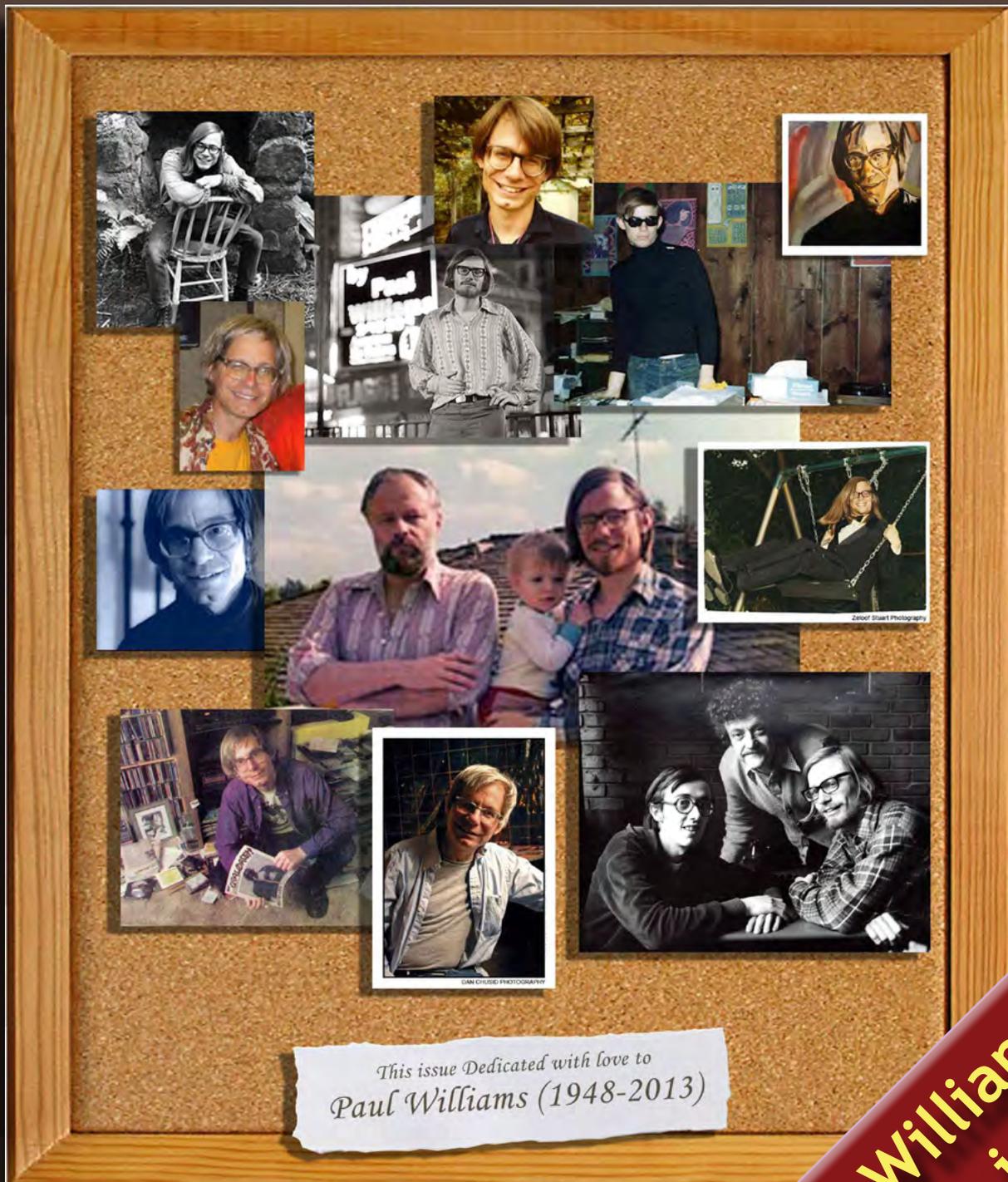




P K D o t a k u #28

Photo of Phil © Tessa Dick, by kind permission

May 2013



Cover montage by Nick Buchanan (please let us know if your photo is here uncredited and we will rectify). This magazine is a non-profit labour of love. We hope you regard this as fair use, a tribute to a dear friend.

**Paul Williams
Tribute issue**

Contents

Page

Cover Montage of Photos of Paul Williams by Nick Buchanan	
Editorial (Paul Williams is Dead, Alas) by Patrick Clark	3
Paul: the post-PKDS Perspective by e.j. 'jami' Morgan	5
Have We Yet Become Comfortably Numb? by Frank Bertrand	10
New York Times Obituary by Paul Vitello	11
Wherever you are, you are here by Nick Buchanan	13
Remembering Paul Williams by Frank Hollander	17
Thoughts on Paul Williams by Perry Kinman	17
Paul Williams by Greg Lee	18
Thrilling Wonder Stories by Paul Williams	19
Notes from the Service by Ted Hand	22
Paul Williams: Fan by Dave Hyde	23
Paul Williams's Writings on Philip K. Dick by JPC	25
Back Cover 'Paul out of Joint' by Nick Buchanan	26

Otaku is a zine made by fans for fans.

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

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

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

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

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

pkdotaku@gmail.com

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

Thank you for maintaining the dialogue!

-- The PKD OTAKU Team

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

© Copyright

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

Editorial

by Patrick Clark

“Paul Williams is Dead, Alas”

A Dedication by JPC © 2013

As you all know, Paul William died recently. He had been in decline for some time. jami suggested we dedicate this new issue of PKD Otaku to Paul. Sadly, all we can do now is dedicate it to his memory.

This would not be the first time this zine has dedicated an issue to Paul. Way back in 1999 I saluted Paul in the first issue of PKD Otaku’s predecessor Simulacrum Meltdown. It read:

There is a person I’ve wanted to acknowledge for years and this is my chance. So this issue, with all its shortcomings, is dedicated to Paul Williams.

Without Paul the current PKD phenomenon might not exist. He originally introduced a legion of new readers to Phil’s works in his famous Rolling Stone profile way, way back in 1974. He published **Confessions of a Crap Artist** in 1975 when no other publisher would touch it and wrote what is still the most cogent introduction to **The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldrich** for the Gregg Press edition in 1979. After Phil’s death, Paul kept Phil’s works in the public eye as Phil’s literary executive. VALIS knows how many book contracts Paul negotiated, how many manuscripts he edited, how many researchers he helped. Through the foundation of The Philip K. Dick Society and the editing of its Newsletter, Paul not only made a wealth of new material and new points of view available for the first time, he created the PKD base that continues to this day. With **Only Apparently Real** he let the rest of us listen to the extraordinary conversation he had so many years



*before with his old friend. Paul’s perspective has always been scrupulous and honest. He has written about Phil, as Pauline Kael once said of *The Bicycle Thief*, “with compassion but without illusion.”*

*The mainstream novels, the new editions of the sf novels and short stories, the **Selected Letters**, the **Exegesis**, the biographies, the fact that you can go to any reasonable bookstore in America and find a whole shelf of Philip K. Dick -- we owe all of this to Paul Williams. He didn’t do this alone by any means but the fact is if it weren’t for Paul it never would have happened.*

Philip K. Dick never had a truer friend. Thanks, Paul.

I really can’t improve on this and it remains as true today as it was in 1999.

Paul sent me a very kind letter right after this appeared saying:

Thank you for Simulacrum Meltdown, and many thanks for the dedication which is much appreciated and makes me feel good. I didn’t actually negotiate book contracts, Russell Galen did that and did it well. I do take some credit for the Vintage PKDs, I pressed Russ to pursue this...and David Hartwell also played an important role, he originally made Vintage’s editor aware of and got him into Phil’s work.

I found a lot of interest and of real value in this issue. I hadn’t seen the NYT editorial. Wow! And great that you’ve made the Antagonist photo available to us PKD readers. And yes, you’re right that Phil worried that some of his later troubles might have been traceable to his signing that Ramparts petition! I love the Ace Books quotes throughout, and the cover quote (“every time I try to care”) is wonderful -- is it from a letter?

I read and enjoyed your TOJ exegesis. I definitely appreciate this format of gathering together relevant info and asking good questions so the reader can chew on it and pursue it wherever it takes ‘em... I can confirm that it was certainly the soft drink

stand page that Bbob read me to get me hooked on PKD in '67... As you say, it was for us mid-60s LSD eaters comforting evidence that someone else had seen and perceived what we were seeing... and could express it with so much zest and humor! And of course, the author of this 1958 novel had evidently seen through surface consensus reality without benefit of psychedelics... As for Phil's failure to explain the mechanism of the vanishing or the real purpose of the scraps of paper... I am happy to attribute this to his nature as a visionary artist. Like many poets and painters before him, he could arrive at the essential and recognizable image and successfully capture it and share it..."explaining" it is the next person's job, you in this case. And so your essay stands as a good expression of the universal PKD reader's experience -- he sends us on these ruminative quests, not because he knows the explanation and forgot to tell us, but because he doesn't know (only feels, intuitions) and anyway has the courage to share the questions, the confusion and anxiety (and humor). It is true of course as you say that he didn't usually see the inconsistencies in his stories as a problem. I remember visiting Phil when he'd just written and read to me the first pages of **Timothy Archer**... I called his attention to a temporal inconsistency having to do with when John Lennon was shot and how long it had been since Angel's husband brought home Rubber Soul, I gave him a hard time about how he couldn't expect to have the same freedom with such matters when he was not writing sf and couldn't change all historical or temporal facts by

auctorial whim... I think Gregg Rickman in one of his interviews (the part that ended up on the tape Gregg put out, partly published in Argosy) records Phil joking about me telling him he's screwed up...

Thanks for the good work, Patrick, and let's have more!

There is a lot in this brief message that I took to be typical Paul Williams. Careful to give credit where it was due, as with Russ Galen and David Hartwell. Telling funny stories, illuminating Phil while really downplaying his own role. Encouraging – there was more, much more and more is still coming: you are holding it in your hand...well, you're probably reading it off a screen. I personally and we collectively also never had a better friend than Paul Williams. Phil wasn't alone there.

We never had a better friend than Paul Williams

We ought to remember, here in our PKD niche, that Paul was multifaceted. He is certainly going to be best remembered by the public as a music journalist, a genre he essentially created with his magazine *Crawdaddy*. To his friends and family, of course, his memory will run much deeper. He was a journalist, true; he was also a husband, father, brother, son, colleague and friend. That he was a good friend to a California science fiction writer named Philip K. Dick was a lucky accident for both of them – and for us. I like to think that, somewhere, Paul and Phil are sitting around a kitchen table, fiddling with a tape recorder, listening to Moby Grape on the stereo, talking about the universe and life, reality and what passes for reality; relaxed, laughing, enjoying each other's company once again and maybe forever.

Errata:

We inadvertently left out two footnotes to Bruce Leichty's essay "**Street German – Philip K Dick and His Origins**" in *PKD Otaku #27*. This rather defeats the purpose of a well researched article such as this so we present them here.

Page 10, column 1, second paragraph: "It occurred to me that I had once seen a 17th century edict by Bavarian authorities warning of both Mennonites and Illuminati¹, almost in the same breath."

¹ The original of this document is in the Mennonite Historical Library, Goshen, Indiana.

Page 11, column 1, second full paragraph: "If he came from an ostensibly pacifistic tradition such as that of the Mennonites or Brethren or Quakers, he may have had all the more reason to put distance between himself and his roots."²

² During World War II, many Mennonites in Russia and the U.S., although they were German-speaking, found it politically expedient to emphasize their "Dutch" origins, even though they may have origins that are neither strictly "German" or "Dutch." It is beyond the scope of this essay to fully explore the thesis that the pacifistic tenets of the founders of the Mennonite faith were a survival mechanism and a guise adopted by subversive

-minded zealots after the brutal suppression of a seditious cohort in Munster in 1535.

Paul: the Post-PKDS Perspective

by ej “jami” Morgan © 2013

(author of *A Kindred Spirit* novel)

Before Houghton Mifflin Harcourt was “resurrecting” PKD’s body of work, and before the infamously litigious Trust was threatening “adjustments” over movies, Nexus phones and other Phildickian phrases, there was Paul Williams, the original Literary Executor for Philip K. Dick’s estate. In this issue you’ve heard (or will hear, depending on where Patrick places this piece) from many Phil fans who feel they owe a debt of gratitude to Paul for keeping the pink beam, I mean flame, from being extinguished during the first ten years after PKD’s untimely demise. Now, Paul too is gone.

