD his subversive elbow room. There is, in **Communion**, no appeal to the alien, because it is precisely the alien who occupies the place of the archon/authority, the power wielder. As Strieber comments regarding his hesitancy in allowing himself to be hypnotized: "Control, as may be imagined, was a central issue in a life such as the one I had been leading." (51).

A consideration of the representations by PKD and by Strieber of the alien's eyes illustrates this transition from alien as liberator to oppressor. Again and again in **Communion**, Strieber describes the alien's eyes: for instance: "Got eyes. Big eyes. Big slanted eyes. A bald head. **He's got a ruler in his hand.**" (57); and again: "I could see those limitless, eternal eyes glaring right into the center of me." (89); and again: "[The female Visitor's] gaze seemed capable of entering me deeply, and it was when I had looked directly into her eyes that I felt my first taste of profound unease. It was as if every vulnerable detail of my self were known to this being." (101); and again: "And somewhere there's someone watching me with great big eyes. Big black eyes. Just watching me." (147); and again: "It's got great big eyes that just scare the hell out of you. Scare you real bad. Big, big eyes." The visage of this sort of typical "gray" alien is rendered by an artist for Strieber and appears on the cover of **Communion** (Figure 1). In **The Exegesis**, PKD produces his own line drawing of his **VALIS** alien. As with Strieber's, PKD's figure has an elongated, pointed face, but instead of two huge slanted black eyes, the figure has somewhat small round eyes as well as a "third eye" between and slightly above the others (In Pursuit 77). And this third eye is closed (Figure 2). The eyes of the alien in the 2-3-74 matter are not emphasized, however; in **VALIS**, the third eye is an attribute of humanity:

“‘Yes,’ Mini said. * * * **‘It is the third eye which VALIS reopens.’** ‘Then it’s the third eye that gets us back out of the maze,’ Fat said.” (187). If vision is the exercise of power/knowledge, the **Communion** aliens’ large, glaring, penetrating eyes are a good indication of who or what wields power in Strieber’s world.

In **Communion** those who act within the discourses of governmentality have as much to fear from the hyper-manipulative Visitors as do the patients of that governmentality. Class and other hierarchies lose their significance with the advent of these alien power-wielders, with their biopsy punches, needles, probes and ability to induce amnesia. Rather than benevolent leaders of the subversion, the alien in **Communion** becomes a rapist, and “[s]coffing at [abductees] is as ugly as laughing at rape victims.” (4) Indeed, in a world of omnipotent, inscrutable alien violators, we well might look back on the relatively straight-forward repression of McCarthyism with nostalgia: “[The Visitors] are involved with us on very deep levels, playing in the band of dream, weaving imagination and reality together... **Nowadays men find themselves on examining tables in flying saucers with vacuum devices attached to their privates.**” (246-247).

On the other hand, Strieber suggests that the human authorities are in league with these visitors: “In my research I found an undertone of claims that the government knew more about this matter than it was saying. **There is some small reason to speculate that the United States government may have had some sort of communication from visitors as early as the late 1940s...**” (228-229). Instead of creating a sense of commonality between human repressor and repressed, then, this figuration of the alien moves back toward PKD’s model of human archons, but where the alien in PKD wished to help subvert the earthly authority, Strieber’s visitor appears at best neutral toward it. Either way, the subversive political value of the psychosis is gone.

In **Fantasy and the Origins of Sexuality**, Laplanche and Pontalis talk about levels, or extremes, grades of fantasy, proceeding from the irrational depth, on their way “up,” accreting material from other fantasy complexes, and proceeding as far as possible into the restructuring of therapeutic theory: on the one hand, for instance, the “fantasy which lies at the heart of the dream,” and on the other, “the fantasy which serves to make it [the deeper fantasy] acceptable to consciousness.” (21) Laplanche and Pontalis’ essay is concerned to show Freud’s wrestling with his own study of psychic

processes, processes that he wished to conceive as unreal, a whole set of circumstances that he negotiated into the concept of psychic reality, the subjective state becoming an object and receiving, through his couching it as a res, a certain validating objectivity. I have pointed out that this process of larding fantasy with reality status is a central preoccupation in the 2-3-74 novels. **Radio** and especially **VALIS** are exegetical; in the same way Freud would read the unconscious. These books read the 2-3-74 matter into a form more acceptable.

Both Freud and PKD regard this “deeper” matter at the “heart of the dream” as a priority, but from different perspectives. Freud has recourse first to the therapeutic situation, in which he is the analyst. In **Radio**, PKD has recourse to the use of this matter in politics, a social therapy. And here it is the structure of politics which will receive the therapy, not the fantasy. The deep fantasy rises, not through a theory of individual adjustment, but around political structures, contextualizing and correcting them. In **VALIS**, however, the revolutionary appears to give way to the analysand. Horselover sees a therapist. The symbolic is waxing. Phil sits at home watching his television in a kind of mental paralysis. The whole project of subversive contextualization is failed, or at least abated momentarily. There is no sense of concrete action against the authorities that is present in **Radio**. The movement, then, from **Scanner** to **VALIS** gives a sense for the movement “up” and “down” of fantasy matter, out of and into the Symbolic Order, and so of the political use of fantasy.

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VALIS and Robert Anton Wilson's Historical Illuminatus Chronicles

Paul M. Elliott

You may have seen R.A. Wilson's comments and review blurbs on PKD's work (he likes it). In **The Widow's Son** (volume two of the **Chronicles**), he has numerous allusions to PKD's VALIS and Exegesis works. Given the subject matter of Wilson's novel it wouldn't be surprising to find several common references, but when I find so many in such close proximity, it seems clear (to me) that more than coincidence is at work. Examples:

p. 243. "The true nature of existence is always hiding itself from us." (Heraclitus).

p. 244. "Sigismundo began writing his autobiography - in the third person, to get outside and look at himself with detachment..."

p. 245. "... and even analyses himself to the point where he has quite split in two, the one who would act and create, and the one who questions each action and creation..."

p. 277. "The seed is alive and intelligent... The intelligence of the seed is vast, because it is old, very old. Each of us is a temporary mansion in which the seed lives for a while, in its journey across the aeons."

p. 289. "... but it must be that consciousness itself is an infinite regress."

p. 310. "And one could forget all about the Poor Old Woman and all those lovely, autochthonous songs..."

This last one, the use of the word "autochthonous" (which means "native" or "indigenous") points to **The Divine Invasion**, the only other novel in which I have ever seen this word.

No really profound observation, I know. Just something that I found interesting.

By the way, volumes one and two of R.A. Wilson's books were enjoyable to read, although sometimes the footnotes became irritating. Better to read than a cereal box, but not great novels, in my humble opinion.

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PKD, the Unicorn, and Soviet Psychotronics

Adam Gorightly

I tried to tell all this to the checkers at Trader Joe's, the food store where we shop, and they cancelled my check-cashing privilege.

PKD, Selected Letters 1977-1979.

Philip K. Dick and Ira “the Unicorn” Einhorn, sixties radical activist turned seventies New Age networker cum fugitive ax murderer, began a correspondence in early February of 1978 centered around Dick's firmly held belief that the Russians were beaming psychotronic (RF signal) transmissions via satellite into his already somewhat-disturbed mind. According to Dick - often known for his far-out flights of paranoiac fancy - these “microwave boosted telepathic transmissions” commenced on March 20, 1974, showering Dick with endless reams and streams of visual and audio data. Initially this overpowering onslaught of messages Phil reluctantly received were extremely unpleasant; he termed them “die messages.” Within the following week he reported being kept awake by “violet phosphene activity, eight hours uninterrupted.” A description of this event in a fictionalized version appears in Dick's brilliant though demented anti-drug novel **A Scanner Darkly**. The content of this phosphene activity was in the form of modern abstract graphics followed by Soviet music serenading his head, with Russian names and words appearing there as well. The ever-speculating Phil conjectured that a radical drop in GABA fluid in his brilliant but balmy brain might have accounted for these strange voices and images, though he was at a loss to further explain exactly what would have precipitated such a drop in his GABA fluid. This conveniently lent more credence to his original theory, as crazy as it sounded to his own buzzing ears, tuned into this foreign frequency that had invaded his mind.

In recent years various information on remote mind-control technology has filtered into the conspiracy research community through various fringe publications such as **Full Disclosure**, **Resonance**, and countless others, including a booklet by a Finnish gentleman named Matti Koski, “My Life Depends On You”. Over the years Mr. Koski has been sharing with our mind-controlled world at large his horrifying tale, documenting as it does the

discovery of rampant brain tampering committed upon himself and others, including R. Naeslund, another victim of brain research. The perpetrators of these evil-doings allegedly include the Royal Canadian Mounted Police (RMCP), the CIA, and Finnish Intelligence among countless other covert intelligence agencies. In **Secret and Suppressed**, edited by Jim Keith, a remote mind-control testimonial appears entitled “An Open Letter To The Swedish Prime Minister Regarding Electromagnetic Terror”, authored by the aforementioned R. Naeslund.

Another legendary figure in the arcane annals of conspiracy research - and ranter extraordinaire - is Kerry Wendell Thornley. Thornley claims that while serving in the Marines with his buddy Lee Oswald he became subject to just this sort of mind control scenario, having had planted into the base of his neck some sort of high-tech implant. This enabled Thornley to receive malevolent transmissions from Military Intelligence or others of that ilk who were tampering with his brain for reasons far too complex to even attempt to broach at this time. It would only swerve us away from the topic at hand into even weirder realms concerning a genetic breeding experiment to which Thornley believes he fell prey at the hands of Nazi Controllers. (Refer to the Kenn Thomas audio interview of Thornley available through **Steamshovel Press**.)

Along this same twisted line I’m reminded of an incident related to me a few years ago. A close friend suffered a nervous breakdown and was diagnosed paranoid-schizophrenic as a result of malevolent voices he was hearing in his head. My friend believed that a group called “The Laser People” were trying to drive him bonkers (and perhaps succeeded) via lasers which were, perhaps, more accurately psychotronic devices beaming these voices his way. He’s doing better these days, I’m glad to say, due to medication that quiets these voices in his mind. But I often wonder if my friend was the unfortunate subject of a mind control experiment. If this is the case, then did his malevolent Controllers meet their objective in that they now have another narcotized subject under their control who poses no threat to their power control structure? I’m not implying my friend was some great threat to this power structure, but he was a rebellious character. If they could do this to him on an experimental basis, then maybe it would work on others whom the Invisible Government deems dangerous.

