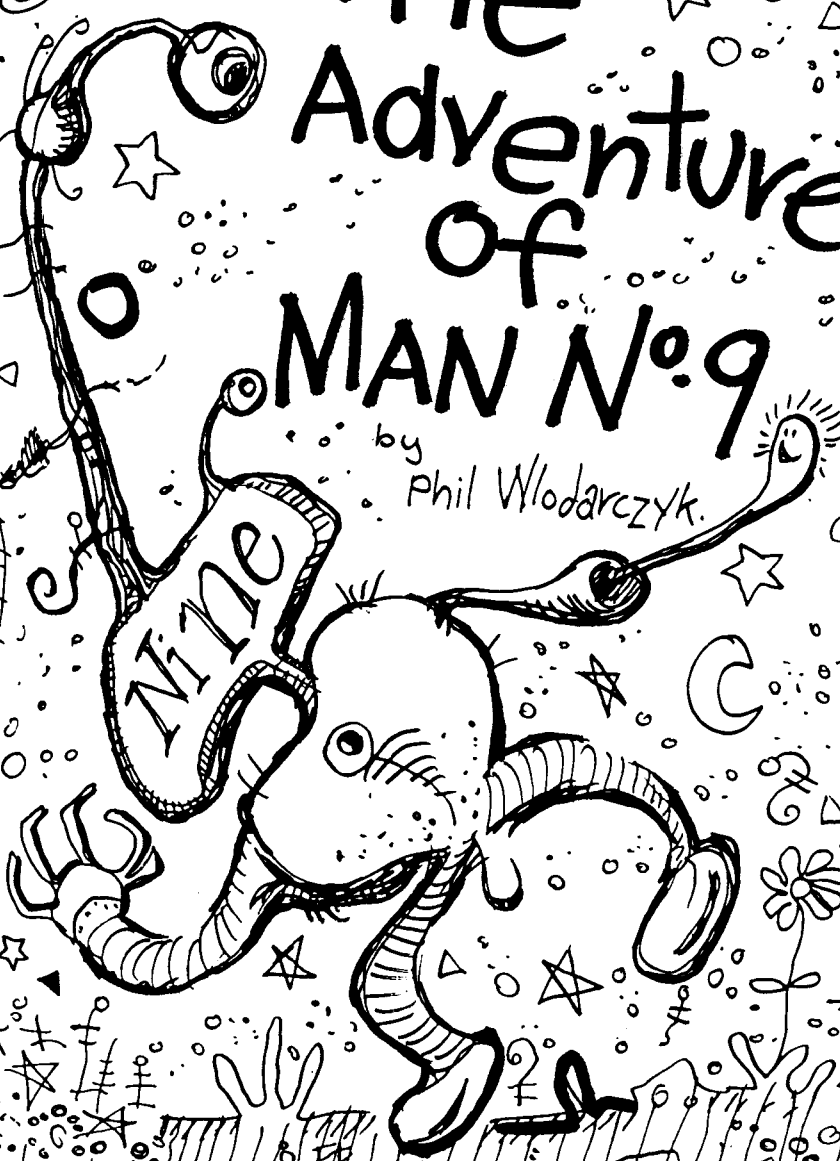


The Adventures of MAN N°9


by
Phil Włodarczyk.



"BEYOND
THE
BUS
STOPS"
FEB. 1986

ACTUALLY, I REALLY DO THINK THAT GOD IS A PRETTY QUEER BASTARD

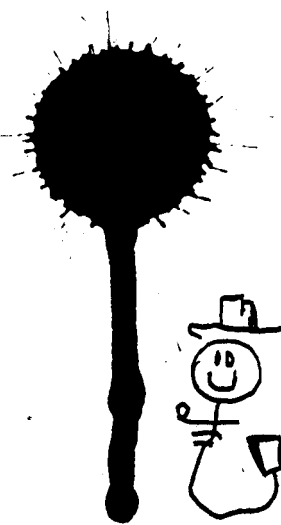
INTRODUCTION:

This is the world of Man No. 9, victim, and hero, who OVERCOMES a most  unique problem.

You see, he is held captive in a most unlikely place. An artificial world. His only way out isn't obvious until the end. Only you, the reader, can achieve his emancipation...

► Oh, and by the way, the place he is trapped in isn't just your ordinary False World....

IT REALLY
DOES
EXIST! -Phil



The Adventures of Man No. 9. March 1986. Is a one off 'zine produced by Phil Wlodarczyk. Anyone who wants to subscribe can send me \$10.00 and I'll send you one copy of this issue each month for the next 12 months.