For some fans losing Paul must bring back vivid memories of the shock and loss you felt when you first heard that Phil had passed on. Losing Phil was more shocking, I’m sure, as it was so unexpected. But the tragedy is the same in that both voices were silenced too soon. Phil gone at fifty-three and hard as it is to believe, Paul was sixty-four and would have turned sixty-five this month. I will always think of him as he looked in 2000 (in this photo that I took of him on the beach near Encinitas.) As he told us in the preamble to *Outlaw Blues*:



I was born in Boston, Mass., on the 19th of May, 1948, at seven in the evening (Taurus, with a Libra Moon, and Scorpio rising.) I’ve enjoyed it all.

And, we so enjoyed knowing you, Paul. No wonder you were such a mystery—the bull-headedness of a Taurus, with that analytical Libra mind, and oh-la-la that Scorpio rising. What a combo!

I never met Phil, so I made it my mission to meet Paul. Once I had decided (in the late 90s) to write a novel with Philip K. Dick as my “Guide to the Other Side” I soon learned that Paul was the Key Master to the PKD Gate. His name was turning up everywhere. He had been the first

one to sort through the massive Exegesis pile of papers and devised the manila folder organizational system. At that time access to the Exegesis was as elusive as an ancient codex. Lawrence Sutin’s *In Pursuit of VALIS* had only whetted my appetite in my search for what was “really real” for Phil. I was convinced I had to read more.

Another book I found early on was **Welcome to Reality: the Nightmares of Philip K. Dick** (edited by Uwe Anton with an introduction by Paul Williams.) This guy again, I thought. The open of his intro is particularly eerie now:

“Many years ago (I was 20 years old) a close friend of mine died, a young writer for a New York newspaper. After the funeral, about ten of us... gathered in a nearby apartment and talked about our friend who was gone. As we talked it was like he was still there, not just the memory of him, but his actual presence, so real it amazed me. I realized at that moment that we live on not only in our own bodies

but in the consciousness of the people we’ve touched, all the people who have truly felt our presence in their lives. This was not an idea I had but an observation—I could see, feel, and hear my dead friend alive in that room.

“In 1982 another good friend of mine died, the writer Philip K. Dick. The personal loss for me was great—no more late

night phone calls, or talking enthusiastically with him in his southern California apartment while he sat with twenty different cans of flavored snuff in front of him, taking a pinch from each can in succession. But because I’m also a writer, I found myself worrying about all the brilliant work Phil had done that hadn’t been published yet... I realized, perhaps instinctively or perhaps guided somehow by my dead friend’s spirit, that the way to keep Phil alive... was to gather the people who loved him, who had been touched by him, and in whom he still lived... his readers. So with the support of his heirs, his children, I started the **Philip K. Dick Society**.”

The PKDS continued for ten years (1982 -1992.) When I first emailed and then spoke to Paul it was 1998. I was

worried that after finally moving on to other projects, he would not want to rehash the PKD story. I was surprised by how warm and welcoming he was to me. It was still early internet days and I was having trouble locating a copy of the famous Rolling Stone article, but had learned that Paul's book **Only Apparently Real** contained that profile piece plus much more. "I have to have it," I said in the email. "Do you still have copies of OAR and if so, how much? Would you sign it? Okay, more words of adoration to come."

Paul told me later that email made him smile. He wrote back, "Yes, I have copies. Words of appreciation are welcome. They encourage the inner writer to keep poking his (or her) head out of the shell. Anyway, here's how to order..." Who knew that such a simple little email, one dashed off quickly as I was running out the door to work that day, would lead to a great friendship and eventual talk of him publishing my novel!

We exchanged a few more emails and by the time he sent OAR he inscribed (as pictured in the back matter of my novel, AKS): "Jami— Phil says to tell you he likes being in your story... stay real! 1/98"

That was January. By February I felt comfortable enough to write to Paul about a dream I had. I called it "A Kindred Cat." Here's part of that email from me: "I just realized I had been reading **What the Dead Men Say** before I fell asleep. (For clarification, not part of the email, that story was a precursor to **Ubik**, and includes the half-lifers and communication from beyond.) In my dream I was receiving radio transmissions full of static, and then I realize it's Phil trying to communicate to me. It startled me so much I woke up. My old cat, Piper, was staring at me as he never had before with this knowing look. That's when I realized, the cat had come to me in March of 1982. My God, March of 1982. Could it be...??"

It was just a couple of nights later that I had the incredible dream that gave me the title for my novel: **A Kindred Spirit** (that dream was described, along with my first interactions with Paul, in **Otaku #21.**) Paul wrote back, "Jami, this is wonderful news! I really do believe Phil is aiding you from the spirit world." By March I asked if I could possibly call him to clarify some details about Phil.

Looking back on this, the reason I felt so comfortable talking to Paul about my dreams and experiences was be-

cause of his introduction to the "Nightmares" collection. That entire anthology is about the life-after-life of Phil. There's even a quote from Tessa saying, "Nobody knows whether Joe Chip or Glen Runciter dies in **Ubik**, or if both are dead or neither of them. And, maybe no one will ever know if Philip K. Dick is dead."

The oddest part is that I had concocted this notion of a story about Phil in the afterlife before I read anything in "Nightmares" or any selections from the Exegesis, or Michael Bishop's book (**Secret Ascension.**) That's why I was reading those things. One of my first phone questions to Paul was "hasn't this idea of Phil manipulating reality from beyond already been done to death? Pardon my pun." Paul laughed. I don't have his exact quote, but he said something like, this keeps happening to every-

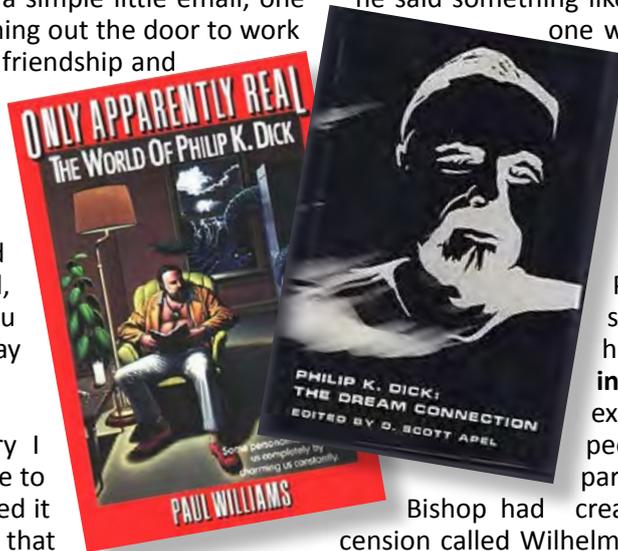
one who spends a lot of time thinking about or writing about Phil. He suggested I look for the book by D. Scott Apel, **Philip K. Dick: The Dream Connection.** (Patrick printed my subsequent interview with Scott in **Otaku #22.**)

Paul also told me about Ray Nelson's dream where Phil was urging him to write a sequel to **The Man in the High Castle**, along with other examples of PKD dream contacts people had shared with him. He was particularly amused that Michael

Bishop had created a character in **The Secret Ascension** called Wilhelm Pauls, a professor of Contemporary American Literature at Cal State in Fullerton. I must admit that Bishop's book heavily influenced naming conventions for characters in my novel. Great fun!

I taped a few of my early phone conversations with Paul, but the quality is very poor. What I do have is one or two very good quality cassettes that I made during later face-to-face discussions with Paul. I will investigate how to digitize these. My last attempt with conversion was time consuming and the result wasn't very good. We posted this link in **Otaku #22**, but perhaps Patrick won't mind if I share it again: <https://soundcloud.com/zenwoman/paul-williams-1>

After several phone calls and discussions, Paul suggested I come to California and he would take me on a tour of what we called PKD "Southland." I was managing the County's Y2K project (in Albuquerque) and couldn't get away. Phone calls became more frequent in 1999 and we discussed many things including his work on the Ted Sturgeon series, his Dylan books, Buddhism, the I-Ching, lucid dreaming, philosophy, muses, music and of course, PKD.



Finally, in March of 2000 I made the pilgrimage.

To describe that adventure, one must truly open a vein and bleed. It was not a panacea. The days were fraught with personal struggles and “danger.” I didn’t realize it at the time, but Paul was already experiencing personality changes from the 1995 head injury. Sadly, he was aware of his condition and actually explained that sometimes he had uncontrollable outbursts of anger and frustration. But he still had a sense of humor about it then and signed one of his books for me, “3/2000 after we survived the dangerous Fullerton expedition.”

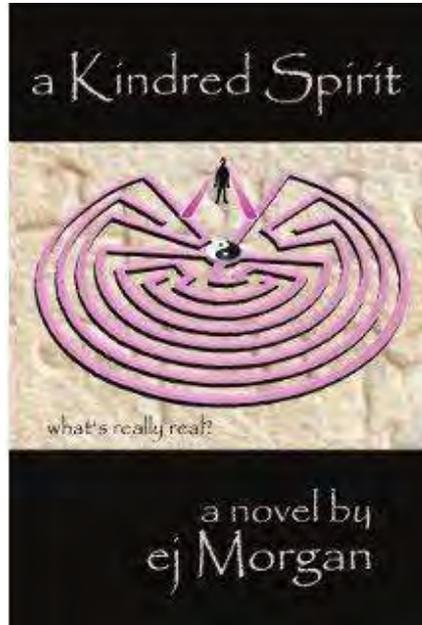
Paul had been so harsh and rude in the car and when we first arrived at Cal State Fullerton (Special Collections), to see the PKD archives there, that I can barely recall details of that experience—as if I’m still suffering PW/PTSD. A slight exaggeration, but honestly it was pretty bad. I felt as though I was walking on egg shells and that anything I said or did might incur more wrath—whether we continued to search the documents or if I suggested we leave. I pretended to be satisfied with the box of PKD materials I had been given, but I could see from the list of contents it was not the box I wanted.

Our original plans also included a visit to the Griffith Observatory that day, but I had already mentally scratched that from the “to do” list. I envisioned a nightmarish ruckus in the quiet star-filled planetarium. “Mean, cynical, extreme mood swings...” I found that scribbled in some of my notes from that trip. I also recall Greg Lee asking me about Paul’s “condition.” Greg quit producing the **Radio Free PKD** ‘zine just when I wanted to tell my PKD Southland adventure.

I’m not trying to tarnish Paul’s legacy. Anyone who has read his articles and books knows he was a genius, amazing writer, and impeccable observer. Paul preferred the term journalist or observer over expert or critic. When it came to descriptions, he was as demanding as the most severe Zen Master. He would not want me to put a Pollyannaish spin on his personality. Quite the contrary. One of the things that made him angry, at least during my post-PKDS post-accident interactions with Paul, was when he felt I had not

dug deep enough to give an authentic portrayal of Phil’s motivations and reactions.

“Ridiculously superficial” he considered an early draft of an AKS chapter dealing with Phil’s feelings in the hereafter. But, later when the scene had evolved and Phil called his newfound omniscient experience “fucking fantastic!” in comparison to his prior struggles with the multiple viewpoints, the occasional authorial intrusion, and ghostly violation of limited omniscience, Paul smiled and said, “Much better.”



Getting a smile and nod from Paul was more valuable than any award or glowing book review I would achieve later. You just didn’t get one unless it was genuine and deserved. (BTW, the bit in question was the beginning of Chapter Five, in **A Kindred Spirit**.)

Paul was reviewing the galley proofs of his **20th Century’s Greatest Hits** book and finally reading selections to me, including the entire piece on Martian

Time Slip. He would never discuss a work in progress until it was done. I had incurred the PW wrath on earlier occasions, over the phone, when asking about the “hits” book and a Dylan WIP. So, I was in rapture getting this early preview (before he produced the pre-release manuscripts for patrons, too.)

I also had the pleasure of an early reading of Chapter Zero of his final work **Bob Dylan Mind Out of Time**. We had discussed, for both his book and my novel, this idea of a Chapter Zero, and I can’t for the life of me remember why

He was as demanding as the most severe Zen Master.

I didn’t do the same for AKS. I feel a special connection to that chapter, also called “Visions of Madonna.” Paul called me from New York after seeing the July, 1999 “Tramps” Dylan concert where Bob (dare I call him that) had sung the

third and final chorus saying ‘Madonna’ instead of ‘Johanna.’ Paul was soaring and indicated he would add a chapter just for this. I mentioned that I had a collection of Madonna (Blessed Virgin Mary, BVM) icons and that seemed to further blow his mind. So, just now, in honor of him I did as Paul suggests at the end of the VoM chapter and listened to the young Dylan Blonde on Blonde version followed by a mature 58-year old singing “these visions of

Madonna kept me up past the dawn.” I agree, Bob—How can I explain? It’s soooo hard to get on.