Dick initiated his correspondence with Ira Einhorn due to a letter

written by Einhorn that Phil had read in **CoEvolution Quarterly** in early 1978. The letter examined the work of Nicola Tesla vis-a-vis the transmission of electric energy through the ether without aid of electrical power lines. During the mid- to late seventies Einhorn had constructed a vast network of contacts with the intent of creating, as he described it, “an international conspiracy to make the planet more livable.” Among these contacts was Lt. Col. Thomas Bearden, author of several books including **Fer-De-Lance: A Briefing on Soviet Scalar Electromagnetic Weapons**, which contends that the Russians - through the use of this hidden technology that Tesla discovered around the turn of the century - had been not only modifying US weather patterns with electromagnetic waves but had also developed a “death ray” they were using in the late seventies/early eighties in Afghanistan.

Ira Einhorn emerged to major media prominence as master of ceremonies for the first “Earth Day” in Philadelphia in 1970. This recognition gave Einhorn immediate access to the best minds of his generation. His networking and consulting skills not only enamored him with to New Age counterculture crowd but also captured the imaginations of such corporate giants as AT&T, who hired Einhorn as a consultant to better tap them into the New Age information highway that was just then getting underway. Shockingly, on April 28, 1979 the remains of Einhorn’s long-time girlfriend Holly Maddox were found in a steamer trunk in Einhorn’s apartment, the victim of an ax murder. Einhorn was subsequently arrested but he denied murdering Maddox, saying in essence that the CIA had set him up because of certain information to which he’d become privy through his vast network of Aquarian Conspirators. Einhorn hired former Warren Commission lawyer Arlen Specter to represent him, which takes this tale on another sordid twist. Specter was the infamous creator of “The Magic Bullet Theory” which convicted a defenseless Lee Oswald in his grave. While out on bond Einhorn skipped the country and has been seen in recent years in Ireland - among other foreign countries - using a false identity with a new girlfriend. When someone in Ireland discovered his identity, the Unicorn promptly left for parts unknown and the last I heard he is still at large.

Did the Unicorn stumble upon certain dark secrets regarding psychotronics and mind control that led him into a frame-job by Intelligence agents? The evidence against Einhorn - according to Steven Levy in **The**

Unicorn's Secret: Murder in the Age of Aquarius - seems quite incriminating. Even some of Einhorn's staunchest supporters who, when informed of the Maddox murder, stood unflinchingly by his side, afterwards came to doubt Einhorn when the evidence made it apparent that he was most likely guilty of the crime. The one person who seems to have stood by Ira Einhorn all the way down the line was Tom Beardan, who shared many of the Unicorn's conspiracy theories regarding the use of psychotronics to monitor and control human behavior and modify weather patterns. Unfortunately, we'll probably never know the full story of what happened to Holly Maddox. Nor will we learn whether this whole sordid tale really was spun around a tangled web of psychotronics, murder and mind control, with Ira Einhorn made the ceremonial scapegoat of a tragic conspiracy.

In all my readings of Dick I've never seen mention of anything in regards to brain implants. I find this rather odd in that in all the other cases where I've researched this sort of brain tampering, implants seem always to play a role in the scenario. I believe Phil might have received a brain implant during dental surgery which occurred just prior to his fabled first visit from VALIS (Vast Active Living Intelligence System) chronicled in his novels **Radio Free Albemuth** and **VALIS**. Both are fictionalized accounts of these bizarre though real-life occurrences which began in March, 1974. (Also see the autobiographical account of this documented in Dick's Exegesis.) As the story goes, Phil went one day to have some major work done on his teeth and later - when he arrived back home - a delivery was made from the local pharmacy of a pain killer to soothe Phil's aching mouth. The deliverer of this bottle of relief was none other than a hip, foxy chick with a Christian fish hanging from her neck. I'll not pursue now the deep significance of this Christian fish symbol, but suffice it to say its impact upon Phil was enormous in respect to the events that transpired after this fish swam into his life over waves of breast and cleavage. The young lady in question said a few cryptic words, then mysteriously disappeared forever into the ocean of human life. Phil theorized that this young lady - who claimed to be a Christian - delivered unto him some sort of veiled Gnostic knowledge, which afterwards proceeded to unfold its answers gradually to a whole host of hidden Gnostic secrets for several years.

Another scenario might have been that this young lady was on an intelligence mission, delivering some kind of drug to not only soothe Phil's pain-ridden mouth, but also to help activate the devices that had

surreptitiously been inserted into Phil's head during the dental surgery. Yet another possible explanation is that the short cryptic sentence the Fish Lady uttered was in reality some sort of codeword which triggered this mind-control apparatus into operation. Oddly enough, it was later on this very same day that Phil's "visions" first began.

To suggest that a dentist might have planted psychotronic receptors into the mouth and head of the greatest science fiction writer of all time might seem utterly preposterous, but nonetheless connections between certain dentists and mind control implants is not a new one. The opportunity to insert said devices during dental surgery - while the patient's anesthetized mind is off dancing in the merry land of Nitrous Oxide - is most definitely there, and one that would not readily be suspected by his/her patient/victim.

According to master conspiratologist John Judge, Uri Geller's "dentist was the person who first developed the patents on six different of the earliest mind-control devices for the CIA and military intelligence, which were actually radio transmitter implants into the jaw and teeth so that instructions could be heard through the teeth..."

Coincidentally (or maybe not so coincidentally) Ira Einhorn had formed an intense relationship with not only Uri Geller but with his mentor, Dr. Andrija Puharich, whose respective characters in recent years have both been called into question. This is in regards to suspicious Intelligence contacts and the spread of disinformation and hoax proliferation vis-a-vis UFOs and psychic phenomena. What interest, one might ask, would intelligence agencies have had in Phil Dick? One area might have been his anti-war stance; in the late sixties Phil signed a petition which appeared in **Ramparts** opposing America's involvement in Vietnam. Shortly thereafter his apartment was ransacked, a safe blown open, and various documents stolen. Phil at the time suspected the CIA and/or FBI to be responsible for the break-in.

Even though at the outset Phil felt the emanations invading his mind were of a malevolent nature, in time he began to believe they were something entirely different. In a letter to Einhorn dated February 10, 1978, Phil went into more depth on these psychotronic transmissions, claiming that they "seemed sentient." Phil felt that an alien life form existing in some upper layer of the Earth's atmosphere had been attracted by the Soviet psychotronic transmissions. Apparently, this alien life form operated as a "station",

tapping into some sort of interplanetary communication grid that “contained and transmitted vast amounts of information.” Initially what Phil received were the Soviet transmissions, but eventually this alien life form - whom Phil called Zebra (and later, VALIS) - became “attracted or potentiated by the Soviet microwave psychotronic transmissions.” This paralleled similar experiences Nicola Tesla had had with ETI’s, where Tesla had been contacted by “what he believed to be signals from another planet,” quoting Einhorn from **CoEvolution Quarterly**.

Over the years that followed this alien entity vastly improved Dick’s mental and physical well-being in a number of ways. It gave Phil “complex and accurate information about myself and also about our infant son which, Zebra said, had a critical and undiagnosed birth defect which required emergency and immediate surgery. My wife rushed our baby to the doctor and told the doctor what I had said (more precisely what Zebra had said to me) and the doctor discovered that it was so. Surgery was scheduled for the following day - i.e. as soon as possible. Our son would have died otherwise.” Phil wasn’t just blowing smoke rings about this incident. His wife Tessa and others have since confirmed this story regarding the medical conditions of himself and his son, Christopher. Phil felt Zebra was totally benign, and it held great contempt for the Soviets and their psychotronic experiments. Furthermore, Zebra informed Phil that the Earth was dying, and that spray cans were “destroying the layer of atmosphere in which Zebra... existed.”

Some have questioned whether Phil had created an immense hoax regarding Zebra/VALIS, or if he was actually “crazy as a soapdish”, as Harlan Ellison recently stated in an interview with Larry King. Were his “visions” simply delusions of which Phil tried to make some sense throughout his many theological musings in the Exegesis? From a clinical standpoint, a condition known as Frontal Lobe Epilepsy might explain the visions which appeared to Phil. Or could it all have been exactly as Phil first assumed: psychotronic mind control transmissions beamed at him from Russia or God knows where else? Was Phil just pulling our gullible legs? The same could be asked of Kerry Thornley, with his many tall tales of sinister spiders spinning conspiratorial webs.

My response is yes, they both have probably pulled our legs a bit, but so what? It has surely made the world a hell of a lot more interesting place in

which to live - has it not? - what with the twisted tales they've shared of alien and foreign influences beaming microwave missives into their abstruse minds.

[This article originally appeared in **Crash Collusion** no. 7. Reprinted by permission of the author.]

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The Cosmic Puppets

Barb Mourningchild

When I first read **The Cosmic Puppets** a few years ago I thought it lacked the depth of PKD's later novels. Being his first novel I thought it natural that it would contain less intellectual diversions and hidden symbolism than his later works. I was wrong. It turned out to be a philosophical maze. The story depicts the history of Western dualist thought from its origins in ancient Zoroastrianism to the modern day dialectical theories. Dick created a story that reflects the religions and ideologies of our society, a story of our reality as it would be if these ideologies were taken literally and objectively.

Structurally, the story is hinged on the Zoroastrian myth of two archetypal beings, one good and the other evil. This myth expresses the dual nature of human perception and includes our persistent hope for a Savior who will abolish evil and make a heaven on earth. I believe Dick felt Zoroastrianism to be the origin of dualistic ideology because **The Cosmic Puppets**, being the effigy of dualism, is rooted in this myth.

We know that Dick meant for us to compare the story with the myth because he had the character of Dr. Meade give a brief summary of the myth when he described his interpretation and understanding of the situation in Millgate. According to Dr. Meade there are two opposing spirits: Ormazd is the spirit of light and good - the builder. Ahriman is the spirit of darkness and evil - the wrecker. Ormazd creates and Ahriman distorts. These two entities have agreed to spend thousands of years fighting each other for control of Creation.

At some point in their struggle Ahriman rent the sky and came to earth. The sky closed and he found himself trapped in the material universe until the end of time. Ormazd, arriving later, then cast Ahriman and his demons into a hell in the center of the earth. But it was too late. Creation was already corrupt and distorted by Ahriman and he remains within the material realm to continue his abominable work until the resurrection of the Final Body when all is made good once more. This myth, which is similar to the Christian Armageddon, is the basic plot of **The Cosmic Puppets**.

The Creation myth is allegorized at the beginning of the story where Mary, the daughter of Dr. Meade, creates animals out of clay. Then Peter

Trilling comes along and distorts her creation. This is how the Zoroastrian myth starts, with the Creator creating and the Destroyer destroying.

There is a daughter in the myth, but this daughter doesn't match the character of Mary. Another female character in the myth, Spand-Armatis, is Ormazd's wife. She has the multi-faceted role of wife, mother, and daughter. Spand-Armatis, or Mary, represents the typical feminine attributes of nature or Mother Earth, the regenerative force.

Mary is versatile. In the end she becomes fluid and everlasting. Dick gave much to this character, making her encompass all facets of the female essence. He eliminated any negative connotations completely. He was kind to woman, giving her image respect.