Phil Wlodarczyk, 40 Carnarvon Road, Strathmore, 3041

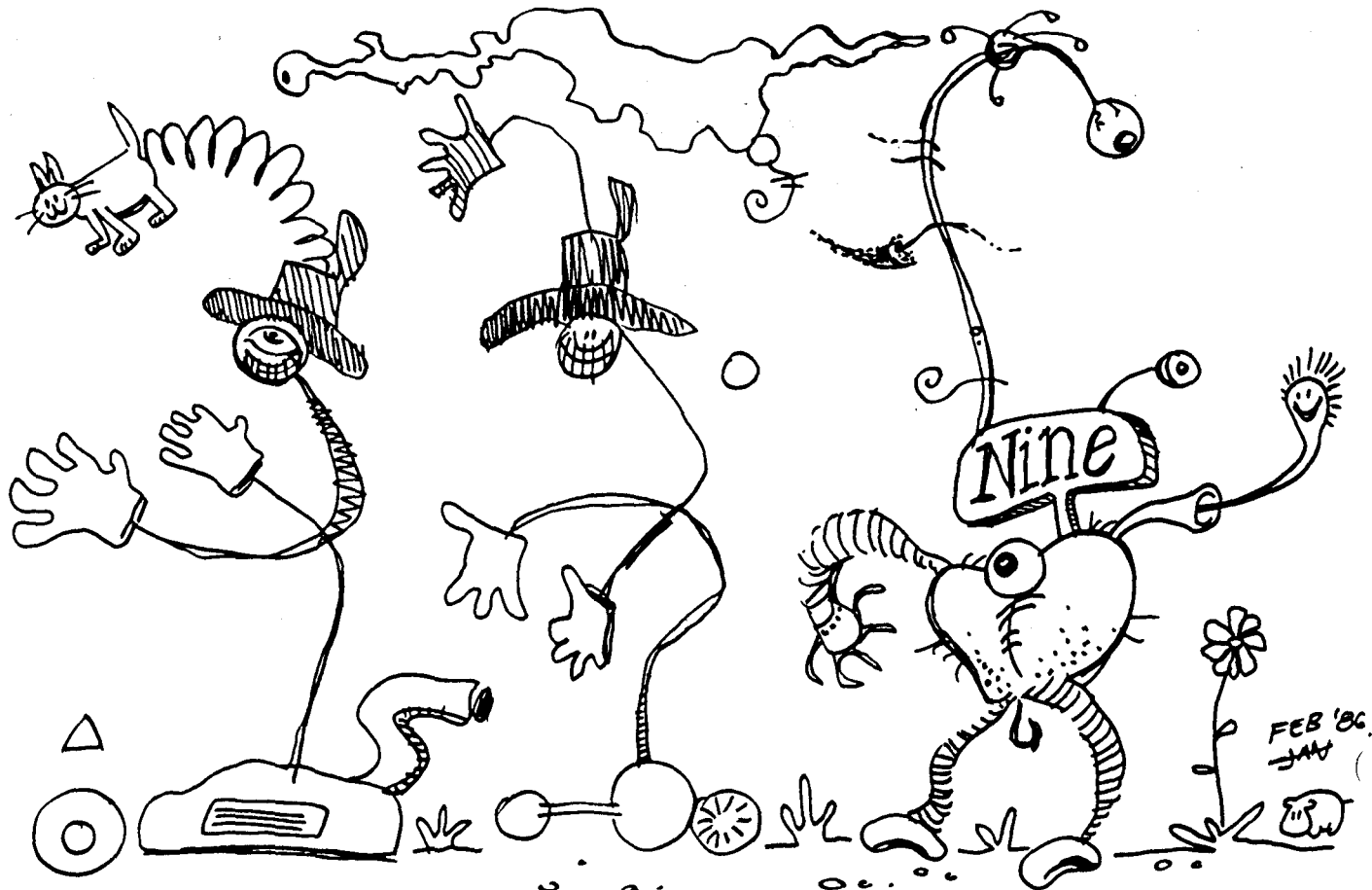


FRASERHEAD

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* Don't bother to look for any page no.s,
because there aren't any.



MEN ON BIKES WEAR BIG BLUE HATS WHILE MAN NO. 9 GOES FOR A WALK IN HIS GARDEN.

THE ADVENTURES OF MAN N° 9

Suddenly, there was light.

An open door to another world. The turning of a page. Man No. 9, his presence unfelt until now, comes alive! With life comes awareness. Perception. He instantly had that unpleasant feeling of being watched, as if some stranger was closely observing every move he made. He felt quite bad about it because, strangely, he also knew the observer had liberal access to all his thoughts and feelings. His ideas would not just be his own. He would just have to ignore it for the time being. Though it irked him badly, there seemed nothing he could presently do about it.

Man No. 9 was hungry. He decided that he would have his breakfast. The bulk of his heart shaped body settled awkwardly onto his chair at the kitchen table. "I know there's someone there. I can feel them glide over my thoughts with calculated ease. They know everything I think of. Then this is a dual awareness" he thought. He felt uncomfortable and decided to read his paper while eating his cereal.