I stayed in contact with Paul through his reunion with wife Cindy Lee, and subsequent birth of their son Alexander. I must admit that surprised me, his becoming a father again given his diagnosis. (Cindy describes it as a surprise too in this blog post, which also gives a clear picture of Paul’s deteriorating health in the mid-2000s. <http://cindyleeberlyhill.blogspot.com/2009/11/paul-and-alexander.html>)

It was a slow slide. Paul was still writing, meeting with people, sending me the occasional email and PKD “clip” through 2004 with no indication that his “condition” was deteriorating. On the other hand, I was having a rough time at the government gig (my day job) and hadn’t touched the languishing novel since 2003 despite occasional encouragement from Paul.

Without even realizing it, I lost contact with Paul, and Phil, during my “dark ages” that continued into 2007 when I had a serious health crisis. By the time I recovered and felt inspired to finally finish AKS, I couldn’t get a response from Paul. After a few unreturned emails over the course of a couple of months, I was able to find someone at **Crawdaddy!** who shocked the shit out of me saying “Paul isn’t really responding to anyone these days.” I didn’t realize this meant he couldn’t. I thought he was being reclusive in a writerly retreat mode. When too much time passed, I finally found an email for Cindy and received the ultimate shock that Paul was basically incapacitated from early onset dementia. I didn’t want to accept it.

By then, Paul had been a close friend for several years. It didn’t seem possible that his magnificent brain wasn’t working. Couldn’t someone fix it? I felt nauseous, angry, and eventually a deep despair. It seemed outrageous

to just accept that a genius was slowly slipping away in Southern California. Sound familiar? Now I knew exactly how Paul had felt when he lost Phil. No more late night phone calls. No more sharing of insights or discoveries of some cool or hot musical strains. And, no new writing. I would have to treasure what I had and thankfully I have a lot.

I have 26 of Paul’s 28 primary books, all signed, most with personal inscriptions. I have most of the **PKDS newsletters** and many issues of **Crawdaddy!** (including a signed #1 issue.) He signed everything from my mass market version of **Das Energi** (his best seller) to a touching personal note about our shared interest in the Dharma in the obscure “Bodhisattva Strategy” to wealth. (I also have the uber rare spiral bound version by “Tyron Slothrop”, Pynchon’s protagonist from *Gravity’s Rainbow*.) I intended to get my only missing items

How Deep is the Ocean? (about Brian Wilson) and the 1979 pamphlet **Dylan:**



What happened? when Cindy cleaned out his book storage a couple of years ago. I still believed then it might be possible to get the books, visit Paul and have him scrawl his loopy signature on them. I regret that I didn’t try.

In closing, I must share what happened in late March (2013.) Now, remember that **AKS** is all about the afterlife, plus you need one other unknown tidbit about my novel. When I first showed Paul some of my early drafty AKS writing, I intended to open

with the bit below. Paul suggested something powerful and that’s how the explosion scene came to be the Zero Chapter or “The Big Bang” as I finally called it. I never used this little piece. The contrast with Phil’s safe being blasted to smithereens, was too stark. Here it is and then, I’ll tell you the “rest of the story.”

Now I knew exactly how Paul had felt when he lost Phil

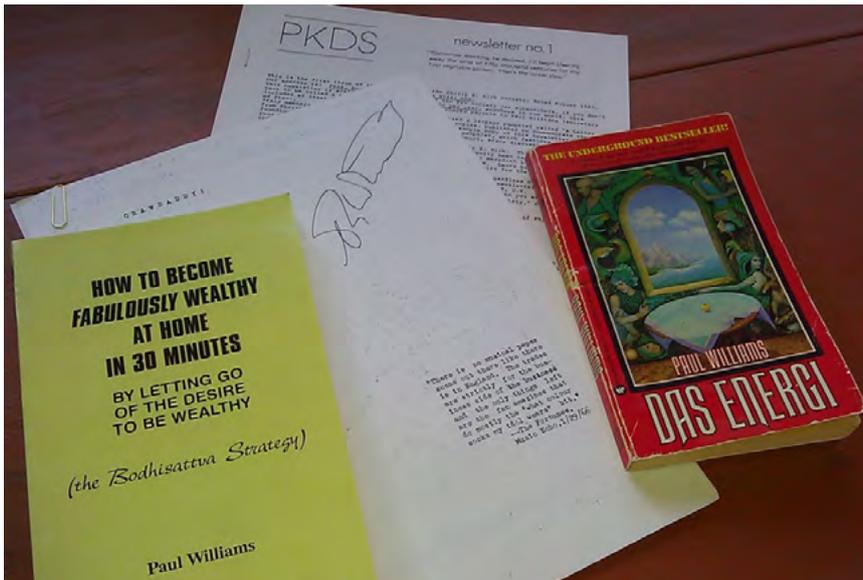
Believed to be Paul's final article on PKD—a lengthy piece published 12.18.2003 in the San Diego Reader.

There's only one important choice in life, whether or not you believe in magic. We all believe when we're children, but along the way, it's easy to lose that sense of awe and way of seeing of things. Flowers, birds, animals, butterflies—especially butterflies—are magical. Anything can be mysterious and full of wonder, if your heart is open and your mind is curious.

This is the story of how Niki met Phil. Theirs is not a romance or typical love story, but it is a story about love and ultimately finding peace—inner peace, the only kind that can help us and the world.

Open your mind, remember that sense of wonder and curiosity and you too may find

A Kindred Spirit



felt joyful and remember smiling. I also had an amazing dream, full of sights and sounds. I can only recall being in a huge ancient temple. It was so vivid I was certain I would remember details, but I never do unless I scribble notes in the middle of the night.

The next morning I was out feeding the birds. It was a glorious morning, with a beautiful clear sky and one unusual experience. A large black butterfly followed me as I freshened the bird baths, feeders and water bowls. It was

so noticeable, that I finally sat down and watched it. It flitted about and then landed close by. Close enough I could see the pattern on its wings. It was very delicate, like filigree, but the butterfly was basically all black. I actually came directly to the computer that morning to search for a butterfly like that. That is when I learned that Paul had died.

Coincidence? I have never seen a black butterfly in my yard before, and haven't seen one since.

A few days before Paul died, I had discussed (skyped) about his situation with Anthony Peake. Tony, who was finishing a new PKD biography, wanted additional perspective on the role Paul had played in preserving Phil's legacy. I spoke enthusiastically and referred him to several articles, books, and of course, the PKDS archive. That discussion rekindled many of these memories—both wonderful and painful—about my friendship with Paul. I had pulled out my Paul Williams bin of books and memorabilia and also knew, from Cindy, that Paul's condition was rapidly deteriorating.

On the night of March 27, I fell asleep reading some of Paul's philosophical writing. If I had been back online late, as I often am, I would have learned that Paul had just passed. Instead, as I drifted off to sleep, I

As I was digging through my Paul bin again to write this piece, I found the original AKS draft with the butterflies and believing-in-magic open. There was Paul's large question mark scrawled in the margin. This time I laughed and cried. Truth is stranger than fiction. Even more than Phil, Paul truly was a kindred spirit for me.



As I said in my closing credits for AKS, "Blessings Paul, on your own journey." And, during the last minute editing of this I also found the epigraph of Gravity's Rainbow:

"Nature does not know extinction; all it knows is transformation."

Note: jami is about to publish what she calls a "Sequel-of-Sorts" (to her novel **A Kindred Spirit**) in a few weeks. The new book,

Seeing Clearly, is not fiction, she says, but more like Paul's genre of observation and essay writing.

Have We Yet Become Comfortably Numb?

By Frank C. Bertrand © 2013

When I first learned of Paul Williams' death, this excerpt, quoted by Philip K. Dick more than once in his letters, from Lucretius' *De Rerum Natura* (On The Nature Of Things, 1st century BC), translated by the 17th century English poet John Dryden, came to mind:

Against The Fear Of Death

"So, when our moral frame shall be disjoint'd,
The lifeless lump uncoupled from the mind,
From sense of grief and pain we shall be free,
We shall not feel, because we shall not be.
Though earth in seas, and seas in heaven were lost,
We should not move, we only should be toss'd."

[*The Selected Letters Of Philip K. Dick*, Volume one, 1938-1971, Underwood Books, 1996, p. 158]

I knew Paul Williams from the early days of **The Philip K. Dick Society Newsletter**, for which I wrote several items. And it's in this context that Paul and I had an exchange of old fashioned snail mail letters about how best to use the PKD Society Newsletter to promote a better understanding of both Philip K. Dick the writer, as well as his fiction and non-fiction.

For Paul the former point was the more important one. Over time Phil's short stories, novels and essays could take care of themselves. Who and what Philip K. Dick the writer was needed much better public relations and marketing.

So, Paul Williams wrote **Only Apparently Real: The World Of Philip K. Dick**, NY: Arbor House, 1986. That was 27 years ago. Today it remains the single best interviews-based, biographical overview of Philip K. Dick. It can hold its own against Gregg Rickman's **To The High Castle Philip K. Dick: A Life 1928-1962** and **Philip K. Dick: The Last Testament**, and is the best relevant compliment for Lawrence Sutin's **Divine Invasions: A Life Of Philip K. Dick**.

Each time one re-reads **Only Apparently Real**, yet another intellectual nugget is spotted for discussion/dialogue/debate. This is especially true regards Paul's concern about Philip K. Dick the writer. Some 29.9% of the way into **Only Apparently Real** is this brief exchange:

Paul Williams: "Isn't it interesting that – and I think this

is probably true in a lot of cases – that despite the popular idea, you don't really become a writer and ultimately possibly even a great writer, you don't end up doing it at all because of a terrific high-school teacher or because of great inspiration as a child, but rather because your unconscious mind causes you to flip out when you [laughter] get behind the counter of a record store.

Philip K. Dick: "Right, right, nothing is left to you but doing that. It's as if Beethoven really wanted to work in the delicatessen, you know, and he got a phobia every time he started to chop up salami, so he had to become a composer. Now this proves something Jung says, compared to Freud, where Freud would say the unconscious is just a repository of nasty thoughts we don't want to face, and Jung says no, the unconscious is extremely positive and powerful and very often correct, and compensatory to the conscious, and corrects an inadequate conscious view." [*Only Apparently Real*, p. 55]



Now, there aren't too many writers who could so creatively and unselfconsciously include Beethoven, Freud, Jung and salami in the same thought sequence, Jonathan Swift notwithstanding. But Philip K. Dick seemed to do this regularly, in particular during interviews. He's also fairly accurate in how he uses these off-handed allusions.

In this instance C.G. Jung, of whom Phil Dick has written more than once was a big influence on him, much more so than Freud, writes in Section X of *Psychological Types*: "It may perhaps seem odd that I should speak of an "attitude of the unconscious." As I have repeatedly indicated, I regard the attitude of the unconscious as compensatory to consciousness. According to this view, the unconscious has as good a claim to an "attitude" as the latter." [C.G. Jung, *Psychological Types, The Collected Works of C.G. Jung*, Volume 6, Princeton University Press, 1990, p. 337]

More importantly, Paul Williams has shrewdly and skillfully depicted in this brief conversation Philip K. Dick as a man with a phobia who becomes a writer because the attitude of his unconscious mind compensated for the inadequate view of his conscious one. This makes Phil more than apparently real and suggests that for a while, at least, Paul Williams acted as Phil's compensatory unconscious.

Together they produced a classic, **Only Apparently Real**. And now they are both gone.

Rock on!



The New York Times

March 31, 2013

Paul Williams, Father of Rock Criticism, Is Dead at 64

by Paul Vitello

Paul Williams, a writer and critic who founded the alternative pop music magazine *Crawdaddy!*, one of the first outlets for serious writing about rock music, and whose critical support helped rescue the science fiction author Philip K. Dick from obscurity, died on Wednesday in a nursing residence near his home in Encinitas, Calif. He was 64.

The cause was complications of early onset dementia, which had been triggered by a traumatic brain injury suffered in a bicycle accident in 1995, his wife, the singer Cindy Lee Berryhill, said.

Mr. Williams was a 17-year-old freshman at Swarthmore College when he started his magazine, in 1966. The first issue, mimeographed and stapled together, promised readers a level of critical insight into the emerging rock scene that it said was missing in fan magazines and trade publications. "Crawdaddy! will feature neither pin-ups nor news-briefs; the specialty of this magazine is intelligent writing," Mr. Williams wrote.

Mr. Williams is considered by many to be rock journalism's founding father. He printed the first issue of *Crawdaddy!* (the name, taken from the London nightclub where the Rolling Stones first played, was originally rendered with an

exclamation point, at least some of the time) 18 months before Jann Wenner founded *Rolling Stone* and two years before the debut of *Creem*, another major competitor. (Smaller rock publications had been started before then, but not distributed nationally.)