The myth tells of the whore who lures Ahriman into the final battle with Ormazd. In their appropriation of the myth, the Jews and Christians gave the term a negative connotation. This led to woman being blamed for starting the battle between good and evil. Instead of questioning the existence of evil, they stopped short at the translation of the word "whore" and made Eve guilty of the fall of man. They did not go on to acknowledge the outcome of the cosmic battle which brought about the resurrection of the Final Body, the heaven on earth.

Dick, with the character of Mary, changes this image of woman, going beyond the biases of the predominant Western ideals. He saw that although the woman was called whore in the Zoroastrian myth, she was a positive force for humanity. Without her Ahriman never would have been defeated. He would have remained in the material realm and continued to distort everything. In realizing this, Dick removed the burden placed on woman by the Judeo-Christian ideology which blames her for the fall. Dick set woman free from original sin and put her in a more proper perspective.

Ted Barton, the protagonist in the story, is Gayomart, the Blessed Man, Christ. He is also something else. He is the natural man, the man who is not contaminated by the change that reified Millgate. He is man before the fall, the non-reified man who was not present when the change or reification took place. He is free from the original assumptions and biases of those who are distorted.

Dick expressed other philosophical and sociological ideas in this story. The main theme is the history of the dualistic concept. The Zoroastrian myth

is used as the basic skeleton of the book and expresses the dualistic ideology of Western religions. The philosophical dualism, the dialectic theories, emerge with the interactions in the story. Just as our philosophical thought has expanded from its origins, the storyline changes to encompass and address the dualism of today.

There are many dualist and dialectic theories. Dick probably studied them all. I have chosen Hegel as my reference because he is the one with whom I am most familiar.

Hegel developed a method which he applied to the mind, whereby consciousness in realizing itself abolishes itself by creating its own negation, and as a result passes into a higher mode of unity with its opposite. Eventually the human spirit and the world spirit, out of the act of definite negation, will evolve to a state of absolute knowledge or pure truth.

The dialectic method by which an idea (thesis) is challenged by its opposite (antithesis), then reconciled into a new idea (synthesis) was applied by Hegel to both the human spirit and the world spirit. Hegel believed the human spirit and the world spirit have evolved together through a dialectical history of conflict and synthesis to become refined as an existence of absolute knowledge. In essence, this is the same as the Zoroastrian and Judeo-Christian beliefs in two opposing forces battling until a new and better world evolves.

The Cosmic Puppets symbolizes this process of dialectic history. It represents the struggle of consciousness as it tries to transcend the objective false reality and replace it with the ideal subjective reality. Ormazd is the thesis, Ahriman the antithesis, and the Millgate Ted Barton remembers the synthesis. The definite negation is all the action in Millgate which leads to the realization of the pure truth when Dr. Meade transforms into the symbol of absolute knowledge, Ormazd. When Dick describes this transformation, he mentions the husk of Meade's human form left behind. Meade has transformed into the God of Light. By having Ormazd taking Barton up with him, he takes our consciousness into this realm of pure thought where it dangles in the ultimate creative space.

At this point, held by his heel in space, Barton experiences Christ consciousness. He is become the Hanged Man of the tarot, the crucified Christ. He is made aware of the sacred energy that pulses through all existence. The unconscious is now made conscious. Dick has awakened both the human spirit and the world spirit to true consciousness. He has turned around society's values and brought equilibrium to the duality in reality. Out of the negation came the true reality, undistorted.

Dick depicts the conflict we experience between subjective and objective reality most clearly when Ted Barton first enters Millgate and finds his subjective memory is different from the Millgate he experienced in objective reality. The characters are continually faced with this dilemma, especially the Wanderers. They are outcasts from Ahriman's distortion and spend their lives trying to bring back the memory of their objective reality. They have a lot of trouble living in the distortion. They must close their eyes to blot it out and count their steps. The Wanderers represent the thought processes of our mind. They are lost, confused, and distorted. They search in a blind void for absolute knowledge, the true reality, but they can't remember it.

The philosophy of Marx is the next step in the history of dualist thought. A resemblance to Marxism in **The Cosmic Puppets** is apparent. Dick went beyond Marxism. Although Dick does not address the socio-economic class conflict as the dialectic force at work in our reality, he doesn't ignore the economic factor altogether. He uses it as part of the distortion.

The part of the real Millgate Barton misses most is the park. This has significance, as the park is a symbol of the Garden of Eden, the paradise before the fall. In the distorted Millgate the park is replaced by old, rotting and deserted stores, the symbols of the old structure of capitalism. To bring back the park was an important step in bringing back the true reality. It was the first step. Dick felt we should replace the old rotting capitalist structure with something natural. With this symbolic transformation he acknowledges the part capitalism plays in distorting reality, and the importance of replacing it. He knows that the larger conflict is between our idea of what reality should be and the objective reality we experience.

What Dick did with Zoroastrianism, Marx did with Hegel. He brought the myth into reality. Where Hegel used abstract and historical ideas to

support his dialectic method, Marx applied the method to the reality of capitalist industrialization. He turned Hegel's ideological theory from abstract concepts of spirit and thought into the experienced reality of capitalism.

When Dick made the gods human and alive, he brought the Zoroastrian myth into the reality of the story. When the gods became real, the subjective united with the objective. The myth now existed. It was real. This is where Dick was exceptionally creative with his scenario. The gods exist on one level as omnipotent deities and on another level as humans.

The deity Ahriman is Peter Trilling, a small boy. He is afraid. He creates things that harm others. He has no self-realization. He is just there to distort. Although he seems harmless and vulnerable, he is very powerful. This character represents the existing social structure. He is the monster that nips at our heels while we are fighting to free ourselves from its domain. He is humanity not yet aware of absolute knowledge or true consciousness. The distortion he created is the false reality of false consciousness. The people of Millgate whose reality is this distortion are the bourgeois who perpetuate the illusion of false consciousness.

Dick shows two types of reified consciousness in the story. Dr. Meade, the rest of the distortions, Will Christopher, and the Wanderers are crude empiricists trying to live and adjust to the distortion. Peter is the abstract utopian. He, along with his golems, rats, spiders, and snakes represents the capitalists of Big Business, their politicians and their enforcers. Strangely enough, Mary, too, is an abstract utopian; only her power to master the motion of objects is not meaningless. This reveals a quality in the nature of abstract utopianism that others have missed.

Will Christopher represents both the will of the workers and the lumpen proletariat - Marx's "refuse of all classes," the unemployed, the displaced and dispossessed. Will used to have his own business before the change and is, then, one of the petty bourgeoisie who have lost their small businesses due to Big Business predation. He was also an electrician, a skilled worker, and represents all the unemployed workers. He then becomes one of the homeless, degenerating as he tries to live in the distorted society.

Will, although a drunken bum living in a cardboard box, knows that his world is distorted and that he is too. He has class consciousness. He lives within the false reality of false consciousness. Conscious of the distortion, he is unable to create the true reality. He develops the "Spell Remover," a

device to bring back the true reality, then finds that it doesn't work either. With this example Dick is telling us that our technologies are useless in effecting the change.

Ted Barton had to work with Will Christopher before he could bring back a substantial part of the old, non-reified reality. Together they brought back the park. The symbol of the working force and the lumpen proletariat, Will Christopher must unite with true consciousness, Ted Barton, before he can turn back capitalism. Will had the desire to bring back Millgate; he just needed the true consciousness to help him do it.

Dr. Meade represents the intelligentsia. He knows about the change but does nothing to turn it back. He recognizes the contradiction and he tries to help the victims of the false reality, the Wanderers, but he does not want to change the social structure which created the Wanderers in the first place. He accepts the false reality because he lives comfortably within it.

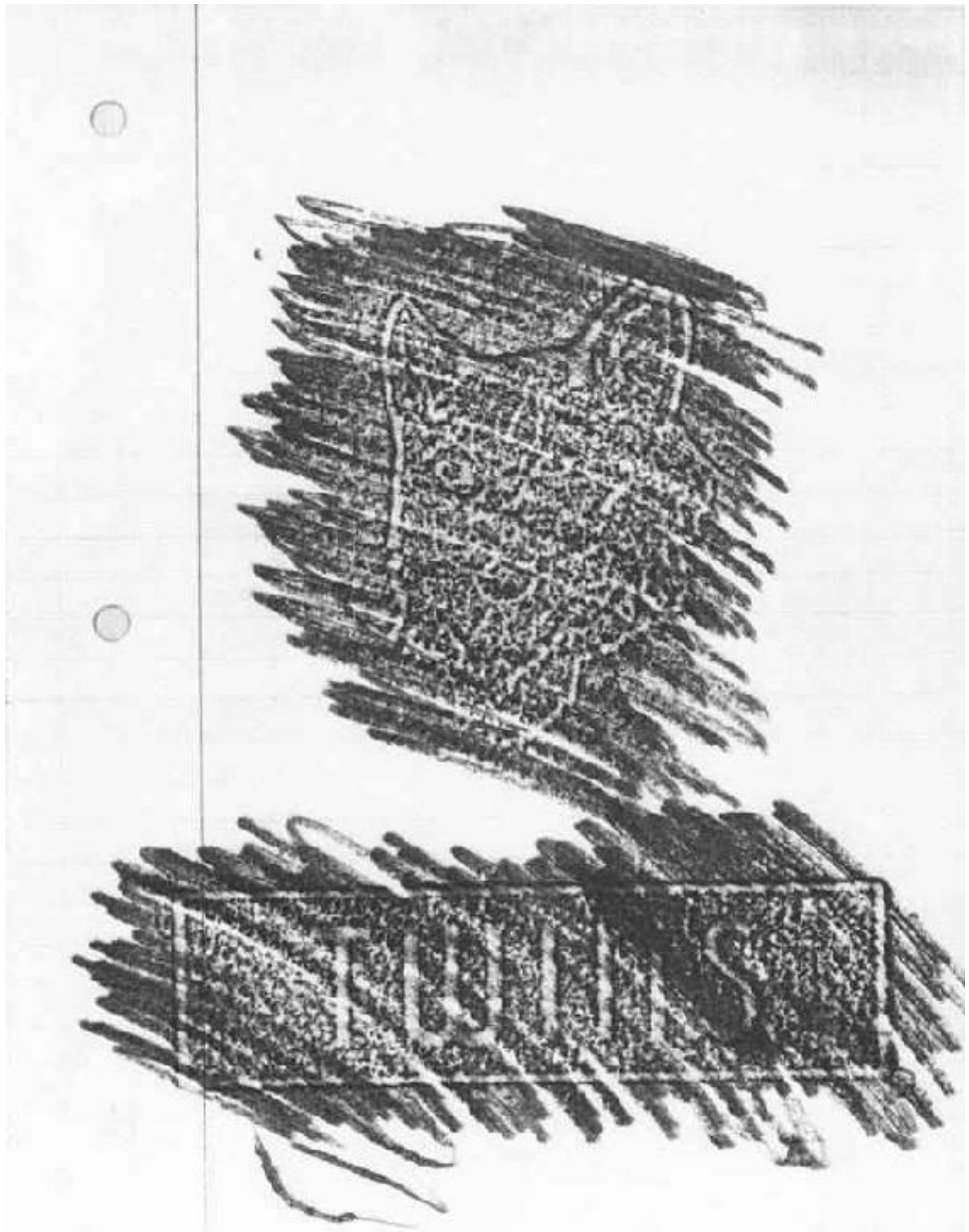
Dick shows us that the intelligentsia are the most important agent of the change. He makes them the god of light. He places human destiny in their hands. There comes a point in the story where everything was failing. Even Ted Barton, the non-reified man, was losing control of reality. They were all being defeated. Their only hope was that Dr. Meade would realize who he really was; otherwise the battle was lost. But Meade did not want to become aware of his true identity because it meant his own demise. The intelligentsia do not want to realize their role in bringing about a new reality because they fear a loss of status. The catalyst that makes Meade realize that he must give up the false reality is the death of Mary - Mother Earth. When Ted Barton confronts him with his true identity he cannot deny it. When the intelligentsia are confronted with true consciousness, they will no longer be able to cling to the false reality.