It was on page 5 when he noticed the first spelling mistake. He didn't worry too much about it until the mistake appeared a second time. The first appearance could have been an accident. The second time may have been a coincidence. But when the mistake occurred a third time, Man No. 9 knew that he was at the centre of some awful conspiracy.

He looked ahead and scanned the lines of words for more mistakes. There were more. Mistakes were everywhere. He became aware that somehow the unwelcome invasion of the privacy of his mind and the conspicuous mistakes were related in some sinister way. But how?

He stared thoughtfully at a portrait of himself posing with two of his friends on bicycles which hung opposite from where he sat. Was there something strange happening to them also?

Suddenly the truth struck him. It was almost like he had received a physical blow. However, now he knew exactly what was happening to him.

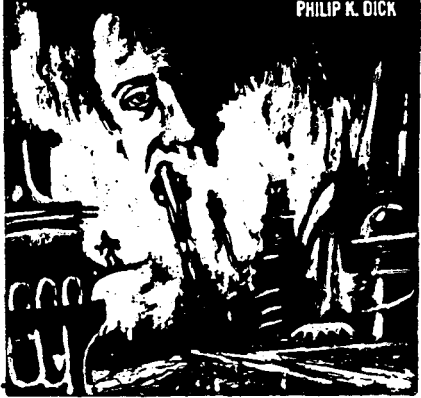
It was quite obvious. He was trapped in a bizarre and inexplicable world. He was trapped in a fanzine! He knew there would be no way out. Or was there..?

MB

HE OFFERED TO SELL 60c
THEM THE SECRET OF 60-240
ETERNAL LIFE. ALL
HE ASKED IN RETURN
WAS THEIR SOULS

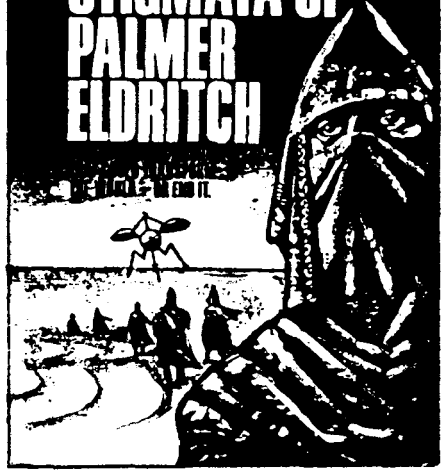
THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRITCH

PHILIP K. DICK



PHILIP K. DICK THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRITCH

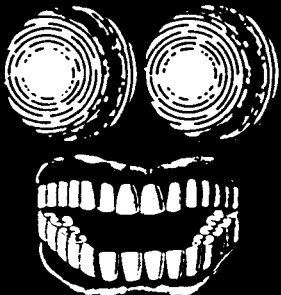
PHILIP K. DICK 1929-81 12



Science Fiction

PHILIP K. DICK

The Three Stigmata of
Palmer Eldritch



Philip K. Dick

Hugo Award-winning author

The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch



THE THREE STIGMATA OF PALMER ELDRITCH.

This has got to be one of the most amazing pieces of bullshit that I have ever read, Though to be honest, to simply dismiss it as just a pile of cow pooh is to the book a serious injustice. Some very heavy thinking lies just below the surface of the complex narrative. The unique title alone gives the reader elusive clues without giving away much of the storyline or being overly indulgent.

It is not just an exercise in surreal juxtaposition, nor is it a conventional time travel or space opera yarn. Yet strangely enough, it is all these things and is still more. A parody on big business, a study in messianic power and the graphic depictions of some quite bizarre drugs also comprise the convoluted plot. And to top it off, it's a horror story with the very nature of reality being constantly in question. The book's many simple intricacies make The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch worth reading more than once. Each successive rereading of this strange book seems to uncover a previously hidden corner that Dick has managed to sneak in while the reader's back was turned.

The central figure of Palmer Eldritch links the various shifting illusory worlds no matter how strange they appear to be. These awful fake universes are created by the users of the drugs Can-D and Chew-Z in order to escape their intolerable existence on the not too happy martian colonies. Thence a myriad faceted unreality unfolds. Just exactly where anyone may stand under the influence of Palmer Eldritch, who acts as a deity in the Chew-Z created realms, is totally uncertain. Life's problems and mysteries are dealt with, and compounded, by the deceitful nature of Chew-Z. The normal perspective of reality isn't altered so much as one would more readily say that a door had been opened to an unstable alternative reality.

Not necessarily good SF, some of Dick's 'scientific' ideas are a little bit questionable. Even so, the flaws in the book add to it's flavour. The settings and trappings are fairly conventional SF, but Dick runs off and explores unexpected tangents that stem from his ideas.