Turning a stapled dorm publication into a national journal required cleverness and some luck, friends said. Besides handing out copies on the Swarthmore campus, west of Philadelphia, Mr. Williams mailed them to the performers reviewed in its pages, a tactic that drew phone calls of appreciation from some of them, including Bob Dylan. Mr. Williams parlayed the calls into extended published interviews with Mr. Dylan, Paul Simon and others, which drew notice from record companies interested in ads.

Mr. Williams left college at the end of his freshman year, moving the magazine first to Boston and then to a small office on Canal Street in Lower Manhattan, where it became a platform for many first-generation rock writers, including Jon Landau, Sandy Pearlman and Richard Meltzer, author of "The Aesthetics of Rock," a 1970 collection of essays, many of which first appeared in *Crawdaddy!*.

Published on a shoestring, with a combined circulation from subscriptions and single-copy record store sales of

Paul in 1971 after leaving *Crawdaddy!* - Photo by Raeanne Rubenstein

about 20,000, *Crawdaddy!* was quickly overtaken by the slicker and more professionally managed *Rolling Stone*, which achieved a circulation of around 250,000 within three years. But Mr. Williams's innovative idea — to publish smart writing about the increasingly sophisticated '60s rock scene — was by all accounts seminal.

Peter Knobler, who became editor of *Crawdaddy!* in the '70s, described the journalism Mr. Williams developed as a combination of music criticism and close-up reportage about the gathering societal storm that came to be known as the counterculture.

"The music was part of all that, and the writing reflected it," Mr. Knobler said in an interview on Friday. "It was generational, political, all about this new thing, the youth culture. That was Paul's vision."

Robert Christgau, the veteran rock critic formerly with *The Village Voice*, said rock 'n' roll writing was indebted to Mr. Williams and his magazine "for its very existence."

Until *Crawdaddy!*, Mr. Christgau said, the sort of dense, almost literary analysis it ran about groups like Jefferson Airplane, Moby Grape and the Doors was simply "not a possibility."

In 1968, Mr. Williams turned over control of the magazine to others and left for California to become a full-time freelance writer. *Crawdaddy!* folded in 1979.

Mr. Williams wrote scores of articles for *Rolling Stone* and other rock journals as well as two dozen books, including three about Bob Dylan. In 1993 he became editor of a revived version of *Crawdaddy!*, which lasted until 2003, when his illness began taking its toll.

One of Mr. Williams's best-known articles as a freelancer was one he wrote for *Rolling Stone* in 1975 extolling the virtues of Philip K. Dick. Mr. Dick's work was respected in science fiction circles but was relatively unknown to the general public.

The article helped inspire wider interest in Mr. Dick and eventually sparked a vast new popularity for his work — much of that popularity occurring after Mr. Dick's death,

in 1982. Many of the books became best sellers, and 11 of his novels and stories have become Hollywood films, including "Blade Runner" (1982), "Total Recall" (1990), "Minority Report" (2002) and "The Adjustment Bureau" (2010).

After Mr. Dick's death, Mr. Williams was appointed the executor of his literary estate. His 1986 book, "Only Apparently Real: The World of Philip K. Dick," was among the first biographies of the writer.

Paul Williams was born in Boston on May 19, 1948, to Robert and Janet Rothman Williams. His parents had both worked on the Manhattan Project — his father as a physicist, his mother as an administrator.

His passion for folk and rock music in the early 1960s led him to turn down a full scholarship to attend Stanford University and choose Swarthmore instead, because he feared the distraction of the Northern California music scene, Ms. Berryhill said. (The strategy failed, she added.)

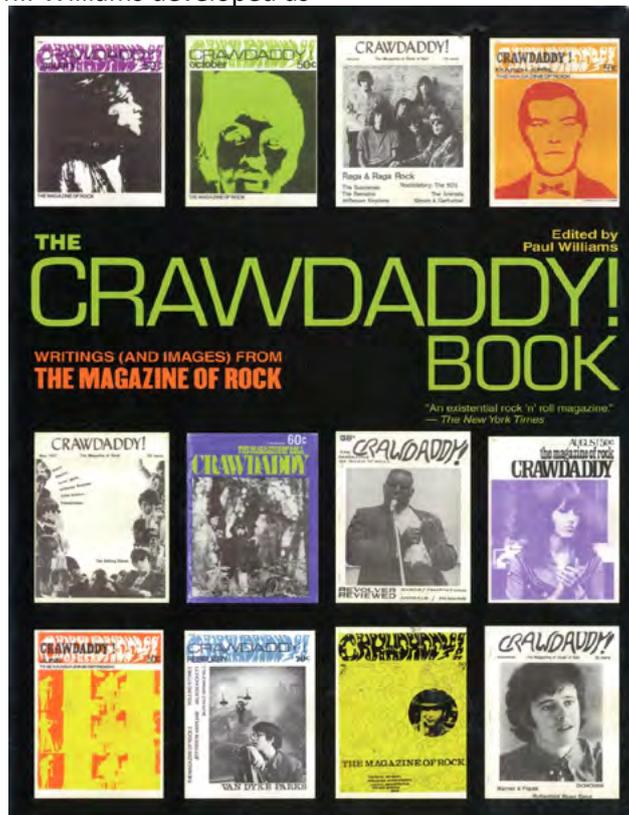
In addition to his wife, Mr. Williams's survivors include their son, Alexander Berryhill-Williams; two sons from a

previous marriage, Taiyo and Kenta; his father; and two brothers, David and Eric.

Leaving *Crawdaddy!* two years after creating it was not a hard call for Mr. Williams, said his wife, who described his proto-hippie life during the next few years as "Zelig-like." He lived on a commune, smoked his first joint with the Beach Boys' Brian Wilson, became the manager of Timothy Leary's short-lived 1969 campaign for governor of California, dropped in on John Lennon and Yoko Ono's "bed-in" in Montreal long enough to sing on their recording of "Give Peace a Chance."

Did he make it to Woodstock? she was asked. "He hitched a ride to Woodstock in a limo with the Grateful Dead," she said.

A version of this article appeared in print on April 1, 2013, on page A17 of the New York edition with the headline: Paul Williams, Father of Rock Criticism, Is Dead at 64.



Wherever you are, you are here

By Nick Buchanan © 2013

I first encountered Paul Williams through the **PKDS Newsletter** which ran for 30 issues; comprising analysis, interviews, and news about Philip K. Dick – the man and his work. I still have all of the issues bound and on my PKD shelves – they are amongst my most treasured possessions. When issues 9 and 10 came out (a double issue in the form of a two-sided audio cassette “90 Minutes with Philip K Dick”) I got to hear Paul’s voice for the first time as he interviewed Phil. I liked what I heard.

Then, a few years later, there was a **PKD Celebration** here in England – in October 1991 (*organized brilliantly by Jeff Merrifield and John Joyce*). I got to the hotel the night before and met Paul who was on his own at the bar. We chatted for a long while - about Phil, his work, his Pink Beam experience, about Zen, Flow My Tears and the FBI, and later, about Paul’s book ‘Das Energi.’ I was impressed with the generosity of his spirit and the balanced way he approached Phil – not as a starry-eyed fan, a cult-member-wannabe, or an ego-driven scholar, but as a sensitive, intelligent, balanced and articulate human being.

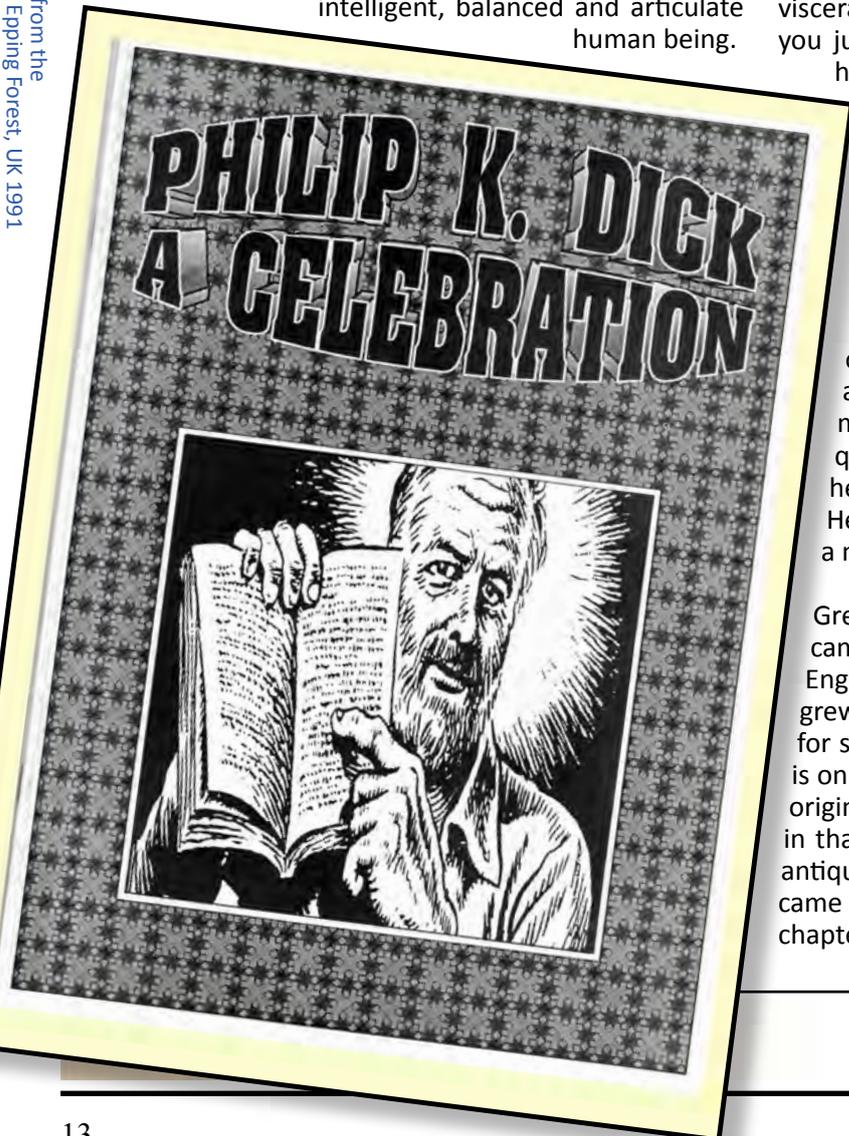


What impressed me was that what mattered most to Paul was his experience of Phil the man and Phil the writer. That is to say that *the effect Phil had* on his life and his worldview. These were what mattered most to Paul. This was not the cold and calculated stainless-steel analysis of someone stuck in their heads, this was about a heart-beat, it was about being human, being moved, being caught by something which won’t let you alone. Something which proves visceral, which stirs your curiosity, something you know you just have to assimilate into your life. Phil Dick can have that effect - but only on those who are willing to *feel* as well as think.

Over the course of the weekend celebration, I got Paul to sign a few books. When I asked him to sign his foreword to Sutin’s **Divine Invasions** (Sutin was in another hall selling his unwanted PKD paperbacks) Paul asked if Larry had signed it first (he had). Paul said he wouldn’t feel comfortable otherwise. This respect for others isn’t always found amongst the autographing community, and is a testimony to Paul’s singular nature. He was, and remains, quite unlike anyone I have ever met. After the event, he returned home and we exchanged a few letters. He was obviously busy, so I kept correspondence to a minimum.

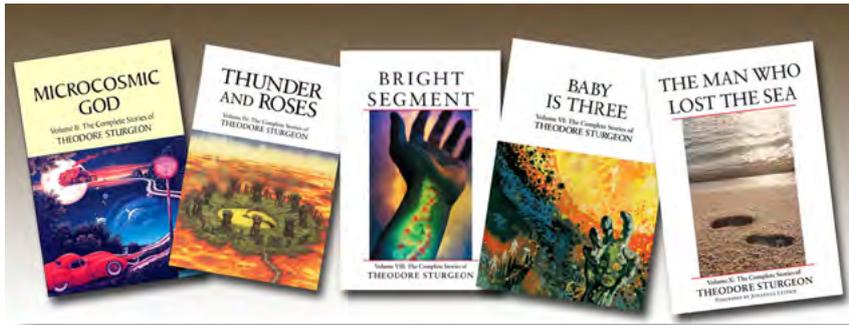
Gregg Rickman, who was at the same **PKD Celebration** came sometime later to stay with my wife and I here in England (we live just a ferry across the Mersey, and both grew up in Liverpool). Gregg and I drove to Hay-on-Wye for second-hand books. The small town of Hay-on-Wye is on the borders of Wales and England, near where the original ‘Singing Detective’ was set. It is a unique place in that nearly every shop (literally) is a second-hand or antiquarian bookshop. Gregg was great company and he came back with a stack of books. He gave me a copy of the chapter headings for his next book on Phil titled ‘**Variable**

The official Program cover from the PKD Celebration Weekend, Epping Forest, UK 1991



Man.' I promised Gregg I wouldn't share it with anyone or reproduce it in any way. However, I can tell you that it looked fascinating – I hope someday it sees the light of day. He is a fine writer and an incredible researcher.