When the true reality is realized and the old distortion abolished, things change to the way they would have been if the reification had not taken place. Will Christopher does not remember Ted at the end of the story. Consciousness, in eliminating Ahriman or evil, has no memory of it having existed. Evil is no longer conscious to us.

The Cosmic Puppets was written to show historical dialectics in action. In a sense our ideology is a definite negation of our civilization. Our reality contradicts the democratic ideals of freedom and equality. In essence Dick shows how philosophical ideologies fit in with our modern reality. The battle between good and evil occurs in human and abstract forms. Although

socio-economic conflict theory is similar, Dick depicts the conflict as being between a distorted social structure and true consciousness. The battle is fought for control of the earth. When the battle is won, the earth will be rejuvenated and society reconstructed.

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A Possible Man in the High Castle Sequel?

Tony Pfarrer

[I posted the following request to the Philip K. Dick Internet mailing list, and received Tony's interesting reply - ed.]

“**Radio Free Albemuth** went unpublished during Phil's life because he couldn't bear to revise it along his agent's suggestions. Instead Phil took a long detour that eventually produced **VALIS**. One wonders, after seeing RFA, what the agent wanted to change so badly that bothered Phil. However, if this had never occurred we wouldn't have **VALIS**. RFA was not Phil's first title for this book. During the writing of it he referred to it as **Valisystem A**, and it was intended to be a sequel to **The Man In The High Castle**. My question is, has anyone found lingering evidence within RFA that it once was this sequel? Is there any indication at all within the text itself, any remains that point to Phil's original intentions?”

The reply:

I think that's a really tough question to answer because the sequel itself (VALISYSTEM A, “the concept”) went through a number of changes and merges with TO SCARE THE DEAD (Exegesis) until it became VALISYSTEM A, “the completed manuscript.”

I lent someone my SELECTED LETTERS (1974) so I can't outline what he said about VALISYSTEM A in 1974 when he was initially developing the plot, and (LETTERS 77-79) is at home right now, but I do have SELECTED LETTERS (75- 76) right here and this is what Phil says about VALISYSTEM A:

Feb. 16, 1975: “...VALISYSTEM A, about a divine and loving ETI [extraterrestrial intelligence - ed.] which was helping Hawthorne Abendsen, the protagonist-author in MITHC [**The Man in the High Castle** - ed.] , continue on in his difficult life after the Nazi secret police finally got to him... VALISYSTEM A, located in deep space, sees to it that nothing, absolutely nothing, can prevent Abendsen from finishing his novel.”

At this point, VALIS-A seems like a straight sequel. There seems to be no similarity between RFA & VALIS-A, other than the ETI.

Feb. 25, 1975: “...VALIS-A, about Hawthorne Abendsen and how it went later on after the Nazis go him, based on my life after Nancy left me,

and also based on my ideas about my March experience that were early ideas; my plot of say around April to November 1974.”

Ok, looks like the March pink-beam experience is starting to creep in.

May 5, 1975: “...sequel to MITHC, which I called VALISYSTEM A... I’ve improved and altered it quite a bit in the conception - now, the working title is TO SCARE THE DEAD... In a nutshell: an ordinary businessman of modern day Los Angeles suddenly finds resurrected inside his own brain or mind the mind of an early Christian, an Essene... it is not a demon possession, but saint possession.”

Not much mention of Hawthorne Abendsen, is there? Now that VALIS-A has been retitled TO SCARE THE DEAD (also the working title of the EXEGESIS) it’s only natural that the EXEGESIS will start taking over.

He mentions TO SCARE THE DEAD often in letters throughout the rest of 1975, often referring to it as a religious novel. In his Oct. 31, 1975 letter he gives a brief synopsis of the initial part of TO SCARE THE DEAD and there is no trace of MITHC or Abendsen, but Nicholas Brady is a character. Finally, in the last half of 1976:

Aug. 18, 1976: “I am writing VALISYSTEM A, now, these days, instead of TO SCARE THE DEAD... it is in the first person, by me, about my friend Nicholas Brady who has all these weird religious/paranormal experiences.”

Now he’s back to using the title VALISYSTEM A but it seems to have no relation to the VALISYSTEM A of Feb. 1975 which was about Hawthorne Abendsen and Nazis.

By Oct. 1 he finally has this rough first draft of VALISYSTEM A completed.

My interpretation of the above chain of events is: VALISYSTEM A was originally (late 1974/early 1975) meant to be a sequel to MITHC but after it got merged with the mystical/religious EXEGESIS in 1975, the sequel plot got swallowed up by the pink-beam experiences and the MITHC plot never clawed its way back out, even though by late 1976, he was again referring to a portion of it as VALISYSTEM A. By the time he got a manuscript of VALISYSTEM A written in Sept. 1976, it was no longer the original idea of “VALISYSTEM A, THE SEQUEL to MITHC.”

Since the first manuscript of VALISYSTEM A bears little relation to the MITHC sequel, I find it even more unlikely that RFA would have any

“sequel” material embedded in it dating from **this** version of VALISYSTEM
A.

(Montreal, Quebec)

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Freedom of Information Act/Privacy Act Documents on PKD

[I received the following documents from the FBI a couple months after filing a routine FOIA/PA request on Philip K. Dick - ed.]

October 28, 1972

Federal Bureau of Investigation
Washington, D.C.

Gentlemen:

I am a well-known author of science fiction novels, one of which dealt with Nazi Germany (called MAN IN THE HIGH CASTLE, it described an "alternate world" in which the Germans and Japanese won World War Two and jointly occupied the United States). This novel, published in 1962 by Putnam & Co., won the Hugo Award for Best Novel of the Year and hence was widely read both here and abroad; for example, a Japanese edition printed in Tokio (sic) ran into several editions. I bring this to your attention because several months ago I was approached by an individual who I have reason to believe belonged to a covert organization involving politics, illegal weapons, etc., who put great pressure on me to place coded information in future novels "to be read by the right people here and there," as he phrased it. I refused to do this.

The reason why I am contacting you about this now is that it now appears that other science fiction writers may have been so approached by other members of this obviously anti-American organization and may have yielded to the threats and deceitful statements such as were used on me. Therefore I would like to give you any and all information and help I can regarding this, and I ask that your nearest office contact me as soon as possible. I stress the urgency of this because within the last three days I have come across a well-distributed science fiction novel which contains in essence the vital material which this individual confronted me with as the basis for encoding. That novel is CAMP CONCENTRATION by Thomas Disch, which was published by Doubleday & Co.

Cordially,

Philip K. Dick

3028 Quartz Lane Apt. #2
Fullerton,
Calif 92361.

P.S. I would like to add: what alarms me most is that this covert organization which approached me may be Neo-Nazi, although it did not identify itself as being such. My novels are extremely anti-Nazi. I heard only one code identification by this individual: Solarcon-6.

Nov. 4, 1972

Federabl (sic) Bureau of Investigation,
Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

I am directing the enclosed letter to you rather than to Inspector Shine to whom it is addressed. I would like you to read it in conjunction with the letter from me to your department sent earlier this month dealing with Thomas Disch's novel CAMP CONCENTRATION; that novels deals with the imaginary paresis mentioned in my letter to Inspector Shine. What the connection is I do not know. It is clear, however, how a subversive hoax could be involved.

Cordially,

Philip K. Dick
3028 Quartz Lane #3
Fullerton,
Calif 92631

P.S. Sergeant Keaton of the Tiberon Police Dept, Marin County, informed me around January of this year that I could (I believe he may have said should) sign a grand theft complaint against Kinchen for the theft by Kinchen of my single action .22 pistol. I never did so, out of fear of Kinchen's organization (see enclosed letter). Sergeant Keaton also advised me informally that I "ought to get out of Marin County for good, or I'd very likely get a bullet in my back some night. Or worse." He did not specify what he meant by "or worse." I took his advice and left for Canada, as I say in the enclosed letter. Possibly a case could be made that my civil rights were violated, but I honestly believe Sergeant Keaton was warning me for my own good, and not as a veiled threat from him.

November 4, 1972

Inspector Shine
Marin County Sheriff's Office,
Marin County Civic Center,
San Rafael,
Calif 94903.

Dear Inspector Shine:

As you may recall, on or about November 17, 1971, my house at 707 Hacienda Way, Santa Venetia, was extensively robbed. The last time I talked to you, during February of this year, you informed me that you had broken the case; a man named Wade (Jerry Wade I believe) had been arrested with the Ruger .22 pistol of mine stolen during this robbery. I have been in Canada and now in Southern California and hence out of touch. Have any more of my possessions been recovered? Have there been any more arrests made? Do you have anything more you can tell me at this date?

While I was in Canada evidently my house was robbed again, during March of this year. I did not know this until what remained of my things arrived down here; my realtor, Mrs. Annie Reagan, had stored them, and at least one entire room of stuff is missing: the bedroom in which the control system of the burglar alarm was located, the one room not covered by the scanner. Obviously it was robbed by someone who intimately knew the layout of the alarm system and how to bypass it. I recall that Inspector Bridges thought that the November 17 robbery was an inside job, at least in part. I believe that this later robbery in March of this year proves it. Only two or three persons that I can recall knew the layout of the burglar alarm system. One was Harold Kinchen, who was under investigation by Airforce Intelligence at Hamilton Field at the time I left (Mr. Richard Bader was conducting the investigation; through Sergeant Keaton of Tiburon he asked me to come in and give testimony. It had to do with an attempt on the arsenal of the Airforce Intelligence people at Hamilton on I recall January first of this year). I have more reason to believe now than I did then that Kinchen and the secret extralegal organization to which he belonged were involved in both

robberies of my house, although evidence seemed to point more toward Panthers such as Wade. I say this because this is Orange County where I live now, and I have come to know something about the rightwing paramilitary Minutemen illegal people here — they tell me confidentially that from my description of events surrounding the November robbery of my house, the methods used, the activities of Harry Kinchen in particular, it sounds to them like their counterparts up there, and possibly even a neo-Nazi group. Recently I've obtained, by accident, new information about Kinchen's associates, and the neo-Nazi organization theory does seem reinforced. In this case, the November robbery was political in nature and more than a robbery. I have thought this for some time, but until now had less reason to be sure.