Without a doubt, this is one of Philip K. Dick's more extreme works. It is definitely a unique book, and because of this, it becomes very difficult to label. Easy categorisation is near impossible. More of a study in philosophical values rather than straight SF, The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch is a wierd and fascinating experience...

THE ROOM...

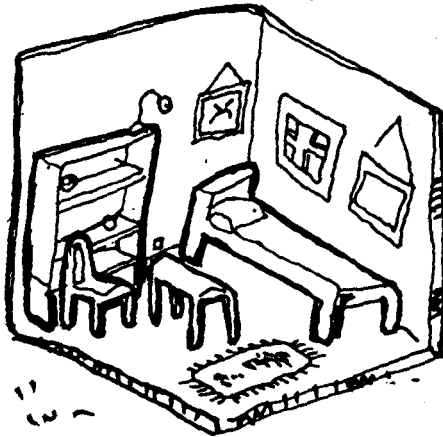
THIS IS A DOOR



BEHIND THE DOOR IS....



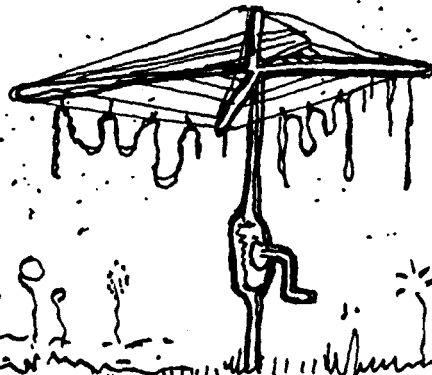
A ROOM.



THIS IS THE MAN WHO LIVES IN THE ROOM



EVERY MORNING HE HAS A GLASS OF MILK AND A BOWL OF MAGGOTS FOR BREAKFAST.



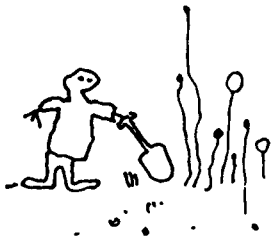
HE HANGS DOGS' INTESTINES ON HIS CLOTHES LINE TO HELP DISCOURAGE BURGLARS & ATTRACT FLIES

FEB '86

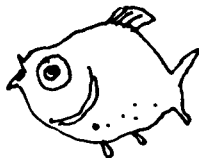
IN THE MORNING, I
GET OUT OF BED.



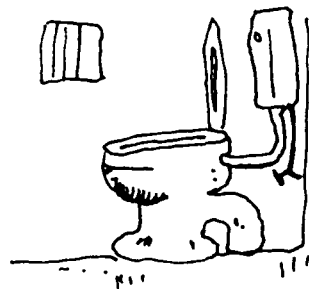
I GO OUTSIDE INTO
MY GARDEN



I EAT FISH
FOR LUNCH



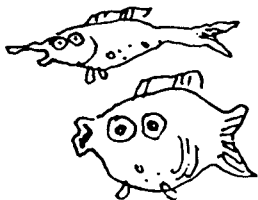
WHEN THE DOORBELL RINGS,
I WANT TO HIDE



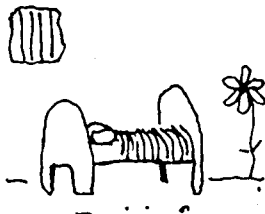
I WISH PEOPLE
WOULD LEAVE
ME ALONE!



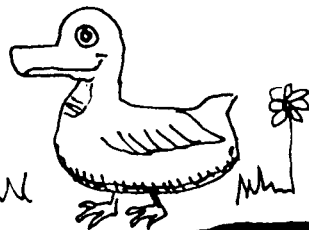
I WANT TO
EAT
MORE
FISH...



AND GO BACK
TO BED!!



I WISH I WAS A DUCK.



CHEESE DIP
CHINA DISH,
YELLOW BELLED
LUNGFISH!

MAN
Nº 4

HELP!

HUMBUG!

BLOOD

FLOWER-POT

FEB 1966



Man No. 9 had been in shock for several pages now. His reeling mind had stopped spinning and now he could ponder on his problem. He was stuck in a fanzine. He had to find a way out. The more he thought about it, the more certain he was that he had to seek his freedom. Could he do it? Was there an escape? Each and every one of his thoughts were exposed to whoever was reading the 'zine. Maybe if he thought in gibberish he could distract the reader and escape while their attention was diverted.

"Jellyfish mushroom cake. Carnivorous phone books wear licorice under pants. Terracotta vultures eat yabby cornflakes in stream-lined castles of grass. Ronald Raegan..."

But it did him no good. It was not productive or progressive. He would not escape by simply being silly. He'd have to find a better way out. He'd have to act.