Gregg and Paul had their differences regarding Gregg's hypothesis that Philip K. Dick was sexually abused as a child (a theory fully expounded in Rickman's first volume of his PKD biography "**To the High Castle. Philip K. Dick A Life 1928-1962**") It is testimony to both Paul and Gregg's characters that they nevertheless remained civil and polite with one another. Indeed, Paul gave Gregg Rickman space in the **PKDS Newsletter** to present his ideas. That they differed was nevertheless obvious. The PKDS Newsletter eventually ceased publication with #30 (Greg Lee stepped in with his fine publication **Radio Free PKD**) and Paul moved on to other projects - most notably doing for Theodore Sturgeon's work what he had previously done for PKD's.



One day, years later, I was thinking about Paul and wanted to thank him for all he had done for Phil's work and for what he was now doing for Sturgeon's. I realised that email would be quicker, and finding his address, sent him a warm email telling him I was writing simply to express how much I appreciated him.

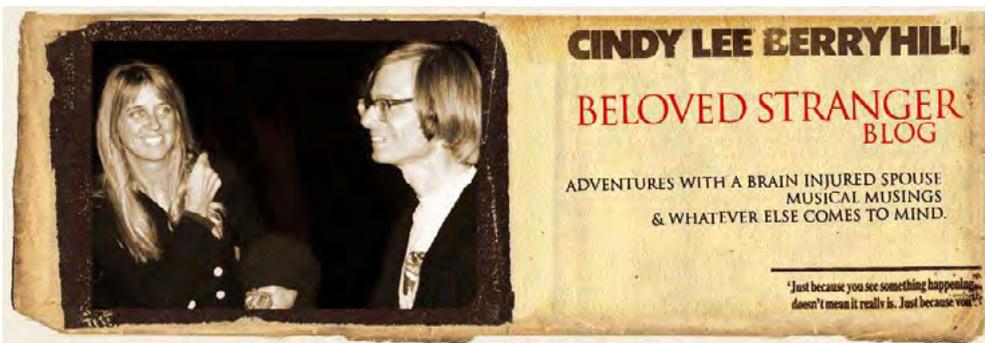
A few days later his reply came, but it was strange. It was only a few lines. I understood that he was pleased to receive my email and that he was thanking me for the contents. However, the nouns were strange, like near-misses, as if he were searching for a word and these were simply the closest he could find. I was puzzled. Was he super-stoned? Or tripping? Stupidly, I thought nothing of it. I would contact him again and would probably find him more lucid.

I cannot say how many months (years?) passed before I was surfing the net and found out that Paul had been in a

traffic accident (sustaining a head injury) and was now requiring full time medical care. CindyLee Berryhill was writing her beautiful Blog 'Beloved Stranger' about her experiences caring for and relating to Paul during his physical and mental difficulties. Then I saw the photos of Paul and I wept hot, salty tears for what was lost. For a friend.

Apparently he 'recovered' from the accident (to some degree) and then suffered a progressive dementia which robbed him of his language and his dignity. A crueller blow I could not imagine. I had recently witnessed my father-in-law deteriorate gradually, saw him evaporate through the mists of Alzheimer's until there was nothing left, just a wheezing body trying to hang on. In the end, his passing was a relief – not least of all to himself. He too was a beautiful and gentle man.

I had wanted to see Paul again, but it was obvious that so much of him was gone already. I knew that it would be impossible to have that next conversation. Logging on to CindyLee's 'Beloved Stranger' blog became a painful routine. I needed to know how Paul was. It was heart-wrenching to watch his demise week by week in cruel increments. I cannot imagine what it was like for those who really were close to Paul. It sounds improper to say it (but let's tell it how it was) he looked like some kind of grotesque parody of himself, with one eye near permanently closed, a haunted look and his speech evaporating fast. Dementia is cruel, delivering blow after blow until the personality shatters and all that is left is disparate, orphaned pieces which can no longer find their way home. Cindy-Lee and Alexander did a sterling job in giving him a life as rich in meaning and joy, as was humanly possible. At least Paul had that. It could have been worse, a lot worse. CindyLee read to him and talked with him. Despite the lack of return, there were lucid moments – sometimes even mystical exchanges:



Cindy posted this extract from one of Paul's conversations:

Relative: Is there anything you want?

Paul: Go up in the sky

Relative: What do you mean?

Paul: (pointing upward) Good music goes up
(January 2013)

...which is as elliptical as any I-Ching wisdom and as deep as a Zen Koan.

I was missing Paul, which was irrational because he was never a 'regular' in my life, and I was no big player in his either. It's just that sometimes we make promises to ourselves and we hope that one day...one day...then it's gone, never to return. It's the lack of possibility and the utter removal of opportunity which hurts. A comma becomes a full stop. Abruptly.

Without the Atlantic in-between I am sure I would have seen Paul again. He was important to me. We had laughed together. Now the laughter was gone and the geography had irised down for Paul to one building as it does for all of us, then... just one room, then...just a bed.

I re-watched the Arena documentary "**Philip K. Dick: A Day in the Afterlife**" just to see Paul.

There he was again, restored, sitting with his back against a huge tree (as he always would be) speaking with great affection about Philip K. Dick. The sun is shining again, he's wearing a straw hat and a white T-shirt (featuring a scan of Phil's hand drawn hexagram from an I-Ching consultation). He looks good. It's a beautiful day. I see the distinct cleft in his chin. His strong-lensed glasses. Paul is well and happy. I'm watching it well-after his accident and he is happy again before it. He is perfectly healthy. He is dying.

I watch the later documentary "**The Penultimate Truth about Philip K. Dick**" and I notice how Paul has changed. Already the speech is less easy. The concepts take just a little longer to hold and convey. It started a long way back. Piece by piece. It is subtle, but the difference is evident.



There is an early photo of Paul sitting down, arms resting on his knees, clasping his hands. He has rough boots on his feet and he's not wearing glasses. He looks vulnerable. He reminds me of Richard Brautigan. There is the same depth and the same singularity. Paul looks like an original. He looks like he knows his own mind, but has managed to retain great tenderness. A child-like quality. Later there

would be the long-haired Paul who looks like a University Hippy sitting in John and Yoko's bedroom (with Timothy Leary and a host of others) swaying enthusiastically and clapping to 'Give Peace a chance.' And then there's the Paul who looked like a young Andy Warhol; an entrepreneur, the inventor of Rock Journalism (with Crawdaddy!).

Paul worked tirelessly to bring Phil's fiction to a wider audience, bringing many books back into print – and also bringing some into print for the first time. And if you want to know how much of an influence he was as the Literary Executor of Phil's Estate, just look at how easy it is now to buy Phil's work.

It didn't used to be. Or, you could look at what happened when Paul left and moved on to other projects. His thermostatic influence was sorely missed by the estate. Now there are law-suits, claims, counter-claims and unnecessary bickering. Paul was that rare creature – someone fiercely intelligent but with very little ego. Passionate but not pedantic.

On my shelves are 13 volumes of Theodore Sturgeon's Short Stories. They wouldn't be there if it wasn't for Paul



Williams. It was his mission to do for Sturgeon what he had previously done for Dick (he mentioned as much in the later PKDS Newsletters). He began the Sturgeon project before his accident, but tragically was not able to write the story notes for the last two volumes 'Slow Sculpture' and 'Case and the Dreamer.' The whole set being eventually published sequentially, volume by volume, between 1994-2010. It was Paul who dreamed it. He

succeeded. I treasure the stories and I am grateful to Paul for making these beautiful volumes possible.

Paul made many things possible for many people. To use one of his lines from 1982, he *'built bridges that [could] be walked on by many.'* I have come to see how rare his talent was.

Paul approached life and the arts *experientially* - which is to say that for Paul, the most important aspect of being alive or of encountering a piece of music, writing or painting was *how it made him feel*. It was the *experience of living* which he wrote about again and again. In the case of his love for the work of Philip K Dick, it was always what a Philip K Dick story *did to you* that mattered most. *How it changed you, where it left you, how you felt as you read it.* I have no doubt this is why he focussed on **Bob Dylan: Performing Artist** in his brilliant Dylan Trilogy – for Paul, the magic happened during *the performance* more than anywhere else. His relationship was with people and their art. There was an immediacy in the way he wrote; a fresh and rare 'now-ness.'

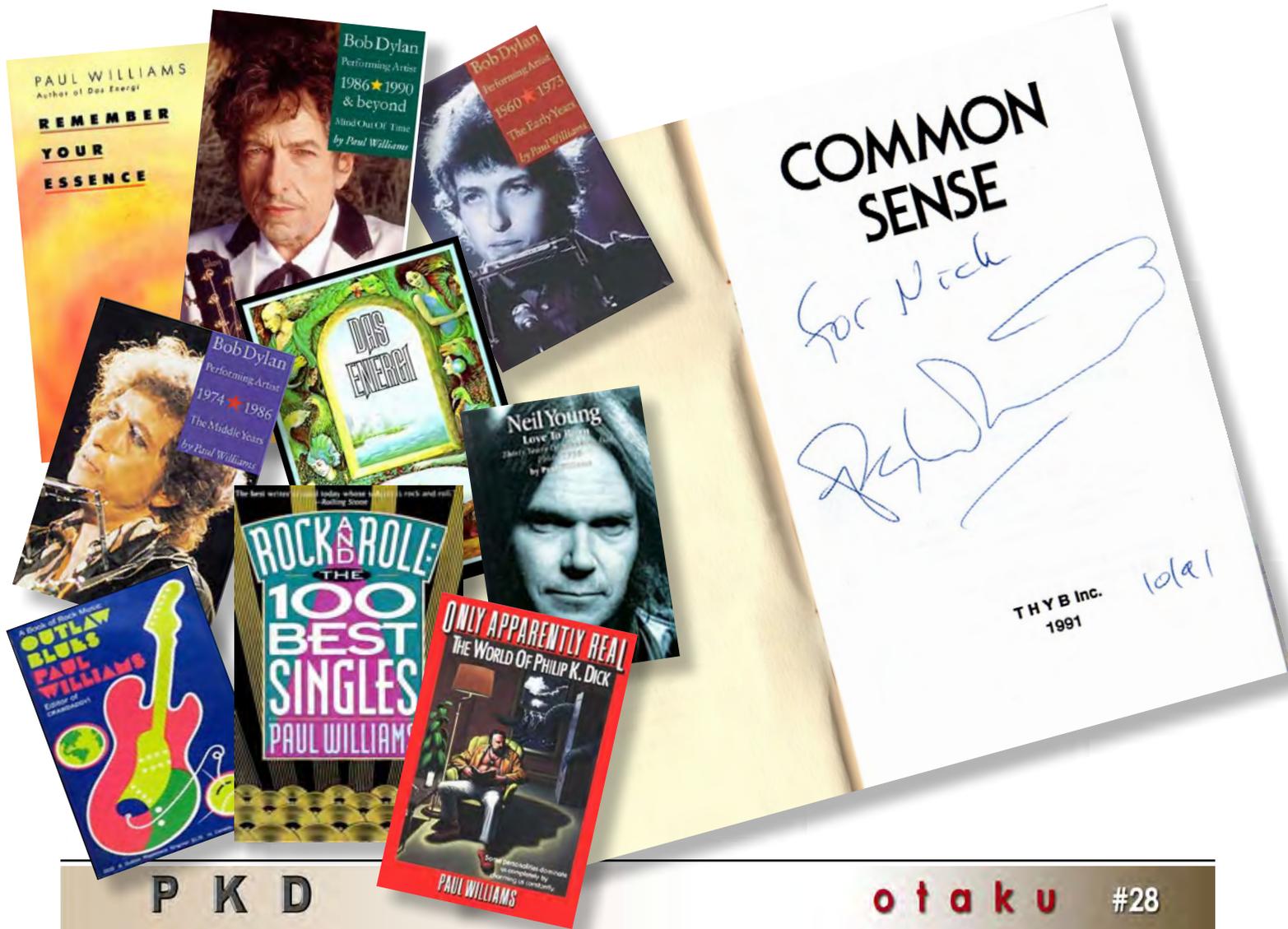
When I first met Paul, shortly after he felt that we had 'connected,' he gave me a small signed booklet titled 'Common Sense' containing lots of his wise aphorisms

and axioms. Each can be read separately - but taken collectively they are persuasive and therapeutic (I hesitated before using that word, but there it is). His words are indeed Common Sense. Such things are in short supply. We live on a planet which allows over half of its population to starve to death, which pollutes its water-tables, Fracks its shale beds and develops seeds which won't germinate (to make an obsolescent brand out of nature). We need Common Sense more than ever. We need guys like Paul.