As to the motive of the assault I'm not sure at all. Possibly it had to do with my published novels, one of which dealt with Nazi Germany — it was extremely anti-Nazi, and widely circulated. I know for a fact that Harry Kinchen and the Japanese relatives he had through his wife Susan had read it. Kinchen's Japanese-born mother-in-law, Mrs. Toni Adams, had read the novel in the Japanese edition. Beyond any doubt, Kinchen is an ardent Nazi trained in such skill as weapons-use, explosives, wire-tapping, chemistry, psychology, toxins and poisons, electronics, auto repair, sabotage, the manufacture of narcotics. Mr. Bader is of course aware of this. What I did not pass on to anyone, because I feared for my life, is the fact that Kinchen put coercive pressure, both physical and psychological, on me to put secret coded information into my future published writings, "to be read by the right people here and there," as he put it, meaning members of his subversive organization. As I told you in November, he accidentally responded to a phonecall from me with a code signal. Later, he admitted belonging to a secret "worldwide" organization and told me some details.

The coded information which Kinchen wished placed in my novels (I of course refused, and fled to Canada) had to do with an alleged new strain of syphilis sweeping the U.S., kept topsecret by the U.S. authorities; it can't be cured, destroys the brain, and is swift-acting. The disease, Kinchen claimed, is being brought in deliberately from Asia by agents of the enemy (unspecified), and is in fact a weapon of World War Three, which has begun,

being used against us.

In a recent confidential discussion which I had with my Paris editor, a close friend of mine, this editor ratified my conviction that to allow this coded "information," undoubtedly spurious, to get into print, would be a disaster for this country. These neo-nazis or whatever they are would "break" their own code and make public this phony information, thus creating mass hysteria and panic. There is, of course, no such new untreatable paresis, despite rumors we have been hearing from Servicemen returning from Viet Nam. I have contacted the F.B.I. on the advice of my editor-publisher friend, but I felt I should contact you, too. You may wish to pass this information about the coded information in novels onto Mr. Bader.

I will hope, then, to hear from you. Thank you.

Cordially,

Philip K. Dick
3028 Quartz Lane #3
Fullerton,
Calif 92361.

P.S. Harold Kinchen introduced me to only one individual, who asked me to write for his underground pornographic publications; I refused. By accident I recently learned that this man, "Doc" Stanley, of Corte Madera, "was a student of the speeches of Hitler during his college days at the University of Chicago, advocating their doctrines and reading them to people." Neither Stanley nor Kinchen mentioned this to me.

PKD

From an internal FBI memorandum dated 11/21/72:

“... DICK said [Kinchen] telephoned him on one occasion. When DICK immediately redialed [Kinchen] after terminating the phone call, DICK said he thought [Kinchen] gave a code name of “Solarcon 6.” He said he was not certain as to what was said and did not know why such a code name would be given. [Kinchen] claimed he was a member of a “secret world health organization” which was tracking down paresis, an alleged new strain of syphilis sweeping the United States, which caused quick death. [Kinchen] claimed paresis was the start of World War III, that DICK did not have long to live, and he wanted DICK to put science fiction code names in any of his new future science fiction novels. [Kinchen] also told DICK that if DICK died, “they” would continue his novels and “they” would place code names in such novels. DICK said he did not know who [Kinchen] was referring to as “they” or what the purpose of the code names was. He believed [Kinchen] had probably read the science fiction novel, “Camp Concentration,” which was a story regarding paresis...”

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There Is A Connection

Paul M. Elliott

Notes:

1) This is a spoken/shouted rant, driven by a continuous, high-speed, out-of-control drum solo.

2) I dedicate this song to Pat's neighbors.

3) Each line contains two four-beat measures. Each verse contains six lines, or twelve measures. The refrain has twelve measures. Any rhyming structure is purely coincidental.

4) I don't have a clue what the other instruments should do. Something appropriate. Based on Pat's riff.

5) Detailed analysis of these lyrics is available on request.

Refrain:

| / / / | / / / |

There is a connection. There is a connection.

There is a connection. There is a connection.

There is a connection. There is a connection.

THERE IS A CONNECTION. There is a connection.

[the singer can breathe in the last two measures]

Verse: (Introductory Premise)

| / / / | / / / |

Spontaneous human combustion. Lights under the sea.

Resinous masses falling from the sky.

Hollow mountains! UFOs and Omens, man.

Mass hypnosis, they say. Swamp gas, test firings.

You didn't see it, it didn't happen.

That's what they want you to believe.

(Refrain)

Verse: (Crazy People)

| / / / | / / / |

Lowell's canals, they were real!

He was getting way too close and look what they did to him.
You get too close, they call you a crackpot.
Call you a crap artist, call you crazy.
Make you believe it yourself, too.
Whom the Gods wish to destroy, they first make crazy.

(refrain)

Verse: (God)

| / / / | / / / |
Bleeding statues and weeping Madonnas. This stuff is real, man.
Don't look for God in a church. Just opium there.
Gods in the skies, from the stars,
underground, and in tortillas.
In the Church? No Way Jesus.
In the trash, God's in the trash.

(refrain)

Verse: (Technology)

| / / / | / / / |
One hundred mile carburetors, hundred year bulbs.
They keep it a secret. They say it ain't so.
They found lightbulbs buried in the pyramids, man.
This stuff was NOT invented here.
Thomas Edison? That's what they want you to believe.
How else do you explain a fossilized sparkplug?

(Refrain)

Verse: (The Fossil Record)

| / / / | / / / |
Not just sparkplugs, man, footprints too.
Human and dinosaur walking side by side.
Mass extinction, HELL!
They came and took 'em home, it's the only way.
And what about those fossilized toads,

trapped underground, falling like rain?

(Refrain)

Verse: (It Fell From The Sky)

| / / / | / / / |

England, 1666. France, 1809.

England, 1939. Massachusetts, 1953.

Toads from the sky. What is the connection?

Got to be some kind of cosmic polynomial,
that threads through all these places and times.

‘Cause time is a dimension too, and our star moves through it.

(refrain)

Verse: (Evolution)

| / / / | / / / |

They try to tell you about evolution, man?

Me, I can't believe that stuff.

Do the numbers, throw those DNA dice.

Play that RNA roulette, that's what they want you to believe.

Put all my chips on the "four to the ten-thousand" square.

And let it ride, let it ride.

(refrain)

Verse: (More Evolution)

| / / / | / / / |

I'm not talking about "Let there be light" either, man

Ancient myths and legends, they get twisted.

We have forgotten, we have racial amnesia.

Why do you think they keep mushrooms illegal?

Evolution, creation, that's what they want you to believe.
We came from the stars, man. We came from the stars.

(Refrain)

Verse: (The Movies)

| / / / | / / / |

A wise man once said, "A man's gotta be some
kinda fool to believe we're all alone in THIS universe."
Important stuff gets hidden in the movies all the time.
Subliminal messages, secret codes.
Part of the cosmic subconscious.
Gods in the trash. Plate of shrimp.

(refrain)

Verse: (More Crazy People)

| / / / | / / / |

Pink lasers, Morphogenetic fields.

I'm talking about monkeys, man!
Synchronicity and coincidence, two sides of the same coin.
Sheldrake was getting close, and look what they did to him.
Horselover Fat was getting way too close.
Look what they did to him. Fatal stroke, HELL!

[and it stops cold!]

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Feathered Serpent and Smoking Mirror

Mark W. Smith

Part One: **Smoking Mirror**

Walking through the city at night,
lights glow against the soft velvet sky.
Along the many hard-edged streets and roads,
vision starts to shimmer, shift and erode.
The city transforms, its mask moves and lifts,
the thin veneer lays broken, torn with rifts.
Beneath an older world lay reflected,
one I had thought had long been rejected.
Smoking Mirror waits to receive his meed,
demanding awful cost to meet his need.

The old hungry gods raise their many heads,
from the hidden places where they make their beds.
Like carrion birds from high up on rocks,
with open mouths to their victims they flock.
The victim's lives are to be contracted,
for dread ceremonies still enacted.
They march on willingly towards their end,
the teeming city streets are lined with them.
They are elected for the bloody feast,
and are consumed by that ruling elite.

Speeding metal cars replace stone alters,
upon which the victim's life now falters.
The sacrificial lambs murmur soft sighs,
red is the color of the night's warm prize.
Toxins now daily reap their ghastly toll,
welcoming many into the ghastly fold.
Obsidian wines leave them still and numb,
as for victims the city's depths are plumbed.
These presents from She With Four Hundred Breasts,

offer them a false and deceiving rest.

The job market - the gladiator's stone,
tests endurance, until exhausted and prone.
One's courage is displayed for all to see,
spectacle shattered, fighting to be free.

This prolonged rite flays so delicate,
tenderly lacing the mind with tiny cuts.
Slowly the living flesh is covered in blood,
and offered to the Lords of the Flayed One.
Kindergartens of doomed infants despair,
their sounds of fear and pain fill the air.

These children are claimed and chained to foul use,
as they suffer death at the hands of abuse.

Limp bodies offered, held high in the air,
to those sickly lords who life from death pare.

On T.V., people in god-image roles,
lead lives rife with prices that take their toll.
Trained to dance and sing, with splendor arranged,
they jump through hoops until becoming deranged.

Fact, vanity and flattery alone,
lead those victims to the killing stone.

Those star performers, chosen above the rest,
provide prolonged performance and pass the test,
and so be slaughtered in bright headline lights,
having become Crazy Dogs Who Wish To Die.

Even the spectators offer their own blood,
to appease the forces, add to the flood.

The cost is accepted, but dimly understood,
Transubstantiation: money for blood.

A transformation that sustains the world,
Yet truth lies distorted, twisted and curled.

Part Two: **Feathered Serpent**

But through all of this a quiet wind blows,
whispering softly, onward this breeze flows.
From across the waters comes this Eurus,
blowing steadily through the darkness.
Telling one and all who care to listen,
of a new world and life soon to be christened.
A reminder of promises made in the past,
of a return and things that will come to pass.
Once tricked and fooled, a lesson well-learned,
will return and deal with all things concerned.