Then it occurred to him that being the resident of an amateur fan publication might not be so bad after all. Well, he was on the cover and he did seem to have several pages devoted just to himself. "I guess I should be thankful, really. I could've been stuck in something a lot worse. Like 'TV Week'" he thought.

The next idea that Man No. 9 thought of was that someone had to be responsible for this strange existence. Who, or what, was in control of the situation? Then the word came to him. 'Editor.' Of course, the fanzine had an editor!

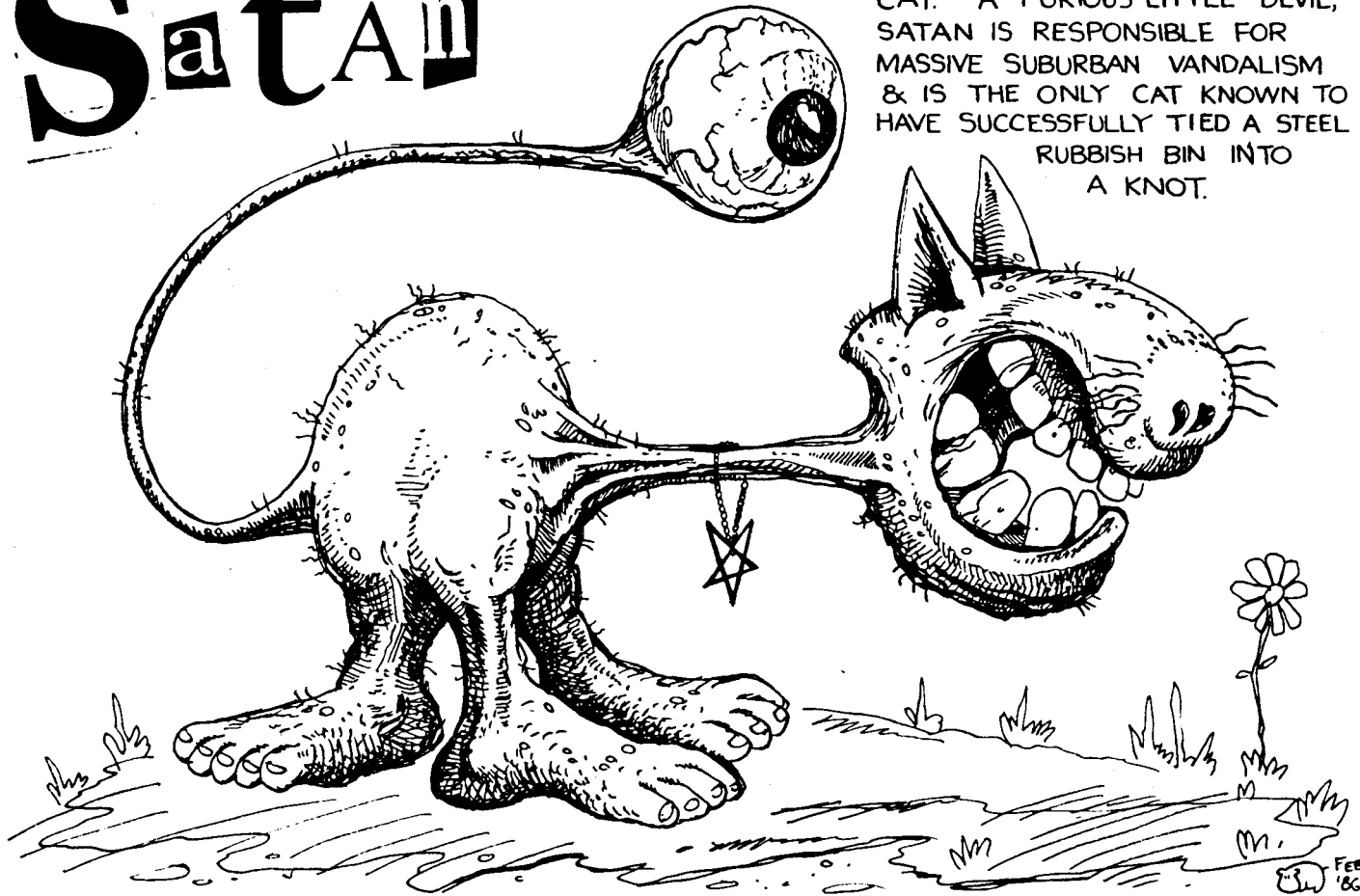
But there was something about fanzine editors that Man No. 9 definitely did not like. They could act as they pleased in their private publications. They could create or destroy at will anything in their own printed world. They could influence the actions and direct the contents to whatever goal they had in mind. It scared Man No. 9 to know that there was a God who had absolute power over everything in this world. A deity who may at any instant erase this tiny fanzine universe and put an end to his fragile existence by just lighting a match.