I'll end with an admonition from Paul's 'Common Sense,' because it was given to me as a friend and because he signed it for me, but more importantly, because it shows one way we could all *be* the change we wish to see in the world:

And let us vow
 To enjoy our work so much
 That the hesitant and fearful will grow jealous
 And drop their chains
 And run to join in the fun.

© 1982 Paul Williams



Remembering Paul Williams

by Frank Hollander © 2013

Like many of us, I recently read various obituaries of Paul Williams, and skimmed through other assorted sources on the web. Two thoughts stand out. First, repeatedly he did things nobody else was doing. Whether he had naysayers to blow off, or never considered what others thought of his plans, he just did them. Second, though he was a hippie from start to finish, he had just enough business savvy to keep his schemes from becoming debacles.

In college, Williams edited a serious fanzine about rock music, and sent it out to people throughout the music business. The first of its kind, the zine was wildly successful. But a few years later he walked away, leaving this new field to his more striving contemporaries. For various difficult-to-categorize books he wanted to publish (including one you might have heard of called **Confessions of a Crap Artist**), he became his own publisher rather than accept the publishing industry as it was. Tellingly, he was the first to publish a book of the International Bill of Human Rights, with a foreword by Jimmy Carter. Seemingly alone among the multitudes writing about Bob Dylan, Williams wrote book-length studies about the man in performance, based largely on his experiences listening to bootleg recordings obtained peer-to-peer--the analog way.

Williams did other amazing things, like hang out with John and Yoko, edit the thirteen volumes of Theodore Sturgeon's short fiction, and conduct the famous 1974 interview with Philip K. Dick for Rolling Stone. What matters most to this readership, though it was mostly a footnote in the obituaries, was his stewardship of Dick's posthumous career. Picked as Dick's literary executor, tasked with sorting through the mountains of books, magazines, and unpublished writings to find things to SELL, Williams was nothing if not the right person for the job. Just like when he was in college, he did something nobody else was doing, and he did it with just enough business savvy to pull it off. He edited a serious fanzine about the works of Philip K. Dick.

Thirty years ago, I began my journey as a Dick fan, so I joined PKDS early on. I didn't drop out of school and hitch a ride to California to check out the scene, and my correspondence with Williams was close to the minimum (earning merit badges for dutiful resubscribing, Selected

Letters volunteering, idle bibliographing, and taking my cash-out prize when the gig was up). So I don't have any real stories to tell about the man. But I know from his works that he was one of a kind, and his influence on us so strong that there's simply no telling where we'd be without him.

Thoughts on Paul Williams

by Perry Kinman © 2013

The cherry trees bloomed in impressive pink pastel fires across the hills and towns but I was in a funk on hearing of Paul's passing.

I've never met or actually talked to Paul Williams but consider him a close, kind, good friend. I wrote him a letter after reading **Only Apparently Real**, inquiring if he had any checks left that he had been cutting Phil's signatures out of for tipped-in special edition books. I thought I was being sly in maybe getting an autograph of Phil's, not to mention finding out what kinds of things Phil had written checks for. He wrote back and said he didn't have any left, but he had some letters of Phil's and would I be interested in any of them. The timing was right. I had a good income at the time and suddenly found it quite exciting to not only have some first editions of Phil's novels, which is what you end up buying when you're caught up in that unstoppable addiction-like urge to read everything Phil has ever written after reading one, but to be able to get some actual letters that Phil had written as well. We wrote back and forth and I got a few. Paul was always friendly and patiently explained about each letter and details as these were letters between him and Phil. Maybe it was because both our wives were from Osaka that I felt we had a closer connection. Maybe not. Whatever, Paul was just a naturally nice, friendly guy.

Anyways, one line in particular stands out in my mind to this day that tells me more about Paul than anything else he wrote: *"Thanks for purchasing these things; I hope they will grace your collection well and give you much satisfaction. I consider the money a gift from Phil, and will spend it accordingly."*

Yes, I'll miss Paul Williams like I miss Phil Dick.

Like tears in rain.



Paul Williams

by Greg Lee © 2013

It happened while I was reading through the penultimate issue of the PKDS Newsletter that I had a small epiphany: Paul wrote that he was going to sunset the newsletter, that he had done his part, and it was time to move on because he had other dreams, other pursuits, and felt that he had done what he could for Phil's legacy. I thought I should not let this important voice just disappear. I was thinking selfishly of this fanzine devoted to PKD, of course, and casually taking for granted the voice of its editor.

I wrote to Paul right away, although I don't believe I had ever composed a single letter or note to him in all the time I had enjoyed my subscription and membership in PKDS. I told Paul that I would miss receiving this friend, this wonderful present that always came in my mailbox when I least expected it. It always contained amazing details and insights about Dick's writing, and news about works by Phil never before published that would finally see the light of day. I said unhesitatingly that I wouldn't mind carrying on with the newsletter under another guise -- if he didn't mind.

Paul wrote me back right away and gave me nothing but encouragement. I guess he sensed that I wouldn't embarrass Phil. He sent me a box of stuff -- notes on unfinished ideas for articles, scraps of unpublished minutiae, and photocopies of many, many obscure PKD items. They came with a wonderful letter describing the significance of each one, and how they might be employed in the newsletter, but that I didn't have to use any of it if I didn't want to -- they were just to get me jump started.

He wrote a touching note in his last issue that informed

the readership that there was a new 'zine coming, Radio Free PKD, and that everyone should support it if they could. Soon I had pen pals from all over the world, and developed a rich and literate conversation with amazing people that I would have never known if not for Paul. I was quite ill-equipped for the task, but I asked for help and although it was published very fitfully, I thoroughly enjoyed doing it.

Paul moved from Northern California to Encinitas, just one county away from me, so I was fortunate to finally meet him on a few occasions. We also bumped into each other at publishing shows on occasion, just cruising the convention aisles and swapping stories.

When Paul reboot his beloved *Crawdaddy!* using the same funky, stapled-style format of the old PKDS Newsletter, I devoured his thoughts on music old and new. I was too young to ever have seen his original magazine, but his '90s version was fascinating. But I'm not telling you anything you don't already know about Paul. Music was his first love and it showed in every sentence. I think his thoughts on the music of his generation are among his best work (and his preference to write about what he loved, and not waste time on knocking down what he might've disliked, was admirable -- something that our current life and times could learn from). It has to be said that

Paul was one amazing writer. He touched us all when he took up the mantle for his friend and inspiration, PKD, and for countless musicians and poets of his era. In doing so, he ended up inspiring so many more of us crazy readers, turning us into a community of friends that I've now counted for decades. Paul's gift to me was showing how following your passion leads to great things, and highest among these is how we hold each other up with love.

Thanks, Paul.

RADIO FREE P.K.D.

ISSUE # 7

AUGUST 1998



PHIL DICK IN 1968:

FROM THE COLLECTION
AT BOWLING GREEN

by Patrick Clark

Our Midwest correspondent, librarian Patrick Clark of St. Paul, found a small cache of hitherto unpublished PKD letters in the archives of Bowling Green State University. The estate of Philip K. Dick has kindly consented to the publication of these letters in RFPKD. In the first, PKD offers his blow-by-blow reaction to Roger Zelazny's LORD OF LIGHT, with whom he collaborated on DEUS IRAE. In the second, written one day later, Dick writes a chatty letter to Philip Jose Farmer about the state of the "s-f" field, and makes a few familiar comments about "marketable" vs. "literary/mainstream" novel writing. But first, RFPKD correspondent Clark looks at some other papers found among the archives--Ed.

In his many years as a writer Philip K. Dick left a paper trail of massive proportions. Much of his later output is in private hands, either with his literary estate or various collectors and booksellers. The largest collection open to the public is at the University of California-Fullerton Library holding materials from Phil's teenage notebooks through 1975. There is at least one other depository as well. A small collection of PKD's papers is housed in the Popular Culture Library at Bowling Green State University in Northern Ohio. This library was established in 1969 under the direction of Raymond Browne and contains primary research material of the study of 19th and 20th Century American culture.

On February 27, 1969, Browne wrote to Phil asking him to donate some of his papers to the project. Phil was enthusiastic and replied on March 6, asking for more details. On March 21 he

Cont. on Page 2

WASH-35 AND THE

QUEST FOR AUTHENTICITY:

60 YEARS LATER

by Eric "Sweetscent" Johnson

"To everyone but Virgil Ackerman, the Washington, D.C. of 1935 was a waste of time, since only Virgil remembered the authentic city, the authentic time and place, the environment now so long passed away. In every detail, therefore Wash-35 consisted of a painstakingly elaborate reconstruction of the specific limited universe of childhood which Virgil had known, constantly refined and improved in matters of authenticity..."

from NOW WAIT FOR LAST YEAR

You don't need to travel to Mars or take a cap of JJ-180 to visit Wash-35. Instead, next time you're in DC, just hop on the Metro and ride the Red Line out to Cleveland Park Station. Take the escalator back up to the surface and exit on the West Side. You'll find yourself on Connecticut Avenue almost in sight of the landmark Uptown Theater. If you walk down the avenue towards the center of town, you will find yourself in the heart of Virgil's very own *babyland*.

The first stop on your tour of *Babyland* should be the lovely art-deco Uptown Theater designed by architect John J. Zink. The Uptown is DC's only old single-screen movie theater that hasn't been multiplexed out of existence (at least not yet). While you probably won't be able to see Jean Harlow in HELL'S ANGELS, you might want to catch whatever new release happens to be

Cont. on Page 14

“Thrilling Wonder Stories”

by Paul Williams.

New York Avatar No. 3, April 26, 1968

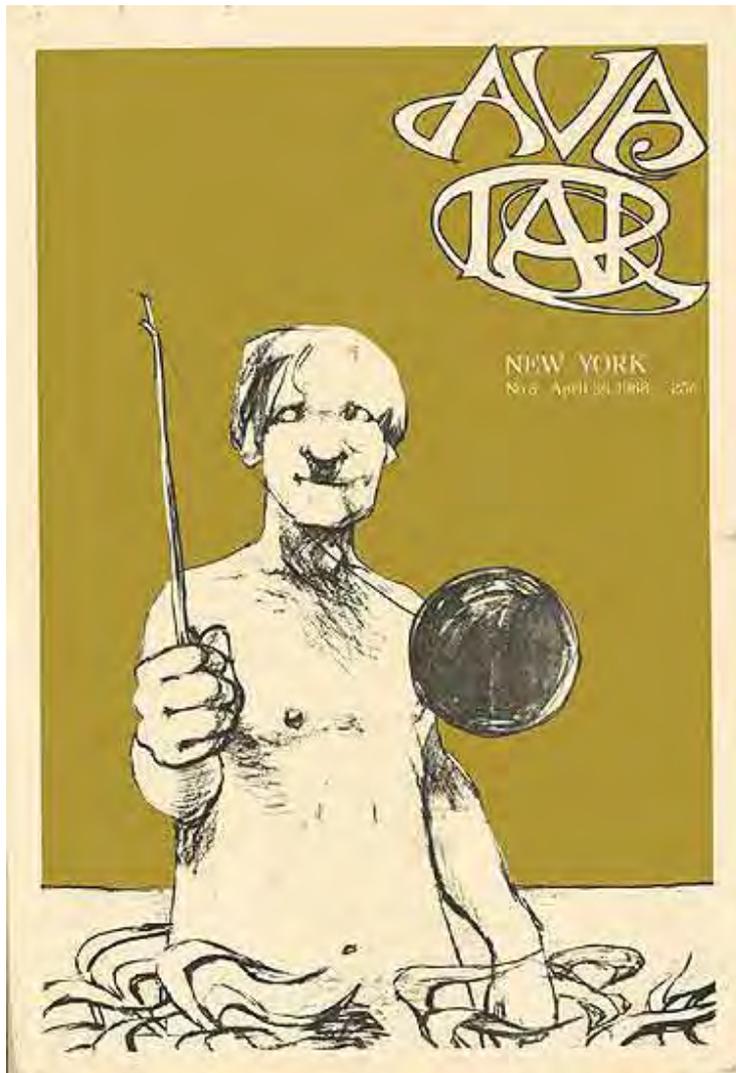
There’s this girl lying in my bed in the morning telling me there’s been a resurgence in interest in the occult lately, through which a whole new group of people have discovered science fiction, while I’m sitting and reading **The Game-Players of Titan** by Philip K. Dick. I’ve never quite understood the relationship in people’s heads between what is known as mysticism (demons, flying saucers) and these books I like to read; nor does there seem much reason for starting this column in bed. It’s just a nice starting place for a difficult question: who are these people, these real people, who read and write science fiction?