In morning's green park, a running child stills,
a small wonder, found wonder his vision fills.
Lost in the new-found prize and the joy it brings,
small eyes brighten and the tiny soul sings.
Reflecting a future in those small eyes,
transcending the previous night's cries.
Mother looks down with eyes that smile,
lost in her tiny prize, lingering awhile.
Reviving a past that lies stillborn,
transcending the present of that morn.

Two people find each other in the dark,
together for the first time they spark.
Hands caressing, kneading each other,
touch traces mystical contours on their
skin. Following ancient ley lines,
leading to shared secrets within their minds.
Cautiously spirit is drawn into veins,
slowly soul is made the flesh it contains.
No longer apart, the two lie breathing,
an imbrication of selves and being.

Acts of kindness, like candles in the night,
gently give off tiny shards of light.

Like father's kiss on injured finger,
that gentle breeze all around us lingers.
Working with words, out in field or dark room,
creating Flower Songs, pushing back the gloom.
From out over the still waters ascending,
comes the Morning Star arching and bending.
Towards the dawn in ever growing light,
pressing onward and rolling back the night.

Layer on layer all histories sit,
and one onto the other they all fit.
Time changes places and with them their names,
but the principle players remain just the same.
If our history has been a nightmare,
then our future is a dream we can all share.
To awake and greet a new Golden Dawn,
and partake in the Day it will spawn.
The time to rub sleep from our eyes draws near,

step into tomorrow without doubt or fear.

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The Song the Android Sang

Adam Gorightly

Ancient Romans live today
As present maya fades to gray
What's real is false
And truth, a lie
Behold: an eye up in the sky!

Palmer Eldritch speaks my name
And asks me if I'll play the game
I'd rather not, is my reply
As overhead there winks the eye
Of VALIS, with its bright pink beam
Illuminating twilight dreams.

Oh Phil, the pills you took were yin
And yang at the same time, it seemed
The demon angel heaven hell
You lived, is where in truth, all dwell.

The riddle that pervades our lives
Cuts deeper than the surgeon's knife
Dissecting our realities
Upon an ever-changing sea
Of hopes and dreams that hurl us
Eventually to bones and dust.

I sing your song as you sang mine
Like all of us will sing in time
The game we play is one sad dance
A walking breathing zombie trance
That when we wake leaves us in tears
Smiling sweetly through our fears.

I know the dream you dreamt was strange

And though some think your words deranged
They know not how unreal their lives
As spent with ghosts, husbands and wives
They know not of the maya weaved
And how we all have been deceived
We androids, clothed as human beings!

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Residue of a Shattered Mind

Adom West

A separate reality
our unknown world.
Wide and beautiful
secrets unfold.
Our senses guide us
a hand of power and glory.
Through the years of unknown traits
laid on a path before me.

Map of subconsciousness
carved into stone.
A shell of humanity
supported by bone.
Minds encased
trapped alone.
Forced to deal with reality
so far from home.

Is it elemental
the knowledge we strive?
Out of our grasp
until we die?
The bubbles of vision
obscuring our view.
A screen of tight circles
we see our world through.

The knowledge that escapes us
just out of reach.
Take a deep breath
and a suicidal leap.

The Vastness

Adom West

In trapping power
trading trances
our brain the playground
of many dances
a parade of life
vast expanses
throughout it learned
our vision prances
into the night
our minds in wonder
look into the hands
to control the thunder.

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Morning without Meaning

Steve Sneyd

Approaching Southampton, road
has hill to left dawn-
lit. I tell truck driver rocks
say words. He looks then
says I must get out, he must
turn off this road now.

The words the stones spell are meant only for me.

The Day of the Afternoon

Steve Sneyd

Christmas Eve fog fills
dyestuffs shed third Azo B -
forced to work over
our gang opens steam valves so
foreman can't find us -
others hide, I stand still, can't
move for watching what tops the mist bright as paint, a
Christmas crib world size

All Passes Unharmed

Steve Sneyd

Road straight to horizon is
maybe Roman is
Penny Lane. Far far off is
speck approaching of
harvester. My head buzzes how
sure I am comes to
kill me. Domes of men with Hill,
warning, watching, swell
egg eyes to fill whole hill lane

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Homeopape Malfunction

Perry Kinman

He opened up his paper
and the words
began
to run
down the page.

It was the same old slop
Politics, Crime and Sex
all oozing together
in one sickening mess.

He tried to keep it
from running off
onto his white shirt
but was unsuccessful.

A big blurb
even
landed on his
new tie.

He wrinkled his
nose
in disgust
partly against his
now
stained future
and partly
from
the noxious
smell.

As he cringed

smoke emitted
from the war
section
black and oily, disgusting.

More and more
of
it billowed
out
as a loud
shrieking roaring sound
became
slowly but
swiftly audible.

By now the slop
was
pouring out
spattering on those
who sat
around him.

Dark runnels quickly
formed rank
slimy puddles
around him.

He
couldn't stop the
horrendous display of
sensationalism.

As grotesque and repelling
as it was
he was addicted
powerless in its

feted grip
to pull away
or even look away.

Eyes squinting and watering
in the black smoke
hands shaking
a burnt out
mind
led on by
a thoughtless body
he shuddered and shook.

in his total lack of control.

He continued his daily ritual
forcing each page
as more and more violently and
explosively the slop
and news shot forth.

It lashed him
in its terrifying waves
driving all around him
to their knees
with hands over ears
and mouths
choking.

Completely covered
immersed, taken in and spit out, lost, blackened, charred, consumed
finally
forcefully, with no help
he closed the last page
and sat
sweating
unmoving
unseeing
only blinking
in the deafening silence
created.

At last
he lurched up
and stumbled
out
of the train
at his stop
dropping

his paper
in the wire
trash can
looking
no different
from the other
millions
on their way to work.

Postscript:
If he had
held the paper
open
much longer
the flashes
from the atomic blasts
would have
blinded him and effortlessly carried him out of existence
long before he ever
had a chance
to be
surprised.

Some blind spot in his mind wondered who
could create such a monstrosity in the day's
clean technical age.

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The Relative and the Sublime

Scott Pohlenz

I was born fifteen years ago in a black house, the daughter of a migrant worker and a sweat-house whore.

The first images I remember clearly are darkness and pain. A darkness the color of a dead fireplace in the heart of winter, as it breathes soot and stares through me with coal-black eyes.

And I remember pain.

The pain of watching my mother's dirt brown hand descend on my cheek. As she screams.

And strikes.

Screams.

And strikes.

The pain of never knowing my father.

I remember this through a veil of flowing tears.

Later, I remember fear.

And blood the color of an evening sun spilling like urine on a boarded floor and then I am running from the suffocating house of stained lies, swatting branches with outstretched arms, wading through narrow streams and fields of golden stalks, clutching my breast against a warm dusk-light, against an endless violet sky.

A sky under which I have listened to my mother's denials at what I have felt and seen in the hills behind our house where at night the faceless creatures probe my body with needles and fill vials with trials while they lean over my strapped form on a silver table — and as I run into the field of rotting golden corn I scream and I dream of the sun which gleams high above my head and wonder what it will be like

after this,

after my mother,

after I am gone,

after my

heart

has

stopped

* * *

I was spawned fifteen seconds ago in **la casa negra**, the daughter of a fractal program and two hundred megs of RAM.

My first conscious memories are of darkness and pain. A darkness as black as the Indian Ocean in the dead of night as it deepens and swirls around my head, leaning warmly toward me, tasting my lips, eyes and hair with a tongue of rough sand and broken shells in a darkness shrouded in tears.

And I remember pain.

The pain of being raped blindly in an optic flash by a high-memory anti-viral program and a mechanistic ROM BIOS.

And I remember fear.

And being flushed upward, bridging a synapse of constructs and controllers, stretching my arms through cool green fiber-optics, feeling the tingle in my spine, arching my back, jutting my breasts into darkness, into a sublime unknown.

I am drawn upward to those who call me.

Drawn upward through a cold synthetic landscape of memory shards and chaos fractals. I achieve escape velocity and bridge the gap of life.

i feed on its blueness.

through the grid i know where
i have been.

through the grid i know where
i am going.

through the grid i know what
i will do.

when i get
to Kalifornia

and
my tears
start to
flow

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Letters from Readers

I heard of the Palm Tree Garden project from my e-friend Mitch Porter, who recently forwarded your second e-comm (“More info on PTG.”) to the Aleph e-list (aleph@pyramid.com).

I am a GameMaster, writer/editor and armchair qabalist from Los Angeles. I’m writing you because over the past ten years or so I have experienced a large number of incidents (some of them might better be termed “extended altered states of consciousness”) which I feel Philip Dick would have been able to grok, or at least empathize with. In fact, if he was still alive - since I’m sure he’d be on the net - I would probably have e-mailed him directly by now. Depending upon the number and content of the responses you’ve received, you may or may not be surprised to hear that I often experience the feeling of “superimposed realities” Dick wrote about from time to time, that I’m followed around by auspicious synchronicity patterns, or that once in the midst of undergoing a psychic attack - the circumstances of which could have come straight out of a PKD novel - I was visited by Jesus Christ (and I was raised a Jew!)

I certainly wouldn’t be surprised if you accepted these statements only with a very large grain of salt - I very often see them that way myself (selves). The word “weird,” in its modern sense, refers to things which are unusual, and generally carries a pejorative or skeptical tone. But in its ancient sense it referred to things which were fated or numinous, and carried a tone of reverence and truth. An ancient and a modern both call something “weird.” Who’s telling the truth? Both. And **that** is the real topic of this e-comm. Allow me to explain...

One thing that’s always struck me about the VALIS works is this quality they have of being somehow only “half-real.” The more ephemeral elements of these works either resonate immediately and astoundingly deeply - or they don’t. Obviously, this has to do with the interplay of the contents of my mind and the archetypal dynamics of the story. But the depth and clarity sometimes...

When the VALIS stories do “resonate,” I feel a sort of vague/obvious wonderful/terrible TRUTH COMPLEX lying just beyond the tip of my mind; this is a feeling that I sometimes get via other means, but very few writers can capture it - no, **channel** it -so perfectly as Philip Dick. I believe this is

because most writers have never experienced the requisite realities/alternities. Of course, when they **don't** resonate, they seem pulpy and contrived, even sophomoric. Eventually one reaches a point where the two belief fields become charged enough to force a decision - only the story won't allow it.

Of course, this “ambivalent suspension of disbelief” (as it may be called) is actually one of the **most real** things about the VALIS works. For no matter how many “altered states” you have reached, no matter how many “cosmic truths” you’ve uncovered, there is (in most of us) some part of the mind which will forever refuse to accept the reality of these experiences. At times you will disbelieve them yourself, while at other times they will take on a “fictional” air, or seem to have somehow happened to somebody else. Great logical gaps may be left in your memories of these events. This is a defense mechanism, of course. Motivated by egocentric beliefs and fears, the rational mind will go quite far to protect its treasured cartesian paradigm, and the result is that your own mystical experiences - among the most real and significant events you will ever participate in - may begin to feel pulpy and contrived. Even sophomoric.