Man No. 9 sat down feeling very defeated. What hope did he have against God?

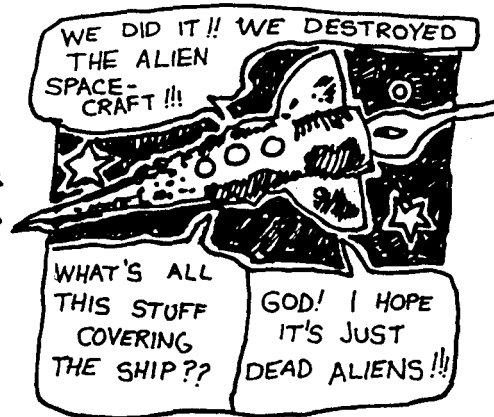
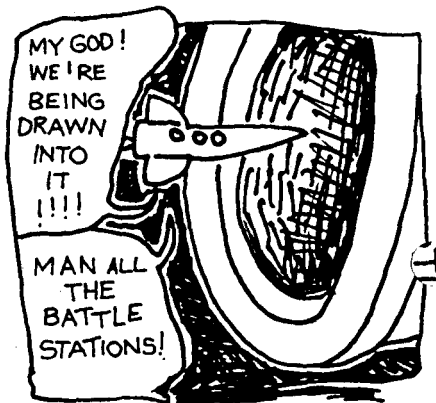
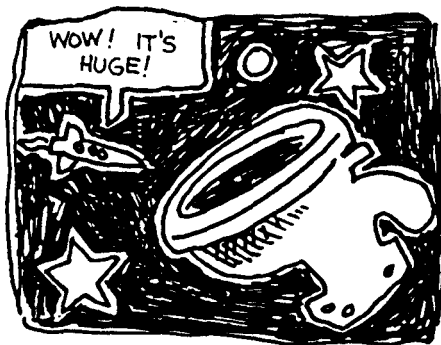
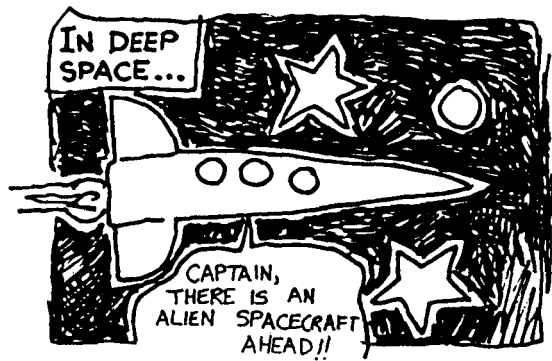
There must be a way out. But how..?

Satan

SATAN IS MAN N° 9's PET CAT. A FURIOUS LITTLE DEVIL, SATAN IS RESPONSIBLE FOR MASSIVE SUBURBAN VANDALISM & IS THE ONLY CAT KNOWN TO HAVE SUCCESSFULLY TIED A STEEL RUBBISH BIN INTO A KNOT.



FEB. '66.



*SOUNDLESS!

ERASERHEAD



IS THIS MAN CAUGHT UP IN ONE OF PALMER ELDRITCH'S FALSE WORLDS? OR IS HE JUST HAVING A BAD DREAM?

Eraserhead is a complex and surreal dream committed to celluloid. It shares with The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch a certain feeling of not knowing exactly where you are or what may happen next. And like that book, Eraserhead sets up it's own internal logic, though any attempts to decipher what kind of sinister reasoning is at play here, quickly become obsolete as the film progresses.

David Lynch's Dune, and especially The Elephant Man, are probably better known to the public, but I feel that Eraserhead is the superior movie by far. Eraserhead hasn't earned cult status for nothing. It's B & W photography and startling, frequently

disturbing imagery, make it the perfect midnight cinema experience. And this is a film you do experience as you follow the plight of Henry Spencer as he tries to lead his life as normal as possible while the events in his steadily decaying post industrial world get stranger and stranger. I'm not going to go into any details of the plot, mainly because I'm not sure where to start. You probably wouldn't believe me anyway. Just go and see this thing.

left: HENRY SPENCER'S DREAM GIRL WHO LIVES IN HIS RADIATOR

below: HENRY'S NON-HUMAN BABY.



JAN 15, 1986....



... I WAS CHASED BY A
SMOKED OYSTER...