Philip K. Dick is this paranoid guy who writes fascinating paranoid novels full of objects that talk and realities that vanish. I’ve never met the man, but I remember some garbled story about him stealing a friend’s milk bottles off his porch in Berkeley, or maybe Dick was accusing the friend of stealing his milk bottles; I admit I wasn’t paying much attention at the time. But now I read (in *Game-Players*) that paranoia “is the involuntary reception of other people’s suppressed hostile and aggressive thoughts,” and I wonder if here we have a man who is thoroughly rational only at his typewriter, where he has time to make his actions fit together before displaying them to the world. Such a man should not be frowned upon; an “ordinary” man, one who spends his time and energy making the everyday world feel certain of his sanity, seldom has time to do anything else. Those who let themselves be thought crazy are at least trying to focus their energies in more constructive

directions.

And I certainly can’t believe that there are “sane” men. The real nature of man, of any man, is somewhat beyond our comprehension at this point, but rather than admit that, we take a few basic shapes and exclaim that they’re standards, and whatever sticks out or wherever the pattern isn’t filled does not or should not exist. We attempt to chop at everybody’s fingers till we all have the same fingerprints.

And any artist conscious of all this is likely to a) fill even the most routine hack-work with his consciousness of the nature of men’s minds, and b) feel rather concerned and even, yes, paranoid about the desire of society at large and particularly the United States of American to standardize his own mind. Phil Dick not only is aware of the ambivalence of sanity but has very real doubts about the existence of the world around him. In *Time Out of Joint* a hot dog stand with all the trimmings eloquently disintegrates before the protagonist in a moment of stopped time, leaving only a scrap of paper with the words **HOT DOG STAND** printed on it. In **The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch** you wake up from a psychedelic trip into another psychedelic trip, in which everyone and everything in the world, including yourself, slowly and inexorably turns out to be the person who first took the drug. And in **The Game-**



Players of Titan, “The vug said, ‘Mr. Garden, when did you first begin to notice these disembodied feelings, as if the world about you is not quite real?’” The poor protagonist is going through a perfectly ordinary albeit exceedingly clever, space opera adventure, and would be quite alright except that the author, and all the other characters in the novel, continually try to psychoanalyze him. Which

is what makes the novel so enlightening. Not that anybody's psychoanalysis is necessarily right, but that things happen, are forced to happen, on that level.

So we have a form of fiction in which author – as personified in the protagonist – pits himself against author – the clever guy who keeps changing the nature of the world around the protagonist. And don't think Dick, who writes most of his stuff on amphetamine, doesn't enjoy every aspect of the conflict. Jim Morrison sings, "I used to play a game... called go insane"; which is true – what you do, what Jim did, is just say "Woops, I'm out of control," and let yourself do whatever strange thing you feel like doing, let all those C*razy energies come to the surface and carry you away. And yes you're completely out of control, irrational, but choosing to lose control was a thoroughly rational act. Jim Morrison isn't crazy, he just doesn't care sometimes, and I would accuse both Phil Dick and myself of similar transgressions, channeled in somewhat different directions. "Going insane" as opposed to just being there is definitely a game, but I brought home a carton of milk from the supermarket the other day and as I was pouring myself a glassful I heard a clunk in the bottom of the glass and as I emptied the contents into the sink to see what it was a tooth fell out. I picked it up and to my surprise there was a little clump of HAIR on it, like it had been ripped out of the mouth of some wild animal. I laughed, threw the tooth away, and forgot the whole incident, at least until I found the whisker in my toothpaste. That was most distressing, and you can't IMAGINE all the things that started turning up after THAT. Eyeballs in the peanut butter, toes in the jam, ears on the toilet seat. I have been saving up all the pieces and slowly, deliberately, trying to patch them back together to see just what IS this damn thing that seems to be plaguing me, and do you know it turned out to be my mother.

There is nothing artificial about game behavior. It's just ordinary passionate uncontrollable human behavior within an artificial game structure, which is also what life is only if you choose to look at it that way (but you and I we've been through that); in **The Game-Players of Titan** the game is mating and the possession

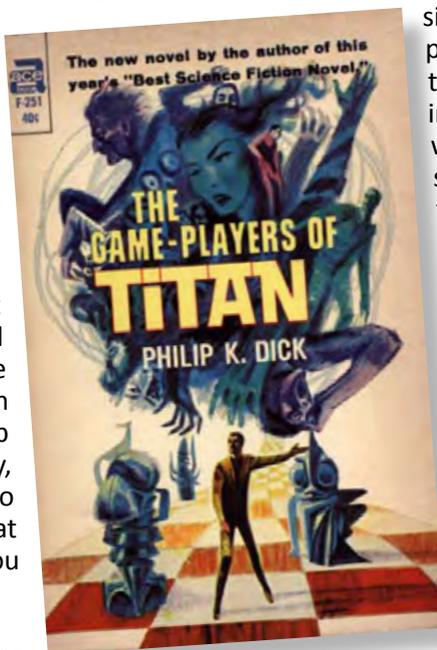
of property – the rules are transparently artificial, they've been set up for earthmen by the aliens from Titan, but the playing of the game is as real as the playing of the property and mating game at any time in human history.

Which breathlessly leaves us nowhere, an interesting and useless new style of writing that I am rushing to develop and leave behind as quickly as possible. Where do we stand? Is it the protagonist, author, reader, critic (me), or you that's crazy? Which of us will judge? Maybe we're not going anywhere because we don't know where to start. At this point, I've still read less than half of the novel I'm "reviewing."

Okay, it's been a long day, but except for calling a few Californians (it's 11:30 their time) it's pretty much over, and I'm ready to go back to talking at you (somewhere in there I finished the book). Philip K. Dick novels come on, most of them, in an extraordinarily delayed rush, and sure enough, as soon as I picked the book up again (page 93), everything started to happen. Huge conspiracies unfolded and receded to reveal themselves as conspiracies within conspiracies, on top of more conspiracies, confusions, deceptions and generally imaginative plotting. Vugs and men showed themselves to be untrustworthy and unpredictable, and in general not the sort of creatures that one would want to come to too many conclusions about. Better to put them through their changes in the course of a novel, and let the reader make his judgments, if any, about the inherent nature and worth of these species. Dick makes it fairly clear that if his sympathies lean towards Earthmen, it's only because that's the side he happens to be fighting on at the moment; and if you leave him to make a decision, he'd much rather write another novel. Which is as it should be, since all his novels are made up of the same parts anyway (the same is true of Simak, and Borges; and all these men give me great pleasure, by allowing me to travel familiar ground over on different days and in slightly different circumstances. It is one of the greatest joys fiction has to offer, this getting to know a man's world).

Dick's world is a world of specific ambiguity, not the shimmering general ambiguity of songwriter Van Dyke Parks,

Hot Dog Stand

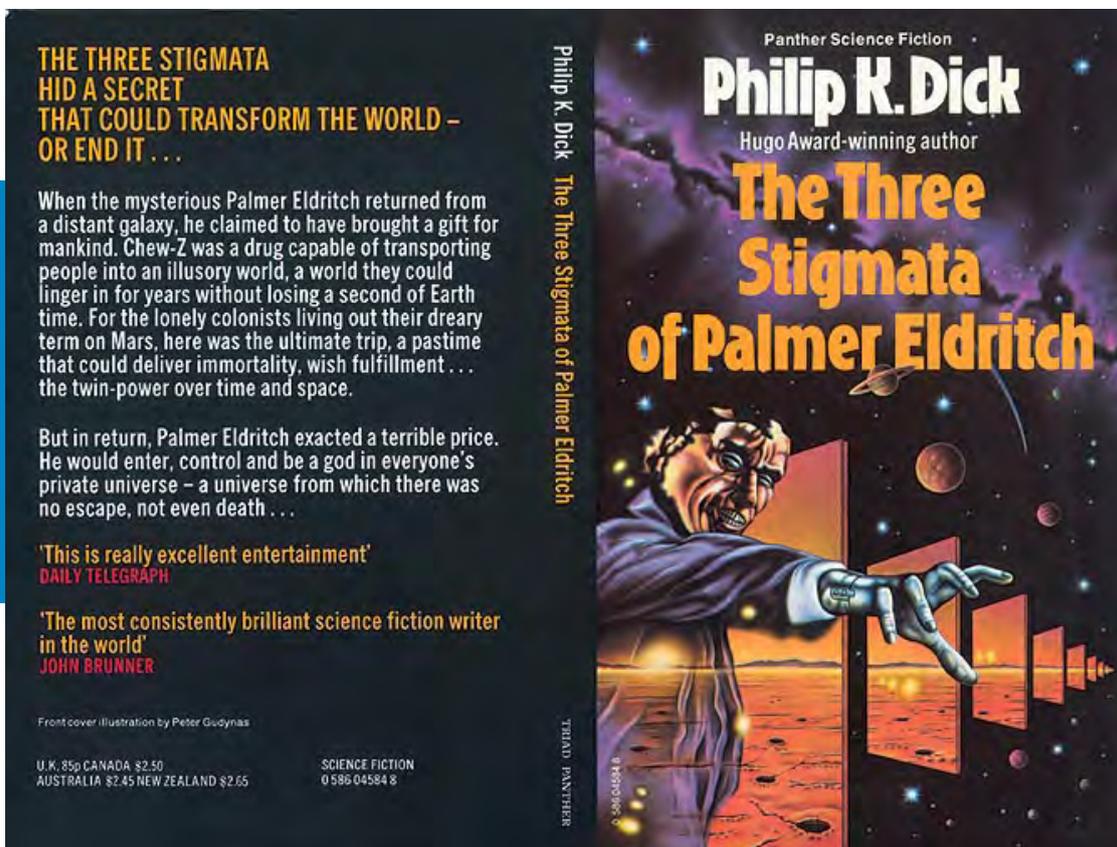


where you know that everything is or could be all things, but a sinister paranoid world where each thing seems to be one way and then turns out to maybe be another, and eventually it becomes clear that you can't be certain of anything – since each of us perceives a different world, really large-scale communication breakdown and even sanity breakdown is possible and in a different world, really large scale communication in a Dick novel, probable. But only because he starts from the premise that we are communicating, that things are a certain way, and then goes on to indicate that they're not. If you start (as Van Dyke does in his album Song Cycle) from the idea that nothing is known and that there is nothing that needs to be known, then you can go on and ambiguously create a world of multileveled meanings and realities in which whatever meanings you happen to pick out are there as a gift, are nice to know about – starting from uncertainty, everything is just kind of a nice more-than-nothing and ambiguity is simply a way of life, a pleasant adaptation to indefinite surroundings. Reading a P.K. Dick novel from the back probably wouldn't be scary at all, but I guess Dick's never done that. He's written a lot of books, and I admit to only having read a small handful, but each one that I have read starts from sanity. And of course falls apart. But somehow he never learns, you see what I mean? – having discovered incoherence and general difficulty in perceiving the universe everywhere he looks, he still never comes back and starts a new story from the vantage point of cha-

os is reigning and what the hell. He insists on returning to an apparently stable Go, maybe because if you lose it all on Boardwalk every time around, you just can't pass up that free \$200.

The vital thing about Dick is that he does introduce all these fascinating, complex conceptual problems while writing away at some crazy, enjoyable sf plot. His writing is sometimes sloppy, always fun; he lacks a sense of balance, but makes up for it by making whatever unbalanced part of his book you're in delightful reading. His characters are something less than human beings, though still better than run-of-the-mill for sf (famous for its poor characterization – which is groovy because New Yorker pieces aren't exactly notorious for their idea content), but he makes up for it by giving them really competent, comfortable dialogue, thereby keeping the action well afloat at all times. Game-Players definitely reads like it was turned right out, and there's nothing wrong with that; I can read it easily, enjoy it thoroughly and move on from it to new considerations of the world around me, and that to me makes it entirely as valuable as anything else anyone might choose to bring into the world.