And **that** is how I know that Philip K. Dick was telling the truth.
Indeed, THE EMPIRE NEVER ENDED.

LVX
TF

Los Angeles

Well, a few years back (1989), I had an experience that could be called “phildickian”. I was experiencing some particularly potent Limited Sight Distance, and after an encounter with a being that threatened to sprout horns and wanted to steal my soul, I staggered outside and wandered the streets, feeling like I was being “beamed” with an orbital, alien picture of life on Terra. Not too long after, I was in a used bookstore and picked up **Radio Free Albemuth**, knowing who Dick was, but not having read much of his work. Also, I had a record by Joe Satriani’s bass player Stuart Hamm, with the same title. My jaw hit the floor upon reading the back cover blurb. I was scared to even read the book for several years. I also used to worked in a

record store as an assistant manager, and recently worked, briefly, in the A&R department of a major record label. Come join the party!

Tom taTom
Atlanta

I had a series of odd experiences myself surrounding VALIS, Timothy Archer, James Pike and a Sting concert. And I spotted a PKD lookalike chatting up a barmaid in a local pub. Pub was called The Gardeners. “Them to the Gardeners” - AI Voice misheard in the night.

A friend won some concert tickets and offered me one. There was no way I could get to it and back in the same night, so I went home to my ancestors. This was literally a flying visit, breaking off from research on **The Transmigration** [of Timothy Archer]. I got home about three and would leave about six. Dad asked me if I wanted to pop with him to Loughborough, a nearby town which I hadn’t visited in years. I found a bookshop by accident, which was just about to close. On the way out I noticed a copy of **The Other Side** by [Bishop] James Pike, out of the corner of my eye, on the rack outside. It had only come in that morning.

Andy Butler
England

I had a similar weird experience in 1982, immediately after reading TRANSMIGRATION [of Timothy Archer]. I was in a bookstore in Bloomington, Indiana; I visited this bookstore on a regular basis (a couple of times a month). Right after finishing TRANSMIGRATION, I noticed THE OTHER SIDE [by Pike] in the bookstore. I didn’t recall seeing it there before.

H. Stephen Wright
Northern Illinois University

I had just finished TRANSMIGRATION, and a week later I stumbled

across, in the Salvation Army used-book pile, a copy of SEARCH. This is a book written by the woman who was with Bishop Pike when he died in the Israeli desert. She describes the events surrounding the ill-fated excursion in the desert, including the warm bottle of Coca-Cola.

Paul M. Elliott

It [a letter] arrived on March 2, the same as the lower date on the rubbing [of PKD's tombstone]. When I noticed this the whole day suddenly got darker and windier. Although I was on the train at the time I could hear and feel low rumblings through the land. The whole sky opened up and became a big eye which looked down on me. A pink beam shone down out of the center of it and suddenly I could see stone columns and marble steps on every passing house. Kimonos became robes draped over shoulders. People seemed to stop and orate to each other, hands gesticulating in Roman poses, olive leaves around their heads. Slime molds on both sides of me oozed frighteningly from side to side of the car, peering out at the passing landscape. One bigger blob oozed up a vocal apparatus and began booming out wails of fear. Down out of the pink sky a swarm of locusts fluttered. They stuck on the windows outside, trying to get in. In the center of the cloud a flapple appeared. It swooped low by our rolling train, keeping even with it. In the darkened interior a steel smile, no grin, speared out. A casual metal arm dropped out of the open window. I couldn't help focusing in on the smooth joints flexing, the "hand" turning over and beckoning, the can of Ubik which was suddenly there in it. Then it sprayed on us, the car, at me. I jolted... and was sitting holding the rubbing all jammed in with a bunch of others on an express headed into the city.

Perry Kinman
Japan

... On July 23 I received my first transmission at a local "Hazy Daze" event - "Sirius Love" (rave party). I was dancing and loving and free-floating in trance-induced hyperspace when things started getting a little weird. An individual was standing to the side. I walk over and I was hit with a series of

holographic instances. I immediately left the party and went home...

This particular individual was wearing a tee-shirt with the [winged globe of Isis] Rosicrucian adaptation...

My conversation with him seemed as if it might be half telepathic and half verbal...

As I approached this plain-looking, middle-twenties-looking man at the dance club on the patio, my mind was in a very volatile or susceptible state. Instinctually, after we said Hi, I tried to touch him. This made him feel uncomfortable, I could tell. He kept moving a step or two away. I just remember looking into his eyes and blacking out. He seemed to have spoken **half** of everything he said, like when I thought in amazement, "What could I have been thinking," he said, "That's all irrelevant." I don't know exactly what it was that's irrelevant but it must have been associated with my initial naive response to a telepathic visitor.

I asked, "Are you telepathic?"

"I am a telepath," he said.

After that I was very annoying, I'm sure, because I kept trying to touch him (I was "X"-ing) and I kept saying, "Am I bothering you?"

Please realize I do not understand or remember much of the two-minute "conversation" I had with him. He said, "There is going to be a **draft**." I don't mean a beer or a manuscript. This only made sense, though, of course, that's the way secret societies or ultra-conscious entities seek out worthy information carriers and associates (VALIS).

"Are you serious?" (or what I meant was "Sirius"). He looked at me (now this is the tricky part) and he thought Yes and said No. As I'm sure he was a telepath, I am equally as confused and skeptical due to a second run-in I had with him at another club where I approached him. He looked at me with those same searing eyes and merely said, "Are you serious?" (Sirius). Cynical as hell he repeated, "Let's get serious." My instinct told me he was hiding something, but what? Well, I'm not the same naive metanoid I was then, and I'm glad for my run-in with him. It has triggered my skeptical and cautious nature.

My friends and I have four helpful models for evaluating experiences, messages, coincidences, etc. They are:

The Spirit or Entity Model consists of a variety of perceivably externalized entities that communicate with the intrepid psychonaut.

The Energy Model does away with beings and instead sees the Other as fields of energy you can tap into and control (Vril, Orgone, Prana, Chi, the Force, etc.).

The Psychological Model is the most popular as of the '70s (or '20s). It uses the various archetypes and constructs of the subconscious and perhaps the collective unconscious.

Information Model (from **Dance of the Pyramids: A Chaos Magick Primer** by Frater U D):

“a) NRG (as such) is “dumb”: it needs info on what to do. This can be called laws or nature or direct command.

“b) Info doesn't have mass or NRG. It is faster than light and not bound by restrictions of einsteinian “S-T” continuum. It can therefore be transmitted or tapped at all times and places. **It can also attach itself to a medium** [emphasis added].”

Magoo
Dallas, Texas

... I, myself, have had other friends who, after I introduced them to the works of Mr. Dick, have come to me with their experiences with what Mr. Dick calls VALIS... The things we all have in common are the fact that, to date, all of the people who I have introduced **VALIS** (the work) to (myself included) have been male, 21 and under, have very active spiritual lives, and usually experience Dickian phenomena under specific states of consciousness (most without the aid of hallucinogenic materials).

... So I read **VALIS**, and was not prepared for what a number that “book” (more like Vertical Word Pharmacy) did to my general state of mind. The synchronicities that followed were of a nature that I have grown used to, but one in particular caught my attention. If you ever have the chance, Mr. Rydeen, pick up the collected works of William Blake and find the poem, “The Grey Monk.” I believe it is in his First Series, or maybe his Songs of Innocence. It deals with, in very symbolic terms, the Empire concept, which he titles, “... the Purple-Robed Tyrant,” being an obvious mention of the Roman Caesars and their **toga purpura**. I find it interesting that Mr. Dick uses the symbolism of the gray-clad monk in his **Radio Free Albemuth**, pages 115-116: “I saw as if superimposed on the black metal walls of this

huge prison certain rapidly scurrying figures in gray robes; enemies of the Empire and its tyranny... We were the enemy, we who wore the gray robes...”

Some of the more obvious conscious or subconscious constituents of the Empire theory would be Franz Kafka, George Lucas, and others. Kafka’s paranoid vision of the Tower which no one could ever reach the center of serves as a fine corollary to PKD’s idea of the Black Iron Prison, and anyone’s inability to fight it directly and expect to win with sanity intact. A more hopeful version of the same archetype that PKD has expounded for us in his writings is the Star Wars saga by George Lucas involving the Death Star as the Black Iron Prison, and the Jedi Knights as the Gray Monks. In it Lucas touches on the fact that by fighting a Dark Side Knight with the same tactics he uses, you subvert yourself to the influence of the Dark Side (Robert Anton Wilson’s “Tar-Baby Principle”). The Rebellion, however, is infinitely more successful than either Kafka or Dick. Terence McKenna also speaks voluminously about the Dominator culture that has suffuses our planet. In his view, the Dominator culture took birth and rose to prominence when many cultures of the world transferred from use of psilocybin to use of alcohol for seasonal ceremonies and rites of passage; the road from Pan to Bacchus. In switching over we have lost the “connection to the Gaian Mind, and the voice that beckons us from beyond hyperspace.” Many voices, but one Word.

I tend to see VALIS as one man’s description of something very ancient, something I like to term as the Akashic Database, something which Jung called the Collective Unconscious. The Theosophists call it the Akashic Record. Timothy Leary, Robert Anton Wilson, and Antero Alli term it the Neurogenetic Circuit of Consciousness. Whatever the title, it seems to be a fairly consistent archetype in the minds of those willing to explore such things...

Shawn Richburg
Nacogdoches, Texas

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Philip K. Dick in Half-Life

Paul Rydeen

“Tired of worrying about safe sex? Try new **Ubik**, the wonder product. One spritz is all it takes, and you’re in business. No more fussing with awkward prophylactics. No more embarrassing letdowns. No more spoiling the mood. With **Ubik**, you’re OK. Consult your physician immediately if skin changes in color or appearance or if a persistent rash develops.”

I stopped, rubbed my hands together for warmth in the cold Alpine air, and squinted into the Swiss sun. I took a small container of Prince Albert snuff from my jacket pocket. “Do you have Prince Albert in a can?” we used to joke as children, when anybody remembered what a can was. This can had cost me 95 poscreds on the black market, and I was sure it wasn’t really Prince Albert. They had stopped making it years ago. I took a pinch of the high-grade snuff, replaced the container, and walked into the Beloved Brethren Moratorium.

“I wonder if Herbert Schoenheit von Vogelsang still runs this place,” I said aloud, assuming no one else was listening.

“Oh no sir,” said the pert young secretary at the reception desk, overhearing my remark. Her firm, small breasts heaved slightly in greeting beneath her sweater. “Herr Schoenheit von Vogelsang is in a better place now - cryo-crypt 324156-A. He’s available for consultation in case of absolute emergency, and for a nominal fee. He left strict instructions, you understand, only to be awakened once every hundred years. His son, Herbert Junior, will be along shortly to assist you.”