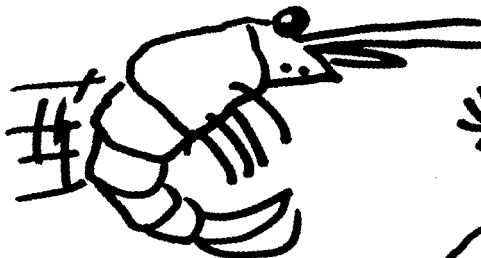
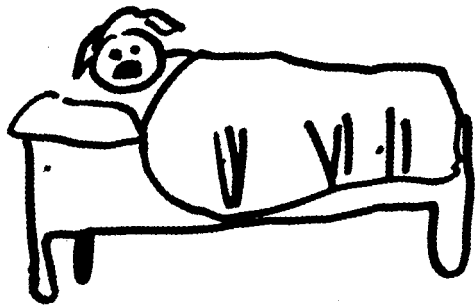
...IT HAD
ME CORNERED...

... I WAS
SCARED....



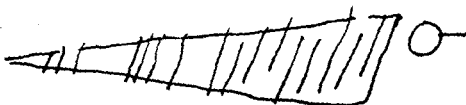
...THEN IT EXPLODED!

.... SUDDENLY
I WOKE UP....



... AND I SPENT
THE REST OF THE
DAY RUNNING FROM
A CURRIED PRAWN!

Jan '86.