Much Thanks to Frank Bertrand for transcribing this early article by Paul Williams



Notes from the Service

by Ted Hand © 2013

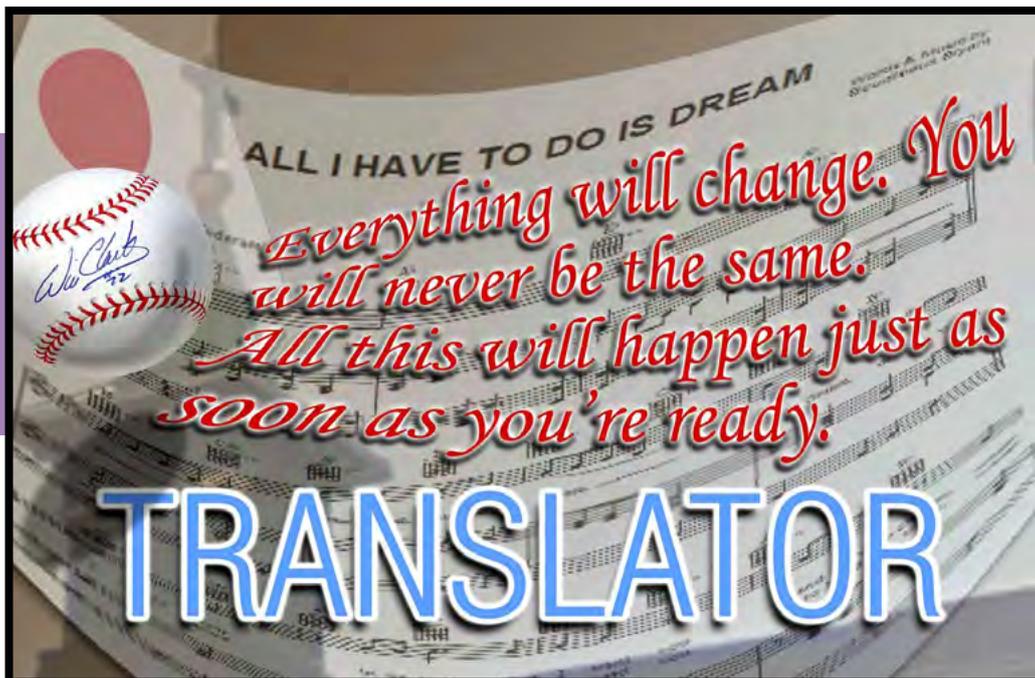
Dave Gill and I put on our nice shirts and ties and drove to San Francisco to pay our respects. The Episcopal Church on the north side of the city was lovely and full of family and friends, and I'm guessing other admirers of Paul such as ourselves. We heard music selected from Paul's favorites (from what folks were saying I gather there's a list): "All I Have To Do Is Dream," "Stoney Gates of Time" by Translator who actually showed up to play (and related a charming story of Paul in the studio telling them they really nailed a cut, "By My Side"), and the religious "Oh Happy Day" which involved some lively audience participation. We heard readings from Paul's writings: **Das Energi**, **Heart of Gold**, and some of his music criticism read by a music critic who discussed her debt to Paul. It's amazing how many people he inspired by just showing and telling them that they could write rock criticism (or PKD criticism).

Paul's first wife, who left her family and career in Japan to come to the states with him, spoke and emphasized the impact that meeting PKD had on her. His second wife mentioned that she was living with him while he was doing a lot of the PKD work. Another interesting tidbit came from Paul's son who said that his dad was into baseball and would listen to sports talk radio while he did his literary work, and that he would call whenever Will Clark hit a

home run. We heard from his brothers that their relationship was complicated. One had some poignant insights into the irony of Paul having a bit of a dominating personality despite being all about that 60's ecstatic "letting go" thing. He mentioned Paul's acid trips, in which Paul caught a glimpse of the possibility of giving up his ego but decided that he wasn't ready for it yet.

It really sank in for me that Paul wasn't just a pioneer in the application of sf fanzine know-how to rock criticism, he was also a head writer with the best of the psychedelic age. "Paul's nephew (who with his big sideburns is a dead ringer in both looks and hipster fashion sense) serendipitously discovered one of his uncle's books at Rainbow Gallery and discovered that he resonated with the writing in ways he'd never guessed, and related an amusing anecdote of a roadie backstage at some concert being blown away that he was related to the Crawdaddy guy.

The preacher from Paul's home church spoke very well, and having heard about how little Paul spoke after his condition worsened, got my attention with a comment about how he didn't realize how much it meant that Paul said "good sermon" when he passed him after a service. Everyone had a little bit to say about the non-recent nature of the loss: most of the man they had loved had been gone for a long time. But I got a sense that there was something left of Paul Williams even after his condition had gotten so bad, and I was comforted by the hope that he still understood how much his contribution was valued.



Paul Williams: Fan

by Dave Hyde © 2013

The other day I was reading RIDERS ON THE STORM: My Life with Jim Morrison and The Doors, by John Densmore - the drummer in The Doors, and was pleased to read of the boys in the band eagerly reading Paul Williams' review of their new album in Crawdaddy. It reminded me of what I mostly think of when I think of Paul Williams (well, one of two things, the other being Philip K. Dick) and that is my mental image of him riding to Woodstock in the Grateful Dead's limousine, no doubt toking up copious amounts of grass with Jerry Garcia, Phil Lesh, Bob Weir, Pigpen and the rest of the band, arriving at Woodstock, stumbling out of the limousine to a scene of chaos and cacophony, finding a front row seat somewhere and enjoying three days of peace, love and music in the fields of Max Yasgur's farm in upstate New York. Wow! I think, that's the way to do it; go in style. It makes me supremely happy when I think about this because Paul deserved it. He was a fan of the music and in an era when pubescent babble in print and on TV was the norm he had the nerve to write about rock n' roll music as if it had meaning, because to him it did, and he knew he was not alone. And so the field of rock music criticism was founded by Paul with the advent of Crawdaddy in February 1966. That's why he got to sing with John and Yoko at the Montreal bed-in for peace in 1968. We can see Paul today on uTube next to Timothy Leary, singing "Give Peace A Chance".

This is the fan's reward: to get to hang with your heroes, see what they are like, how they create their art, be near their genius, even become a part of it. The fan is always an outsider, to find oneself all of a sudden a part of it all is the apotheosis of fandom, as well as a dead end. I'm reminded of the punk in the RUDE BOY Clash movie who only gets in the way and in the end is drinking himself to death while boring people with his tales of being a roadie for The Clash. Death and Glory it's just another story. But that was not Paul Williams. Having casually founded a whole new field of human discourse he read a novel by Philip K. Dick...

For fans of Philip K. Dick this is where we come in because if it wasn't for Paul we likely would not be here today writing about PKD and, sadly, of Paul's passing. That Paul Wil-

liams recognized something in PKD's writing is not surprising to us, we've done the same. And we still don't know what it is. The 1975 Rolling Stone interview of PKD by Paul is a touchstone in our study of the life and writing of this great writer. And Paul's founding of **The Philip K. Dick Society** after Dick's death in 1982 and his publication until 1992 of the Society's newsletter is what brought us scattered fans worldwide together. We credit Paul, and rightfully so, for the impetus he gave to PKD's work out in the world. If it wasn't for Paul - and the rest of PKD's fans because, as I said, Paul was not alone, he knew we were with him, that he represented many fans - the critical field of Phildickian studies may not exist. It was Paul who insisted that PKD's fans have a say in any matter involving Philip K. Dick. A happy state of affairs that continues today.

'This is the fan's reward: to get to hang with your heroes'

I never met Paul. I wrote him after finding the address of The Philip K. Dick Society in the front of one of Dick's novels back in 1984. Andy Watson replied to me and Andy and I had a correspondence that

lasted for many years. I did, however, get an occasional note from Paul, usually with an enclosure for my own PKD zine For Dickheads Only. He had the strangest hieroglyphic signature. When he published something I wrote in the Society Newsletter I was overjoyed. I was fired up. I was not alone. I was a part of it.

Above I've said how a fan is an outsider. Imagine a fan in Indiana in the 80s! California was a long way away and that was where all the PKD fans were, and they all seemed to have known PKD personally. But by publishing something, doubtless trivial, that I wrote, I felt included. Loneliness is a bad thing.

To be a part of something and still be somehow outside is my natural condition but, for once, I was included. Thank you, Paul and Andy, for that.

When Paul died I was shocked. I knew subliminally it was expected. To see a great man who had profoundly influenced two major areas of human discourse slip away from us over many years is the depths of sadness for his family and friends and distant compatriots. Yet we find solace because of what Paul Williams has wrought: us, the fans of Philip K. Dick, we remain, lost in this hellhole world scrambling around trying to find the truth when all our prophets are dead. But, thanks to Paul Williams, we are together. Wish you were here, Paul.





Paul Williams
(1948-2013)

“Paul William’s Writings on Philip K. Dick”

by JPC

By no means a complete list as I haven’t looked through the *PKDS Newsletter* yet. Information here comes from my own collection as well as references in Phil Stephensen-Payne & Gordon Benson, Jr., *Philip Kindred Dick; Metaphysical Conjurer*, 4th edition, 1995. Additions welcome.

“Thrilling Wonder Stories” *New York Avatar* No. 3, April 26, 1968

“The True Stories of Philip K. Dick” *Rolling Stone* November 6, 1975

“Introduction” to Philip K. Dick, *Confessions of a Crap Artist*; 1975

“Philip K. Dick Appreciation” *Locus* No. 256, May 1982

“Introduction” to Philip K. Dick, *The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldrich* [Gregg Press edition]; 1979

“Forward” to Philip K. Dick, *The Man Whose Teeth Were All Exactly Alike*; 1984

“Introduction” to Philip K. Dick, *Ubik: The Screenplay*; 1985

Only Apparently Real; 1986

“Introduction” to Philip K. Dick, “Fawn, Look Back” *Science Fiction Eye* No. 2, August 1987

“Introduction” to Uwe Anton, ed., *Welcome to Reality: The Nightmares of Philip K. Dick*; 1991 [“Introduction” written 1988]

“Introduction” to Philip K. Dick, *The Dark Haired Girl*; 1988

“Forward” to Lawrence Sutin, *Divine Invasions: A Life of Philip K. Dick*; 1989

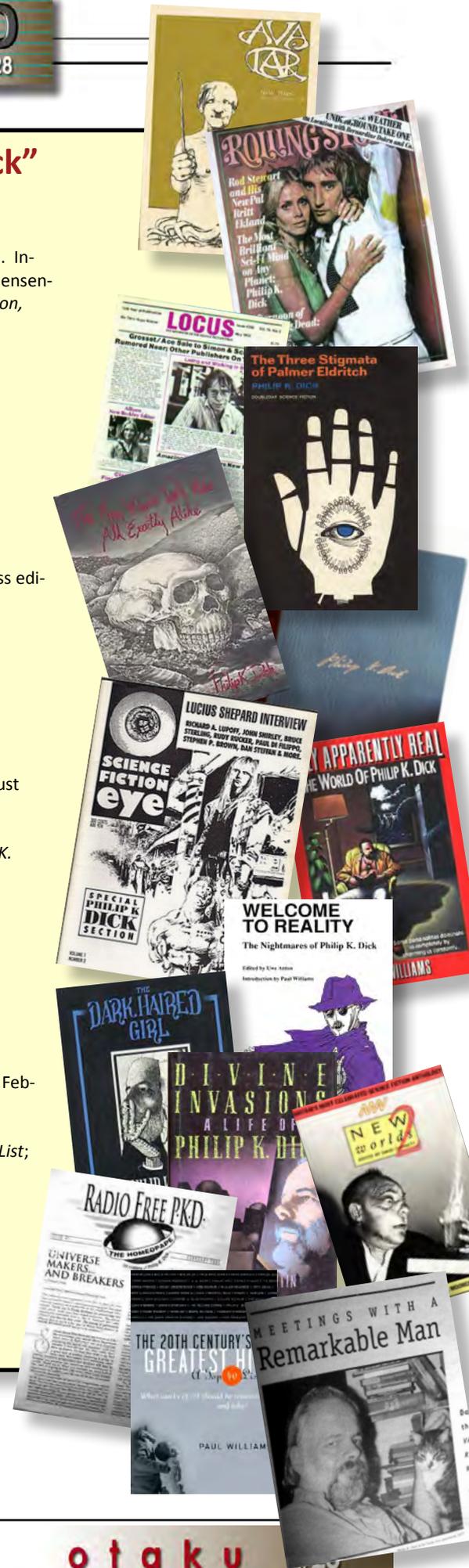
“Introduction” to Philip K. Dick, “‘Joe Protagoras is Alive and Well and Living On Earth’ and ‘The Name of the Game is Death’” *New Worlds* 2, 1992

“Reflections on Philip K. Dick” [interview by JohnFairchild], *Radio Free PKD* No. 1 February 1993 & No. 2 May 1993

“Martian Time-Slip” in Paul Williams, *The 20th Century’s Greatest Hits; A Top 40 List*; 2000

“Meetings with a Remarkable Man” *San Diego Reader*; December 18, 2003

“Philip K. Dick’s Romance with Germany” undated; described by Stephensen-Payne & Benson as being “privately circulated.”





'Paul out of Joint' by Nick Buchanan - with much love, sorrow and affection x