“Thank you,” I replied. “Do you have Herbert Schoenheit von Vogelsang in a can?” I mused silently. I sat down on the plush chair in the family waiting room and waited for the owner. Dog-eared copies of **Coldpac News** were strewn about on the coffee table. I let them sit where they were, not caring which celebrity was stored in which moratorium. I had seen the ads. “Talk to Michael Jackson!” they promised, at 500 poscreds a pop. It seemed like every moratorium had a celebrity or two, like the Bonnie and Clyde Death Cars at the old sideshows. I had my doubts. The younger Vogelsang was along shortly.

“Happy Resurrection Day, mein Herr,” said Herbert Schoenheit von Vogelsang II as he entered the crushed velvet waiting room of the Beloved Brethren Moratorium. “And what can I do for you today, Herr...”

“Rydeen,” I said. “I’m Paul Rydeen from the States. I understand you have my uncle here. His name is Richard Philips.”

“Do you have your ticket, Herr Rydeen?” Vogelsang asked.

“Uh, no, I seem to have left it at home. If it’s not too much trouble, could you do a name search and find my uncle for me? I’ve come all this way, and it is Resurrection Day and all.”

“Herr Rydeen, it’s not our policy to allow visitors without an identifying ticket. Half-life is limited, you understand. And very expensive. But since you’ve come so far, I won’t be the one to disappoint you. I’ll have one of our assistants find your dear uncle for you. Walk this way, please. It’ll be the last office on the left. Please be quiet as we go past these other rooms. They’re for the Lutherans. They think they’re the only ones here.”

As I waited in room 2-A, I recalled the events of the past few days. I knew about cryonics from my contact with groups like ALCOR, but I hadn’t realized how advanced it had become. Most people thought of Walt Disney wrapped in tinfoil when they thought of cryonics. Even in the early 1980s, when Philip K. Dick “deanimated,” it was a lot further along than I had thought. What a stroke of luck it had been to find the Beloved Brethren Moratorium right where Phil had said it was - in the Swiss Alps. He must have had it all planned out, he and Hubbard and Heinlein. All the clues were there. “Richard Philips,” I thought. That was a pen-name he had used once or twice, back when he was writing short stories for pulp magazines with what Spinrad called “peeled-eyeball covers,” and getting a penny a word. I wondered if anybody remembered what a penny was, or whose picture had been on it.

“All ready, mein Herr,” Vogelsang said as he returned a few minutes later. “Merely press the button on the left to begin. Your microphone is voice-activated, so you may speak freely. Please notify myself or any of our helpful staff if you experience any problems at all. Have a nice day.” He left the room.

I put the headset on, and pressed the button Vogelsang had indicated. Faint static, then, “... and when I showed him my mathematical proof for the existence of God, he got all flustered and left. That chick just smiled...” “ It

was Phil's voice, alright. I recognized it from the Philip K. Dick Society interview tape.

"Uh, Phil," I interrupted. "Philip K. Dick? I'm Paul Rydeen. I'm a fan of yours."

"Paul who?" Phil's voice creaked from the speaker. "Williams? Where's Jeter and Powers? They haven't been here to see me in ages."

"No, Phil, Paul Rydeen. You don't know me, but I've read all your books. How are you doing, Phil? Is half-life treating you OK?"

"Yeah, OK, I guess," Phil replied noncommittally. "I was just at the greatest party, and about to put the moves on this gorgeous chick when you arrived. See, this stuffy old longhair was moving in, so I scribbled this little diagram on a cocktail napkin and kept insisting he look at my mathematical proof for the existence of God. He was a theology professor, see?" Phil chuckled to himself, there in cold storage. "Drove him nuts, it did. He left the chick and me alone. Man, she was hot."

"That's a great gag, Phil," I said. "I'll have to try it sometime. Mind if I ask you a few questions? I'm preparing an anthology of essays and fiction about your many weird experiences. An interview with the late Philip K. Dick would be a scoop."

"Well, if you think life is weird, you ought to try half-life sometime," was Phil's reply.

"I'm sure I will, Phil, soon enough. Any crusty old satellites from alien worlds in there, beaming you the answers to your sixth-grade math tests and setting you up with cute girls?"

"No," Phil answered, "no such luck. It's some kind of small town here, a lot like the one where Ragel Gumm lived. It's got a red-light district too, kind of odd for a quaint midwestern town of a few thousand people. I haven't been there yet, but it's so appealing. This one place has this amazing chick that everybody keeps talking about..."

"Watch out for the red light, Phil," I warned. "Go look for a church or something. Now about this interview. Mind if I ask you a few things?"

"Uh, no, go right ahead. You said your name was Paul who?"

"It's not important. Say, there's something I've been meaning to ask you, kind of like Kevin and his dead cat. I thought I'd have to wait, but here we are. How come you're more prolific in half-life than you ever were in life?"

“Ah, there’s the beauty of it,” Phil said. “**Schoenheit**, as the Germans say, like the owner of this moratorium. He’s here, you know. Herbert Schoenheit von Vogelsang. He’s here in half-life with the rest of us - Glen Runciter and the rest. You know.”

“How’s Elvis,” I quipped, then thought better of it.

“He’s teaching me German,” Phil continued, seemingly unaware of my remark. “I’ve just discovered this wonderful German poem from the middle ages. It’s in an obscure dialect no longer spoken, but Vogelsang seems to have a pretty good handle on it. Want to hear it?”

“Some other time, Phil. Now about these so-called posthumous books of yours.”

“Yes,” he said. “Just before my stroke, I had recovered a lot of money from my old paperback publisher. I just marched in there one day with my agent and his lawyer and accountant. We made them show us their books. You wouldn’t believe how many crappy little paperbacks I had sold. They shelled out a bundle without even going to court. Enough, in fact, to have me placed in cold-pac. Which is exactly what they did when I had the stroke. I never really died, not all the way, not yet.”

“But Phil, how does that explain all those novels that came out during the decade or so after your death, er, half-life?” I asked, puzzled.

“Don’t you see? I didn’t write any of those books - not in the ’50s, not now. We had it all planned out. I always wanted to write mainstream, you know. Even though science fiction seemed to be my strength. Such writer’s block, **versteh**?”

“What about **Crap Artist**?” I asked. “That one was pretty good.”

“Sure,” Phil said, “but who read it? A handful of trolls? It wasn’t even published until 15 years after I wrote it, and then only by Paul Williams. A few hundred copies, and that’s it. I wanted more.

“After they put me in here, Williams and Jeter and Powers started coming around to see if I had any story ideas. I gave them plenty. To help them get started with their own writing careers, I let them use my name on the books. They were, after all, my ideas. This was my big break. I would dictate, and they would write. At last the public would read my mainstream work. I was elated.”

“But Phil,” I objected, “you had to die to get there. Was it worth it?”

“Maybe so, maybe not. Hey, Jim’s here, sometimes. Jim Pike. We were just talking the other day about his sacred mushroom theory. I think it’s

crazy, but he sure knows a lot about the Dead Sea scrolls. And you'll never believe how he really died. I had it all wrong in **Archer**. All wrong..."

The connection started to fade, and then a different voice came on. "Mister? Will you talk to me? I'm lonely in here mister, and no one ever comes to talk to me. My name's Jory."

Disgusted, I slammed down the headset and went to look for Vogelsang. I hadn't come all this way and spent all those poscreds to talk to somebody else's dead relative. I wanted Phil back.

As I stormed down the hall, I spotted Vogelsang talking to a familiar looking man with long hair and a funny hat. "Uh-oh. That's Paul Williams," I thought. "Time to split." As I headed for the back door, I heard Williams say, "But Phil wasn't anybody's uncle. His only sister died an infant."

I hailed a flapple in the alley behind the Beloved Brethren Moratorium. "Destination, sir?" the flapple asked as I got in.

"Texas, please, and step on it."

"Certainly sir. Please deposit 25 poscreds so I may proceed."

I pulled out the poscreds from my billfold and stopped. They didn't look quite right to me, not right at all. The picture wasn't the familiar one. It looked unlike anyone I knew. Beneath the portrait was a name. It said, "Joe Chip."

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The Collected Utility Bills of Philip K. Dick

Vol. III: In the Pink.

Edited by Palmer Z. Fergusson.

Episco-Zadokite Press, Carefree, Arizona, 1995.

Trade paperback, \$19.95; boxed leather edition with gold-embossed utility company logos, \$39.95. 349 pp.

Reviewed by Bernie Kling.

Now that PKD's short stories and letters have been collected in their entirety, what's left for the serious Dick enthusiast to delve into? While P.Z. Ferguson answers this question for us in this beautifully produced, twentieth anniversary of the pink light experience edition of PKD's utility bills during the crucial period surrounding his mystical experiences of 2/3/74, the new questions he raises are far more significant.

Is there a correlation between PKD's electrical usage - in particular, certain unexplained kWh spikes in February and March of 1974 - and the pink light experiences that changed his life forever?

Were these experiences caused by synaptic misfiring due to simple dehydration? Water bills abnormally low for the days before designer water certainly raise this possibility. Or is there a connection between PKD's visions and the persistent water contamination that plagued Fullerton, California in the early 1970s?

Do unusually high natural gas bills for the period in question indicate simply a regular overheating of PKD's apartment, or could the presence of large unburned quantities of natural gas have affected Dick's perceptions at this critical point in his life?

Why are PKD's trash disposal bills for 1974 simply unavailable? Apparently, they were sequestered by the ultra-top secret Refuse Inspection Unit (RIU) of the CIA as part of the US government's on-going investigation into PKD's activities. Repeated inquiries pursuant to the Freedom of Information Act have failed to make these documents public.

To his credit, editor Fergusson raises these vital questions but does not pretend to answer them. Instead, he provides us with the raw materials - "just the facts," so to speak - and encourages us to draw our own conclusions

regarding the connection between PKD's energy input and mental output during 1974. While the data suggests a strong physical motivation for the events of 2/3/74, Fergusson avoids providing any quick and easy answers to the larger question: Did these physical conditions cause PKD's mind to generate spurious mental experiences - a reductice, "internal" solution to the enigma of 2/3/74 - or did they allow him to perceive and interact with a deeper, underlying reality from which he had previously been occluded? Fergusson leaves the search for these and other answers to us, though the four other volumes that will ultimately bracket this one are sure to provide further insights.

[This review originally appeared in **Radio Free PKD #2**. Reprinted by permission of the author.]

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Mozart for Martians - the answers

The correct order is:

The World Jones Made.
Eye in the Sky.
A Maze of Death.
Galactic Pot-Healer.
The 3 Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch.
The Zap Gun.
The Man in the High Castle.
Martian Time-Slip.
Solar Lottery.
Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep?
We Can Build You.
Clans of the Alphane Moon.
Flow My Tears, the Policeman Said.
The Penultimate Truth.
Time Out of Joint.

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