Bits & Pieces, Bits of news
& Bits of Junk
~~~~~

Flotsam & Jetsam

SET OUT DRAINS AND PITS FROM  
OFFSET DRAINS IN EASEMENTS (C  
THUS-----) EASEMENTS TWO IN  
OUTER INTERNAL EDGE OF PIP

▲ Cat

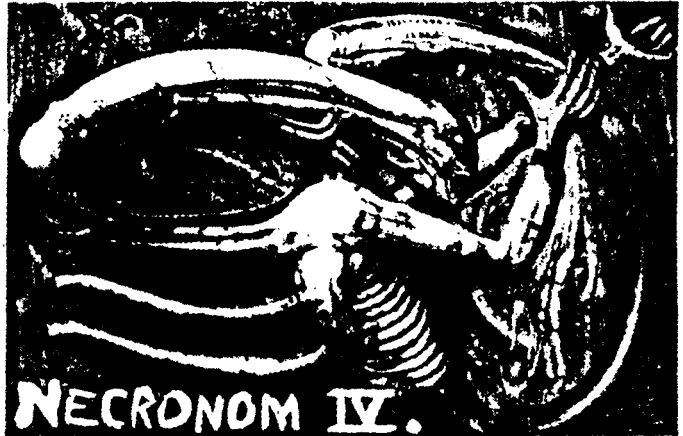


THE BUS STOPS WILL  
BE REISSUED IN A  
2 VOLUME SERIES.

Wow! More fun places,  
IF YOU DON'T, YOU  
\*GOD WILL GET OUT.  
WATCH OUT.



"This is the world  
she's always lived in. This  
awful insane world...  
A world of predatory hollows."



H.R. GIGER'S ORIGINAL INSPIRATION FOR ALIEN. THE  
SEQUEL, ALIENS IS BEING DIRECTED BY JAMES CAMERON OF  
TERMINATOR FAME & STARS SIGOURNEY WEAVER AND  
MICHAEL BIEHN. STAN WINSTON IS CONTRIBUTING TO SPFX.  
RUMoured TO BE RELEASED IN U.S.A. MAY 25, 1986 AND IS  
A 20th CENTURY FOX FILM.  
MURDOCH

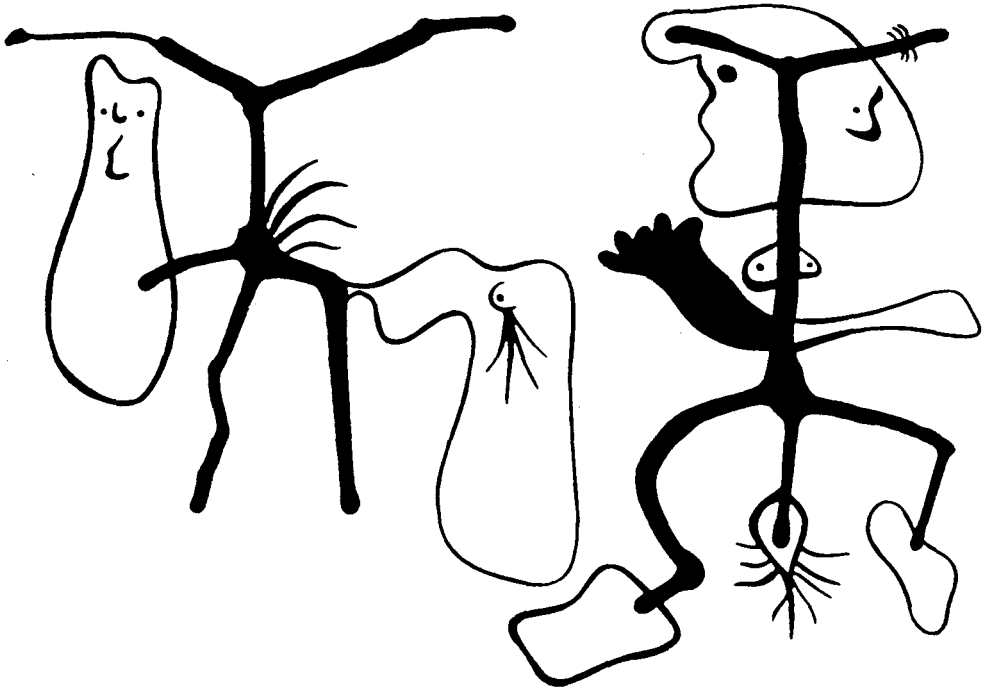




# Joan Miró:

## QUASI AUTOMATIC NOTATION

Joan Miro is without a doubt one of my favourite artists. He was one of the most visually expressive painters of the Surrealist movement of the 1920's and greatly influenced the look of Modern Art. His work is primitive and naive - almost slap-dash, but is compositionally aesthetic. His approach to a canvas would be 'automatic', that is, to allow the painting to dictate it's own direction. He would then complete the piece with the deliberateness of any Great Master. But for me, paintings such as 'Person Throwing a Stone at a Bird', 'Snob Party at the Princess' House' and 'The Diamond Smiling to the Twilight' are far more impressive than anything that was produced during the Renaissance. Miro's paintings are a joy to behold and evoke a mysterious quasi childish charm which is unique to his work and is seldom captured by any other artist.



# THE ADVENTURES OF MAN N° 9 CONCLUSION.

Man No. 9 knew the end was near. He could feel it. If he failed to escape from this fanzine prison before the last page, then he would have stay trapped in an A5 size paper universe for all eternity. Also he'd had quite enough. He'd have to share this world with The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch and Eraserhead. That was something that he really wasn't looking forward to. How could anyone be expected to survive under such unbelievable conditions? He much rather preferred to be somewhere else reading a good book or even feeding his cat.

But did the editor cum God have something else planned? Was there a greater scheme in mind? Somehow there had to be a greater destiny than just being stuck in a 'wierzine'. Man No. 9 doubted it. The boundaries of his place were too well defined. For him the situation was desperate. Stuck forever in a self contained little world.

Or was there something else?

He smiled and sat back, relaxed. His need to get out abated.

He'd succeeded. Gotten away. All this time, Man No. 9 was being freed from his two dimensional cosmos. He had escaped - because now he exists in other people's heads.

There was no mistake about it.



Progle Plex. (2)

EQUATORIAL EXANTHEMA!

MAN N° 23

GOD WILL GET YOU!

BANANAS IN THE SKY!

THE NEXUS OF GOD!

ALSO FEB. '66

yumbingle!

yumbingle!

yumbingle!

yumbingle

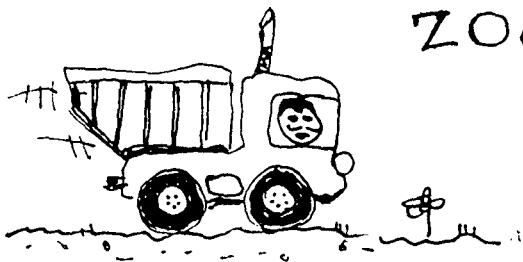
yumbingle!

PROX

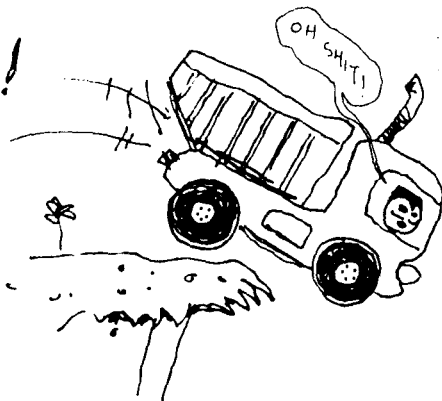
THERE ONCE WAS AN ITALIAN  
WHO DID NOT BELIEVE IN GOD.  
HE DROVE A TRUCK.

ONE DAY HE DROVE OFF  
THE EDGE OF THE EARTH.....

..... INTO OUTER SPACE!



ZOOM!



OH SHIT!



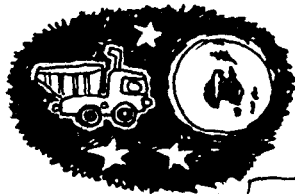
HE MET SOMEONE AMAZING!



ARE YOU GOD?

NO. I'M HIS  
MOTHER. GOD  
DIED LAST  
THURSDAY.

SOON HE WENT  
BACK TO EARTH.



WHEN HE ARRIVED HOME, HE FOUND  
HIS HOUSE HAD BEEN CRUSHED FLAT  
BY A GIANT BANANA PEEL.



441